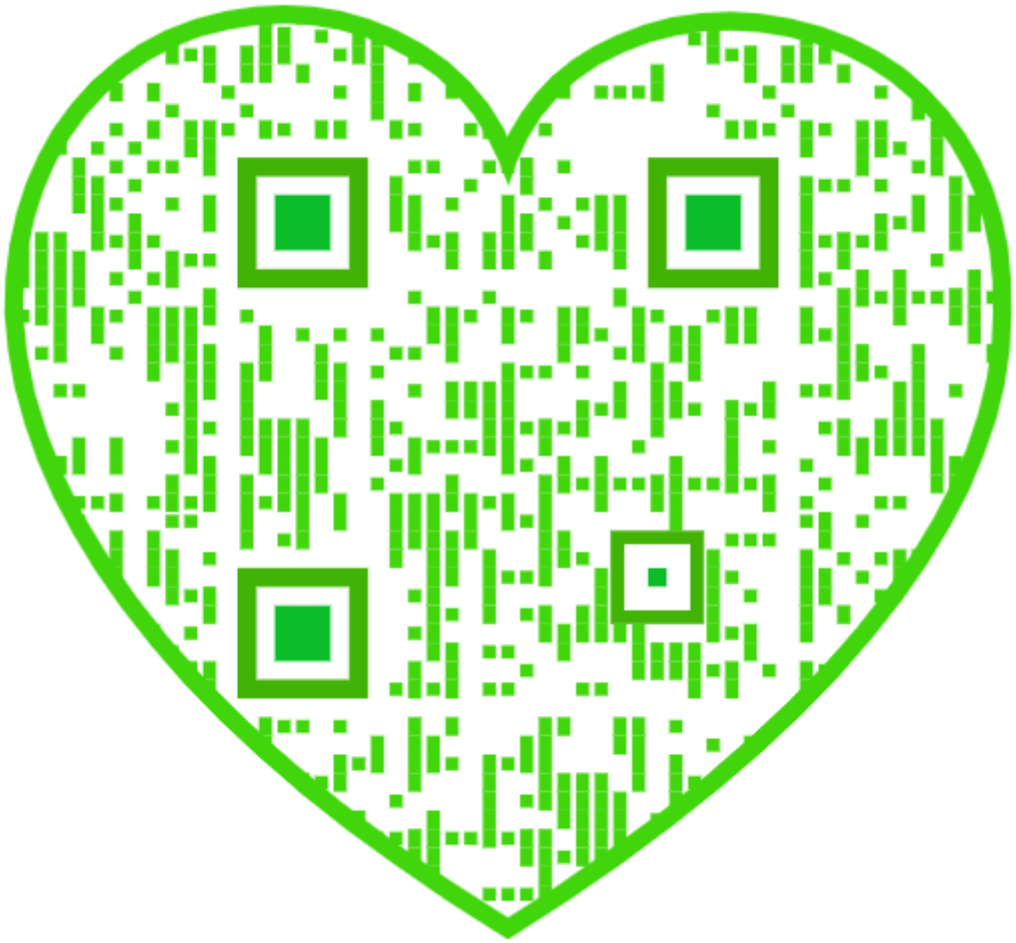

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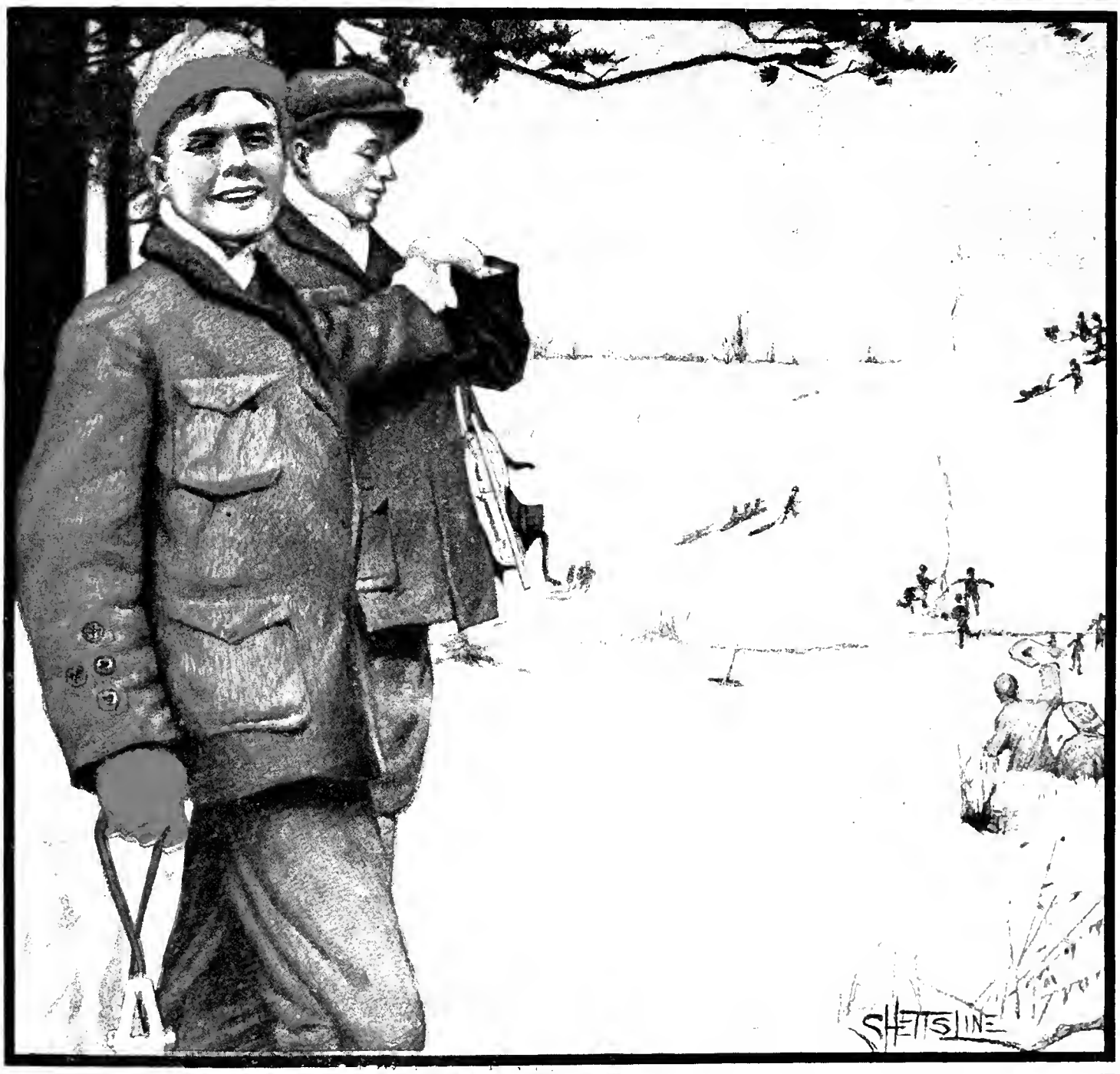
THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

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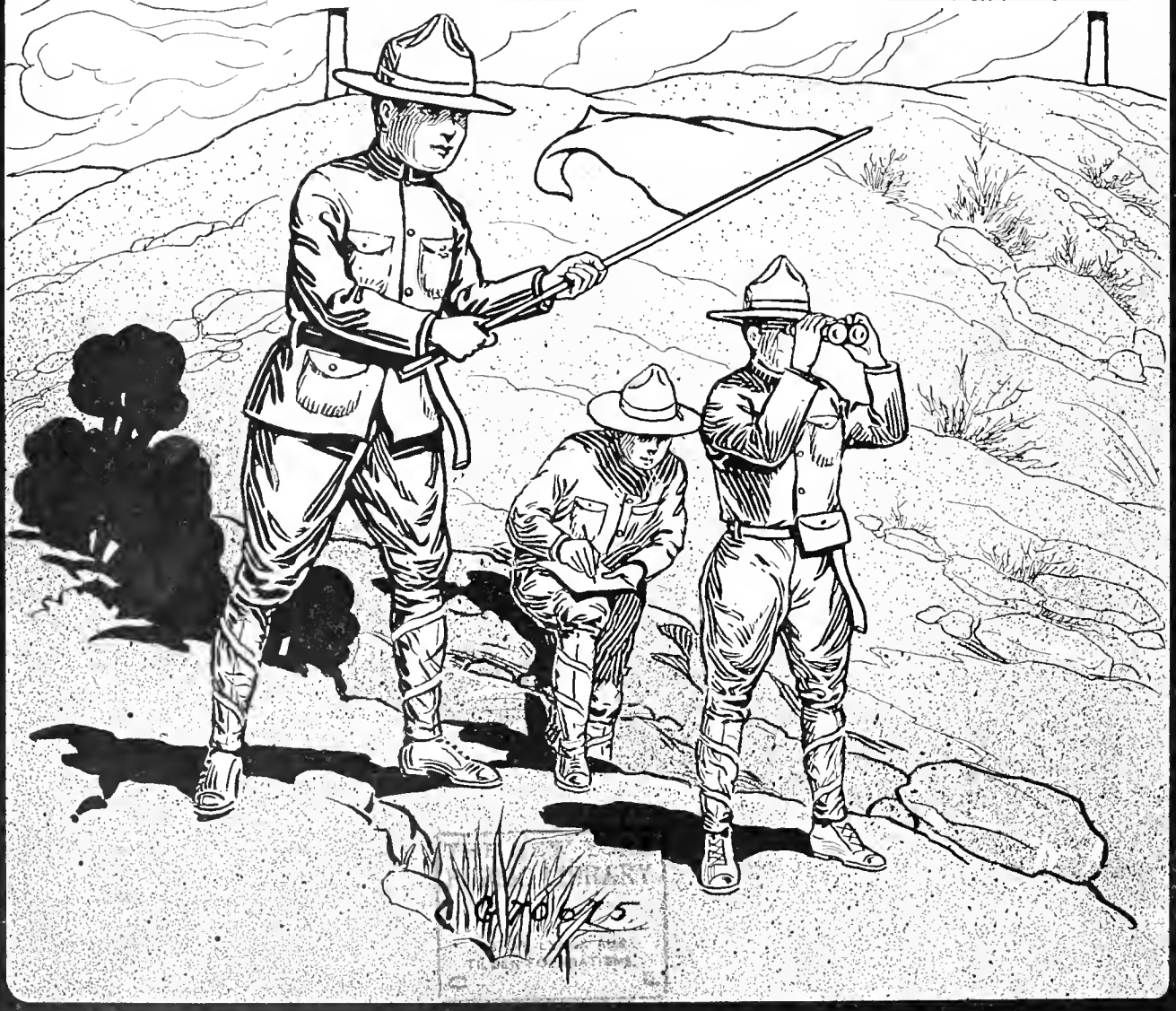

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# BOYS' LIFE

## THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

WALTER P. McGUIRE, Editor

Associate Editors:
DAN BEARD and ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

VOL. IV. JANUARY, 1915 No. 11

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**Boys' Life** *the Boy Scouts' Magazine,* is issued monthly by the Boy Scouts of America. It is the official magazine of that great organization and is devoted to the best interests of EVERY BOY IN AMERICA.

It is packed full of the finest stories for boys; stories with plenty of excitement in them, plenty of fun of the right sort; stories about camping, woodcraft, handicraft, scouting, trailing, signaling, baseball, football, basket ball, animals—in fact, every sport, recreation or activity in boys' life, presented for the entertainment of *all boys.*

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# Leading Features This Month


Page.

**Cover Design,** Drawn especially for BOYS' LIFE by William J. Shettsline, Jr.

**The Moonshiners in the Jungle** . . . . . Walter Walden 2
First instalment of a new serial by the author of "Tropic Smugglers" and "The Mystery of the River Cave."

**Hickey Edits (Part II)** . . . . . J. Raymond Elderdice 5
What Happened at Bannister College when the "Weekly" got out a "Special Fight Number."

**Scouting with Daniel Boone (Conclusion)** . . . . . Everett T. Tomlinson 7
Three Hundred Dollars in fifty-seven cash prizes will be given to readers of this story (see page 8).

MR. IRVING CRUMP,
Author of "The Boy Scout Smoke-Eaters," which begins in the February Boys' LIFE (*See below*).


**Pancake Jim** . . . . . Roger Fison 10
A railroad story, by the author of "Joe's Christmas Eve at Whistling Bend."

**Money! Money! Money! Money!** F. J. F. Thiel 12
Staggering facts by the Secretary to the Treasurer of the United States.

**The New Year's Duffel Bag** . . . Dan Beard 14
"Fighting Your Pack" the theme of the National Scout Commissioner.

**Save the Birds This Winter** . . . . . 15
Stories and pictures tell what Scouts everywhere are doing for their feathered friends.

**Winners of the "Story Without a Title" Contest** 15
The names of twenty-one successful boys.

**Winter Stunts of Active Scouts, Shown in Pictures** 16-17
The camera's record of the joys of Troops and individual Scouts.

**What the Boy Scouts of America Are Doing** 18,19, 20,21
Reports of achievements, promotions, hikes, entertainments, etc.

**Our Lonesome Corner** . . . . . 20
Boys in many countries are exchanging letters and pictures—why don't you?

**Lightning Changes in Mexican Stamps** . . . . . Frank L. Coes 22
How revolutions multiply issues. Other stories of interest to all boys.

**In the Scout Cave** . . . . . The Cave Scout 23
A Virginia Boy Scout propounds a question. Read the answer.


*A BOY SCOUT Series Starts in February*

## The Boy Scout Smoke-Eaters

By IRVING CRUMP

QUARRY TROOP No. 1, in a town in the marble mining district of Vermont, is of a mechanical turn and of all the mechanical stunts they do! The "great idea" of Patrol Leader Bruce Clifford is for a motorcycle fire brigade. The ingenious "Scout Engineers," as they are called, organize it and then—surprise after surprise!

Start the Story Next Month

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Our New Serial

# The Moonshiners in the

"I SAW UNCLE BILL COMING, DRIVING IN HIS LIGHT WAGON."

By WALTER WALDEN

Author of "Tropic Smugglers," "The Mystery of the River Cave"

## CHAPTER I.

### Uncle Bill—Suspicious Movements.

THAT DAY that Joseph De Long, the revenue officer, started off North with the five smugglers—including Tom Wasson, the shore watch—all chained together in the three-seated rig, Uncle Bill hung around with all the rest to see the fun. He was grinning and cracking jokes in an undertone into the ears of some of the folks, and I gathered that they were witticisms mostly at the expense of the revenue officer.

I had always liked Uncle Bill, and he had always seemed kindly disposed toward me. But I was soon to learn that some sort of change had taken place in our relations.

It was the day after Joseph De Long had gone. I had just been jumping from stepping-stone to stepping-stone to cross the branch that divides that little Florida backwoods town in two parts, and was emerging from the heavy growth that lines the creek, when I saw Uncle Bill coming, driving in his light wagon.

One could easily see he was quite tall where he sat flopping the lines, and his long, thin goat-whiskers wagged up and down as his smooth upper lip pressed a cud of tobacco. And there was the well-known soiled, peaked-crowned hat of no definite color, on the back of his head so he could see.

When we came opposite one another he pulled up. His chuckle was not so friendly as I could wish.

"Hello, Uncle Bill!" I greeted.

He omitted his usual "Howdy, Nathan-ee-al!" but only chuckled.

"I reckon you an' thet governmint cuss 'low to be right smart of a police pair, a-catchin' of smugglers. They ain't nothin' like a danged good lot o' schoolin'. Say, did ye see any o' my hogs out in them woods when ye was chasin' them smugglers?"

"No, Uncle Bill," I said. "I don't know what they're like."

"Every kid knows my mark," he said; "upper-bit, under-bit, swaller-fork in one ear; upper-half-crop, underbit, slit in t'other."

He rattled it off so fast I couldn't tell it from Chinese.

"I don't understand," I faltered.

"I reckon they *is* some things they don't learn ye in them up-north schools," he said; and he shook his lines and clucked to his horse, and away he went, chuckling, leaving me discomfited.

I FELT much hurt. He had never before shown any disposition to poke fun at me. I now saw that he bore me some grudge, and that it was in some way connected with Joseph De Long and our capture of the smugglers.

Some days later I was sent by my mother on an errand to Uncle Bill's wife. I was seated on the back porch steps, by the basket into which she was placing some pineapple slips and guava seed for planting, when I saw Uncle Bill coming with a careless swinging of his long, jeans-covered legs. He was squeezing and sucking an orange.

When he saw me he threw away the orange, and, chuckling, pulled out his old Barlow knife and hunted up a stick. He sprawled on the porch with his back to a post, and began to whittle—and grin above his goat's whiskers.

I saw he was in for a talk, and I noticed that he again omitted his old "Howdy, Nathan-ee-al!"

"I reckon ef them steupid smuggler boys hed belonged to these parts, you-all wouldn't a-ketched 'em. They shore should a-been tied to a log an' horse-whipped, to 'low theirselves to be ketched that a-way."

His wife had retreated to her kitchen and left us alone.

"Them 'ere fellers warn't stealin' no folks' goods. They war just takin' their own goods to market, an' 'lowed they hed no call t' pay them lazy gover'ment rapscallions for the preevilege o' bringin' in their own goods. An' them same rapscallions up there makes out thet a man hain't got no right to make his own corn liquor without he pays them a right smart pile o' spendin' money for a paper thet says, 'Go ahead.'"

"But that's the law," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "an' them fellers makes the laws—to keep their pockets full o' spendin' money to buy their own corn juice, which they aire too lazy to make theirselves."

The porch and steps were well littered with shavings and splinters, and his stick was half gone. I caught myself wondering what he was going to make out of the stick.

"I mind two year ago," he chuckled, 'one o' them gover'ment police come down here, havin' heard someone or other was makin' corn liquor without payin' tribute to them fellers. One o' the boys whispers in his ear he 'lowed he could tell him where the doin's was goin' on. So he takes him down six mile in the 'piney' woods to a swamp, an' tells him to foller 'long the edge till he come to where he could

# Jungle

Illustrated by
NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

see through to the 'piney' woods on t'other side, an' to wade over an' foller round till he come to a cow-path leadin' right into the swamp, an' he shore'd find hit."

The stick was all whittled up, and Uncle Bill began to gather and whittle up the larger splinters.

"Thet thar gover'ment jack-ass, he did as he was told, an' follered round thet swamp, crossed over an' follered round an' round, *but he didn't come to no cow-path.*"

Uncle Bill chuckled.

"He walked a right smart—I reckon he thought forty mile. When the sun was only about a half hour high he stopped an' scratched his head, an' looked around—for prented signs, I reckon. Well, purty soon he see he was lost, an' begin to hump along to git round thet swamp. But the night come on an' he set down till mornin'. Then he struck off through the woods an' got lost worse an' worse, an' got to runnin'. Then 'long about noon one o' the boys happens along, huntin' turkeys, maybe, an' finds him an' takes the pore cuss back to taown.

"The feller thet showed him the way to the swamp to hunt the corn liquor factory hed gone daown the bay fishin,' an' the revenuer give a good price fer a rig to take him back up to the railroad."

Uncle Bill had finished the last splinter and shut his knife with a snap as he said:

"I reckon you better tell thet to thet smuggler-ketcher friend o' yourn."

He clasped his hands around his knees, and his head bobbed up and down as he laughed his derisive laugh.

AS I trudged home I felt decidedly uncomfortable. I felt sure of a number of unpleasant things. Uncle Bill knew the details so well that I was sure that he had had a hand in that playing at "cat and mouse" with that government agent. He was himself engaged, without doubt, in some practice which was unlawful, but which he in his ignorance considered morally lawful. And that accounted for his strong prejudice against government agents, and also for his changed feeling toward me, as one who had been in friendly association with one of those whom he considered his enemies.

It was a shock to me; for, as I have said, I liked Uncle Bill. I had never before seen a mean trait in him. He never let a chance go by to do a good turn for a neighbor, and I'd seen him take meat, and flour, and grits to the old Widow Simpson more than once. I missed his friendship. I knew him well enough to know that I could never talk him into seeing the moral wrongfulness of the things he had talked about.

I was uncomfortably conscious, too, that I owed it to my friend, Joseph De Long, the revenue officer, to write him something of what I had learned, and thus be the means doubtless of getting Uncle Bill into chains like the smugglers. The thought made me positively miserable.

"I RODE MY PONY TO THE EDGE OF THE PRAIRIE, MY GUN SLUNG ACROSS THE POMMEL OF THE SADDLE."

OUR place was a mile south of town, and a mile and a half to the east the pine woods came to an end in an interminable, irregular line, and the big prairie began.

Some days after, in the afternoon, I rode my pony to the edge of the prairie, my gun slung across the pommel of the saddle. It was here I often went to get a rabbit or two for meat.

As I neared the open prairie I heard a sudden "Whoa!" and turned my head to see Uncle Bill leap from his wagon and go back and carefully tuck a tarpaulin around a bulky mass that filled the light wagon-bed, as if to keep out suspicious eyes. He climbed back into his seat as I came up to cross his path.

"Howdy, Uncle Bill!" I said.

He just chuckled quietly over his goat's whiskers and curled that smooth upper lip stubbornly—not quite like the old Uncle Bill.

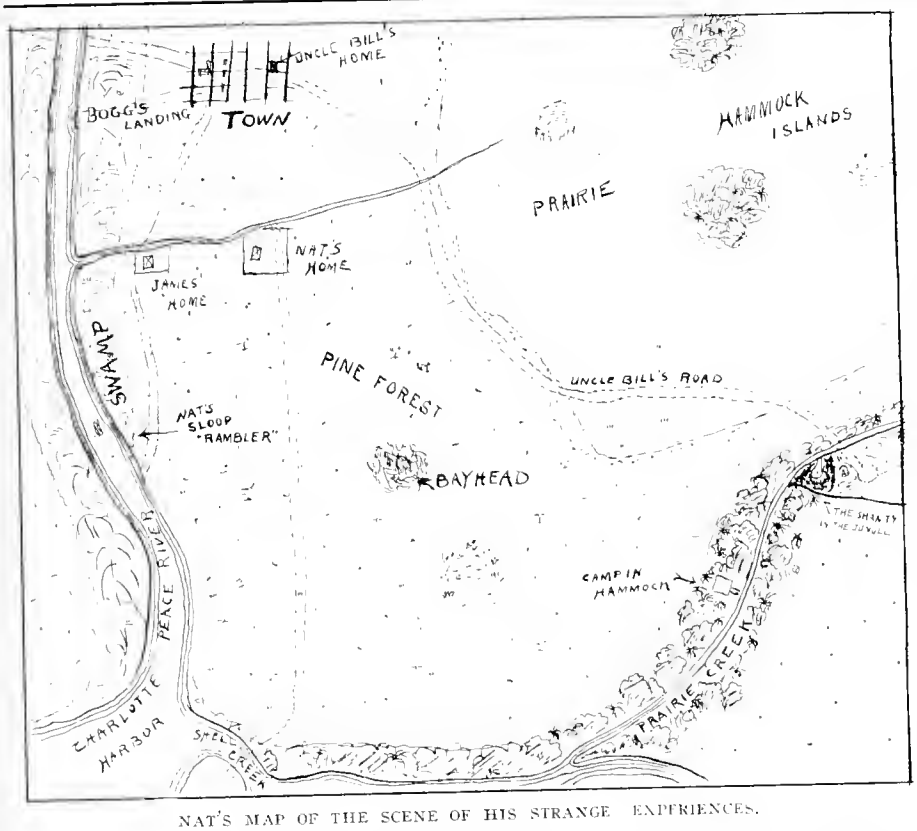
"Out huntin' smugglers, be ye?" he said, his manner showing his contempt for such an occupation.

"No; rabbits," I said.

He chuckled some more in lieu of his unspoken thoughts, and urged his horse forward, going southward, picking his way among the saw-palmetto roots.

Perhaps everything he did had come to seem a little suspicious to me now. Anyway, I got to wondering what he might have in the wagon that he seemed so careful to hide.

In order to convince him I was not watching him, I changed my intention to skirt the edge of the woods for the rabbits, and instead turned my pony out across the prairie.




NAT'S MAP OF THE SCENE OF HIS STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

Then suddenly he pulled up with another "Whoa!" and he called out to me:

"Thought I'd see ef I could see any o' them hogs o' mine. Jes' keep yer eyes out in case ye see any."

"All right," I said.

And off he started again.

I couldn't decide whether he was again poking fun at my lack of woodcraft, being unable to read hogs' earmarks, or whether he sought to turn aside any suspicions I might have regarding the purpose of his journey.

I rode out over the prairie, making for a hammock of cabbage-palms and live-oaks, a mile away. When I got within the shelter of the trees of that island in the prairie I dismounted and began a half-hearted hunt for game. But my mind was on Uncle Bill. I climbed high into a large, moss-hung oak on the southern side and watched for some sign of his horse and wagon. I could not see into the shelter of the pine woods, but after a time I saw him coming out into the open. He headed across a corner of the prairie toward a hammock that I knew must fringe a branch called Prairie Creek.

When at last Uncle Bill, with his horse and wagon, became a wee moving mass, nearing the woods to the south of me, I suddenly became aware of another wagon following in his tracks.

Immediately I thought of Uncle Bill's particular chum, Bat Mason. Many a time had I seen their heads together, often traveling on the same wagon-seat; and now their comradeship began to take on a new interest. I became convinced that they were co-workers in some particularly guilty business. I recollected that Bat Mason seemed to have no regular occupation; sometimes he helped on a cow-hunt, sometimes he'd helped Uncle Bill butcher a hog, and on occasion handled a team, hauling freight from Bogg's Landing—two miles down on Peace River—when the steamer came in from Tampa.

THE shadows of the distant pines were creeping fast toward me when I slipped down out of my oak and leaped into the saddle again. Leaving the hummock island, I galloped my pony across the piece of prairie, entering the pine forest where I had left it. I looked about for the tracks of the second wagon, and my eye fastened on a little yellow mass lying between saw-palmetto roots.

I dismounted and took some up in my fingers. It was a small spill of corn-meal.

As I rode through the darkening forest toward home my wits worked over Uncle Bill's problem. Though the corn-meal had likely been spilled from Bat Mason's wagon, I was sure it was also corn-meal that Uncle Bill had been so careful to keep covered from my sight. I knew that it was never the practice to feed either hogs or cattle out on the range—much less with ground corn—so it was plain that that corn-meal was intended for some other use. I had heard of one very particular use for corn—in the backwoods—and it was a use that was practiced *secretly*.

When I reached the road that passed to the south near my home, I came upon James Howatt, a boy four years older than myself. He was hunting for his pony, that had strayed off from his home, which was a mile to the west of our place.

"Did you see who that was that drove south at the edge of the prairie?" he questioned.

"I think that last one was Bat Mason," I answered. "I didn't see him close by."

"Why, was there someone else went by?" he said.

"Yes; Uncle Bill," I answered.

He laughed.

"Those fellows must have a mighty interesting ball-ground—or picnic-ground—down that way," he said, "they go down so much."

James Howatt had been living in the region nearly a year before my folks moved down into these wilds, so had some advantage of me in knowledge of the habits of the natives. Though he was a neighbor, I had not become very intimate with the boy. His being a few years older made very little difference, but while I was fascinated by, and roaming in, the tropic scenes, he was all taken up with wires, and wheels, and batteries, and motors. His father was some kind of an engineer, and anyone could see the boy was born another.

I helped him find his pony, which was grazing within the jungle growth by the branch, and we got better acquainted. I would have liked to share with him my suspicions regarding Uncle Bill and Bat Mason, but was a little fearful of results for Uncle Bill.

AN expected letter from Joseph De Long finally came, telling me of how our smugglers had been disposed of behind prison bars, and he expressed the wish that it were possible that we might enjoy again so exciting and profitable a chase, and that he would ask no better company.

I warmed under his generous words and shared his sentiments; but I trembled to think how I should report my suspicions of Uncle Bill in my letter of reply. For it would be no part of friendship to withhold such matters, seeing he was a revenue officer and bound to be interested.

Bat Mason did not attract me. He was repugnant, showing no scintilla of fine feeling; and I couldn't understand Uncle Bill's interest in him. But Uncle Bill was generous and most agreeable with everyone, so long as they didn't trample on his ideas of liberty; and in most ways he was rather easily influenced. As I have said before, I liked him, and I was much hurt by his new attitude of unfriendliness to myself.

I knew that I must tell Joseph De Long about Uncle Bill and my misdoubts about his practices; but I began to hope there might be some way to turn him from the crooked trail before ill consequences should catch up.

Thus I delayed my reply to Joseph De Long, and set about seeking knowledge that might lead to better things, indefinite though they were in my mind then. But I had the feeling that some way I should find, and so began my quest.

## CHAPTER II.

### What I Heard in the Log Hut, and Saw in the Swamp.

I HOVERED about Uncle Bill's stamping-ground as often as fortune favored me, and I noted that the heads of bim-self and the ill-seeming Bat Mason were often inclined one toward the other in conspiring attitude.

They were much given to holding their meetings in an old log structure down at the far end of Uncle Bill's yard, next to his sugar-cane patch; and on one of these days that I was about they had business in there among the sugar-cane, which was not to get stalks to chew. So when they both, as I supposed, had finally gone their way toward town, I went over and put myself in the way of Uncle Bill's wife, giving her the chance she never neglected to invite me to help myself to some cane.

I crawled through the fence and cut a stalk, on which I munched as I roamed about among the sheltering canes to find what they might have concealed there.

I had got well down the field when I stepped between rows that gave me a view of Bat Mason, not thirty feet away, in the

(*Continued on page* 31.)

# "Hickey" Edits

## The Bannister College "Weekly" Gets Out a "Fight Extra" on the Battle for the Tissue-Paper Weight Belt

By J. RAYMOND ELDERDICE

Illustrated by WM. J. SHETTSLINE, Jr.

PART II

THAT night there was a "private affair" over in the Gym. Hicks, staring from his window in Bordyke, the Junior dorm, saw bathrobed and sneakshod figures slip from the other dorms, and later bathrobes were hung over the Gym windows, so that no "prof." would suspect the affair of honor. Hicks knew that a fight was on, for the custom at Bannister was to separate the wranglers when they clashed and bring them together in the Gym at night, after lights were out.

"Hello!" Hicks exclaimed, slipping on a sleeveless jersey, a pair of trousers, and rubber-soled sneaks. "A fight in the Gym and the press has not been notified! I wonder if it is 'Heavy' Stayton and the big Freshman? There has been bad blood between them ever since the class scrap; if so, what a bully one!"

Arriving at the Gym entrance, armed with pencil and scratch pad, Hicks whispered to Bob Pendleton, doorkeeper: "A representative of the press, a reporter for the Bannister *Weekly!*" While Pendleton gasped his amazement at this startling announcement, Hicks passed triumphantly inside.

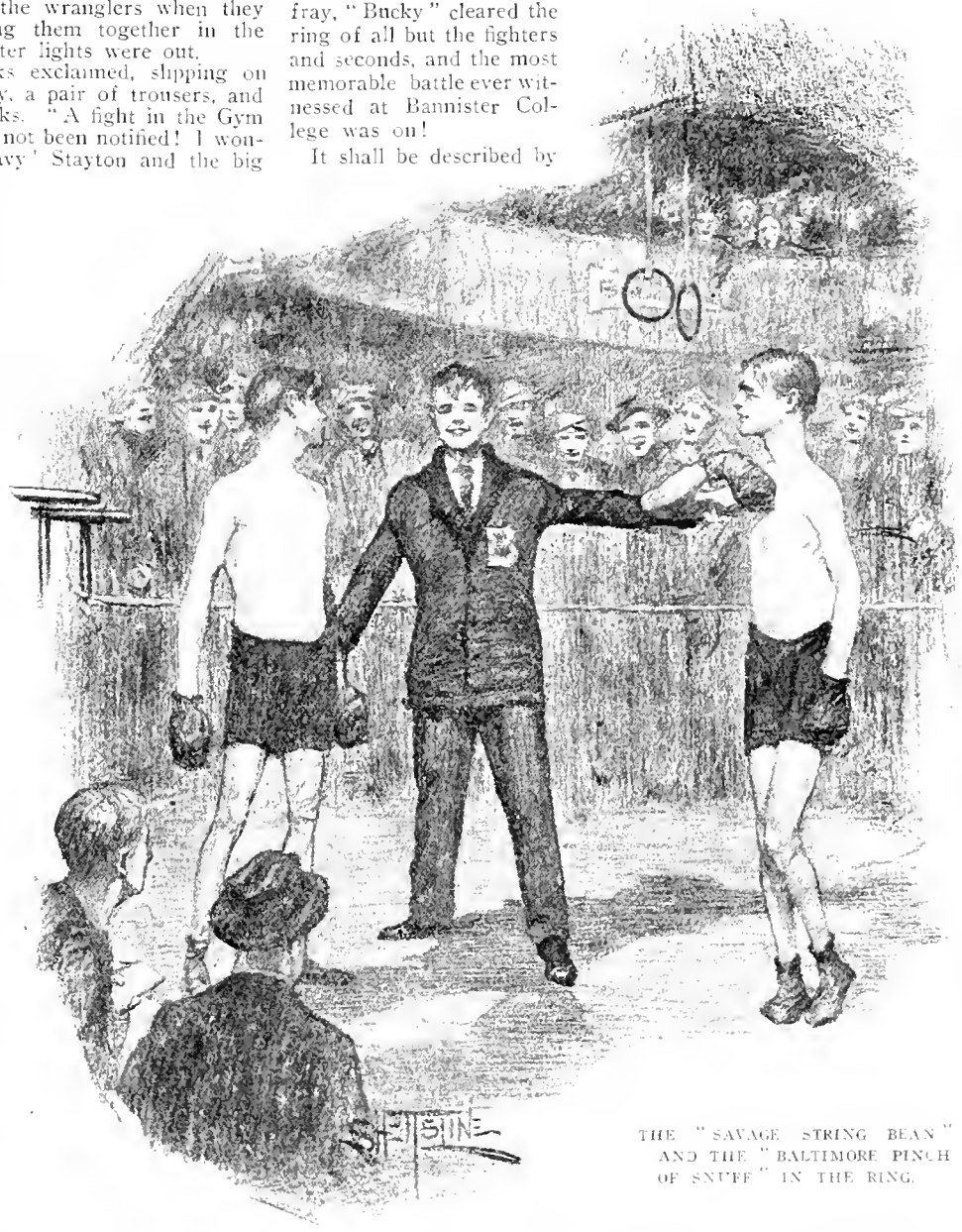
Insisting on the rights of the press, Hicks secured a ringside seat, and with pencil poised in air, he prepared to take copious notes of the fight. He nodded pleasantly to Theophilus Opperdyke, who was always being dragged against his will to such scenes of mortal combat, and who was shiveringly looking for a way to escape before the carnage began.

"Who are the pugilists, 'Bucky'?" Hicks inquired nonchalantly of "Bucky" Turner, the referee, who was hastily reading the Rules on Boxing. "Heavy and his foe?"

"Nope," mumbled "Bucky," thrusting the handbook into his hip pocket. "Gertrude" Shipley and John T. McCann. John T. rough-housed 'Gertrude's' boudoir today, and it's a fight to the finish. Some bout, for Shipley is quite ladylike, and McCann is a regular tissue-paper weight."

The running track, serving as a gallery, was crowded with boys, and Hicks was justly proud of the ringside seat accorded him as a representative of the press. "Gertrude" Shipley, an effeminate human lathe, and McCann, who wobbled on his pipe-stem legs as he entered the ring, insisted on pleading with "Hickey" to do them justice, in his write-up of the fray. "Bucky" cleared the ring of all but the fighters and seconds, and the most memorable battle ever witnessed at Bannister College was on!

It shall be described by the Bannister *Weekly*, since the description printed in the first edition of that periodical, under the editorship of T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., caused a terrific sensation in the school.



THE "SAVAGE STRING BEAN" AND THE "BALTIMORE PINCH OF SNUFF" IN THE RING.

The next afternoon, about the time the last recitations ended, and the students loafed on the campus, a mild excitement was caused by the rattling approach of the wagon from the town printing office, as this meant the delivery of the *Weekly*.

Of late this had ceased to cause even a ripple on the surface of student existence, but because Hicks had been hurled into the editorial chair as a result of his criticisms, condemnation, and reform talk, a few boys purchased copies, so as to find objections to cast in the teeth of the irrepressible Junior.

The old Staff, charitably desiring to enjoy Hicks' discomfiture together, grabbed a copy of the *Weekly* before the piles were taken upstairs to the sanctum; and, retiring to the Science Hall steps, they started in amazement at the lurid cover. Instead of the usual decorous Greek author, sculptor, or statesman whose head was always on the outside, there was a figure of a prize-fighter in action, and over the picture was the big-lettered caption—

**"SPECIAL FIGHT NUMBER!**

**"Detailed account of the Shipley-McCann Battle for the Tissue-Paper-weight Belt!**

**"Written by a representative of the 'Weekly' from Notes Taken at the Ringside!"**

The paper was opened in such haste as to render it in peril of destruction, other boys crowded up to peer at the contents; and, having come to scoff, remained to read. Soon a steady torrent of yelling, pummeling boys besieged the editorial rooms, and the first edition was sold out with such speed as to leave Hicks and Theophilus breathless with emotion.

As the riot increased (for the boys secured the papers, retired to the campus to read, and straightway became convulsed with laughter), venerable "Prexy," who had returned that morning, felt constrained to examine the issue of the *Weekly*, the first under the Hicks-Opperdyke régime!

"EVERYWHERE THE BOYS WERE READING THE WEEKLY, AND CLAMORING FOR COPIES."

After barely escaping a faint when he surveyed the extremely scholarly cover design of the pugilist, he glanced at the words beneath the figure—

"*A Vivid Write-up of the Shipley-McCann Controversy—Don't Miss It!*"

The worthy President gasped, passed a hand bewilderingly over his brow and gazed out over the campus. Everywhere the boys were reading the *Weekly* in twos, threes, or crowds, and invariably they rolled in convulsions on the ground. Looking up at the editorial rooms, he could see a crowd as excited as that which stormed the Bastile, clamoring for copies.

Then he turned a page, and the Shipley-McCann headlines, in all their flamboyant grandeur, flashed on his gaze. Paralyzed, as he remembered the long list of exchanges the *Weekly* possessed, with such dignified publications as the Yale *Record*, the Harvard *Review*, and the Cornell *Widow*, he read:

"ALTHOUGH this far-famed encounter took place in an inconspicuous spot, owing to a lack of Faculty sympathy and understanding, we feel that it has never been given due consideration by American historians, and it is our purpose to correct this omission, so far as lies in our power. Why Mr. Greasy omitted this epoch-making engagement from his 'Fifteen Derisive Battles of the World' is a puzzle.

"The exact cause of the dispute between these pugilists has never been ascertained, but a case of 'roughhousing' 'Gertrude's' boudoir by McCann is popularly supposed to have embittered them toward each other. Certain it is that on that evening they appeared resolved to do battle to the death.

"The contestants weighed in at 3:30 on the day of the fight, and 'Ireland' McCann, the 'Baltimore Pinch of Snuff' was found to be slightly over weight, tipping the scales at 73, Troy, N. Y. He was confident of being able to reduce this before appearing at ringside, and accomplished it by the somewhat heroic, but altogether effectual method of receiving a hot bath, with vigorous applications of soap and sulphonaphthol. The 'Pinch' absolutely refused to be etherized for this trying ordeal, and bore the unaccustomed pain with courage."

Kindly, dignified, white-haired "Prexy" clutched at his desk for support, and stared at the caption:

"*A Description of the Gladiators!*"

"'Gertrude' Shipley, the 'Savage String Bean,' appeared in the ring attired in a tailor-made gym. suit, cut Princess fashion. As Referee 'Bucky' Turner called them to the center of the ring, it was seen that the 'String Bean' was at a slight disadvantage. McCann's immense chest and gorilla-like arms seemed to dwarf the proportions of his opponent, and the cheering was in his favor. It was lowered, however, and a riot nearly started when he insisted on being allowed to wear his 'specs' in the encounter.

"THE FIGHT BY ROUNDS.

"ROUND ONE.—The fight opened with a rush. McCann started rushing Shipley across the ring, slugging savagely. The 'String Bean' was brave, however, and retaliated by turning his right side to the enemy, which stopped the 'Pinch' in his attempt for a knock-out, as he could not land on the thin edge thus presented him. 'Gertrude' was cheered to the echo for this masterly display of ring generalship.

"ROUND TWO.—Shipley opened cautiously, and seemed to have the better of it for a short time. He inflicted several rather painful scratches on the 'Pinch's' face, and stepped on his toes rather cleverly on three occasions. This scientific fighting seemed to daze McCann, but he came back with several vicious pulls of his opponent's ear, which caused the newspaper men at the ringside to call the honors of the round even.

"ROUND THREE.—The third and final round was the scene of a terrific encounter, in which McCann somewhat lessened his chances in the early part of it, by winding his arm around 'String Bean's' neck and hitting himself in the face. He seemed to understand this later, however, and the fighting became fast and furious. The climax came when Pinch, in a moment of passion, seized Shipley's ear firmly in his teeth and administered a cruel, cruel bite!

"Pandemonium broke loose. Amid cries of 'Murder!' from the 'String Bean,' and of 'Foul!' from the spectators, the fight was awarded to 'Gertrude,' and the police were obliged to clear the hall.

"When seen in their dressing rooms after the fight, the opponents had but little to say. Shipley, with characteristic brevity, talked for five short hours to the reporters, and said as briefly as possible that he intended to sue McCann for mayhem, assault with a dangerous weapon, and several minor accounts, including desertion and arson.

"It was left for the defeated 'Pinch,' however, to rise to heights which could never be attained by his victorious rival. His sublime remark when questioned about the fight has gone down in history as the epitome of indomitable pluck and determination, coupled with a spirit that knew not how to brook defeat. With folded arms the little general cogitated (whatever that means) for several hours after being asked the leading question: 'Would you fight him again?'

"At the end of that time he lifted his noble head, and a light of almost transcendent beauty flashed across his seraphic face. As we stood breathless he opened his lips and uttered the momentous words which will become famous in history—'*I would, yes!*' And we tiptoed from the room, leaving him alone with his dead."

For a time laughter and wrath clashed in "Prexy's" being, but mirth won the battle, and he sat back in his chair, laughing until his eyes filled with tears. Then the thought of other colleges reading that *Weekly* sobered him, and he remembered that Duty must be done. Hickey had violated the trust imposed in him, and the uncensored copy had wrought havoc.

At supper that night, the Dean announced that "Prexy" wished to see *all* the students in the auditorium immediately after the 7 o'clock bell for study hour. Such an urgent summons always meant a matter of grave import, and the hall was thronged at the hour, as "Prexy" arose, hemming and hawing to keep from smiling at the memory of the *Weekly*, and began—

"I was deeply shocked and humiliated at the make-up of this week's college paper," he said sternly. "It was a burlesque, a travesty on the staid, dignified publication that has reflected glory on Bannister in the past. Mr. Hicks, I am hurt that you should have violated my trust in you, and printed such trash. Such an article, such pillorying of our students! Why, I am amazed that your pen produced them, sir!"

T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., looked properly chastened, and "Prexy," afraid to prolong the interview, lest he laugh and lose his power, was about to demand the destruction of that week's edition of the *Weekly* and to return to office the former staff, when, to everyone's amazement, Theophilus Opperdyke arose and nervously attracted attention by feebly waving his hand.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he stammered, "but it wasn't Hickey that wrote those things, it was I! I thought the *Weekly* just had to be saved, and the only way I knew was to make the boys laugh. Once we got their favor, we could go ahead and build up the paper; Hickey didn't want to publish them, sir, but I begged him to do it!

"The edition sold out, and our subscription list is larger than ever in the paper's history—the advertisers will be buying space at a great rate, and soon the alumni will be sending in for copies, as we mailed the *Weekly* to the entire alumni list.

"I wanted to do something for the school before I left, sir, and Hickey said

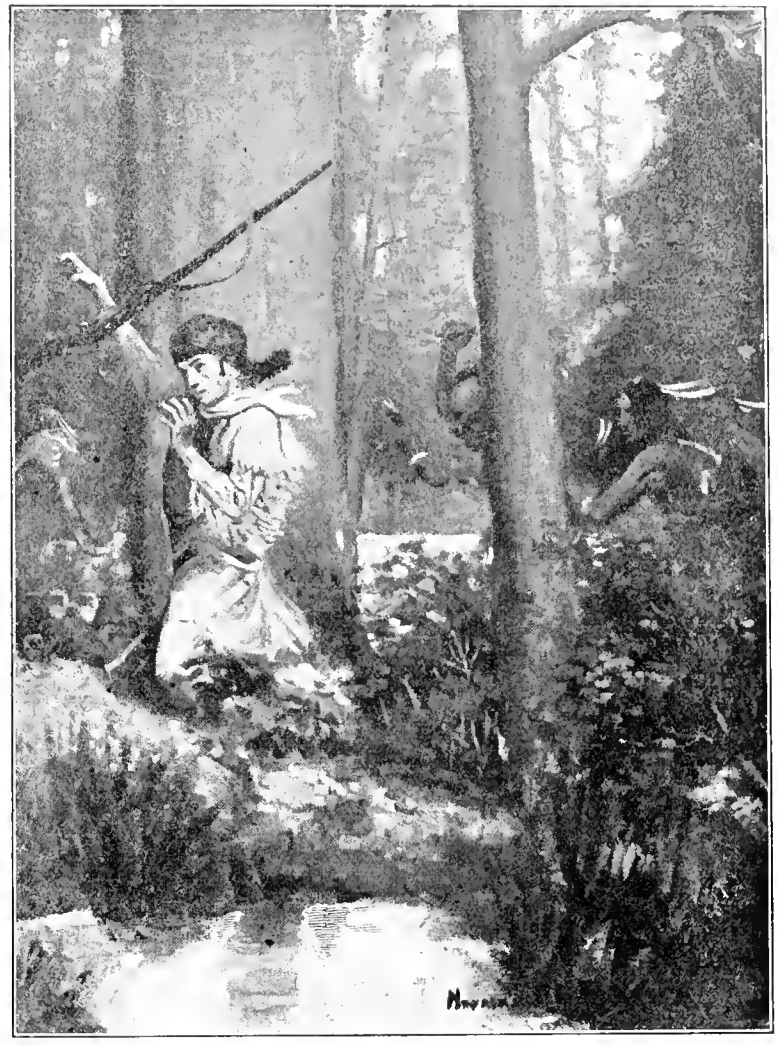
(*Concluded on page* 32.)

*The Last Instalment of Our Great Serial. $300.00 Cash in 57 Prizes—Read the Rules on Page 8.*

# Scouting With Daniel Boone

By
EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL



"PELEG SUDDENLY FELL AS HE RAN ALONG THE BORDER OF A SWAMP."

IT was not known within the fort that Girty instantly ordered preparations to be made for raising the siege. When daylight came the Indian camp was deserted!

When Peleg and Israel sought the place where the warriors had encamped they found the fires still burning brightly and even that pieces of meat were left on the roasting sticks.

The rejoicing at Bryant's Station was great when it was known that the Indians had departed. Before noon the fighting force of white men was increased to one hundred and sixty-seven. Among those who entered came Daniel Boone.

"What does this mean?" demanded Israel, when he saw his younger brother, Daniel, also among the men in the assembly. "What are you doing here?"

"I think I had as good right to come as you," retorted Boone's younger son. "I am almost seventeen."

"And old enough to know better," laughed Peleg.

The officers assembled at once and called the men of Bryant's Station to a conference.

"It is known," explained Colonel Todd, "that General Logan has collected a strong force in Lincoln and that he will be here within twenty-four hours. If we wait for his coming we shall be stronger when we start in pursuit of Girty. What do you think?" he asked, turning to Boone, who was standing near by, silently leaning upon his rifle in the rear of the assembly.

"It will be wise to wait," replied Boone quietly. "I have never found it a mistake to get ready before you attempt to do anything. Girty has treble our numbers. The trail which the Shawnees have left behind is so plain and so broad that I am suspicious that they have made signs which they hope will lead us to pursue them. My advice is to wait until General Logan shall come with his men."

The younger members of the force, however, were not to be denied. To them appearances were convincing that the Indians had fled because they were alarmed. Ignoring the council of Boone and other of the older scouts, who had had longer experience in dealing with their Indian enemies, a swift pursuit instantly was begun. Many of the men were mounted on horses, but the entire mass, horse and foot, kept well together.

The eager party had not gone far from Bryant's Station before a halt was called when it was discovered that the retiring Indians had turned into the buffalo road and that, almost as if they were attempting to make their trail still more evident, they had chopped many of the trees on each side with their hatchets.

Daniel Boone shook his head seriously when he discovered these indications of apparent carelessness in the band they were following.

"My opinion is," he said quietly to Colonel Todd, "that Girty is trying to lead us on."

"But it is too late to go back," said Colonel Todd.

"Yes, I am afraid our men will not go back now. But my advice is to go ahead cautiously."

"Will you be one of the advance guard?"

"If you so desire."

As Peleg, who was standing near-by and heard the conversation, looked into the face of his friend, he became aware that the years of anxiety had left their mark upon the countenance of the rugged pioneer. There was, however, a deeper expression of gentleness on the face of the great Scout which in no way detracted from the impression of strength which his entire body still produced.

Orders for camping for the night were soon given, and on the following day the entire force arrived at the Lower Blue Licks. As the force arrived at the southern bank of the Licking the men saw several Indians climbing the rocky ridge on the opposite side. The redmen halted when the Kentuckians appeared, looked at them intently a few minutes in silence, and then as calmly and as leisurely as if no enemies were near they disappeared over the top of the hill.

A halt of the white men instantly was made and several of the officers at once entered into consultation.

After a few minutes had elapsed Colonel Todd summoned Daniel Boone and inquired his opinion as to what was best to be done.

The great Scout, speaking in the deep, quiet tones he usually used and leaning upon his rifle as he spoke, said: "My opinion is that our situation is critical and difficult. The force before us without question is ready for battle and outnumbers us very largely."

"Why do you think that?" inquired Colonel Todd.

"Because of the easy and slow retreat of the Indians who just went over the crest of yonder hill. I am quite familiar with all this region, and I am fearful they are trying to draw us on. About a mile ahead of us there are two ravines, one on each side of the ridge. They run in such a manner that the Indians can hide there and at the same time attack us both in front and on our flanks almost before we should know they were there. My advice," continued Boone quietly, "is to do one of two things. The first is to wait for the coming of General Logan. If it is decided to attack the Indians, then my advice is that half of our force ought to go up the river and cross the rapids and fall upon the Indians from that side at the same time the other attacks them in front."

Every man in the little assembly was listening with deep attention to the words of the great Scout.

When he ceased, for Boone was a man of silence unless his advice was sought, there were some who urged the adoption of his recommendation to wait for the

coming of General Logan and his men. There were others, however, who were strongly in favor of advancing at once.

In the midst of the discussion Major McGary, one of the young officers, who was unable to endure the thought of being near an enemy and not fighting, let out a wild whoop. At the same moment he waved his hand over his head, spurred his horse into the river and shouted in his loudest tone, "Let all who are not cowards follow me!"

Instantly the mounted men dashed into the river, everyone apparently striving to be the first to gain the opposite shore. The men on foot also rushed into the stream. No order had been given and no order now was desired. Through the deep river horses and men staggered forward, with McGary still leading the way.

When they gained the opposite shore no scouts were sent in advance and none acted on the flanks. The contagious example of Major McGary simply acted like magic and men and horses went forward as if everyone was doing his utmost to outstrip his neighbor.

Along with the others went Daniel Boone, his two boys and Peleg. The expression on Boone's face had not changed since his quiet advice had been disregarded. But he was not one to draw back when his friends were rushing into action.

Suddenly the men in front halted. They had arrived at the place mentioned by the Scout, where the two ravines met. As the men drew near, a small body of the Indians appeared for a moment and fired at the approaching settlers.

Instantly McGary and the men with him returned the fire. As the reports of the guns were heard the men in the rear instantly rushed forward to assist their friends. But before they were able to gain the ridge they were stopped by a terrible fire from the ravine which was on their flank. They stood almost as if they had been shut in by the jaws of some enormous savage beast. They were without protection and a terrible fire was being poured into them from front and side. Their enemies still were hidden from their sight.

Gradually the Indians pushed out from the ravine as the fire became fiercer. They were striving to extend their lines and turn the right of the Kentuckians so that their retreat would be cut off.

As soon as this was made clear the men in the rear attempted to fall back and then by breaking through the attacking party find their only way of escape to the river.

Their actions, in part misunderstood by their companions, almost created a panic and a flight. From the ravine to the river the sight was indescribable.

Many of the mounted men escaped, but those who were fighting on foot were in deadly peril. And Daniel Boone, in the thick of the fight, saw his boy, Israel, fall lifeless before the guns of the Indians. Even the death of his boy, however, did not prevent the great Scout from becoming aware that he himself was almost entirely surrounded by the frantic, howling, whooping mob of warriors.

It was in such crises that the great Scout displayed best the qualities which had made him a marked man among the pioneers. Whatever occurred, it was seldom that Daniel Boone was found unprepared. Quickly controlling his feelings, he turned to the men who were near him and said quietly, "Come with me!"

The men obediently followed the Scout, who, instead of running toward the ford as most of the fugitives were doing, dashed into the ravine where many of the Indians previously had been concealed. Apparently now they had left to join in the wild pursuit of the demoralized settlers.

Boone and his comrades were not to escape, however, without attracting the attention of some of the howling Indians. A half dozen or more discovered the fleeing settlers, and with wild whoops instantly started in swift pursuit.

It was here, however, that Boone's knowledge of the region, as well as his coolness, came to his aid. Leading the way to a place in the ravine where there was a narrow passage between the rocks, he ordered his companions to precede him, while he himself coolly raised his rifle and fired at the approaching Indians.

The entire band instantly halted, for their own rifles were not loaded at the


# 'Boys' Life' Will Give $300.00 to Readers of this Story

After you have read this, the last instalment of Mr. Tomlinson's great story "Scouting with Daniel Boone," write an essay and send it to BOYS' LIFE. Be sure you do not break any of the simple rules printed below. Essays must be in the BOYS' LIFE office on or before February 1, 1915.

You do not have to be a subscriber to compete.

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***THE SUBJECT:***

**"The qualities of Daniel Boone which made him a good Scout and a valuable citizen, and why those qualities are important in life today."**

## Read these Rules—Remember Them

The plan is for boys to write essays, according to the rules printed below, on the subject given above.

The prizes given by Boys' LIFE in co-operation with Doubleday, Page & Co., who have just published the story in book form, will be distributed as indicated in the list printed above.

The prizes will be awarded to the authors of the essays in the order of their merits as to fidelity to facts of the life of Daniel Boone as revealed in Mr. Tomlinson's story; the intelligence displayed in the estimate of the personal qualities and public services of Daniel Boone, and the clearness and directness of the composition.

Legibility, grammar, spelling and punctuation will be taken into consideration in the making of awards.

The judges will be (1) Mr. Daniel Carter Beard, (2) Mr. F. K. Mathiews, Chief Scout Librarian, (3) The Editor of Boys' LIFE.

The names of the winners will be published in Boys' LIFE as soon as possible after the judges have made the awards, and the cash prizes will be sent to them.

The essays winning the first and second prizes will be printed in Boys' LIFE together with the photographs of the authors, if agreeable to them.

The contest is open to ALL BOYS not over 18 years of age.

Each essay must be not more than four hundred words in length. It is what you say and not the number of words you use that counts.

The essay must be written in ink, on only one side of the paper.

The name, age and address of the author must appear at the top of the first page, and all of the pages must be numbered at the top right hand corner.

Essays must not be rolled.

Contestants may discuss the story and the life of Daniel Boone with parents, teachers or companions, but the essay must be written by the contestant without aid from or correction by anyone. (Remember this is a "game of brains" for you boys; be true sportsmen, play fair. Your essay itself will be accepted as a bond that it is your own.)

Don't include in the contest letter any information or question about any other subject.

All essays must be in the office of Boys' LIFE by the first of the month following publication of the last instalment. (That is by February 1, 1915.)

It is understood by contestants that individual acknowledgments of the receipt of contest essays cannot be made.

Contributions which are not sent in accordance with these rules will be disqualified.

*Address the essays to*

"Daniel Boone Contest"
BOYS' LIFE, the Boy Scouts' Magazine
200 Fifth Avenue, New York City

*P. S.—Many requests have been received for back numbers of* BOYS' LIFE *containing the earlier instalments of "Scouting with Daniel Boone." These have exhausted the supply available. We are pleased to announce that the complete story is now published in book form, and that arrangements have been made so we can send you one of these books, and ALSO a year's subscription to* BOYS' LIFE, *BOTH for the price of the book alone,* $1.20.

time and they were depending upon a similar condition among the whites.

As soon as the band halted, Boone waited a moment to assure himself that his companions were safe, and then running swiftly he rejoined them.

"We shall now be able to make our way to Bryant's Station," said Boone. "There will be no Indians to interfere with us from this time on."

His words proved to be correct, and by the middle of the afternoon the half dozen men with the great Scout arrived safely at the fort.

Throughout the remainder of the day many of the men who had so confidently gone forth in the morning came straggling back.

Peleg, who had been among those who rushed to the ford, returned to Bryant's Station when it was nearly dusk. He had secured the aid of two men and the three were assisting young Daniel Boone, who also had been shot in the fight at the Licks.

It was soon discovered that Boone's younger son was not seriously wounded. When the welcome information was received by Boone the face of the great Scout was still unchanged in its expression, though the deathly pallor that for a moment had spread over it when he had been informed of what had befallen this boy disappeared.

"'Tis a wonder," said Peleg, "that any of us are left alive to tell the story. Some of us ran up the stream and swam across. The men who could not swim were shot down or were made prisoners without being able to do anything to defend themselves."

Such of the bodies as had been recovered were now being brought to the fort, and the fact that many of the men of Bryant's Station had been made prisoners by the attacking Indians increased the feeling of gloom that settled upon the Station. Among the men who had fallen was Colonel Todd, who had sought the advice of the great Scout and then did not follow it.

Long before nightfall Colonel Logan and his men arrived at Bryant's Station. In his force were no less than four hundred and fifty men, and he rapidly led his force over the way by which the defenders of the fort had gone in their untimely pursuit of their wily foe.

With Colonel Logan, Daniel Boone and Peleg, as well as many others of the defenders, were advancing. The great Scout showed plainly the suffering through which he was passing. Two of his boys had been shot by the relentless Shawnees and his third son had received a severe wound. He had seldom spoken since the men had departed from the Station, but Peleg was confident that he understood the purpose which was urging the gentle-hearted hunter forward.

The second day the advancing soldiers came near to the place where the fight had ocurred. When the band approached the bank of the river they discovered many of the bodies still floating near the shore. They were the unfortunate victims that had been shot by the Indians after they had rushed into the stream.

Silently the men crossed the ford and advanced toward the ravine. Here at the scene of the recent fight the sight was even more heartbreaking. The bodies of the fallen men could not be distinguished one from another. All traces of the once familiar features already had disappeared.

Daniel Boone, apparently unaware of the presence of his comrades, quietly had been searching among the bodies for that of his missing boy. Even the men who were most eager in their search for their friends stopped a moment as they watched the man in his agonizing and fruitless quest.

The great Scout soon turned to Colonel Logan and said, "'Tis no use, Colonel; we must give the poor fellows decent burial here and at once."

Noiselessly the men carried out the bidding which their leader speedily gave. Silently the settlers dug trenches wherever the soil permitted.

When this task was accomplished the bodies of their dead and mutilated friends were buried.

There were many faces in the band down which the tears were rolling while this task was being accomplished. The manner of the great Scout, however, apparently was unchanged. Only the deepening of the lines in his face and his unusual pallor gave any indications of the suffering through which he was passing. His manner still was as silent and as self-controlled as in the days when only the joyous things of life had been his portion.

When the gruesome task at last was accomplished it was Daniel Boone himself who said to Colonel Logan in reply to the latter's inquiries, "It is useless now to follow the Shawnees. They are far beyond our reach. They have lost no time, you may be sure."

"How many captives do you think they have taken with them?"

"Not many," said Boone quietly.

"I am told," suggested the Colonel, "that they will put every prisoner to death, or so many of them as may be required to make good any loss they themselves have had."

The great Scout shook his head as he replied quietly, "The Indians have not lost as many as we."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because the advantage was all with them. They greatly outnumbered us and in a good part of the fight they were sheltered by the rocks, while our men were fighting in the open. It was the bloodiest fight I was ever in."

"And to you one of the saddest," suggested the colonel.

Boone nodded his head and did not speak.

"I cannot understand," continued the colonel, "why it is that you take your own troubles so quietly. You certainly have suffered more than most men on the border, and yet I fancy the man has yet to be born who has heard you complain."

"And why should I complain?" inquired Boone, smiling as he looked into the face of his friend. "It does not make my own griefs less to try to have another share them. That is something no one can do. Every heart must bear its own burden. If anyone thinks that his troubles are less than those that come to his friends he is mistaken. My experience teaches me that almost everyone has about all he can bear. There are only two classes of people, at least as far as I have observed, and I am well aware how little I know in this particular, but as I said, there are only two classes of people that cry and laugh too easily."

"Who are they?"

"Children and savages. Neither class has learned to control itself. A strong man shows his strength, at least in my humble judgment," Boone added modestly, "by being able to refrain from speaking useless words and by not whining over his troubles."

"Is it your best judgment that the best thing for us to do is to return to Bryant's Station?" asked Colonel Logan.

"It is."

"Then I shall see to it that the order is given."

DANIEL BOONE AT THE AGE 85.

## CHAPTER XX.

### To the Meeting Place.

THE judgment of Daniel Boone was accepted by all the men in the band. Indeed, there were many now who were blaming others as well as themselves for not having listened to the word of the wise old Scout before they had entered into the unequal struggle with the Indians at Blue Licks.

Swiftly and seriously the men retraced their way to Bryant's Station, where they were dismissed by Colonel Logan with the understanding that they would respond if he should call for their help in the near future. In a brief time the Boonesborough men were back in their settlement.

To all it now was evident that Daniel Boone held a place in the affection and respect of the settlers such as he never before had won. His deep sorrow, the distressing tragedies which had brought the loss of two promising sons, the willingness to do all in his power to aid his friends—all these qualities were in addition to the value of his judgment, which now was more highly esteemed than ever by the people of the region. The simple manner of the great Scout, his skill as a hunter, his knowledge of the Indians, and his quiet but enduring friendship were more fully appreciated with every passing day.

A few days after the return of Boone and his companions the Scout said to Peleg, "I have just received a message from Colonel George Rogers Clark from the Falls of the Ohio. He sends me word that he plans to raise a force of one thousand men to go against the Indian towns."

"Where do we meet?" asked Peleg.

"At the Falls of the Ohio. I have seen Colonel Logan and he is to assemble his men and march in a body to the meeting place. I have arranged with Colonel Logan for you and six other men to go as a band of scouts to the north of the route we are to take, and at the same time have several bands move to the south. I do not believe there will be any danger before we arrive at the meeting place, but it is well to provide for what may happen before it comes to pass. At least that has always been my plan. I do not think I ever had a fight with an Indian that I did not try to think what he would do, or what I would do if I were in his place, before the real contest began."

The following morning Peleg, as the leader of his little band of scouts, at once departed from the place of assembly. The advance to the Falls of the Ohio

(Continued on page 24.)

G70675

# Pancake Jim

By ROGER FISON

Author of "Joe's Christmas Eve at Whistling Bend."

JAMES NORTON walked slowly out of the dingy railroad station at Overland, and started across the snow-covered prairie path leading to his home. There was a troubled expression on his boyish countenance this morning, and though New Year's was but a few days off, none of its pervading spirit of good cheer seemed for him. What had at first appeared to be a piece of good fortune had terminated in a most unfortunate circumstance.

The North Pacific railroad agent at Overland had wanted three weeks' vacation, and James, having qualified for relief work, was placed on nights as telegrapher and ticket clerk, while George Havens, the regular night man, was transferred to the day shift as agent. In order that the boy might accept this temporary employment he was released from high school one week before holiday vacation.

On the night of December 10, when James began his first duty at the Overland depot, but one element of inharmony existed. Havens was exceedingly prejudiced against beginners. He disliked seeing this seventeen-year-old boy receive salary at the rate of $60 per month, which was the same figure paid Havens for night work, notwithstanding that Havens had railroaded for twenty years.

"Well, you just wait," the old-timer had predicted to a trainman. "Some night that kid will make a mistake. See how long his job lasts then!"

In spite of this ill-feeling, however, James performed cheerfully and to the best of his ability all tasks assigned to him, which, besides telegraphing and ticket-selling, consisted of handling baggage, and delivering to the express messengers on passenger trains money packages and various express parcels.

Things ran smoothly enough until December 18. When the St. Paul flyer arrived at Overland at nine o'clock that night, James emerged from the telegraph office carrying two heavy mail sacks and a small express receipt book containing a sealed money envelope of five $20 gold pieces. When just outside the door he thoughtlessly laid these things on the platform and rushed back to the telegraph key to answer a call from the despatcher. Returning to the mail sacks a moment later, he found everything intact save the envelope containing the $100. Search as he might, *that* could not be found.

Havens, on being apprised of the loss, promptly reported it to division headquarters, and begged that Norton be replaced at once by an older and more experienced man. No extra man being available, Havens himself was returned to the night shift, and McKenna, the regular agent, canceled his vacation and resumed duty on the following day.

This morning marked James Norton's fifth visit to the railroad station since his dismissal. He had hoped by now to receive encouraging news regarding the lost money, but was disappointed. The $100 could not be found.

Only by earning money during spare hours had James Norton found it possible to attend school. With this lost $100 to repay, his schooling must cease. Worse yet, his prospect for a future railroad career appeared to be ruined.

"To think," he exclaimed bitterly, when half way across the prairie, "of a little carelessness losing a fellow——"

He did not finish. The stooped figure of a crippled old soldier hobbled into view—a figure so feeble and so forlorn-looking that for the moment James entirely forgot his own trouble. A friend, Uncle Joe Storey, was approaching.

For two weeks Uncle Joe's wife had lain seriously ill, and the long nights of nursing and watching at her bedside had finally rendered the aged veteran unfit for duty at his lunch cart—a little business he conducted near the depot, and one that had, until this misfortune, furnished a modest living for the elderly couple. To make matters worse, the man placed in charge of the establishment had closed it up, then disappeared. The lease for the cart had almost expired, and if not soon renewed would be taken up by another, thus depriving Uncle Joe of his only means of earning a livelihood.

"Good morning, Uncle Joe," was the boy's kindly greeting. "How's Aunt Jane this morning?"

"Pretty bad, Jimmy boy, pretty bad! No Happy New Year for me, I guess, and I'm afraid I've lost my trade at the cart. Oh, it's a shame to let that place stand idle. If there was only some man on whom I could depend—some one who would show interest in the business. Can't depend on help, though."

There was a strange touch of pathos in the quivering recital which deeply moved the youthful listener. The old soldier, surmising the boy's own trouble, but deeming it not wise to comment on it, bade him good-bye and started on.

James himself had gone but a few yards when he stopped. How about the time he had gone camping in the Green Mountains back East? How about those compliments paid his cooking by some boy comrades? Could he do it? He turned quickly about and rushed after the retreating figure of the old soldier.

"Unc-le J-o-e!" he shouted, the first hopeful note in his voice that morning, "oh, Uncle Joe!"

The old war veteran looked back, and observing the tall, dark-haired figure rushing toward him, stopped.

"Jimmy," he said, when the boy had reached him, "I knew you wanted to tell me about that lost money; saw it on your face all the time. Of course, you didn't mean to be careless. I——"

"But that's *not* what I was going to say," interrupted the boy, somewhat downcast. "I want to know—do you think *I* could run your lunch cart?"

So astonished was the old soldier that, without a word, he placed his hand in his right pocket, withdrew a small bunch of keys and handed them to the boy.

"Jimmy," he said, "there's no one in Overland I'd rather have. Can you do short-order cooking?"

"Well, if you'll give me a chance, Uncle Joe, I'll——"

"You'll try," prompted the old man tenderly. "Why, of course, you will. No one in Overland tries harder to make a man of himself than you do. I was afraid I was going to lose that little business. Now, maybe—well, go ahead and try, my boy. I'll rest easier knowing it's in honest hands. Get what provisions you need at Greene's grocery and meatshop. Charge them to me. I'll arrange that. Do your best, Jimmy. I'll go back to Jane now. Good-bye."

The fact that no arrangements had been made with regard to the pay he should receive did not worry James. He was fairly overwhelmed with joy at having found work, and glad, too, of the opportunity of serving Uncle Joe Storey.

The hopeful boy lost no time in reaching the little lunch cart. It stood 300 feet west of the depot and seated ten customers. It had, in former days, served as a street car. As James unlocked and opened its door an unpleasant sight greeted his vision. Dirty cooking utensils and numerous empty bottles rested on the shelves and counter; the floor was littered with paper and crumbs—for all of which the last employe was responsible.

James removed his coat, heated two pails of water on the small gasoline stove, and, finding an abundance of soap and cleaning powder, washed up every dish and utensil in the cart. At noon he set to work cleaning the windows and scrubbing the seats, counter, shelving and flooring. By evening the little car looked quite respectable.

Mrs. Norton was not only surprised but greatly overjoyed at the change in her boy's manner when, on returning home at eight o'clock that night, he rushed into the kitchen and greeted her affectionately.

"Mother," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "you can't guess! I'm to run Uncle Joe Storey's lunch cart. Been working there all day. Now, mother, what shall I serve?"

"Well," responded Mrs. Norton, her eyes dimming with glad tears, "my hens are laying now, and you may have fresh eggs from here. *They* will cost you nothing."

"Mother," protested James promptly, "you shall have the regular market price. That egg money is part of your income."

Before midnight Mrs. Norton had prepared home-made bread, pies and doughnuts for the next day's trade.

Six o'clock the following morning found the little car open for business with a bill of fare posted as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| EGG SANDWICHES | DOUGHNUTS |
| FRIED EGGS | APPLE PIE |
| HAMBURG | MILK |

The attendant in charge was hopeful, but when noon arrived not a single customer had entered the place. Former patrons who had been driven away by the last employe's unclean ways were not yet aware of the change in management. Up to closing time that night James had sold but one cup of coffee, a sandwich and a piece of pie. Before going home he overheard some noisy talk between a pumpman and a brakeman.

"I can see that kid runnin' a lunch car," the pumpman had declared sarcastically. "Why, he needs a guardian to hold his money for him, eh Bill? Well, he won't last very long."

The boy suddenly grew hopeless. Evidently no one considered him responsible! Supposing he did *not* succeed!

Mrs. Norton saw the troubled look on her boy's face as he dejectedly entered the cottage that night; saw, too, the red, chapped hands that had toiled so faithfully in an endeavor to make the car a fit place for the most fastidious customer. Intuitively she felt it would be unwise to question James. His careworn expression told only too plainly the story of that first day's failure.

"Mother," he confided presently, in a voice broken with emotion, "I took in—but fifteen cents to-day."

"Have courage," she responded after a moment's silence. "Perhaps to-morrow has something better in store for you. It takes time and patience to re-establish a business reputation once it has been lost."

When James Norton started for the cart early the following morning he had decided on a change in his menu. The crisp, cold weather seemed to invite it. A year before this his widowed mother had disposed of her little farm in Vermont and, with James, had migrated to Overland, a thriving town in the fruit-growing belt of Idaho, where she purchased a house and five acres of ground. There still remained some of the maple syrup brought from their old home, and this morning James carried two gallons of it to the cart.

On arriving there he began the still novel work of "opening up the cart." That meant scrubbing and scouring of counter, stove, coffee urn, and floor—and the boy did it thoroughly.

When everything was spic and span James immediately prepared a strange mixture consisting of flour, cornmeal, eggs, salt, baking powder and sweet milk, then added to it a handful of a certain flaky cereal. He next took up a small blackboard and a bit of chalk. Having learned from Agent McKenna how to execute that style of handwriting known to telegraphers as "operator's fist," he presently placed on the outside of the cart the following notice:

Pancakes with real Vermont
Maple Syrup served here
Splendid Coffee
Please give us a trial

In spite of this earnest invitation, the forepart of the day yielded no encouraging results. The receipts at 3 p. m. amounted to only fifty cents. At that hour the white-aproned boy gazed hopelessly out of the little window, first at happy holiday crowds passing by, then at the new depot being erected across the tracks. But for his recent carelessness he might have at some future day been a regular employe at that depot. When he thought of the splendid telegraphic equipment he would have enjoyed in the new building, the crude practice telegraph set he had installed in the lunch car lost all its charm. Perhaps, after all, he would never have another opportunity to work at railroad telegraphy!

It was in the midst of this depressing period that a jolly-looking traveling man approached the new lunch sign, gazed curiously at it for a moment, started on, then for some unknown reason retraced his steps and entered the car.

"Well," he exclaimed cheerfully, "are you the boss now?"

"LET'S TRY SOME OF THOSE WONDERFUL CAKES"

James smiled in the affirmative, but the smile quickly vanished when the customer called for "a Spanish omelet."

"I don't believe I ever—heard of that," stammered the boy. "I'm not a regular cook. I can fry, poach or boil you some eggs. I'll know how to make that *omelet* the next time."

"Well," he responded kindly, "let's try some of those wonderful cakes that you have advertised in that very plain handwriting. In fact it was the *handwriting* that attracted my attention. Looks like an operator's fist. I'm an old telegrapher myself."

In a moment James placed before the traveler a plate containing four deliciously browned pancakes—fluffy pancakes with crisp, crackling edges. These the stranger flooded with golden syrup, all the while questioning the boy regarding his knowledge of telegraphy, finally learning of his unfortunate experience at the depot, and of how he had happened to take charge of the cart.

"Well, James—Pancake Jim, I've half a mind to say, for these are the best pancakes I've eaten since I left Boston—keep this up, and you'll make a reputation. You're bound to make good. Take that from an old traveler. Hope I'll see you again."

As the kind-hearted stranger departed there was a feeling in the boy's throat which he found difficult to swallow, for these were the first kind words he had received from a customer since he had taken charge of the cart.

A moment later a coal-begrimed fireman entered the car.

"Whatcher got to chew, Buddy?" he asked. "Wouldn't have come in, but a traveling man told me to try. Let's have some of your pancakes. Hustle; we leave in twenty minutes."

It seemed that this good fortune was to

THEY CALLED HIM "SUNNY JIM."

continue, for now came an engineer and two brakemen, and during the next ten minutes pancakes, maple syrup and coffee was fairly flying across the little counter.

"Fellows," declared Engineer Jones as he started with his three companions toward the train, "that lad's no slouch on pancakes and good coffee. Real cream in the coffee, too. What do you know about that? That's a new one for a railroad eating place."

That afternoon proved to be the turning point in affairs at the cart. The success that quickly followed so surpassed his expectations that, when Saturday arrived, James had written John Tyler, superintendent of the Columbia division, telling of his new-found employment and of the probability of his soon being able to make good at least part of the missing hundred dollars. The veteran official was favorably impressed with the boy's frank expressions, placed the letter in a special file, and made several entries in a small notebook.

The pancakes and coffee served by James Norton were winning praise from all who partook of them. Traveling men and even certain employes at the Overland lumber yard foresook a large restaurant uptown and patronized the cart. Conductor Lahey said there was nothing like it on the Columbia division.

"Why," he remarked one day, "that lad is actually drawing trade from the hotel. Do you wonder? Who wouldn't enjoy those delicious pancakes and that golden coffee he dishes out? Jim Norton has won my trade."

All of the boy's patrons now spoke of him as "Jim."

One wag of a brakeman went even further, for when the boy arrived at the cart on the morning of the day before Christmas he was surprised to see fastened to it a well-made and beautifully lettered sign on which were these words:

**PANCAKE JIM—THE BEST EATING HOUSE ON THE ROAD**

Thereafter his name was "Pancake" Jim.

The boy labored hard at the little cart from early morning until late at night. He kept the place very clean, served only the best of food, was prompt and willing, and so cheerful that patrons suggested changing the name to "Sunny Jim."

A few days preceding New Year's a railroad official's private car was switched into a sidetrack in the Overland yards. That same night James was a trifle surprised to see a distinguished-looking gentleman step

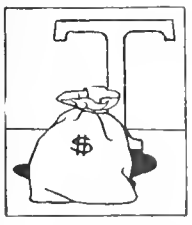
(*Continued on page 29.*)

# Money! Money! Money! Money!

## Some Staggering Facts About Uncle Sam's Great Wealth

By FRANK J. F. THIEL

Secretary to the Treasurer of the United States.



THE MYSTERIOUS power of money is known to us all. What boy does not remember the time when he begged his mother or father for a penny or a nickel to buy an "all-day-sucker" or a bag of marbles at the little store around the corner? He never gave much thought to the form of the money itself, yet he knew it was necessary to have it before he could satisfy the longings of his heart.

In times gone by when people wanted to buy anything, dried fish, silk, tobacco, furs, rice, wheat, olive oil, wampum and many other articles served the purpose of money, but today in this country metal and paper are used almost altogether.

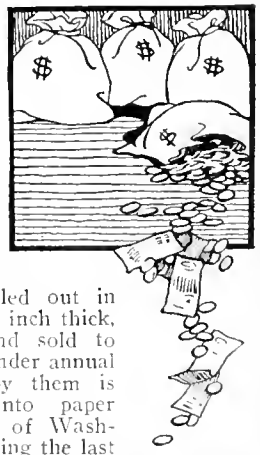
The paper used in the manufacture of United States currency is made by a private concern under Government contract. The process employed in manufacturing it is a secret one. The money is printed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and delivered to the Treasurer of the United States in the Treasury building every day in large wagons which are closely guarded. After it reaches the Treasurer's office it is placed in what is called the reserve vault, and thereafter when unfit or mutilated currency is destroyed a like amount of new money is taken from the reserve vault and placed in the cash vault. From the latter vault the new money is finally shipped to Subtreasuries, banks and others, and thus placed in circulation.

The output of currency of all denominations varies according to the country's needs, but at the present time the daily supply is 268,000 sheets of four notes each, or 1,072,000 notes. These notes cost the Government one and three-tenths of a cent apiece. There are eleven different denominations of United States paper currency issued at present, ranging from $1, the lowest, to $10,000, the highest.

The money is put up in packages of 4,000 notes each, regardless of the denomination; so that while a package of 4,000 one dollar bills represents $4,000, a package of 4,000 $10,000 gold certificates is worth $40,000,000. I have held in my arms at one time $100,000,000 in $5,000 and $10,000 bills.

WHAT BECOMES OF WORN-OUT "BILLS."

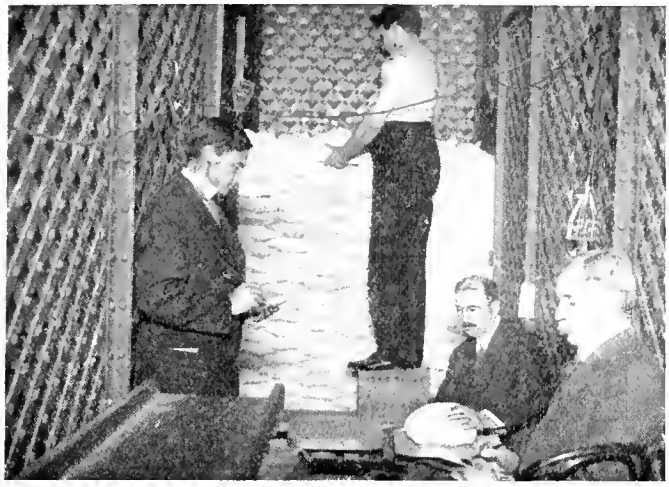
When old and worn United States paper currency is received at the Treasury for redemption it is turned over to the Redemption Division of the Treasurer's office. Here experts examine the notes to determine whether they are genuine or counterfeit. If counterfeit they are so branded and destroyed. If genuine, they are strapped in packages to be canceled and destroyed by maceration.



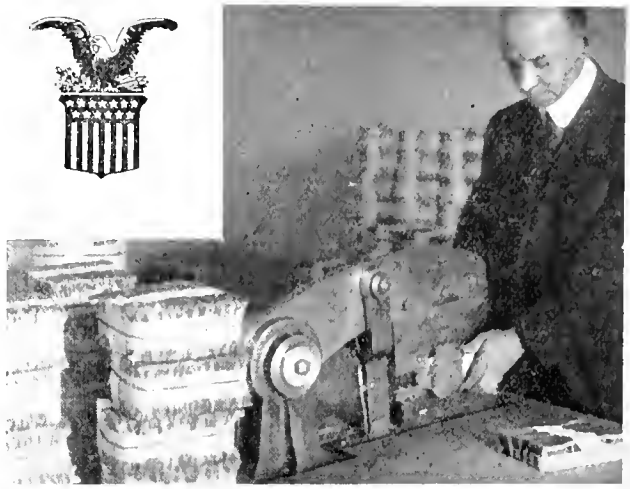
After complete destruction the resulting pulp is rolled out in sheets about one inch thick, put in bales and sold to private parties under annual contract, and by them is manufactured into paper stock, souvenirs of Washington, etc. During the last year we received for redemption mutilated paper money having a value of $975,416,516.00.

PEOPLE WHO USE THEIR STOVES AS SAFES

There is an interesting fact developed every fall when the Treasurer's office receives fragments of burnt paper money which has been put in stoves for safekeeping during the warm weather and the hiding place forgotten until cold weather comes on, a fire is started and the awful



THIS VAULT CONTAINS $105,000,000 IN SILVER—EACH BAG CONTAINS ABOUT $1,000 AND WEIGHS ABOUT 59 POUNDS.



WHEN MONEY IS UNFIT FOR FURTHER CIRCULATION IT IS CUT UP BY THIS MACHINE. ABOUT $3,000,000 A DAY IS DESTROYED. THE "PIECES" ARE CONVERTED INTO PULP, WHICH THE GOVERNMENT SELLS FOR ABOUT $20 A TON.

discovery made only after partial damage has been done.

We receive on an average two thousand such cases every year, and the result is that packages come to us first from the colder sections of the country and then by degrees from more southern points, until we are able every year to pretty accurately trace the frost line from Canada to the Gulf. If there remain fragments sufficient for proper identification, the full redemption value may be had under reasonable regulations. For money totally destroyed, however, the Government can afford the owner no relief.

ONE TRANSACTION $1,426,422,051.48⅔.

All the moneys of the Government are placed by Congress in the hands of the Treasurer of the United States, whose responsibilities are therefore very great indeed. When the present Treasurer took office he gave his predecessor a receipt for all moneys and securities turned over to him. This receipt called for $1,426,422,051.48⅔, which is said to be the largest single financial transaction in the world's history.

THE TWO-THIRDS OF A CENT.

The two-thirds of a cent has caused a great many people to remark that Uncle Sam must have bookkeeping down to a fine point of accuracy. A short time ago a man in Canada wrote the Treasurer a letter saying he had noticed that the Treasurer was carrying among his assets two-thirds of a cent, and he took pleasure in informing him that he had the other third!

As a matter of fact, this fraction of a cent is brought about by a bond of the State of Tennessee for $1,666.66⅔. It is one of a lot of $335,000 of other bonds of the same State, which years ago belonged to the Indian Trust Fund, but now are the property of the United States Government.

All moneys in the Subtreasuries and all coin and bullion in the mints and assay offices are charged to the Treasurer. There are nine Subtreasuries, located in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and San Francisco. There are three mints, at Philadelphia, Denver and San Francisco, and nine assay offices, distributed between New York and Seattle.

120 CARLOADS OF GOLD.

The total amount of money in this country on December 1, 1914, was $4,031,484,945. The money in circulation averaged $36.40 for every man, woman and child, estimating the continental population of the United States on December 1 at 99,733,000. The total amount of our gold was $1,817,121,700—about three times as much as Great Britain has. It would require 120 cars of 60,000 pounds capacity each to carry this gold.

VIEW OF INTERIOR OF CASH VAULT, THROUGH WHICH $3,000,000 PASSES EVERY DAY.

Our silver dollars amounted to $565,904,478, which if placed on top of each other would make a pile 835 miles in height; if placed edge to edge would make a string 13,500 miles in length; and which would require 555 freight cars of 60,000 pounds capacity to carry them.

BILLIONS HANDLED WITHOUT LOSING A CENT!

In concluding this brief article I cannot refrain from presenting below in concrete form the great volume of cash transactions in the office of the Treasurer of the United States during the past three years:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1911 ..... | $6,382,303,750.59 |
| 1912 ..... | 6,601,731,502.41 |
| 1913 ..... | 7,071,520,498.25 |

Making a grand total of $20,055,555,751.25

It should be remembered that the above figures do not include checks, warrants, bonds, drafts, etc., handled in the ordinary course of business. In the matter of checks alone there are handled in this office between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000 a year, representing approximately $800,000,000 additional. These checks have been issued by nearly 3,000 Government disbursing officers, who have some 5,000 separate accounts with the Treasurer.

It can truly be said that the United States Treasury is the greatest banking institution in the world, and when it is realized that this vast aggregation of wealth has been handled without the loss of a cent to the Government, the spirit of zeal, industry and fidelity on the part of the employes is considered worthy of mention in connection with the performance of their responsible duties.

## Prizes For Big Tree Pictures

A CHANCE for Boy Scout foresters, photographers, and "hikers" in general, is presented by the offer of the American Genetic Association, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., of $100 apiece for two photographs. One of the prizes is for the photograph of the largest tree which bears nuts, such as the walnut, chestnut, hickory or pecan, and the other is for the largest broad-leaf tree which does not bear edible fruit, such as elm, poplar, ash, cottonwood, maple or birch.

The purpose of the contest is to secure pictures and information which will tell the association where the largest trees may be found, so that seeds or cuttings may be secured for propagation in experiments bearing on the influence of heredity in tree growth.

Here is a chance for live boys with cameras, who know of particularly large broad-leaf trees in their localities. There is no need to be discouraged by a fear lest the Scouts in California will carry off the prize with their giant redwoods and sequoias, because the association does not want pictures of the conifers, since they know already that the California big trees have no rivals among the evergreens, or needle-leaf kinds.

The pictures must be clear, and all measurements authentic; these should include the diameter at five feet from the ground, and the height. There is not only a chance for rivalry among the Scouts, but an opportunity to put forward the tree-growing claims of the various sections of the country. Foresters who have discussed the contest say there is a chance for the tulip poplar of the Southern Appalachians, the oaks of the Middle Atlantic States, the cottonwoods of Kansas, the hickories of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, the walnuts of Indiana, and even for some phenomenally large sassafras trees in Georgia.

Pictures should be sent to the American Genetic Association, 511 Eleventh street, Washington, D. C., which may be written for fuller information. The contest closes on July 1, 1915, and pictures of trees in leaf or bare of foliage will be accepted.

# The New Year's Duffel Bag

## "Don't Fight Your Pack!" Mr. Beard Tells What "Fighting Your Pack" Means and Why You Should Avoid It

By DANIEL CARTER BEARD

*National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America*

FELLOW SCOUTS! New Year's Day, you all know, is the time to swear off all your bad habits. Often it seems to make little difference on January the second what was sworn off on January the first. The swearing off business on New Year's Day is observed by most boys in the same spirit as is the fooling of people on the first of April, or the dressing up like ragamuffins on Thanksgiving Day or the giving of gifts on Christmas Day or the hanging out of the flags on the Fourth of July, but I want you Scouts to be mighty careful what you swear off, because I shall expect you to live up to your promise for the rest of the year and not forget it the next day, that is, because you are Scouts. If your load of resolutions is heavy, do not fight the pack. Do you know what "fighting your pack" means? I will go into the subject and explain.

MR. BEARD IN THE WINTER WOODS

In all new countries, when we carry a load we say we are "packing." We have pack horses and we carry packs on our own backs. This is so universal that the word "carry" is almost forgotten in the wilderness; there a man will ask you if you won't "pack that letter" to the settlements for him, and a pioneer woman will ask you if you won't "please pack a pail of water up from the spring." Consequently, when we say we are "fighting our pack" we mean we are fighting our load; that does not mean setting your load up against a tree and punching it with your fists, but it means that you are complaining and fretting because the load is heavy and the straps chafe your shoulders.

There are two kinds of "packs," the pack that you carry day after day on a long hike, and the pack that you carry when on a canoe trip and you are compelled to leave the water and carry your canoe and duffel overland around some bad rapids or falls. The first named pack should be as light as possible, for on a long tramp every pound counts, because *you know* that you have to carry it as long as you keep going and there is no relief ahead except when you stop for your meals or to camp at night. But the last named pack, the "portage pack," the kind that you carry around bad pieces of water, may be as heavy as you can with safety load upon your back, because your mind is buoyed up by the fact that *you know* you will not have to carry that load very far, the work will end when you reach the water again, and, strange to say, fellow Scouts, the mind has as much to do with carrying the load as the body. If the mind gives up, you will fall helpless even under a small load; if the mind is strong, you will stagger along under a very heavy load.

Just now your National Scout Commissioner is carrying a heavy pack. He must get out this Duffel Bag for you fellows each month, and also one or two stories for the New York *Sunday Press* every week, besides which he is trying to finish up a couple of books. But this he looks upon as a "portage pack," for when the two books are finished he can get into his canoe again and will have nothing to do but paddle along with his Duffel Bag and weekly contributions to the New York *Press*, which, by the way, is also publishing a page of funny Scout comics, intended to help lighten the pack which we are all carrying.

Now that you know what a pack is, and what "fighting a pack" means, remember that if your studies at school are hard, that's your pack. If the work you are doing is hard, difficult or tiresome, that is your pack. If your boss is cross and exacting, that is your pack. If your parents are worried and forget themselves in their worry and speak sharply to you, that is your pack. Don't fight your pack, remember that you are a Scout, straighten your shoulders, put on your Scout smile and hit the trail like a man!

If you find that you are tempted to break the Scout Law, that you are tempted at times to forget the Scout Oath, that because your playmates use language unfit for a Scout and you are tempted to do the same, if your playmates play craps and smoke cigarettes and laugh at you because you refuse to do so, so that you are tempted to join them, these temptations form your pack; don't fight your pack, don't give in and fall down under your load and whimper like a "sissy," but straighten up, look the world straight in the eye, and hit the trail like a man!

Some of us are carrying portage packs which we can dump off our shoulders at the end of the "carry," some of us are carrying hiking packs which we must carry through life and can never dump from our shoulders until we cross The Grand Portage from which no voyaguers ever return.

All our packs vary in weight, but none of them are easy to carry if we fret and fume and complain under the load. Belmore Browne, a great friend of the Boy Scouts, wilderness man, climber of Mt. McKinley, explorer, hunter and naturalist, will bear to his grave the marks on his body made by the straps of the pack he carried over the frozen Northland. When I asked Belmore how he carried the load he replied that he soon found that to "fight the pack" meant to perish, so when the pack wearied him and the straps rubbed the skin off his body he forced himself to think of one of the good dinners he had at the Camp Fire Club of America, of all the jolly stories that the toastmaster told, or of the fun he had at some other entertainment, and all this time he was trudging along and forgetting the pack on his back. In this way he learned how not to "fight the pack," but to FORGET IT. He braced himself up, looked at the snow-capped mountain range ahead, hummed a little tune and "mushed" on over the frozen snow at a Scout's pace.

The whole North country is sprinkled with the bones of the men who fought their packs. Our whole country is sprinkled with men we call "misfits" and failures, but who are really men who have fought their packs. But every post of eminence in the United States is occupied by a man who forgot his pack; this country was built by men who forgot their packs. George Washington carried a portage pack in weight all through his life, but it was a proud burden and he stood straight under it. Good old Abe Lincoln had even a heavier pack to carry, but in spite of the weight of it he always had a pleasant Scout smile for everyone, and a merry story to send the visitor away smiling. If Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton had fought their packs we would never have heard of them!

According to the Indians' calendar, January is the Moon of Difficulty; according to the Scout calendar, it is Pike's Moon; and old Zebulon Pike, after whom Pike's Peak is named, carried his pack without complaint. (He was born on February 5, 1779.) This is also the Wild Goose or Cohonk season of the Pioneers and Indians, and for us the New Year. So brace up, boys! Put on your Scouts' smile—I know you know how to do it, because I have seen you. Whistle "Yankee Doodle," sing your Scout song and make us all glad—glad that we are alive, glad that we are connected with such a bully bunch of boys. A Happy New Year to you all! and God bless you.

Dan Beard

### Camp in the Snowy Mountains

Troop 1, Garneill, Mont., had an unusually interesting outing the past summer in the Snowy Mountain range. The boys

MONTANA SCOUTS IN THE MOUNTAINS

made the trip on saddle horses, and the trail led them across dangerous trails and through almost impenetrable forest and jungle. After six hours of hard work the boys reached the crest of the range, from where they could see six different towns and eight different mountain ranges, including the lofty peaks in Yellowstone National Park, 125 miles away. Although it was mid-summer, the boys passed snow-banks fifteen feet deep.

TACKING SUET TO TREES FOR THEIR FEATHERED FRIENDS

## Prize Winners in Our Story Title Contest

Here are the winners of the contest based on "the story without a title," by Mr. Joseph Ames, published in the September and October Boys' Life.

*FIRST PRIZE, $5.00 in Cash.*

TAD, MAN-MAKER.

Winner, Marden G. Cooke, Healdsburg, Cal.

*SECOND PRIZE, $3.00 in Cash.*

THE DOMINATING SPIRIT.

Winner, Waldersee Hendrey, Trinidad, Colo.

*THIRD PRIZE, $2.00 in Cash.*

THE GREATER VICTORY.

Winner, Orrin L. Mangum, Glens Falls, N. Y.

*HONORABLE MENTION, one year's subscription to* Boys' Life *awarded to each.*

TAD COSTA'S DOUBLE VICTORY—Wallace Muir, Mich.; Lincoln W. Beale, Mass.; Walter Metcalf, Iowa; Jack McKelvey, Ontario; John P. Ryan, N. J.; G. S. Grosse, Wis.; Alan N. McDougale, N. Y.; Ralph Snively, Ind.

TAD COSTA'S DOUBLE TRIUMPH—U. Archie Ridhy, Mass.

THE DOUBLE VICTORY—W. Harden Haight, N. Y.; Willis Ritter, Utah; Harold West, Ind.; Ralph B. Urmy, Jr., N. J.; Charles Kincanon, Va.; Isidore Simon, N. Y.; Meyran A. Lotz, Ill.; Arthur H. Pierstorf, N. Y.; Myer Kornreich, Pa.

The total number of boys who entered the contest was 1,252. It was very pleasing to us who are so careful to select for you stories that have action and thrill and yet are inspiring, to note that nearly all of the boys, instead of seeing Mr. Ames' story merely as a football tale, read even between the lines and caught its real significance. The task was no easy one for the judges, who were the Chief Scout Librarian, the Author of the story, and the Editor of Boys' Life.

The first title "TAD, MAN-MAKER," not only adequately describes the purport of the story, but names the chief character. The second and third titles are nearly as good except that in them the personality definitely named in the first title is omitted. In the titles that follow, recognition is given of the personality of Tad, as well as the idea of "a dominating spirit," but there was included also what was only an incidental touch—Tad's victory of kicking the goal. In "The Double Victory" you have the same idea as just stated above, except that Tad's name is left out.

It will be noted that, though only ten "Honorary Mention" prizes were promised, eighteen were awarded.

# Save the Birds This Winter

**Scouts Everywhere Are Interested in New Methods of Providing Food and Shelter for Them in Snowtime**

"SAVE the birds!" This is the slogan of thousands of Boy Scouts who are planning this winter to feed and shelter their feathered friends.

The Boy Scouts have begun to realize that the birds of America are fighting a losing battle with hunters and nature, and they have decided to come to their aid.

Since the destruction of the forests and the breaking up of the land into farms has deprived the birds of their natural feeding grounds and shelter, winter has become an especially difficult season for them to survive and thousands of birds, especially quail, have died.

But the Boy Scouts are coming to the rescue. Last winter hundreds of Scouts proved themselves "friends to animals" by providing food and shelter for the birds, and this winter the number of Scouts engaged in this service has increased to thousands. The boys have discovered that it requires even more skill and knowledge of wild life to protect it than it does to kill it; and they have discovered that it is more fun to save than to destroy.

Perhaps the best example of bird protection is furnished by the Boy Scouts of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. Their work during the severe snow storms of last winter attracted wide attention.

A detailed account of the activities of these Scouts should serve as an inspiration to boys in other parts of the country. When the heavy snow storms came and it was realized that the birds were in danger, notice was sent from the office of Scout Executive Charles B. Horton, of Pittsburgh, to all the Scoutmasters in Allegheny County, and the work was immediately organized.

In all of their efforts the boys were aided and encouraged by Mr. John M. Phillips, Scout Commissioner of the Allegheny County Council, Boy Scouts of America, and Game Commissioner of the State of Pennsylvania.

The Scouts hung suet on the trees for insect-feeding birds, scattered seed in sheltered places and hung small ears of corn on trees for seed eating birds, and built shelters and feeding stations for quail. These shelters were built by making thatched roofs and putting them in position where the snow would not be so heavy as to break them down and where the birds would come.

The suet was hung around the trees out of reach of cats and in such a way that it would not be blown down. The grain in the feeding stations was arranged so that it would not be disturbed by the squirrels and so that the quail could get it. A good many of the Scouts could not get around during the day, so they devoted their evenings to going out and following up the bird tracks and locating the birds. Wherever birds were found in numbers sufficient to justify it, feeding stations were established. Lanterns and flash-lights were used to follow the bird tracks. This is the only method many troops could use, because the members worked all day. Some Scouts who worked all the week gave up Sunday afternoons to erecting shelters.

ALLEGHENY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, SCOUTS BUILDING BRUSH SHELTERS FOR BIRDS

The school Boy Scouts spent some time each day taking corn and grain to these stations and made extended trips into the country on Saturdays.

The different birds the boys discovered were the downy and hairy woodpeckers, red-bird, wren, snow-sparrows, chickadee, snow junco, blue-jay, slate-colored junco, winter wren, Carolina wren, screech owl, brown creepy, red-tail hawk, etc.

One troop of Scouts located and fed seven covies of quail, and all over the county Scouts discovered quail and fed them. Many of the Scouts did not want the men to know where these quail were for fear they would kill them in the hunting season.

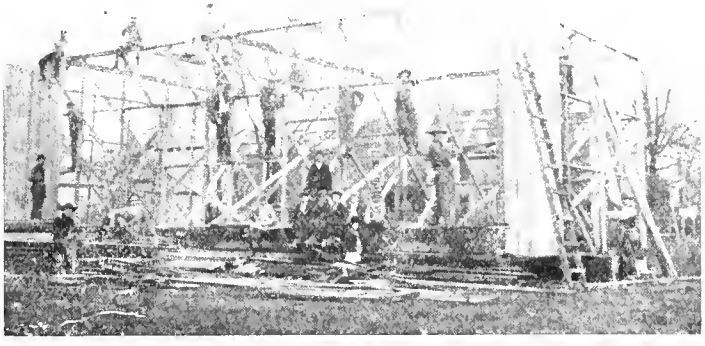
Within the city limits of Pittsburgh the campaign of feeding the birds was carried out under the supervision of George W. Burke, superintendent of the city parks, and the Scouts worked in the various parks under his direction.

The Allegheny County Scouts have made even more elaborate preparations for their bird activities this season than they did last, as many of them spent a great amount of time during vacation building bird "lunch-counters," bird houses, shelters, etc.

Meanwhile the idea has spread to all parts of the country. At Davenport, Iowa, Scouts are prepared to care for the birds during the coming season. The Scouts were furnished with all materials for feeding and sheltering by Mr. E. S. Marrenar, of that city, who is interested in bird protection. Scout Commissioner A. R. Forbush, of Worcester, Mass., is planning extensive activity of this nature for the coming winter. Last season Worcester Scouts, co-operating with the S. P. C. A. and the Humane Society, distributed over two tons of food. The Worcester Scouts have also been making bird houses and feeding platforms during vacation.

These are only a few communities, selected at random, to show how generally the idea is being taken up. Bird protection is coming to be recognized as a regular feature of scout work in a great many sections and is rapidly gaining in favor.

# Winter Stunts



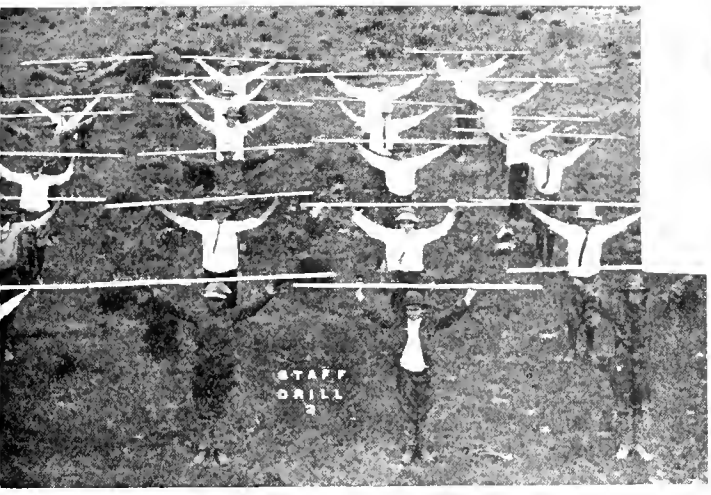
Troop 1, Norwood, Ohio, Working on Their New Headquarters. Photograph from Scoutmaster W. H. Meredith.

BOYS' LIFE Is Planning to Print a Double Page of "Funny Fotos." Send in the Funniest Scout Pictures You Have —or Take Some. Help the Editor to Make This Funny Page a "Corker."

Two Westbrook, Me., Scouts Cutting Wood for Winter. Photograph by Scoutmaster Maurice Ross.

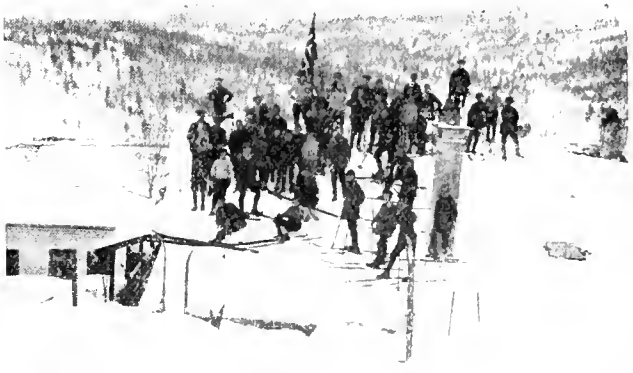
Warming Up in "The Bear's Den," Near Youngstown, Ohio. Photograph by Scoutmaster F. Clay Viets.

# Active Scouts




New Mexico They Have No Winter. This Picture, Received from C. C. Nicholson, Scoutmaster, Shows Troop 1 at Staff Drill.

A Group of Ohio Scouts Taking a Cooking Test in Winter.



Scouts on a Ski Hike in Norway. Photograph from Leif Underdahl, Portland, Ore.

Fascinating Stories in the Snow Being Read by a Patrol of Scouts at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Dan Beard Making Friends with a Ten-foot Blacksnake. Photograph from Scoutmaster J. H. Moore, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SCOUTS OF SCHENECTADY, N. Y., AT THEIR CABIN

# With the Boy Scouts of America

Stories of Especial Interest to All, From Tenderfoot to Eagle Scout

(Other Scout News on Pages 20 and 21.)

## How to Become a Scout

HOW can I join the Scouts? Hundreds of boys ask this question every day.

If you want to become a Scout, the first thing for you to do is to find out whether or not there is a troop organized in your town or city. If there is, you should call on the Scoutmaster of the troop and apply for admission. The Scoutmaster would then tell you just what you would have to do to become a member.

If you live in a large city where there is a Scout Commissioner or Scout Executive—and nearly every large city has one—it would be better for you to apply to him. He will tell you which troop it would be best for you to join—or possibly he will help you organize a troop of your own.

But if there is no scout organization in your town your problem is entirely different, for you must have a troop organized. The first thing to do is to get a copy of the official "Handbook for Boys." You may be able to buy one at your local bookstore, but if not you can get one from National Headquarters for 25 cents. Read this book carefully until you know just what a Scout is expected to do.

Next you must talk things over with your boy friends and get them interested too. When you have enough boys to form a patrol—that is at least eight boys—you are ready to organize.

Your next problem is to get a Scoutmaster. He must be a man whose good character will be vouched for by others. If you have not already found a man who is willing to take charge, you must find one, for you can not become Scouts until you have a man at the head of your troop. Try all your fathers and brothers and see if one of them will not consent to help you out. If none of them will do this, pick out some other man you know, and try to get him interested. Send his name to the Scoutmasters' Department at National Headquarters and ask them to write to him. In the meantime, go ahead with your work and show your man that you mean business. *And don't quit!* If you keep trying long enough you will finally get a Scoutmaster.

When you have your Scoutmaster then you are ready to join the Scouts. Your Scoutmaster will apply to headquarters for registration blanks, he will send in your fees, which are 25 cents a year for each Scout, and your names will be officially enrolled with those of the tens of thousands of other boys who are members of the great organization. You will then receive an official certificate, and be entitled to wear the official badges and uniform and will be in position to begin your progress in this Scout game and advance from Tenderfoot up through the various degrees, possibly even becoming an Eagle Scout, and thus reaching the highest rank in the organization.

The important thing is to get a good Scoutmaster, so keep your eyes open for the right man to direct your troop.

## Distinguished Scouts

Report of the National Court of Honor for November, 1914.

### EAGLE SCOUTS.

To win the Silver Eagle these First Class Scouts have qualified for 21 Merit Badges. It is the highest honor given for winning Merit Badges.

Wilbur H. Collier, Baltimore, Md.
William Saunders, S. M., Bala, Pa.
D. Wantland, Denver, Col.
George Sheriff, Washington, D. C.

### STAR SCOUTS.

To win the Star Scout Badge these First Class Scouts have qualified for Merit Badges in first aid, athletics, life saving, personal health and public health and any five others in addition.

George Embree, Bridgeport, Conn.
Oscar Clauder, Bridgeport, Conn.

Total number of Merit Badges issued, 527.

## Watch For This Boy

All Boy Scouts are asked to be on the lookout for Scout Robert Kirkpatrick, who left his home at 324 West 83rd street, New York City, on September 9, and has not been seen since. Scout Kirkpatrick is a member of Troop 3, New York City, of which Sylvester E. Megargee is Scoutmaster. His description is as follows: Fourteen years old, five feet tall, has light complexion, light hair, blue eyes and rather large front teeth. Robert's father asks that in case he should happen to read this notice, that he will write to his mother and let her know that he is well, as she is very much worried.

ROBERT KIRKPATRICK

His Good Turn.

Boy: "Miss Jones, you are very beautiful."

Lady: "Thank you, Bobbie."

Boy: "Oh, that's all right. Us Boy Scouts have to do one kind act every day."—Hans Ramthun, Michigan City, Ind.

## A Merit Badge Question

Being a First-Class Scout my chief desire has been to become the first Eagle Scout in this city. So far I have managed to pass satisfactorily nineteen Merit Badges and have entered upon Pioneering which I have completed with the exception of the first question, which requires a Scout to fell in a prescribed direction a 9-inch tree.

I am writing you with the purpose of finding out whether the felling of such a tree is not a direct violation of our Scout Law number six, also if it would not be just as sufficient to demonstrate what cut to take or write a statement on how to fell a tree. As far as I am informed there are approximately 500,000 Scouts in the United States. Can you imagine what a tremendous destruction of trees would result if each of these boys were possessed with a desire to fell one tree apiece? In all my years of service, this being the sixth, I have always been opposed to the wilful destruction of trees. Kindly inform me what course to pursue.

Thanking you for giving this matter your prompt attention, I remain.

George Salak, Racine, Wis.

For the benefit of other Scouts who may be puzzled with the same problem, it is announced that the Committee on Badges Awards have already had this matter under consideration and the test as now required omits this item.

## Extinguish Forest Fire

A forest fire in the mountains near Forty Fort, Pa., was discovered by the Boy Scouts, who immediately rounded up their membership and hurried to the scene of the blaze. Within forty minutes the fire had been extinguished.

The Forty Fort Scouts are always on the lookout for forest fires and they have a regular system which they follow in this emergency. The boy who discovers the fire notifies the Scoutmaster, and he in turn calls up the other members of the troop by telephone.

## Detroit Scouts Receive First Aid Kits

The city of Detroit, Mich., in recognition of the services of the Boy Scouts of that city rendered during the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held early in September, has presented every troop in the city with a first-aid kit. The kits contain all the essentials for first-aid work and are of excellent quality and workmanship. On them is printed an acknowledgment of the services of the Scouts during the G. A. R. reunion.

### Find Body Under Ice

After a prolonged search by several groups the Boy Scouts of Antigo, Wis., had the honor last winter of finding the body of a young man who had been lost while skating across a pond. The boys discovered the skate tracks very faintly marked and by noticing the length of the strokes saw that he was traveling very fast. They deduced that on account of his momentum he was unable to stop when he fell on thin ice and they estimated the spot at which he sank in ten feet of water. The man was dazed by striking his head on the ice and instead of turning toward the shore went parallel to it, breaking the ice. He finally realized the situation and walked or crawled under the ice toward shore until he was overcome as he reached the shallow water. There was no outward sign to show where the body was located but by reasoning out the course of events the Scouts found it in this unexpected place.

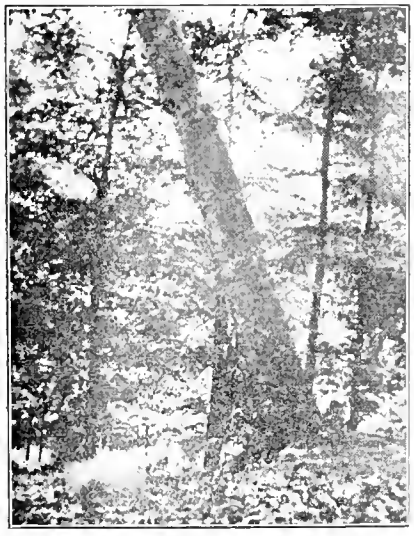
### Where Boone "Cilled A Bar"

Garnet Sowder, nine years old, of Johnson City, Tenn., has sent BOYS' LIFE a picture of the Daniel Boone tree near Johnson City. On this tree is carved the following inscription:

D. Boon
On
CILLED A. Bar Tree
In The
year 1760

Boone was eighty-six years old when he died in 1820, and therefore he must have been twenty-six years old when the inscription was made.

Evidently Daniel Boone made a hobby of carving his name on trees, for another

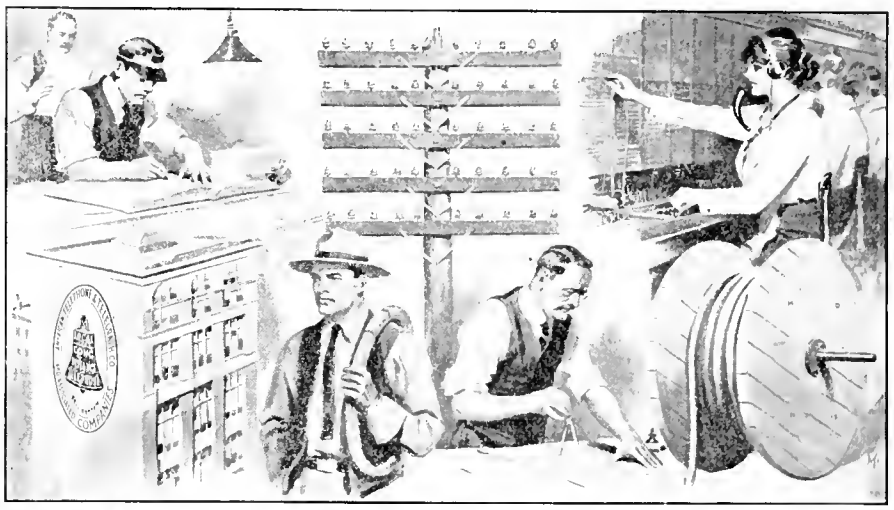


Daniel Boone tree was found at Sailorsville, Ky., by Rev. George Willis in 1890. This tree bore the inscription:

D. Boone
1776

When the tract of land on which this tree stood was cleared in 1894, the section of the tree containing this inscription was sawed out, and it is now preserved at the Lexington Public Library.

CORRECTION.—BOYS' LIFE is very glad to correct a mis-statement which appeared in the September and October numbers of the magazine. In the articles written by Scout Joseph E. Aiken, of Benton, Ill., his rank was given as Second-Class Scout. Scout Aiken is a First-Class Scout and he has earned four Merit Badges, one of which is aviation.

# Managing the Business of 8,500,000 Telephones

Imagine a manufacturing business having millions of customers scattered over the country, with millions of accounts on its books, most of them less than $30 a year, and including a multitude of 5-cent charges.

Consider it as having shops and offices in thousands of cities, and reaching with its output 70,000 places, more than there are post offices in the United States. Think of the task of patroling 16,000,000 miles of connecting highways constantly in use.

This gives you a faint idea of the business of managing the Bell System.

Not all the 8,500,000 telephones are in use at once, but the management must have facilities always adequate to any demands for instant, direct communication.

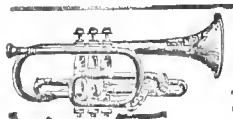
In so vast an undertaking, every branch of the organization must work in harmony, guided by one policy. The entire plant must be managed in the light of accumulated experience, and with the most careful business judgment.

The aim of the Bell System is to make the telephone of the utmost usefulness. This requires an army of loyal men and women, inspired by a leadership having a high sense of its obligations to the public.

Animated by the spirit of service, and unhampered by red tape, the 150,000 Bell employes have the courage to do the right thing at the right time upon their own initiative. They work together intelligently as a business democracy to give the public good service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy* *One System* *Universal Service*



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Send 6c in stamps to cover mailing. We send you a glass cutter and catalog showing 40 styles preferred by mechanics the world over.

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In answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE.

ENGLAND

# Our Lonesome Corner

## Letters Exchanged, Through "Boys' Life," by Many Boys in Many States and Many Lands

DENMARK

### How You Can Join the "Write Now" Club

Pick out the name of a boy.
Write a letter to him.
Address an envelope with his name and the right postage.
Don't seal that envelope.
Enclose it in another addressed to the boy in care of Boys' Life. Mail this to us.
If your letter is to a boy in North America or England, put on a two-cent stamp. If it is to go to any other country abroad, five cents.

OUR Lonesome Corner is growing by leaps and bounds and is becoming more interesting with each issue. Some important announcements are in store for you Lonesome Corner boys in the near future, so be on the lookout for them.

Written in English script which would do credit to an American high school senior, a letter which came recently from G. Misu, who lives in Tanabe, Kii, Japan, had especial interest. This letter, which was forwarded to a Scout in Buffalo, read in part as follows:

"Dear my friend:

"I am a stranger to you at all. I am a student of the Tanabe Middle School, and now a boy of the fourth year. I heard about the Boy Scouts of America from my teacher, and it very interested me. So I am very wishing to correspond with any one of you. Will you kindly reply to me? Then I will send you some picture cards of Japan. I am very glad to hear from you about the Boy Scouts. As you see I cannot write English so well as an English boy.

"But I will tell you about my school. My school stands near the sea of Tanabe Bay. The sea is almost always calm. A long pine-grove stands by the sea. Steamers and sailors are going in and out.

"There are about 400 of boys in my school. We sometimes hold the matches of baseball, tennis and fencing. We hold once or twice the match of wresting and boat. We learn English seven hours in a week. We have taught English first from A, B, C. About four years ago we began to learn English, but now only a baby as to English.

"I will wait your letter or others. Please give my love to all your friends. If I could have letters of yours and your friends, I am only so glad to read them.

"Yours truly,

"G. Misu."

Letters just as interesting, some of them accompanied by pictures, are passing between boys of the United States and of many other lands every week. In the past month correspondence has been handled to or from England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Japan, South Australia, British Guiana, Canada, Finland, Bolivia, Chile, Sweden, Greece and Turkey, as well as the Philippines, Hawaii and Alaska.

If you are not sending letters to the Lonesome Corner to be forwarded to boys in other countries, you are missing a dandy chance. It costs only the price of the postage.

The following new boys have signified their desire to join "Our Lonesome Corner" and each will be glad to receive letters:

Louis Gilchrist, Iowa.
Robert Tryon, N. Y.
Ray Kenneth Smathers, N. J.
Lloyd Griffith, Tex.
Emery Russell, Penn.
Eugene T. Seaward, N.H.
Wm. Field Herbert, N. J.
Wm. Youngblood, Tex.
Ferrel Williams, Ga.
Harold C. Washburn, Minn.
Harold Barcus, Del.
Lowell Callyer, Ind.
John A. Jarrell, Ala.
Kenneth Keefer, N. Y.

Quite a number of boys, who have entered the rapidly increasing ranks of this department, have specified some particular subject in which they are especially interested. They are:

Ralph Lake, Iowa; 12-year old Scouts.
Sidney Waltz, New York; cycle Scouts.
Egbert H. Walker, Michigan; birds and bird photography.
Frank A. Klemm, Indiana; stamps.
Clarence F. Kramer, Indiana; taxidermy, wireless, camping, Morse telegraphy, photography.
William A. Mattice, New York; model aeroplanes.
Norman P. Marks, Connecticut; magic.
John Sparrow, Jr., New York; photography, camping, cycling.
H. Lester Schug, Pennsylvania; stamps.
Staller Edwards, Pennsylvania; photography, hikes, foreign Scouts.
Park Snyder, Indiana; wireless.
Donald Dickinson, Montana; correspond with boys in Montana, and Massachusetts on stamps.
Howard Kennedy, New Jersey; foreign Scouts.
Claude Garn, Michigan; foreign Scouts.
William J. Groetzinger, Pennsylvania; boys in U. S. possessions and foreign countries.
Lycurgus Laskaris, Pennsylvania; woodcraft, forestry signalling.
Franklin Casper, Wisconsin; English and Canadian Scouts; Alaskan Scouts; Scouts interested in mineralogy and mining.
Berthel Logergren, Massachusetts; foreign Scouts.
S. Chester Fitzpatrick, Pennsylvania; boys in Arizona, Wyoming, California on nature and photography.
Leon N. Seaf, Connecticut; exchange postage stamps.
W. P. Wooten, Jr., North Carolina; electricity, assistant patrol leaders, stamps and Scoutcraft.
Horace Arctander, Illinois; violins.
Kenneth Jones, New York; stamps.
Edwin S. Youmans, Wisconsin; flags of all nations, size 12x6 inches.

Correspondence with foreign boys has seemed to be extremely fascinating, if we can judge from the number of letters to boys in other countries which have been sent through "Our Lonesome Corner" during the month just past. A few more foreign boys, who would be delighted to have letters from boys in the United States, are given below:

Clifford D. Copeland, England; correspond with Scouts on out-door life; exchange weekly paper on out-of-doors; boys books.
Norman A. Norcross, England.
Andrew Fabian, England.
Reggie Lopes, British Guiana; 16-year old Scout on stamps.
G. Misu, Japan.

This list of boys have sent letters through this department of Boys' Life, without being actually on our records as "lonesome boys":

Sterling Callisen, N. J.
George Lawton, Mich.
O. Blanchfield Brown, Mass.
Emanuel Hoyt, N. Y.
Wilbert Kleinstirber, Wis.
Louis Bragdon, Ga.
T. Reid Whaling, Md.
Arthur M. Dole, Vt.
Reuben Edin, R. I.
Chas. C. Barloe, Fla.
Clayton Skinner, Mass.
Geo. P. Miller, Pa.
Lloyd Knappenberger, Ill.
D. W. Abbott, Jr., N. Y.
W. S. Conrad, Mass.
William Miller, N. J.
Leland R. Smith, O.
Thos. B. Portens, L. I.
Ralph Hooten, Fla.
Louis Warner, L. I.
Seward S. Merrell, N. Y.
H. Clarence Skiff, Conn.
Geo. Eakland, Conn.
Lawrence Sacks, Pa.
P. R. Maxwell, W. Va.
Neil Bozeman, Tex.
Chester Coggeshall, R.I.
Clarence Chadwick, Mass.
Anton J. Loverina, Ill.
Hallock Marsh, N. Y.
Lee Strickland, Ga.
Eric Meese, N. J.
John Y. Wilson, Pa.
George Welch, Pa.
Raymond Taber, N. Y.
McKinley Tingle, Del.
Geo. H. Kingsbury, Ind.
Donald Remington Rose, N. J.
Clarence Johnson, N.Y.
Eben L. Webber, Me.

## With the Boy Scouts Afield

Boys are urged to send in reports of their interesting doings.

Lockport, N. Y.—On Thanksgiving Day the Boy Scouts of Trrop 2 distributed twenty baskets of provisions to poor families in that city. These baskets were contributed by a society of the First Presbyterian Church. In addition to this the Scouts distributed two baskets of provisions which they donated themselves.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Troop 21, in charge of Scoutmaster Merritt L. Oxenham, celebrated its fourth birthday in November. On November 14 they were hosts to the entire Bedford district of over thirty troops at an outdoor rally. At this rally the trophy was won by Troop 25 of the Central Congregational Church.

Camden, N. J.—Troop 6 held their second annual field day on Thanksgiving.

Lisbon, O.—The members of Troops 1 and 2 led the parade at a mardi gras celebration and assisted in the distribution of prizes.

Pontiac, Mich.—The Pontiac *Press-Gazette* contained the following item the morning after Hallowe'en: "The Boy Scouts were out in a body Saturday evening, guarding property about town. They also called on several widow ladies and presented them with provisions."

Bridgeport, Conn.—Troop 8 held an entertainment at their rooms on November 5 and pleased an audience of about 150 people. The program consisted of the various work of the Scouts.

Harlan, Ky.—Troop 4, in charge of Scoutmaster D. H. Scott, recently carried a message through the mountains from the Mayor of Harlan to the Mayor of Middlesboro. For a considerable portion of the distance covered the Scouts were off the beaten trails. Their exploit was considered quite remarkable by the people of their section of the country.

Elizabeth, N. J.—Scouts G. Schau, H. Bennett and R. Keys, of Troop 10, while returning home from a party given by a brother Scout recently, noticed fire in the Edward Clark Club which is their troop headquarters. The boys immediately turned in an alarm and then assisted the fire department on its arrival. The quick work of the Scouts enabled the fire department to confine the fire to the engine and pool room.

Woodstock, Vt.—The Scouts of Troops 1 and 2 recently held an Indian pageant in the principal streets of the village. A feature was the enacting of the scene of rescue of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas. A banquet was served in the evening at which the Camp Fire Girls were guests.

Batavia, N. Y.—Boys' Life has recently received some very interesting reports of a hike taken by the Boy Scouts of the school for the blind. The reports were written by two of the blind boys and describe the various incidents of the trip. On this hike the boys were in charge of Scoutmaster Lesser Erenstone.

Hornell, N. Y.—Scoutmaster Ira M. Sitterley has made a most interesting report of the Scouts in that city. One of the important activities during the past year was their work at the Hornell Agricultural Fair. The Scouts did first aid work, helped find lost children, etc. Their services were

so much appreciated that the Hornell fair officials mailed the Scouts a check for $20.

ROCK HALL, MD.—Scout Scribe Buckney Sewell reports that Troop 1 is progressing rapidly. The Scouts have a commodious log cabin and have also a room for local headquarters. The troop also has a substantial bank account.

NEW LONDON, CONN.—Scout Harold Round claims a time record for his troop in making an improvised coat stretcher. In a recent race two teams were tied in the final contest at eight seconds. The boys were required to put their staves on the floor, and at the word "Go," to pick them up and construct a stretcher. The New London Scouts are anxious to know if any other troop has a better record in this event.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Scoutmaster H. L. Butler, of Troop 25, and a delegation from his troop gave up their Thanksgiving holiday to a visit to the St. Giles hospital for crippled children.

DALLAS, TEX.—Captain J. M. McCoy has donated the use of four acres of land on the west shore of Winn's Lake, seven miles from Dallas, for the use of the Boy Scouts as a camping ground. The Scout cabins at Steward's Lake, the old camping ground, will be moved to this new location.

PECKVILLE, PA.—Troop 1, in charge of Scoutmaster L. D. Palmer, held their first annual banquet recently. Every Scout in the troop, except two who were ill, attended the big "feed," and plates were sent out to those two Scouts who could not attend.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—The Boy Scouts have been invited to hold their weekly meetings in the rooms of the Asheville Board of Trade. The invitation was extended by Mr. N. Buckner, the secretary, who is also helping the Boy Scouts in other ways.

OSKALOOSA, IOWA.—The Boy Scouts recently took a hike to an abandoned mining community where they spent a great day exploring old excavations.

BERLIN, N. Y.—The local troop of Boy Scouts recently took an interesting hike to Williamstown, Mass., where they went through the buildings at William College.

RICHMOND, VA.—About 500 Boy Scouts visited the Pamunkey Indian Reservation on Thanksgiving Day. Last year this trip was made by 214 Scouts. An exhibition of woodcraft was given for the benefit of the Scouts by the Indians, while the Scouts also gave a demonstration of various features of their work. The invitation was extended to the Scouts by Chief Cook of the Pamunkey tribe.

MONON, IND.—The Boy Scouts did very effective work in a fire which destroyed a residence in this city recently. A great deal of property was removed from the house by the boys and saved from destruction. The house was totally consumed.

SUFFOLK, VA.—A group of Boy Scouts numbering about fifteen, in charge of Scoutmaster G. L. Woodhouse, were the guests of Boy Scouts in Washington, D. C., over Thanksgiving. Mr. Woodhouse reports that since the Scouts were organized last May they have done a great deal of valuable work and have won many warm friends in the city.

DAYTON, OHIO.—Troops 12 and 7, in charge of Scoutmaster Glidewell, are making good progress in their Scout work. They recently went on a hike to Miller's Ferry. Several of the boys are prepared to take second class tests.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Troop 22 organized a relief squad and collected groceries for a number of poor families on Thanksgiving Day. The boys started early in the morning with a large box and visited grocery stores, butcher shops, bakeries, fruit stands, etc., to receive contributions of provisions. After the collection was made the provisions were divided equally among a number of families. The first family visited was an old German couple who lived in a barn. When the old people saw the provisions which the Scouts had brought they both broke down and cried for joy. On their way home, after distributing the food, two of the Scouts stopped a runaway horse.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Scout Fred Fulmer reports that Troop 1 is making fine progress. Recently Scout Fulmer succeeded in getting seventeen new members for his troop. The boys are building a log cabin headquarters which they think will be a big help to them in their work.

CRISFIELD, MD.—Scout Scribe Creston Collins reports that his troop is engaging in a good turn contest. The contest started on December 5 and will close on January 28. During this term each Scout will report his good turns. At the end of this time the Scout having the most good turns to his credit will receive a silver medal.

"INVINCIBLE" SCOUTS.—Scoutmaster George M. Holt, of the Invincible Scouts, reports that eighty-six boys in forty-three States are now members of the "Invincibles." There are still openings for Scouts in Arizona, Utah, Mississippi, Kentucky, Wyoming, North Dakota and Nevada. Only two Scouts from each State are accepted and one of the requirements is that members must be subscribers to BOYS' LIFE. After obtaining a representative Scout in every State in the Union, the "Invincibles" plan to include representatives from foreign countries. Scouts who live in the States above mentioned and who would like to join this troop should correspond with Scoutmaster Holt. His address is 3036 North 27th Street, Kansas City, Kansas.


# YOUR CAMP SUMMER OF 1915

In six short months summer will be here. Your troop will then want to spend one or two weeks camping. Will you have the necessary money?

*This Troop is Going Camping*

OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:

*Dear Sirs*—Your Troop Finance Plan, which was taken up by our troop a few months ago, has been a great success. Since the return of our troop from last summer's short camp it has been the aim of the boys to devise some way by which they might earn a bigger and better camp the next year. Your Finance Plan seemed just the thing, and it has been taken up and pushed along with a spirit which only boys can show when they want to do a thing.

The effect of the boys' work was shown when our Treasurer read his report at the last meeting, showing a sum of $30.45 to the good. The boys have adopted "$100 by May" as their motto and are going to work hard and earn a summer camp planned and paid for by themselves.

The Troop Finance Plan not only creates a substantial income, but individually gives the Scouts a valuable training in salesmanship by bringing them into contact with business men and in keeping their accounts with the Troop Treasurer and customers, teaching them to be accurate and to work on a business-like basis.

On behalf of the boys and myself I wish to thank you for the consideration which you have shown us since we have taken up the Finance Plan.

Yours for a good turn,
(Signed) D. CHARLES WHITE,
S. M. No. 2246.

Do you want money for uniforms, camping equipment or anything your troop requires? Our Troop Finance Plan, which more than 250 troops have accepted, will provide the capital.

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Write for 84-page price list and monthly book on stamps—free. Scott Stamp Catalogue, 73d edition just out, bound in paper, 75c.; cloth, 90c.; postage, 10c. extra.

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In answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE.


# Lightning Changes in Mexican Stamps

By FRANK L. COES

THE War of the Ten Nations with all of its stupendous movements of troops and its desperate battles has nearly caused us to forget that there is another war going on very close to us. But this war near at home is causing changes in stamp issues just as interesting to stamp enthusiasts as those I told you about last month.

There is a nice little family row going on down in Mexico and stamps of all kinds are being overprinted first by one faction and then by another, much to the disgust of the collector who had Mexico all fixed up in his albums and felt satisfied that there was one country, at least, that he had well in hand.

General Villa may not be a stamp collector, but he knows that new stamps sell well and that he can dispose of the ones that are not used as postage to someone who will sell them to collectors.

There have been so many issues in Mexico that it is impossible to name them all, though all of them are interesting. General Villa, when he got control of the State of Sonora, issued a series. After that there was the Ejercito (Army) Constitucionalista issue of special revenue stamps to raise money. Later, when the Constitucionalists won territory outside of Sonora, they began using the Army stamps for postage.

This year the Constitucionalists brought out the Transitorio issue. All are lithographed and some are in peculiar colors.

Last April when the Constitucionalist leaders met at Juarez there was a fête day and celebration of the victory won over the Federals at Torreon. For this occasion special stamps were issued and overprinted "Victoria de Torreon, April 2, 1914."

The list of Mexico stamps has been further lengthened by the overprinting of many of the old issues with the letters G. C. M., which means "Constitucionalist Government of Mexico."

By tracing the stamp issues it is possible to trace the Governmental changes of most nations. Let's continue with Mexico as an example. The Republican issues of 1856 are rather hard to get. Next come the issues during the years when Mexico was an empire, from 1864 to 1868. Some of these stamps will be easy to obtain and a few reprints and counterfeits will make the hunting good. Next come the Republican issues from 1868 to 1910. These are easy to obtain and easier to place and there is a world of information in them. The first issues of the last Republic bear the portrait of Hidalgo as do the official series. Do you know anything about him or Benito Juarez, who appears on the 1879 issue? Then the issue of 1899 to 1903 is a regular picture gallery. The two low issues have portraits of women on them, Josefa Ortiz and Leona Vicario. Following them are portraits of Rayon, Aldama, Hidalgo, Allende, Gonzalez and Abasolo. Another interesting thing about these stamps is the

fact that they were printed in London.

It is really remarkable how much information a bright boy can dig out of the stamp issues of our own continent, and if people knew more of Mexico and its people and its troubles the United States would be better liked by our neighbors across the Rio Grande.

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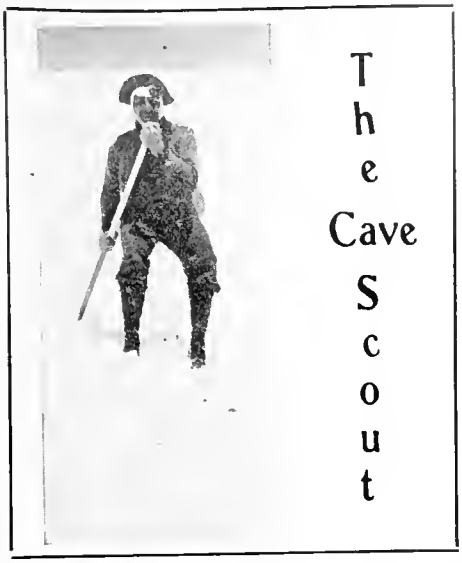
Speaking of information and stamps reminds me of a method a friend of mine in Birmingham, England, has used to teach his boy geography. This man believes that his boy will learn geography quicker by means of a stamp collection than in any other way. Here is how he does it. He gives the boy a library globe, a stamp catalog, a blank book and an envelope filled with stamps. The boy works from the catalog, finds the country from which the stamp came, and then locates it on the globe, afterward putting it under the proper continental heading.

In this way this little chap learned geography, spelling and some arithmetic from his stamps. The whole thing appealed to the boy and seemed to him like a game, because he could go to his father's office, bring home the accumulated stamps and enjoy the search a new one caused him. I think he must be a Boy Scout now, for when I saw him it was his dearest wish to join the organization, and he is now the right age. I have told you this because I want you to realize that even the cheap current stamps have something in them that will help us to learn something of the countries from which they come.

There are postage stamps valued at $5,000 each. There are some that you can get 5,000 of for a dollar, but after the items of color, issue, face value, country and the lesser items of paper and perforation are gone through you can learn about as much from the cheap stamps as you can from the expensive ones.

Last month, you remember, I told you about the German stamps which have been overprinted "Belgien." And now England is getting even with German colonial issues in German colonies which have been conquered by the British. These issues have been overprinted with the letters "G. R. I." This does not mean "George Really Is" as the kid in the reform school said, but "George King and Emperor." The "R." comes from the Latin word "Rex" meaning king, and the "I." comes from the Latin word "Imperator" meaning emperor. Inasmuch as the German colonies are practically cut off from the Fatherland by England's powerful fleet it is more than likely that other of these colonies will fall into the hands of the British. It will be interesting to assemble the list of German colonies and watch the change from German to English administration. You can save a few pages for these chance changes in your book, and later correct them in your catalog.

*(Concluded on following page.)*




COME on in, fellows, and warm your "mitts" by this open fire. It's pretty cold out to-day, isn't it? I'll bet some of you fellows have been here before; your faces look familiar. There's Scout Cast over there, for instance. Glad to see you, Mike; how's everything out in La Crosse, Wis.? And here's Carl Bissett, of Washington, N. J. How are your plans working out for that hike to Washington, D. C.?

Are you all here? All right, then shut the door before some of those Scoutmasters sneak in, and we'll get down to business.

And now let's see what's in the question hole. Hello! here's a letter from Scout Frank Parater, of Richmond, Va.

"*Dear Mr. Cave Dweller:*

"Your talk on good turns was dandy. It is in the same class with Dan Beard's and Chief Scout Seton's departments, and that's going some. [Aw, shucks, Frank; don't make me blush right here before the whole crowd!] I should think all the Scouts would rush to the Cave and have their troubles solved for them.

"Here are a few questions I would like to have answered:

"1. In what does an ideal Scout consist? What is one, his qualities, etc.?

"2. How is the best way to run a hike, *i. e.*, program, discipline, compfire, food?

"3. How can you stir up interest in advancement?

"4. What are———"

Hey, Frank, STOP! For the love of Mike! The Cave Scout could write a book on those three questions, and you're still asking more! I can't write a book here, so I'll just tackle the first question and let the rest go.

"In what does an ideal Scout consist? What is one, his qualities, etc.?"

---

Well, just between you and me and the pump-handle, Scouts, "there ain't no such animal." All of us are good Scouts in some respects and bum Scouts in others. None of us are good Scouts in *every* respect—even if our mothers do think so. We all have some strong points and some weak ones.

---

If there were such a thing as an ideal Scout I'd like to stand him up here in front of you fellows and show him off. But since there isn't any such Scout I guess we'll have to make one.

First, I want a well-built fellow, one with a deep chest and long, firm muscles, one who is strong, quick and graceful, a fellow with sound teeth, clear eyes and no cigarette stains on his fingers. All right, Jones, I guess you'll do.

Now I want a fellow who is always neat and orderly, whose hair is always brushed, whose teeth are always in perfect order, whose shoes are always shined, and who is never late to meetings. I want a Scout who is able to do things in a systematic and orderly way. Scout Burnett, you say? All right, Burnett, step up here.

And now I want a Scout who has plenty of "pep," a Scout who gets things done because of his abundant energy and enthusiasm, a Scout who goes after merit badges like a hungry turkey after grasshoppers. Scout Tousley? Step up here, Touser.

Now give me a Scout who is always cheerful, a Scout who thinks it's a joke when his tent blows down at 3 A. M. and his blankets get soaked with rain; one of those Scouts who makes the most of every situation, who, instead of saying "what's the use" when something goes wrong, starts right in to "save the pieces"—a Scout who can't be downed by discouragements. All right, Scout Parkhurst, you'll do.

Next I want a kind Scout, one who has a great, big heart in him, one who always considers the feelings of others and who does his good turns almost instinctively.

(*Concluded on page* 24.)

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### Lightning Changes in Stamps

A Scout in Wisconsin wrote me that he knew the names of the peaks shown on the New Zealand stamps and his letter showed him to be a careful reader. When I answered him I suggested a new idea for his "good turn" list. I always make it a practice to send my young friends who are shut in, or convalescent, something to amuse them. I have found that a package of loose stamps, an old catalog, a blank book or a small album, and an envelope of stamp stickers will help them to pass many hours that would otherwise be very tiresome.

I can't tell you how many collections have had their beginning in a spell of sickness, but the number is large, and a funny thing about them is that these collections seem to last longer than the ones that have been started "for fun." I suppose the reason for this is that the shut-in ones have fewer interests to occupy their attention.

I always teach my stamp folks to use stickers, and make sure that they have a good quality "peelable hinge" and a pair of tweezers or tongs. It is just as easy to begin right as to begin wrong, and here is a point to remember, the cleaner and more perfectly your stamps are kept and arranged, the more valuable they will be to you later on—and the prouder you will be of them.

---

I was talking about stamps not long ago in a school-room, and a little girl came to me with a sticker that I could not place. She said her father had promised her a new album if she would place the contents of a packet he had brought her from Paris. The one that puzzled her was a Russian Local Post stamp, and that stamp put me in a way of making a collection of these Local Stamps, or Zemstvos, as our Russian friends would call them. I think my collection is one of a very few in this country, perhaps the only large one, and it started from a little Miss in trouble. You can never tell what the result of a start in stamps will be.

Perhaps some of you need assistance as she did, and I'll do my best to help, but I hope you won't bring anything that will start me on a new collection, because the war is keeping me pretty busy.


Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

BABY can have-some too! Loves Beech-Nut Peanut Butter as much as big brother and sister do, because of its pure flavor—the *acrid* heart of the nut *completely* removed.

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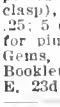
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1886-90—4 varieties, incl. 10c lilac unused .12c
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**Does Your Troop Want to Go This Spring?**

I have a simple plan that enables me to give your Troop, either one 9x12, or two 5x7 Khaki-colored wall tents with poncho, Scout axes, first-aid outfits, etc. In addition the boys receive compass watches, Scout axes, Wood's night electric signal lamps, official camp cooking kits, signal flags, etc. It's a plan to enable troops to secure with ease, their camp outfits. You can do it with one afternoon's work. Over 125 troops secured their outfits last summer. It costs you nothing. All you have to do is to get your Scout Master to write for particulars, and give me his number.

**L. H. NEIDLINGER**
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Get an "EDGE ON"
Skate Sharpener
and key combined.

*It makes the skate grip the shoe and the blade grip the ice.*

*This is the tool that puts the "Ace" in "Pace" that wins the "Race."*

*Send 25 cents in coin to*
*EDGE ON COMPANY,*
*BOX 398, NEWARK, N. J.*

Such a Scout can't help being courteous, for true courtesy is nothing but thoughtfulness for the feelings and respect for the rights of others. Who's the kindest Scout you know? Scout Lincoln, you say? All right, Scout Lincoln, step up.

And now there is one more kind of Scout I want—a Scout with a good "bean," one who grasps the meaning and significance of a situation quickly, one who thinks rapidly and reasons accurately, a Scout with an alert, keen mind. Scout Calhoun, over there, just about fills the bill.

---

Now, then, let's see what we've got. Here's "Husky" Jones and "Orderly" Burnett and "Peppy" Tousley and "Cheerful" Parkhurst and "Courteous" Lincoln and "Brainy" Calhoun. Let's take Burnett's neatness, Tousley's "pep," Parkhurst's courtesy and Calhoun's brains, and dump them all into Jones' fine physique.

That will make "some" Scout, won't it? But he isn't an *ideal* Scout yet. He is something like a new automobile, strong, neat, able to do things, and full of gasoline or "pep." But that automobile won't *go* until a spark sets the motor running. And so this Scout we've made won't be an *ideal* Scout until a spark sets him going. This spark is *Scout spirit.*

Scout spirit cannot be analyzed and described like these other qualities can, but it is the most essential one of them all. I can't tell you what this spirit *is*, but I can tell you some things it *does*. It makes a fellow proud of the fact that he's a Scout; it makes him anxious to make the right kind of man of himself and eager to be of service to others. Spirit is the thing that helps a fellow to get *deep enjoyment* out of his Scout work instead of simply "having a good time."

Those of you Scouts who have this spirit will know what I mean, but those of you who haven't got it may think the Cave Scout is "bughouse."

But those of you who haven't got the true Scout spirit will catch it sure as shootin' if you do your level best to live up to the Scout Law.

And now we mustn't feel discouraged because we can't ever become *ideal* Scouts. The thing for us to do is to keep the qualities of an ideal Scout constantly in mind and work like sixty to come as near to being ideal Scouts as we can. If we do that nobody will have any kick coming—not even ourselves.

That looks like a reasonable program to the Cave Scout. What do you fellows think about it?

## Scouting With Daniel Boone

(*Continued from page 9.*)

would require three days or more. In Peleg's little band was Sam Oliver. Sam now was plainly showing the effects of the passing years. He was suffering from rheumatism and exposure through the many winters. He was still sensitive, however, concerning his physical strength and skill, and refused to listen to any suggestion that he was not in condition to accompany the younger men on their way to the meeting place of the army.

"Peleg," said Sam Oliver when the party, all mounted now, had set forth on their expedition, "I know a little Indian town about seventy-five miles from here where we can get some horses."

"Is it on our way?"

"It is not far from the river. If we can get a dozen or more horses it will make the heart of Colonel Clark rejoice."

Late on the following afternoon, when his friends halted, Sam Oliver donned his

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**"OIL PASTE," Blacks, Polishes and Preserves.** Large tin boxes with easy cover remover attached. Also **Russet** "Oil Paste," same size box, each 10c **"STAR"** combination for **cleaning** and **polishing** all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. **"DANDY"** size, 25c. **"GILT EDGE,"** the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains **Oil.** Blacks, Polishes and Preserves ladies' and children's shoes, **shines without rubbing,** 25c. **"FRENCH GLOSS,"** 10c.

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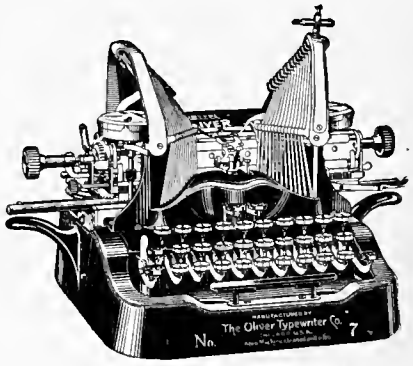


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NORTH ATTLEBORO MASS. BOX A 19

Indian garb. In his disguise he was scarcely to be distinguished from one of the warriors.

"I have learned the lingo, too," he said laughingly. "A good many times I have been right in their villages and no one has suspected that I was a white man."

Advancing with three of his companions and leaving Peleg and the remainder of the party behind to await their return, Sam stealthily began to make his way toward the little Indian village, which he said was situated only a few yards distant from the spot where a halt had been made.

True to his words, Sam was absent only two hours. His approach was heard by his waiting companions long before the hunter could be seen. It was plain, too, that he had been successful. The noise of snapping branches and an occasional whinny indicated that Sam was not returning empty handed.

"Did I not tell you what I would do?" boasted the hunter when he returned. "I said I wanted a dozen horses. I have six, so that I am only half as happy as I ought to me."

"You are happier now than you will soon be again," retorted Peleg, "unless we leave this part of the country right away."

Even Sam acknowledged the seriousness of their situation, and the men pushed forward rapidly.

When night fell they selected for their camp a spot on the bend of a little stream. Two of the men were assigned positions in the rear of the camp to be on watch for any pursuing Indians. There was no fear of an attack from the opposite side of the stream.

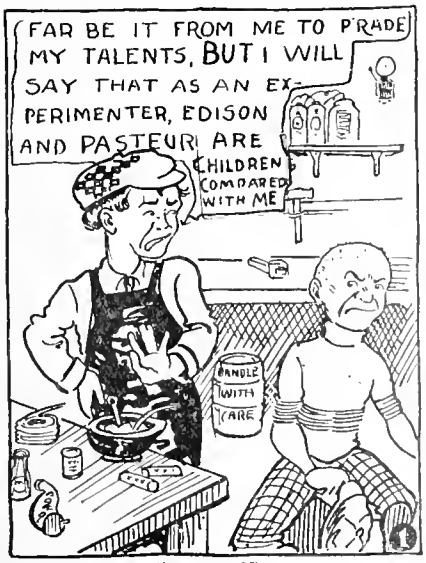
At midnight the guard was relieved, and as it was Peleg's turn to take the position, he said quietly, "I can do this alone. All the rest of you turn in and get your sleep."

The night passed without alarm, but when the first faint streaks of the dawn appeared Peleg, taking a little bucket, advanced to the brook to secure some running water.

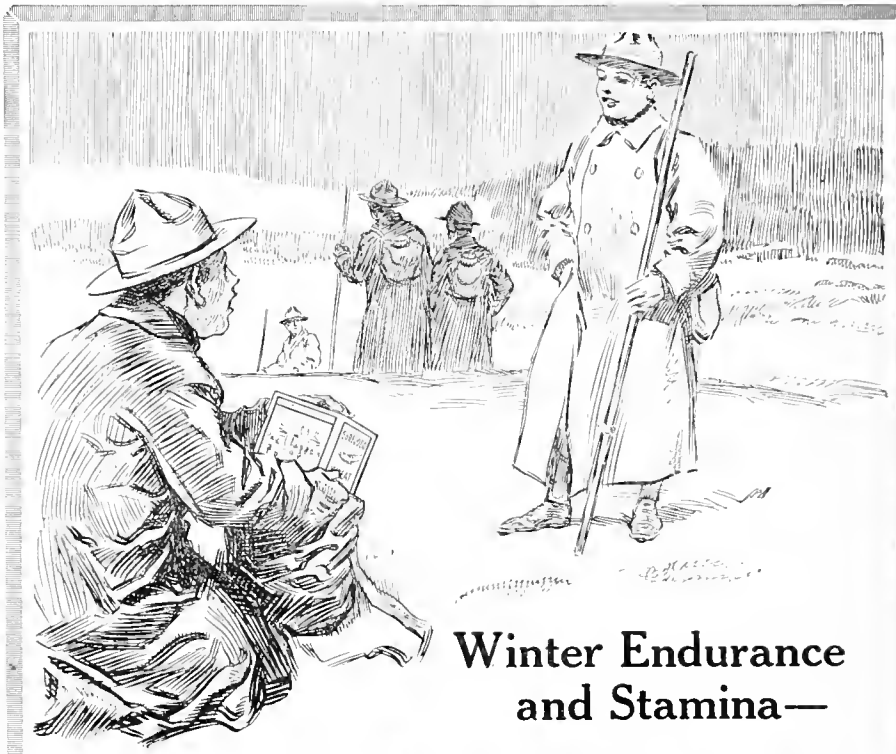
When Peleg returned to the camp he was startled when he discovered by the dim light that the water in his bucket was muddy. There could be but one explanation, and the young scout hastily aroused his companions.

"The brook was not muddy last night,

**Far Be It From Me—No. 1**


FAR BE IT FROM ME TO PRADE MY TALENTS, BUT I WILL SAY THAT AS AN EX- PERIMENTER, EDISON AND PASTEUR ARE
CHILDREN COMPARED WITH ME
HANDLE WITH CARE

*See page 27.*

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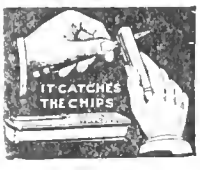


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but it is now," said the young eader. "To my mind, that shows that we are being followed and the Indians are coming down the stream to creep close to us."

After scouting around the camp for some distance the men became convinced that no Indians were near them. The stream might have been muddied by any one of half a dozen other means. Probably a 'coon had been the guilty party. So they lay down again to rest, as they knew they had a strenuous day ahead.

And yet, all unknown to the little body of settlers a band of twelve warriors had been stealthily approaching them in the very manner Peleg had suspected. Their noiseless footsteps had now brought them within a few yards of the camp. Only the coming of the morning was required to enable them to attack.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### CONCLUSION.

THE first light of the rising sun had appeared when the crouching Indians together fired upon the silent little camp.

The settlers were taken completely by surprise, and without stopping to return the fire they leaped to their feet and fled from the spot.

There had been no time for plans to be made, and consequently every man fled by himself.

Peleg, who was fully dressed and better equipped than his friends for flight, still grasping Singing Susan in his hand, suddenly fell as he ran along the border of a swamp which he had not noticed before.

In a moment the warriors swept past him, all apparently believing that the young scout had been shot and that his scalp might be secured when they returned.

Waiting only until the howling band had passed him, Peleg quickly made his escape. Ignoring his sorry plight, he sped swiftly back in the direction of the camp, hoping to secure one of the stolen horses. When he arrived, however, his disappointment was keen when he found that not one of the horses was still there.

Exerting himself to the utmost, Peleg darted instantly into the forest and ran swiftly in the direction of the meeting place which Colonel Clark had selected.

Several hours elapsed before the young scout arrived at the bank of the river. Before night fell three of his recent companions also came, but Sam Oliver was not of their number.

Soon after Peleg's arrival the announcement was made that the men would depart for the rendezvous at once. There was a sufficient number of horses in the camp to provide one for Peleg and for others who had come on foot.

Just previous to the departure the great Scout explained to Peleg, "We are not far now from one of the largest villages of the Indians. It may be that we shall come to it before morning."

The following morning dawned and still no signs of the first of the Indian villages had been seen. Stranger still, not a sign of a warrior had been discovered throughout the night nor had any been seen when several hours of the new day had passed. Whether or not the men had been informed of the approach of their enemies was not known.

Peleg and the great Scout were in the front lines, when suddenly on the opposite shore of a large pond they discovered a solitary Indian. The warrior was standing almost as motionless as the near-by trees as he gazed steadily at his approaching enemies.

Suddenly he turned and fled into the forest, unmindful of the few scattered shots which were fired.

"Who was that?" whispered Peleg excitedly to Daniel Boone.

"It was Henry."

"I believe it was," declared Peleg excitedly. "What will he do now?"

"He will give the alarm to the village We are not more than a mile from it now, and he will be there long before our horses can carry us over such ground as we have had for the past few miles."

The words of the great Scout were fulfilled when the force drew near the Indian village. Not one of its inhabitants was to be seen. The fires were still smouldering and even the meat which was being roasted and the corn that was still boiling in the kettles had been abandoned in the precipitate flight of the Indians.

The discovery of the food was perhaps as welcome to the hungry men as would have been the sight of their foes. At all events, a halt was made and such food as could be obtained was speedily allotted.

In a brief time fires were started in the various sections of the village, and in less than an hour the men departed, leaving behind them only the smoking embers of what a brief time before had been a prosperous village of the redmen.

Colonel Clark now urged his men forward with increasing speed. At times the force was divided and the task of burning certain villages was assigned to the different bands.

Village after village soon was burned to the ground. The rich fields of corn were left in ruins. The pioneers were determined to rid themselves once and for all of further possibilities of attacks by the unyielding Shawnees.

Apparently the alarm over the advance of Colonel Rogers had spread throughout the entire region, and with one accord the redmen abandoned their homes and fled into the wilderness beyond.

When the attacking forces at last disbanded and the men returned to their homes Daniel Boone and Peleg Barnes went back with their friends into Kentucky. The warfare with the Indians was ended. The Kentucky homes were now free from the attacks of the Shawnees or Cherokees.

Peleg was no longer a boy. The years that had passed in the pioneer days had made of him a man. He now had his own home and a tract of land adjoining that of his great friend, Daniel Boone.

Not a word was heard concerning Henry. There were occasional vague reports of the presence of a white man among the Shawnees, but whether or not this referred to the white Shawnee was never known.

As for Daniel Boone himself, it seemed for a time as if the days of his peril were ended. The region which he had opened up for the incoming people had now become settled. The sound of the axe was heard more frequently than the rifle. Prosperity smiled upon the efforts of the sturdy settlers, and the steadily advancing civilization and the spread of education wrought wonders among the people.

In the diary of Daniel Boone there occurs the following:

"Two darling sons and a brother I have lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me forty valuable horses and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I spent separated from the cheerful society of man, scorched

by the summer's sun and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness."

Another writer has left the following: "He (Boone) has left behind him a name strongly written in the annals of Kentucky, and a reputation for calm courage softened by humanity, conducted by prudence and embellished by a singular modesty of deportment. His person was rough, robust and indicating strength rather than activity; his manner was cold, grave and taciturn; his countenance homely but kind; his conversation unadorned, unobtrusive, and touching only upon the needful. He never spoke of himself unless particularly questioned."

As the years passed he showed more and more a spirit which has been described by one of his admirers in the following words:

"There never beat in man a kindlier or more philanthropic heart. While he was a stranger to selfish and sordid impressions he was alike above mean actions; and he lived and toiled for others, amid hardships and sufferings that would have crushed thousands of hearts."

The simple-hearted Scout, shrewd in his deals with the Indians, was honest and straightforward with the men of his own race and looked for similar treatment from them. One can therefore imagine his surprise and indignation when he was informed that he had no legal right to an acre of the land which he had discovered and into which he had led many families that already were sharing in the steadily increasing prosperity. The clearing he had made, the acres he had cultivated, he was informed, were not his property now, but belonged to a man who had signed certain papers.

And Boone intensely loved Kentucky. Its rocks and trees, its rivers, its forests, its very soil were dear to his heart. In Kentucky, too, he had experienced his deepest sorrows and many of his highest joys. Perplexed as well as disheartened, the great Scout departed from the settlement which in a large measure was his own work. He now was homeless in a land in which he had helped so many to secure homes for themselves.

Deep as was Boone's sorrow, he still was a man whose feelings did not find ex-

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(See page 29.)

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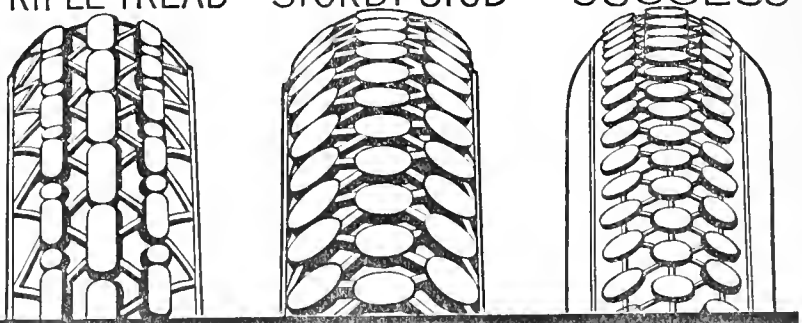

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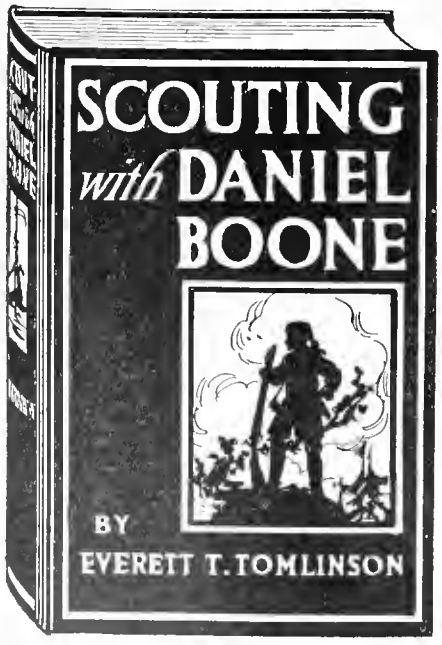


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pression in useless words. Quietly he went back to the bank of the Delaware where he had been born, and then went on to Virginia, and on the borders of the great Kanawha he dwelt for five years in the woods with his dogs and gun.

Meanwhile his son and a brother had gone out into the remote and almost unknown land beyond the Mississippi River. Their reports and appeals were so strong that at last, when this great Scout was sixty years of age, once more, accompanied by his faithful wife, he journeyed away from civilization and went to join his friends in the far-away wilderness.

The name of the great Scout, however, was so well known and his character was so much beloved that the Spanish Governor at once made him a present of eighty-five hundred acres of land in what is now in the State of Missouri.

Here the great Scout in a measure renewed the scenes of his early life. But all the time he had been working quietly and saving the money which he received from his crops and his furs, until he had an amount sufficient to enable him to return to Kentucky. There he looked up every man to whom he owed any money through the loss that had come to them by his inability to retain his land in the region he had loved. It was not long, as has been said, however, before "he went back to Missouri, his heart lighter and also his pocketbook."

When the Scout was seventy-five years of age he still was a great hunter. Friendly with many of the Indians in the region, he paddled in his light canoe over the creeks and the little streams in the new territory, and it is said that even along the banks of the great Missouri River he set many of his traps for beaver.

As long as the Spanish and French were in control of the Missouri country Boone continued to hold his land safely; but when Napoleon sold the vast territory to the United States once more Boone suffered a heavy loss, for his own government refused to recognize his claim to any part of the region. It seemed almost as if the closing days of the great Scout were to end in darkness.

Through his friends Daniel Boone now appealed to the Legislature of Kentucky to see that justice was done him. Eager to recognize the services of the men who had done so much for their State, the Legislature of Kentucky urged Congress to do justice to the white-haired old Scout. After some delay the petition was granted and a gift of eight hundred and fifty acres of land was voted to Daniel Boone.

It was in December, 1813, when Daniel Boone received the word of this gift, but his relief and pleasure were in part lessened by the death of his wife. Selecting a choice spot that overlooked the river for her grave, the old Scout said that when he too should die he wished to be buried beside her.

Seven years later, when he was eighty-five years old, the wish of Daniel Boone was granted.

Missouri, however, was not to be the last resting place of the famous old Scout and his wife. A quarter of a century later the Legislature of Kentucky requested the children of Boone to permit the people of the State for which he had done so much to bring the bodies of the great Scout and his wife to Frankfort, Ky.

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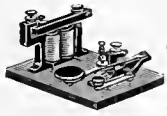

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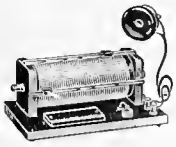

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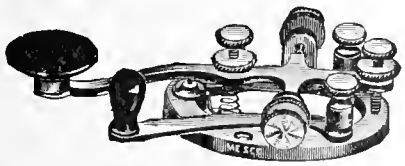

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looking down upon a part of the city of Frankfort a fitting monument marks the place where all that is mortal of Daniel Boone rests.

THE END

## Pancake Jim

(*Continued from page 12.*)

into the lunch cart and seat himself at its small counter.

"My boy," said the stranger, "I wish to try some of those pancakes that have become so famous on this division."

James promptly served the customer, and cheerfully answered his minute inquiries concerning the little eating establishment. When the caller started away he grasped the boy's hand.

"By making better paneakes than your competitors," he declared earnestly, "you have built up a good trade here. I'm glad to know a boy who does a thing just a little better than the other fellow—I don't care if it's only blacking boots. Good-night."

"A plucky young chap," refleeted the tall stranger as he walked toward his private car. "He isn't going to let one mistake floor him."

James little suspected that he had served John Tyler, superintendent of the Columbia division, and that very soon he was to have further dealings with this railroad official.

On the last night of the year James called at the Overland railroad station. Agent McKenna welcomed him cordially, and even Peggy, a black water spaniel who made her home there, wagged her tail joyfully when the boy patted her head. The little dog had not forgotten how James, during his brief employment at the depot, had always given her a part of his midnight lunch.

"Well, Jim," declared the agent after a brief chat with his young visitor, "I've ransacked every nook in this old shack for that $100—no trace of it anywhere. We move into the new station to-morrow. I'll keep my eyes open. Drop in again."

"But for that lost money," thought the boy as he trudged homeward, "I could have finished high school this year."

The next day marked the opening of Overland's new railroad station—a structure which stood directly opposite the old depot and comprised a finely equipped tele-

### Far Be It From Me—No. 3

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*See Third Cover Page.*

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and books sold at big discount or given as premiums for selling extra large Sanitary Dust Cloths at 25c. Every housekeeper needs them. Write now for three Dusters and full information. I trust you. Send 4c. postage for Catalogs. AGENTS wanted in every city. W. H. DUMVILLE, 333 Bainbridge St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**FREE** on request, a Catalog of Amateur Plays, Sketches, Monologs, Minstrel Jokes, Recitations, etc., especially adapted to boys' clubs. DICK & FITZGERALD, 12 Ann St., New York.

Every advertisement is carefully investigated before insertion in BOYS' LIFE. Readers can help us maintain this valuable service by always mentioning BOYS' LIFE when answering advertisements.


graph and ticket office, waiting-room, baggage-shed and living quarters for the agent.

Late that afternoon workmen began tearing down the two-room building that for ten years had served Overland as a depot. As fast as the lumber was separated it was loaded onto a flat car. As the last boards were being ripped up from the telegraph office floor Agent McKenna, who stood near by, suddenly caught side of Peggy, the water spaniel, lying under one end of the flooring. Curious to examine her strange quarters, he pried up a board, knelt close to the ground, and there in a snug little bed discovered three squirming black puppies. Near one of them a familiar inscription and seal attracted the agent's keen eye, and, lifting up the wee animal, he found the larger part of the envelope, together with the five $20 gold pieces which had been spirited away from James Norton on the night of December 18. Peggy had innocently carried away the money.

"Peggy, Peggy," scolded the old railroader, "you don't know the sorrow you've caused."

So repentant did the little dog appear that the agent smiled his forgiveness, patted her head, then rushed to the telegraph key and entered into a wire conversation with the division superintendent.

At this same hour James Norton was being welcomed at the cottage of Uncle Joe Storey—his first visit there since he had taken charge of the lunch cart.

"Yes, Jimmy," declared Uncle Joe after an exchange of New Year's greetings, "Jane's health is so greatly improved that I hope to resume duty at the cart. Tell us how you've made out, my boy."

For reply James handed the veteran a roll of crisp $10 bills.

"Sixty dollars! Why, Jimmy! Surely this isn't all clear?"

"Everything has been paid for," answered the boy proudly, "except my services. I hardly know what they're worth."

"Worth! Why, my boy, it's you that *saved* my little business. I've been hearing good reports about you every day. You didn't know it, but the other night I took my duplicate key and walked into the car. Clean! Why, the sight was good to my old eyes. Jimmy, here's $30. That's not all. You shall continue to help me by running the car after school hours, keeping all you make during those periods. The sign—PANCAKE JIM—shall remain. That name stands for well-earned success."

"Then I *can* finish high school after all, Uncle Joe. Oh, I must run and tell mother!"

Scarcely had the boy stepped out of the door when he was met by Agent McKenna. Both re-entered Uncle Joe Storey's cottage, and there, for the first time, James heard the story of how the agent had found the lost money with Peggy's family under the depot, how he had reported it to the superintendent, then sought James at the lunch cart, and, finding it closed, had traced him here.

"Hereafter," advised the old railroader, "keep a tight hold on money packages. Don't lay them on platforms for dogs to carry off. Now, listen to this message:

"'*To Pancake Jim.*—Happy New Year! While I dislike checking the career of a competent lunch cart manager, yet if you still think of following railroad work we'll give you another trial on the Columbia division next summer.

"'JOHN TYLER, Superintendent,
"'Columbia Division, North Pacific Railroad.'"

## Moonshiners in the Jungle

(*Continued from page* 4.)

act of laying an armful of brush down among the cane.

Before he could look up and see me I had dodged back out of view again. But directly I heard him humming, coming toward me, and I hustled back up through the patch.

I crossed the bit of cleared space between the cane patch and the log shack, around which I started to make my way, when my ear caught the sound of Uncle Bill's jew's-harp, playing "Old Dan Tucker."

I turned back, and, to avoid Bat Mason, climbed hurriedly through the rear window of the log house, intending to crawl out again when he should have passed. But as I peeked trough a crevice between the logs, I saw Uncle Bill coming right toward my hiding place.

I was in a panic. As I looked about me, I saw my only chance was the top of lumber that lay across beams under the roof. I jumped, seizing a beam, and was soon stretched on the lumber, out of view.

Immediately Uncle Bill was in through the door, and Bat Mason came in, as had I, through the back window.

"Well, I reckon I got enough brush in there," said Bat. "There ain't nobody goin' to look in there noway."

'No," said Uncle Bill; "I reckon they ain't no up-kentry police in these parts naow—onless hit be thet young scalawag."

"An' he don't count," said Bat Mason.

I was sure he meant myself, and I wondered what would happen if I should be discovered hiding above his head.

"Hit's jest as well I go daown for them demies this evenin'," continued Uncle Bill, "an I kin take 'em daown an' meet ye in the 'bay' to-morrer evenin', an' we kin git fixed for the biz-ness ag'in; but I ain't a-goin' t' agree t' set the biler a-bilin' so long as the moon sheds water——"

"Oh, etarnal hades!" said Bat, "you aire too dang supersteeshus."

"I ain't a-carin' what you calls it," said Uncle Bill; "no good never come o' startin' such doins' with thet thar kind o' a moon."

He insisted, and Bat had to give in.

The two soon left the log hut, Bat to town, to prepare for going to their agreed on rendezvous the next day, and Uncle Bill to his house to prepare for his trip for the "demies"—whatever they might be.

AND that I determined to find out if I could. I meant to follow Uncle Bill. So, when the way was clear, I climbed down from my place on top of the boards, and crawled out the back window and made my way to a corner of the sugar-cane patch.

I saw Uncle Bill lead his yellow horse out of the barn and back him into the shafts.

"*Git* over, consarn ye!" I heard him say, as the horse's off-hind hoof trod the ground outside the shaft. The startled horse immediately lifted the offending foot and placed it carefully inside the shaft; and when he had finished with the hitching Uncle Bill, as if in repentance for his gruffness, patted the horse's neck with affection, which the horse acknowledged with a bobbing of the head.

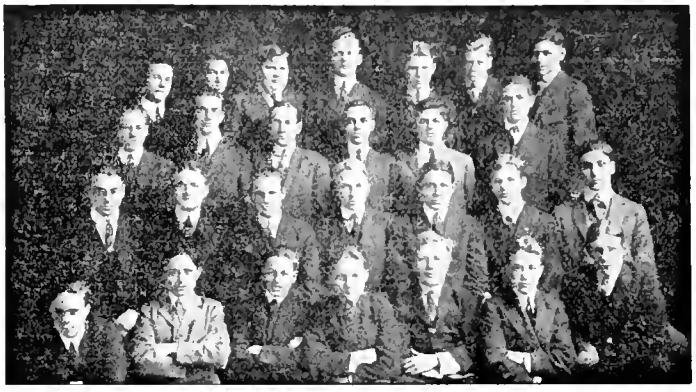
Uncle Bill climbed into the seat, and, with a cluck to the horse, was off.

I slipped out of the sugar-cane and followed.

(*Continued in February* Boys' Life.)


# The Problems of Boyhood

By FRANKLIN WINSLOW JOHNSON



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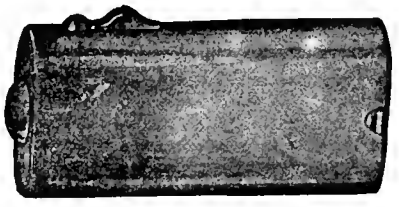

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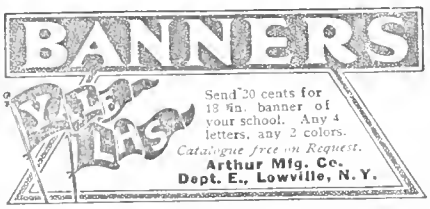
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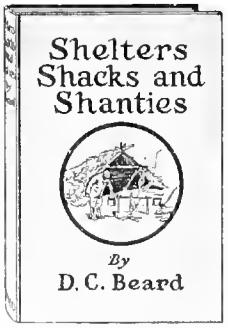
**With more than 300 illustrations by the Author**




In answer to many requests from Boy Scouts themselves and others interested in the movement, *Mr. Beard*, the greatest authority on boys' interests, has prepared his new book. Boys will find it an invaluable guide in constructing temporary or permanent shelters in their hikes or encampments. It contains easily workable directions accompanied by very full illustrations for over fifty shelters, shacks and shanties, ranging from the most primitive shelter to the fully equipped log cabin.

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**BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, 200 Fifth Ave., New York**


## "Hickey" Edits

(*Continued from page 6.*)

if I saved the *Weekly* and restored it to power, I'd be woing a *big* thing. I believed perhaps those little skits might be funny, and—"

"*You* wrote them?" demanded "Prexy" and the same thought was in every mind, that it was incredible that this mathematical grind had turned out such uproariously funny material. *You!* And you did it in a desperate effort to save the *Weekly*, to do something to serve Bannister! Opperdyke, you and Hicks meet me in the study at eight."

In the study later, "Prexy" smiled at the quaking pair, and laid a hand kindly on Theophilus Opperdyke's shoulder.

"Lewis Carroll, who wrote such delicious fun as 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'Through the Looking Glass,'" he said, "was a mathematician, Theophilus, as yourself, and when he met Mark Twain in London, Carroll was abashed and timid. You have saved the *Weekly*, undoubtedly, and lifted it to power, but I prefer that you temper your writings with reason. There is a dignity to humor, even as to tragedy. Hereafter, Hicks, I shall read *all* copy before it goes to press!

"That will do. You may go now, and I believe that we three, working together, can make the *Weekly* the powerful influence in college it was once, and a sprightly, literary publication!"

When the bean-pole Hicks and the relieved little Theophilus had filed from the room, kindly "Prexy" flung himself back in his chair and chuckled quietly. Then, as he thought of how pathetic little Opperdyke had been when he earnestly told of his great ambition to serve his college in some way, by saving the *Weekly*, since he could not be an athlete, he was serious.

"He has his wish, all right," he said softly, for outside, a volcano, tornado, hurricane and earthquake combined seemed to rage above the roar and the tumult arose the shout—

"'Rah for Theophilus Opperdyke, the Wizard of the Pen! Opperdyke and 'Hickey' forever! 'Rah for Theophilus, the boy who saved the *Weekly*"

"Bannister has had its heroes of the past," said "Butch" Brewster, up in Hicks' room, where the pair were being feted, "Warriors of the gridiron, Mercuries of the cinder-path, and Cobbs of the diamond, but Theophilus Opperdyke is more—he is a demi-god!"

"How about me?" strutted Thomas Haviland Hicks, Jr., "As Editor-in-Chief—"

Big "Butch" Brewster quelled him with a look.

"*You!*" he sputtered, "Don't *you* steal Theophilus' glory, you—idler, you loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge—the hero is Opperdyke!"

## A Statement to Readers

**About the Advertisements Published in "Boys' Life"**

**All advertisements published in BOYS' LIFE are carefully investigated and approved by the Editorial Board of the Boy Scouts of America.**

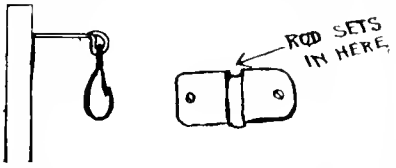
**The aim is to accept only the advertisements of articles, books and propositions which we believe will be not only of interest to the readers of BOYS' LIFE, but worth while for the boys to have.**

**In every case the article advertised is first submitted for examination, as evidence that all claims made with reference to it are as represented.**

## Discoveries and Re-Discoveries

A handy clock holder can be made as follows:

First obtain a piece of brass rod one-eighth of an inch thick, about five inches long. Two inches from one end it is bent over to an angle of ninety degrees. At the end of the long, or three-inch side, it is bent round to hold a snap, which can be obtained from any harness shop. Obtain a brass strip one inch long and one-half inch wide and put this on a vise opened as wide



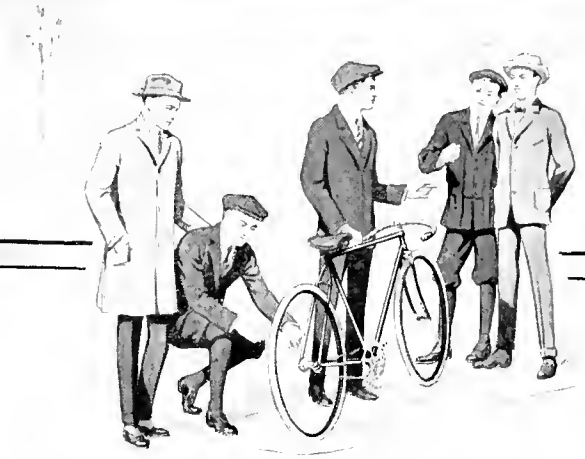

as the brass rod. Hammer the brass rod on the brass strap, which will enter the teeth of the vise, forming a socket for the rod. Bore a hole at each end of the brass strip and screw it to the tent pole. The rod sets into this and forms a good clock holder, which can be easily dismantled and packed away when moving the tent. The brass strip should be left on the pole. If a round brass rod is used, something should be attached to stop its turning around.—JAMES B. DRAKE, Buffalo, N. Y.

We have learned a new winter game recently, or one for rainy camp days—"Break the Cracker." There are two contestants. Each one secured a large square soda cracker at the top of his head by punching a hole on each corner and tieing a string through the holes, back of his ears and under his chin. Each is blindfolded and given a rolled newspaper for a club. They clasp left hands and lie face flat upon the floor. One cries, "Are you there, Bill?" The other answers, "Yes!" and number one strikes out with his club, while number two dodges. But they must keep their hands clasped all the time.—D. V. GAYTON, Gowanda, N. Y.

*Fussy Passenger*: Conductor, conductor! which end shall I get off.

*Weary Conductor*: Either you want, Madam. Both ends stop.

### Far Be It From Me—No. 4



## Were you the lucky boy?

Did you get a fine new bicycle for Christmas? Are you scooting around the streets, coasting down the grades and showing it proudly to the fellows?

If not, you have something to look forward to. Tell Father you'd just as soon have it now. Or resolve to earn it your own self and write to us for details of four good ways in which you can do it.

And when you do get *your* wheel, be sure it is equipped with the ball-bearing

# NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

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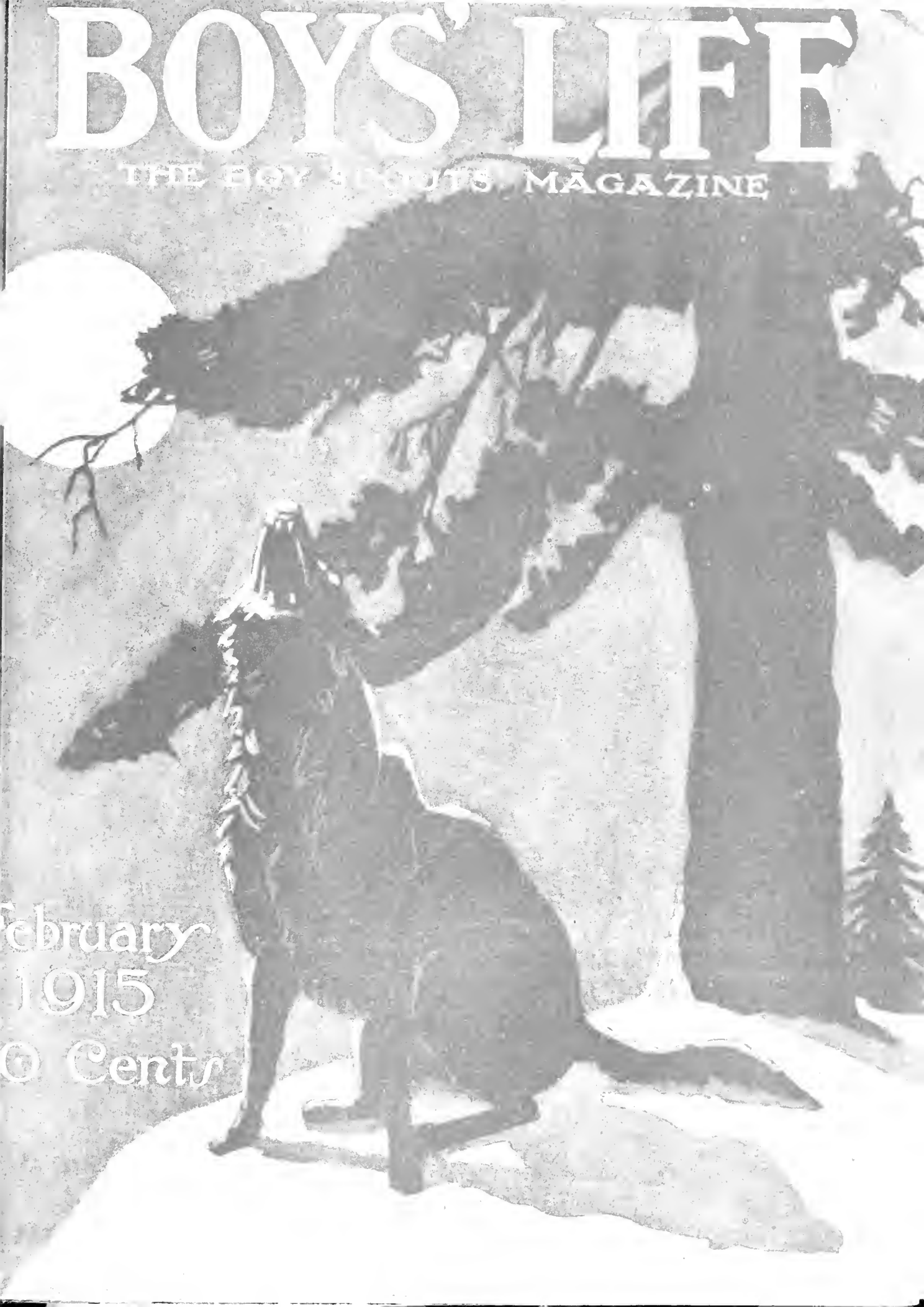
# BOYS' LIFE

THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE



February
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Whether you pay a half-a-dollar or more you are positive of getting full value. We recommend the dollar grade because there is most-for-the-money in it.

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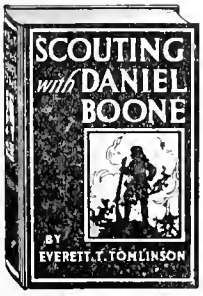
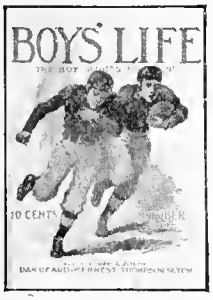



***Two in One —***

A Scout Story

A Tomlinson Story

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# BOYS' LIFE

## THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

WALTER P. McGUIRE, Editor

Associate Editors:
DAN BEARD and ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

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## Leading Features This Month


| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| Cover Design | *Charles W. Durant.* | |
| The Boy Scout Smoke-Eaters—(Part 1) | *Irving Crump* | 2 |
| Washington at Scout Age | *Frederick Trevor Hill* | 3 |
| The Moonshiners in the Jungle—(Part 2) | *Walter Walden* | 6 |
| Primitive Methods of Making Fire | *Scout Edwin Smiley* | 9 |
| "A Scout is Brave" | *F. H. Cheley* | 10 |
| Dan Beard's Duffel Bag | *Daniel Carter Beard* | 12 |
| The Scout Cave | *The Cave Scout* | 13 |
| To Celebrate the Scout Birthday | | 14 |
| Logs | *Ludwig S. Dale* | 15 |
| In Scout Land in Winter—*Two pages of Scout pictures* | | 16, 17 |
| Boy Scouts as Santa Clauses | | 18 |
| Our Lonesome Corner | | 20 |
| With the Boy Scouts Afield | | 21 |
| Ice Barrel Ball | *William H. Miller* | 22 |
| About Starting Right in Stamp Collecting | *Frank L. Coes* | 26 |
| How I Built a House on a Desert Isle | *A. Hyatt Verrill* | 28 |


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# The Boy Scout Smoke-Eaters

## The Surprising Experiences of Quarry Troop No. 1 and Its Motorcycle Fire Brigade

By IRVING CRUMP

Author of "In the Line of Fire," and "Jack Straw in Mexico."
Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL.

"BY Jiminy, that was some fire for an old hay barn, wasn't it, fellows?" exclaimed Jiminy Gordon, as he entered the meeting room at headquarters. His eyes were flashing excitement and he was thoroughly out of breath from running up the long Otter Creek Hill. "I stayed until the last spark was out," he said, as he dropped into a chair beside Bruce Clifford, Leader of the Owl Patrol of Quarry Troop No. 1.

"Some fire, is perfectly correct," said Bruce bitterly, "though it needn't have been anything more than an ordinary blaze. I tell you the Woodbridge Fire Department needs a little pep, fellows." This last was addressed to the four other occupants of the room, Bud Weir, Romper Ryan, Babe Wilson and Nipper Knapp.

"Right," said Romper.

"The way they went about it was a farce," said Bud.

"Yes, they all had to have their red flannel shirts on," remarked Babe, the fat boy, sarcastically.

"Say, did you see 'em scrapping over who should carry the fire trumpet?" laughed Romper.

"Sure, and about six men were giving orders," put in Jiminy, who had caught the spirit of the remarks.

"And no one obeyed any of 'em," supplemented Babe, sarcastic as usual.

"But the finest exhibition of firemanship was when one of the nozzlemen let go of the only hose they got on the fire while he hunted through his pockets for a paper of tobacco or something else just as important," said Bruce. "Of course the other nozzleman couldn't hold onto the hose alone and it twisted out of his hands. The thing acted like a big black snake, fellows, and hit Chief Blaney a whack in the chest that knocked him sprawling. Then it proceeded to wet down the whole fire department before someone captured it. It was a scream. Didn't any of you see it?"

"I reached there in time to see Tom Hogan try to stop it and get a ducking for his trouble," laughed Nipper Knapp.

"Oh, it is a shame," continued Bruce; "I know it isn't exactly proper to criticise, but then if they'd had a little system about it old Eli Osborne's barn would still be standing. Now it's a heap of cinders. I tell you any ordinary troop of Boy Scouts has more snap than the Woodbridge Fire Department. I believe—— By Jove, fellows. I've an idea! Let's organize a fire department of our own. A motorcycle fire department. I was reading in a mazagine only the other day how they started one over in England somewhere. How about it?"

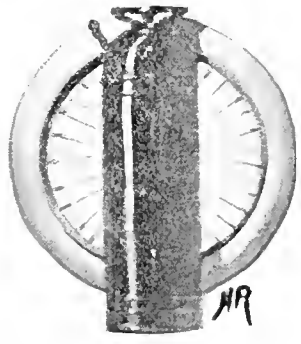
"Bully—how's it done?" demanded Bud Weir, Leader of the Blue Heron Patrol.

"Corking idea; let's get busy," exclaimed Jiminy Gordon.

"Great! Give us the details," shouted Romper.

Bruce wrinkled his brow in deep thought for several moments, then his face lighted up with a smile.

"Look here, fellows," he said enthusiastically, "three of us have motorcycles we



got for Christmas, and Romper here and Ray Martin of the Flying Eagles have the machines they built themselves. Then there's 'Old Nanc,' the automobile we built last winter. She's good enough to carry hose and hatchets and a couple of fellows besides. We've the equipment. What do you say? I'm dead sure my dad will let us borrow some fire extinguishers from the mill, and he has any amount of hose and other things to fit up a first-class brigade. We'll get our equipment together and then drill like the dickens. How about it?"

"And we'll keep it a secret. Won't tell a soul until we get a chance to spring a surprise on the whole town, eh, fellows?" suggested Bud.

"Let's spring it at the tournament and convention next month. The Champlain Valley Firemen's Association meets here this year, you know. Perhaps we can get first prize in the tournament," added Romper Ryan.

"Whoo-o-o-pe! Great! Let's get busy," shouted Nipper Knapp.

"Right-o," said Bruce. "But first of all let's tell our plan to Assistant Scoutmaster Ford."

TO be thoroughly familiar with Quarry Troop No. 1 you must know that it was composed of three patrols in Woodbridge, Vt., and that its members had created a reputation for themselves through their ability as mechanics and electricians. Woodbridge has long been noted for its electrically operated marble quarries and its many machine shops and textile mills, and the boys of the town, as a result of their surroundings, were by nature of a mechanical turn. Added to this, the Woodbridge Academy was one of the first institutions of the country to adopt a manual training course as part of its curriculum and all the lads received an early drilling at the lathes and forges.

Bruce Clifford, always the most self-reliant lad in town, first suggested that he and his fellows establish "a troop of Engineers," and of course his proposal was received with enthusiasm by the Academy boys. Bruce took the plan to his father, Samuel Clifford, and to his father's friend, Hamilton Townsend, a well-known consulting engineer in Woodbridge. Mr. Townsend was delighted with the idea, and quickly consented to become the Scoutmaster, while Mr. Clifford, to foster the interest of the lads along mechanical lines, offered them the abandoned machine shop on the top of Otter Creek Hill for their headquarters.

This was a real find for Bruce and his friends, for the old place had never been dismantled.

Mr. Clifford was a builder of electrical stone cutting and polishing machines and for a long time he had maintained his business in the little two-story structure. But four years previous he had erected a fine new concrete building just across the way, and abandoned the machine shop, intending to tear down the building and sell the old equipment for junk.

This made ideal headquarters for a troop that desired to specialize in engineering. On the first floor were the old hand-forges, bellows, lathes, work benches, planing machines, and various other appliances. They were all out of date, to be sure, and some slightly rusty, but still quite usable after they had been cleaned up.

On the second floor of the building were two rooms, one of which was used for meetings, while the other was converted into a wire room for the loop telegraph line that the lads had built through the town. This loop was connected with an instrument in the bedrooms of every member of the troop and the boys could be routed out of bed at midnight, if need be, by someone calling on any of the keys. A wireless system had also been erected on the roof of the building by the wireless enthusiasts of the troop and the helix, spark-gap and various coils and keys were also set up in the wire room.

Headquarters immediately became popular with every member of the troop and always someone was to be found pottering about in the machine shop, building something that he was particularly interested in. Two of the boys, during the long winter evenings, had made more or less serviceable motorcycles for themselves, and a half dozen of the young engineers had even essayed the construction of an automobile from old parts they were able to get for "a song" at various junk shops; indeed, some serviceable material was found in scrap heaps about town.

How well they succeeded, a wheezing two-cylinder motor car attested. This turnout was dubbed "Old Nanc" by the troop, and though it went far better down grade than it did on the level, the boys managed to get a great deal of fun out of it. And it was not a bad looking machine either when it finally received several generous coats of red paint and enamel.

Luckily, Austin Ford, the engineer in charge of the hydro-electric plant of the Woodbridge Quarry Company, became interested in the "Scout Engineers," and through him the officials of the quarry company were persuaded to allow the lads to use as much electric current as they required without cost. The youngsters quickly built a transmission line to the electric station, which was located a few miles north of the town on a branch of Otter Creek.

Mr. Ford's interest in the lads increased to admiration when he saw the business-like

way in which they went about building the line, and he even offered them some practical engineering advice when they found themselves up against knotty problems. This led to a more intimate relation with the young Cornell graduate, and in the end the boys suggested that he become the Assistant Scoutmaster. This office rather pleased him, for in reality Austin Ford was little more than a big boy in the matter of pleasure.

He quickly became a master of scout lore and at every opportunity he was afield with the lads or else in the shop at headquarters working out new engineering "stunts" (as he characterized them) for the Scouts to undertake. The boys never failed to talk over each new undertaking with him, as, for instance, the troop's latest scheme, the organization of a motorcycle fire department.

Indeed, on the very evening of the day Eli Osborn's barn was reduced to ashes, Bruce, Bud, Romper and several others visited Mr. Ford and outlined their plans. Of course the Assistant Scoutmaster approved of such a very laudable idea, but he did admonish the boys against criticising the present fire fighting force of Woodbridge, stating that though the men had their peculiarities the lads should remember that they were volunteers, doing their work without receiving a cent of pay because they recognized their duty to others.

As to the equipment of the brigade, he left that all up to the boys, telling, them, however, that whenever they had any difficulty they would find him ready to help them. He also suggested that they visit the hydro-electric plant and take a few tools and some old sand buckets which they could paint over and use as bucket brigade equipment.

THE two weeks following were mighty busy ones for Quarry Troop No. 1. First of all it was necessary for Bruce and his companions to find out exactly what in the matter of equipment they had at their disposal. This could only be determined by a visit to Mr. Clifford's mill and several other places where they could borrow fire fighting apparatus and still not let the news of their secret organization leak out.

Mr. Clifford, when he heard of the plan, was particularly delighted and he personally conducted the boys through the machine shop and mill, making numerous suggestions meanwhile. First of all he found that he could spare eleven small, two-and-one-half gallon chemical extinguishers and still leave enough equipment to comply with the fire underwriters' laws which call for a certain number of extinguishers for each floor.

These eleven were enough to provide two for each motorcycle in the brigade and one for the automobile. It seemed rather unfortunate to Bruce that they could only get one for "Old Nanc," for he had had a mental picture of the red automobile with a shining extinguisher on either side of the driver's seat. Indeed, he was so keen on this artistic arrangement that he pleaded with his father to spare an additional tank.

"Why, I'll tell you what you can have to balance up 'Old Nanc,'" said his father laughingly when he heard Bruce's reason for wanting another extinguisher, "here's a light oxygen-acetylene tank equipment with a blow torch I've been using around the mill. I'm going to get a new one of larger capacity, and if you polish this up it will look mighty business-like, I tell you.

"These torches are being adopted by the city fire departments too. You see they are composed of two tanks, one filled with oxygen and the other with acetylene gas. These gases both flow through the same opening in the torch and unite before they strike the air. If you touch a match to the end of the torch, *presto*, you have a thin blue flame so hot that it will cut through the hardest steel. The flame gives off a heat as high as 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit; think of that! It literally burns its way through the toughest metal and does the job before you can say 'scat.' The city fire departments use them to burn the hinges off iron doors and window shutters in big warehouse fires. Do you boys want it? It may come in handy, you know."

"Want it! You bet we do," shouted Jiminy Gordon eagerly.

"Just the stuff," recommended Romper Ryan, who had been inspecting the apparatus, "handy and compact. Doesn't weigh more than a hundred pounds. Two of us could handle it in fine shape. We certainly *would* like to have it."

"All right," acquiesced Mr. Clifford, "it's yours."

The good-natured manufacturer also gave the boys a set of old fire pails that needed fresh coats of paint, and several lengths of old but serviceable fire hose, not to mention a number of rusty fire hatchets, crowbars and pike poles.

"How about ladders?" said Mr. Clifford as the boys were about to depart.

"Gee, we never thought of 'em," said Bruce, surprised at such an omission. Then as he considered the capacity of "Old Nanc," he continued: "But if we had them we wouldn't know how to carry them; we—you see, we can't afford to overload the auto or she will never be able to get started for a fire."

"Ho, ho, that's right. She'd be a regular tortoise," said Mr. Clifford. "But why don't you make a couple of scaling ladders? I'll have the top hooks forged for you if you'll build the ladders. They'll be light and serviceable and you can work up a mighty spectacular drill with them."

"Great, we'll do it," said Bruce. Then he added, "perhaps we *will* have a real fire department after all."

"OLD NANC" spent the busiest day of her career gathering up the loads of extinguishers, hose and other equipment before she was laid up for alteration, and the Scouts for many days thereafter found that their spare time was well taken up with their work at headquarters.

From the hour that the Woodbridge Academy closed until ten o'clock in the evening they toiled like beavers. Bruce, always a capable manager, divided the patrols into working squads and assigned them to the various tasks to be accomplished. Those who were handy with carpentering tools he set to work making a new fire patrol body for the automobile. Those who excelled at the forges he as-

*—"His motorcycle fairly flying."*

signed to the task of making brackets and metal clamps with which to fasten the extinguishers onto the motorcycles. Some were appointed ladder makers, others were painters, and still others were buffers and polishers, who shined up the tarnished sides of the tanks and took the rust off the axes and pike heads. And when they all became active the interior of headquarters was a veritable beehive for busyness.

The boys did not devote all their time to building work, however, for they realized that to win honors at the fireman's tournament, in which they meant to compete, they would have to be well drilled in every branch of fire fighting. Consequently every evening, just before dusk, the entire troop assembled in the field back of headquarters.

Scaling ladder drills, first aid work, rescue work, bucket brigade drills, and hose coupling contests were indulged in until the lads worked with the precision and accuracy of trained fire fighters. For the sake of unity Bruce had been appointed fire chief, having charge of all three patrols. The entire squad was under his command and in a very few days he had systematized their work to the point where there was scarcely a lost motion or a false move.

Indeed, the Scouts drilled with such vigor and enthusiasm that inside of an hour they would be completely tired out. Then, while they were resting, Bruce would put them through a sharp oral drill on the rudiments of firemanship as set forth in the September number of Boy's LIFE until, to quote Jiminy Gordon, "They could say it backwards, or upside down, and do it blindfolded."

Gradually after weeks of toil the fleet of fire fighting motorcycles assumed a business-like appearance. And as for "Old Nanc" she, redolent with the odors of fresh red paint, loomed above them all exactly like a mother hen keeping a watchful eye on her brood of chicks.

Each motorcycle was equipped with a fire extinguisher clamped on either side, just back of the seat. Directly in the rear of the seat was a small red tool box in which hose-coupling wrenches and two sets of harness were kept. This harness, devised by Mr. Ford, was made of canvas in the form of a sling to hold the extinguishers in position on a Scout's back. In that way a boy could enter a burning building and carry an extinguisher with him still having both hands free to operate the extinguisher hose. On top of the tool box was strapped a short coil of hose with a small nozzle ready to be brought into action when coupled to the nearest street hydrant.

"Old Nanc," besides carrying an extinguisher and the oxygen-acetelene blow torch tank, also contained the remaining hose, an equipment of axes, pike poles and scaling ladders, and provided accommodations for three Scouts and the driver besides.

UNTIL a few days before the tournament the Scouts were working on their equipment. Indeed, the very last coat of varnish was put on to "Old Nanc" the Saturday afternoon preceding the tournament day, which fell on Wednesday. All that remained to be done was to deck the machine with flags and bunting and she would be ready for the parade. In truth, that very morning Bruce had gone on a motorcycle trip to St. Cloud City, twelve miles south of Woodbridge, to buy the necessary decorations.

"By Jove, she looks like a real fire fighter, doesn't she?" said Romper Ryan, backing off, paint brush still in hand, to survey his own handiwork on the sides of "Old Nanc."

"For downright good looks I think our equipment has it on anything Woodbridge ever experienced," said Jiminy Gordon enthusiastically.

"Well, we'll sure create some sensation," said Bud. "This is going to be a complete surprise to everybody. Has Bruce heard from Chief Blaney yet? He sent him our entry for the tournament events last week, you know. I wonder—— Here he comes now! I heard his siren. That was a mighty quick trip to St. Cloud."

Bud and several others rushed to the door. Coming up the hill at top speed was Bruce, his motorcycle fairly flying. When he caught sight of the group in front of the machine shop he began to wave a blue paper above his head.

"Hi, fellows, here's our reply from Chief Blaney," he shouted as he jumped from his machine. "I just got it at the house. Haven't opened it yet. Come on, gather 'round and hear what he has to say."

With eager fingers he tore off the corner of the big envelope and ripped open the top. And as he unfolded the letter every Scout pressed closer to get a glimpse of its contents. Bruce began to read aloud:

Mr. Bruce Clifford, Chief of the Scout Engineers' Fire Department.

*Dear Sir*—Your entry blank and fee for the tournament events reached me. I am returning your fee herewith for, unfortunately, your company cannot take part in the tournament. In the first place your organization is only a juvenile company, and in the second place it is not an accredited member of the Woodbridge Fire Department.

The fact that you have not a charter from the town authorities will also prevent your little department from taking an active part in fighting fires in this village, for the Champlain Valley Volunteer Firemen's Association has passed a ruling preventing any individual not wearing a badge of a recognized fire department from entering fire lines or participating in fire fighting work. These rules are rigidly enforced by my department.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) W. T. BLANEY,
Chief Woodbridge F. D.

"AS HE UNFOLDED THE LETTER EVERY SCOUT PRESSED CLOSER TO GET A GLIMPSE OF ITS CONTENTS."

"WELL, what do you think of that!" exclaimed Romper disgustedly.

"And after all our working and planning," said Jiminy bitterly.

"Oh, we're only juveniles," said Bud sarcastically, turning away to hide his feelings.

And as for Bruce, he could hardly believe his eyes. He re-read the letter and when he finished he slowly tore it into little scraps and tossed them to the ground.

"Well, fellows," he said with a grim smile, "I fancy 'Old Nanc' won't need the flags and bunting I ordered to-day. And I guess our little fire department sort of busts up before it gets started. If old Blaney is such a stickler for regulations they'll never let us fight any fires in this town. Tough luck, isn't it?"

TOURNAMENT day had been declared a holiday in Woodbridge. Stores and factories were closed and the village decorated from stable to Town Hall with colored streamers, flags and bunting. Since early morning fire companies had been arriving in town headed by bands and drum corps until the place was crowded with uniformed figures from every section of Vermont.

But in spite of all this gaiety Bruce Clifford and the Boy Scout Engineers were dispirited. Indeed, for the past week they had been very unhappy over the turn of affairs. They tried their hardest to brace up and be good sports, but their disappointment was greater than they had expected. On tournament day they wandered about with cheerless air watching the various companies file into the side streets to await the formation of the parade that would be conducted up Webster avenue to the tournament grounds.

They were not so downcast, however, as to ignore the fact that here was an excellent opportunity to view a number of fire fighting machines of all varieties. Indeed, they inspected the equipment of every out-of-town company they ran across, and in the course of the morning had become partly familiar with everything, from an old-fashioned gooseneck hand engine to the latest type of hand-drawn chemical engine, the pride of the company from Middlebury. This last appliance was an excellent piece of work and Bruce and his friends realized that even with her new paint and shining brass, "Old Nanc" could not compare in general appearance with this costly equipment.

PROMPTLY at half-past ten the automobile in which was seated the Mayor, Fire Chief Blaney and several other dignitaries, swung into Webster avenue. This was followed by the Woodbridge band and the parade to the tournament grounds was under way. The Boy Scout Engineers reviewed the procession from the curb, and

(*Continued on page* 31.)

# Washington at Scout Age

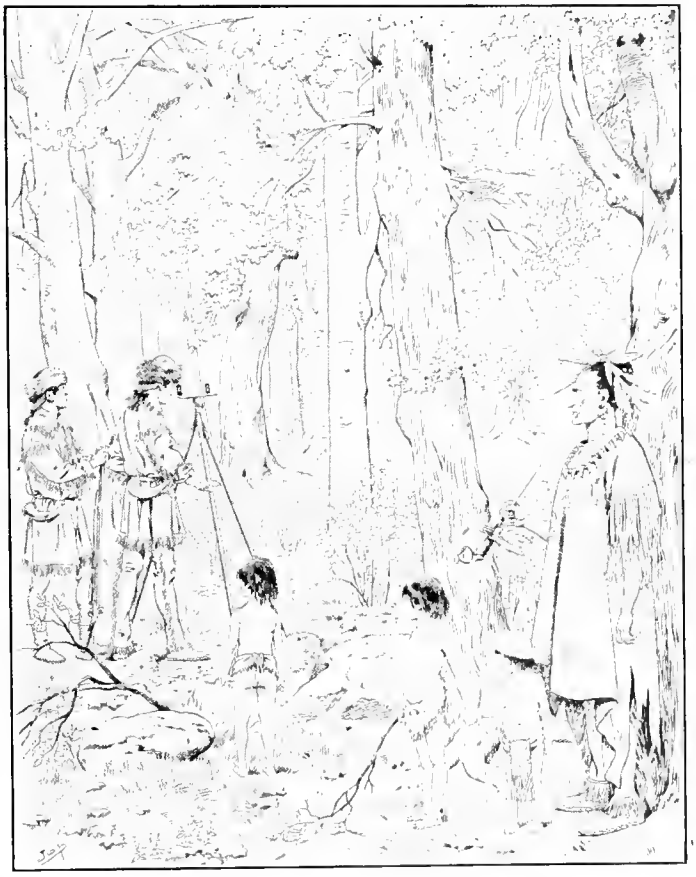
## A Story of the Boyhood Experiences of "The Father of His Country"

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "Washington, the Man of Action," "Lincoln, the Lawyer," "On the Trail of Grant and Lee," etc.

*A BIG, handsome book—one of the most beautiful we have ever seen—came to the Editor's desk when he was wondering what the Boy Scouts would like to read about George Washington in February, his birthday month. The unusual decorations on every page and the magnificent pictures—all in rich colors and several of them of double page size, led us right into the story. A fascinating story it proved to be, simply and charmingly written. That part of it which tells what Washington did when he was* YOUR *age was of peculiar interest—and will be to you, particularly because his experiences and training were so like some of the experiences and training of Boy Scouts of to-day. Any boy will recognize the points of similarity.*

*So we are going to give you a part of this story, from the book "Washington, the Man of Action." (Copyright, 1914, by D. Appleton & Co.) We are able to do so through the courtesy of the author, Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill, and the publishers, D. Appleton & Co. If you cannot buy the book, you probably can find it in your library. We hope you will do so; if you do, you will be delighted first with the splendid illustrations, and then will read, with pleasure and profit, the whole absorbing story.*



THE BOY WASHINGTON SURVEYING.

Reproduction, in smaller size, of one of the many colored pictures in "Washington, the Man of Action," drawn by the famous French artist "JOB" (Comte J. Onfroy de Breville).

FROM about his twelfth to his sixteenth year the boy was directly under his mother's guidance. That she was a strong, forceful character does not admit of of doubt, and her government of the lad was all that could be desired. Well disciplined and accustomed to obey and respect his parents from his earliest years, he was gradually taught to assume responsibility for the younger children and to aid his mother in the management of the household and the plantations, part of which, by the terms of his father's will, he was to inherit when he became of age. But land was worth very little in Virginia unless good use was made of it, and the boy was brought up with a thorough understanding that he would be obliged to earn his own living as soon as he had finished school.

### Wanted to Go to Sea.

At one time he expressed an inclination for a sailor's life, and as his half brother, Captain Lawrence Washington, heartily approved of this and offered to procure him a suitable commission, he would probably have gone to sea at the age of about fourteen had not his mother positively forbidden him to consider such a career.

But, although Mrs. Washington differed with Captain Lawrence on this occasion, she had good reason to be grateful to him and to her other stepson, Augustine, for the interest they displayed in her boy. Indeed it was most fortunate that he should have come under the influence of these young men at this period, for two cleaner, manlier fellows never lived.

Lawrence was a retired army officer and Augustine was a planter when Washington finished his elementary studies and entered a school kept by a Mr. Williams near the "Wakefield" plantation then occupied by his half brother Augustine. Here the boy lived for a time and soon became a favorite with his host and his brother, who, finding him apt in every sort of sport, made him their constant companion and encouraged him in all that makes for manliness and good breeding. Both men had been educated abroad and knew the ways of the world, and the unconscious instruction their young relative received at their hands did much toward making him not only a man, but a gentleman in the best sense of the word.

### A Good Rider.

The brothers were not alone in this service, however, for while Washington was visiting Captain Lawrence he was introduced to Lord Fairfax, an old and somewhat eccentric bachelor, who took a great fancy to the lad.

Lord Fairfax was a graduate of Oxford who had come to Virginia on a business visit and had fallen in love with the country which he henceforth made his home. His hobby was fox hunting, and it was, perhaps, Washington's horsemanship which first attracted his notice. At all events, the old gentleman promptly invited him to join in his straight-across country hunts, and, finding him not only a good rider but a promising lad, he became interested in his future and finally gave him his first business opportunity.

### What He Did When He Was Fourteen.

By this time Washington was attending an excellent school at Fredericksburg, kept by a Mr. Marye, under whom he studied, among other things, the art of surveying. This work evidently appealed to him more than anything else, for at the age of fourteen he surveyed the Mount Vernon plantation, as appears from the map still in existence, and took special lessons from Mr. James Genn, the official surveyor of the county, some of whose surveys for these years which have been preserved were obviously transcribed by Washington himself.

It thus came about that when Washington was nearing his sixteenth birthday, Lord Fairfax offered to employ him on the survey of his property beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains, and with the glad acceptance of this opportunity for experience and profit the boy's school days ended and his life as a surveyor began.

### Made the Mistakes of a Tenderfoot.

It is not to be supposed that Lord Fairfax intrusted the surveying of his distant estate entirely to a young boy like Washington. He was, of course, merely one of those to whom this very difficult and arduous task was committed, the party including Mr. Genn, the licensed surveyor of Westmoreland County; Col. George Fairfax, one of his lordship's relatives, and a number of woodsmen and guides.

Careful preparations had to be made for the trip, as the land beyond the Blue Ridge was an almost inaccessible wilderness, and merely to journey there and back entailed an absence of several weeks.

It was, therefore, necessary to procure suitable packhorses and load them with all that was essential for the expedition without overburdening them for the difficult mountain trails. In this work Washington took an active part and everything he learned proved of the utmost value to him before many years had passed. Indeed this initial experience in roughing it apparently cured him of any conceit in his own knowledge of woodcraft, for the daily journal which he kept on his trip shows that he made all the mistakes which a tenderfoot usually makes, and the humorous veins in which he recorded his blunders demonstrates that he accepted them in the right spirit.

### A Friend of the Indians, and a Good Woodsman.

The surveyors met with no serious mis-

(*Continued on page* 15.)

# The Moonshiners in the Jungle

By WALTER WALDEN

Author of "Tropic Smugglers," and "The Mystery of the River Cave."

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

JAMES IN THE GLOW OF ONE OF HIS OWN ELECTRIC LIGHTS

*HOW IT BEGAN.—Through "Uncle Billy" had always been kind to Nat, his manner changed completely after the latter helped the government officials catch same smugglers. This set Nat to thinking. He soon saw Uncle Billy, who was strangely intimate with a good-for nothing named Bat Mason, drive toward a lonely swamp with a carefully covered load. It was hard for Nat to suspect a friend like Uncle Billy, but he knew his other good friend, Joseph De Long, the revenue officer, would expect him to do his duty in reporting suspicious circumstances. He overheard Uncle Billy and Mason talking of "demies," corn mash and "bilers," and later when he saw Uncle Billy hitch up his horse and drive off, he slipped out of the sugar cane and followed.*

## CHAPTER II. (*Continued.*)

UNCLE BILL drove west and was soon on the road leading to the river. The ever-present luxurious saw-palmetto of the pine forest furnished plenty of screens behind which I could dodge in case of need. But there was no need, for he never looked around.

When well clear of the town Uncle Bill brought out his jew's-harp, and with finger and breath performed a "hoe-down," the horse immediately taking advantage of his master's preoccupation of tongue and hand to slow down to a lazy walk.

As he picked the metal tongue of the jew's-harp with his middle finger and beat time on the floor of the wagon with his brogan, he called to the imaginary dancers:

"All hands round! Swing yer pardners! Gid-ap!" (to the horse, who made a little jerk of pretence to trot, then promptly settled back again to his walk). "Do ce do! Alla man left!" etc. And finally: "March t' yer seats!"

"Durn yer lazy hide!" he said, grasping the lines and bringing their tail ends down with a whack on the horse's flank. "Yer too durn knowin'."

So then there came a short spell of trotting. But soon the jew's-harp went back to his mouth again in a rendering of "Old Dan Tucker," and the horse promptly took his chance again—all but stopping.

I found it no great effort to keep up; and soon the palms, cypresses, magnolias and live-oaks showed that the mile-deep swamp of the "river bottom" was at hand. It was impossible to see far in this thick swamp forest, so I drew close to the wagon, which I followed in the windings for nearly a mile.

During the rainy season all that ground held water. But now it was dry, barring an occasional low spot. Squirrels jumped from oak limbs to palm fans, and then to magnolia trees, shaking down fragrant blossoms. Cypress knees stuck up from the ground like elongated humps of camels.

A HUNDRED yards hither side of the river Uncle Bill turned off the road to the left. Creeping behind the brush, I saw him stop in a clump of cabbage-palms, where a number of dead trunks of palms lay on the ground. These palm trunks were all hollow, and Uncle Bill kneeled down and drew from the hollows as many as six or seven demijohns, which he put into the light wagon and carefully covered from sight with a tarpaulin. They were empty, I could see from the way he handled them.

Immediately the return journey was begun, which was but a repetition of the one to the swamp. I took a short-cut through the "piney" woods, getting to the sugar-cane patch ahead of Uncle Bill, who, when he arrived, drove around the fence to the side away from any near habitations. After a look around, he set to work to pull the demijohns out of the wagon and set them within the fence.

Then, from my hiding-place in the cane, I saw him do what I was expecting. He carried the large wicker-covered bottles into the shelter of the cane and covered them up with the brush that I had seen Bat Mason putting there at an earlier hour.

When Uncle Bill had disappeared around the corner on his way to the barn, I slipped out of the cane and made for home. As I trudged through the pine forest, now and again stumbling on the saw-palmetto roots, I set my mind to employment on the present and future of Uncle Bill's affairs—that is, so far as I should be in relationship to them. For my connection was a thing I could not well dodge, now. I must either inform on Uncle Bill or manage some way to pull or drive him out of the bad business he was in; one which, from his point of view, was morally altogether legitimate. Such was his ignorance.

Uncle Bill was engaged with Bat Mason in the making of moonshine—corn whiskey, and their distillery, or "still," was hidden in some bay-head. About that I was in no sort of doubt. I looked up at the pale moon in the western sky as I thought of what Uncle Bill had said about not agreeing to start the "biler a-bilin' so long as the moon sheds water." There was the crescent with the convex side up, like a chopping-bowl turned upside down. I had heard of that being a sign of rain, but had never heard it associated with any superstition like that of Uncle Bill.

I WAS at my breakfast when a thundering report shook the pine forest. The sound came from over the Howatts' way. It determined me to make a promised visit to young James Howatt, and thus satisfy my curiosity as to the cause of the explosion. When I approached the Howatt homestead I could see James and his father busied at a great pine stump, and a near view showed them arranging a pair of silk-covered wires that were fast in the stump.

James pulled me along back to the house. There, just within the door, stood a pair of glass jars two-thirds full of liquid, and with zinc and carbon, that showed me they constituted an electric battery.

Mr. Howatt took one of the wires coming from the pine stump and made it fast to one side of the battery; and then James took the other wire from the stump in one hand, and a wire from the battery in the other hand, and, at a signal from his father of "all ready," he brought the two wires together, when on the instant—"BOOM!"

I felt the house shake.

We ran to the stump and found it shattered, and the ground torn up around it. They talked about pow er and an electric fuse, but it was not till the next week that I learned just how the thing was done. They were to clear a whole field of stumps in that way.

James took me into the house and showed me how, by a combination of a considerable number of battery cells, they were able to enjoy electric lights. He darkened a room and soon had two incandescent bulbs aglow. A number of electric toys he had, and his father a considerable variety of apparatus, such as I had not thought to see in the Florida wilds. I was mechanical enough to enjoy the hour or two I spent at the Howatt home, and left with a sense of neighborly friendliness and a promise of more intimacy in the future.

## CHAPTER III.

### I Seek Help, and Get Closer to the Quarry.

KEEPING in mind Uncle Bill's engagement with Bat Mason, I trudged over to the edge of the prairie in mid-afternoon. As I expected, finally along comes Uncle Bill in his wagon, clucking to his old horse. I peeped out from the palmetto and saw, in the wagon-bed, the same old tarpaulin, covering the same bulk of something as on the day before, when he drove back from Peace River swamp. It was the demijohns, of course.

I might have followed him on down to the southeast, but I feared it would be a longer journey than I was prepared to make then; and, too, I felt that I already knew more than could rest easily on my conscience without communion with the law in some way. In fact, as I walked homeward again through the forest, I felt that I could no longer shirk my responsibility. I must write Joseph DeLong. But while I owed something to the law and Joseph DeLong, I owed something to the wrongly educated Uncle Bill.

And then it came to my mind like an in-

spiration that his religion should be the means to save him from his mistaken impulses. Uncle Bill was strong in his religion, as were all his folks; and, as he expressed it, he "set great store" by their preacher.

I determined to appeal to the minister, and in the morning made direct to his house in the town. I named no names, but told him that I had reason to know that an otherwise good man of his flock was engaged in the making of corn whiskey against the law, and detailed the talk I'd heard, to show that the culprit was unconscious of the moral wrong in the practice. I told only so much of what I had seen as I thought needful.

The minister stroked his dark beard thoughtfully as I talked on, never once interrupting me, nor embarrassing me with a look, till I had said what I wished to say. Then his eyes seemed to smile as he prepared to speak in return.

"It is the evil and not the man that you wish to fight. You wish to convince the man of the fact of the evil so that he will cast it out, and so save his soul and body from the consequences of the evil; and by your coming here you show that you consider it in the province of the church and its ministers to bring this about. Yes, you are right." And then he added, after a thoughtful pause: "And I don't know but that your instinctive avoidance of names is just as well."

He rose from his chair and began to pace the floor. As he walked slowly to and fro he talked, apparently to himself.

"Here is a man who makes his corn into 'pon-bread' and cannot see why he should not make it into liquor too if he chooses; a man, in all other ways upright, sober and law-abiding; a good neighbor, God-fearing, but untutored——"

He paused in his talk and continued to walk in silent thought for a short space. Then finally he turned to me.

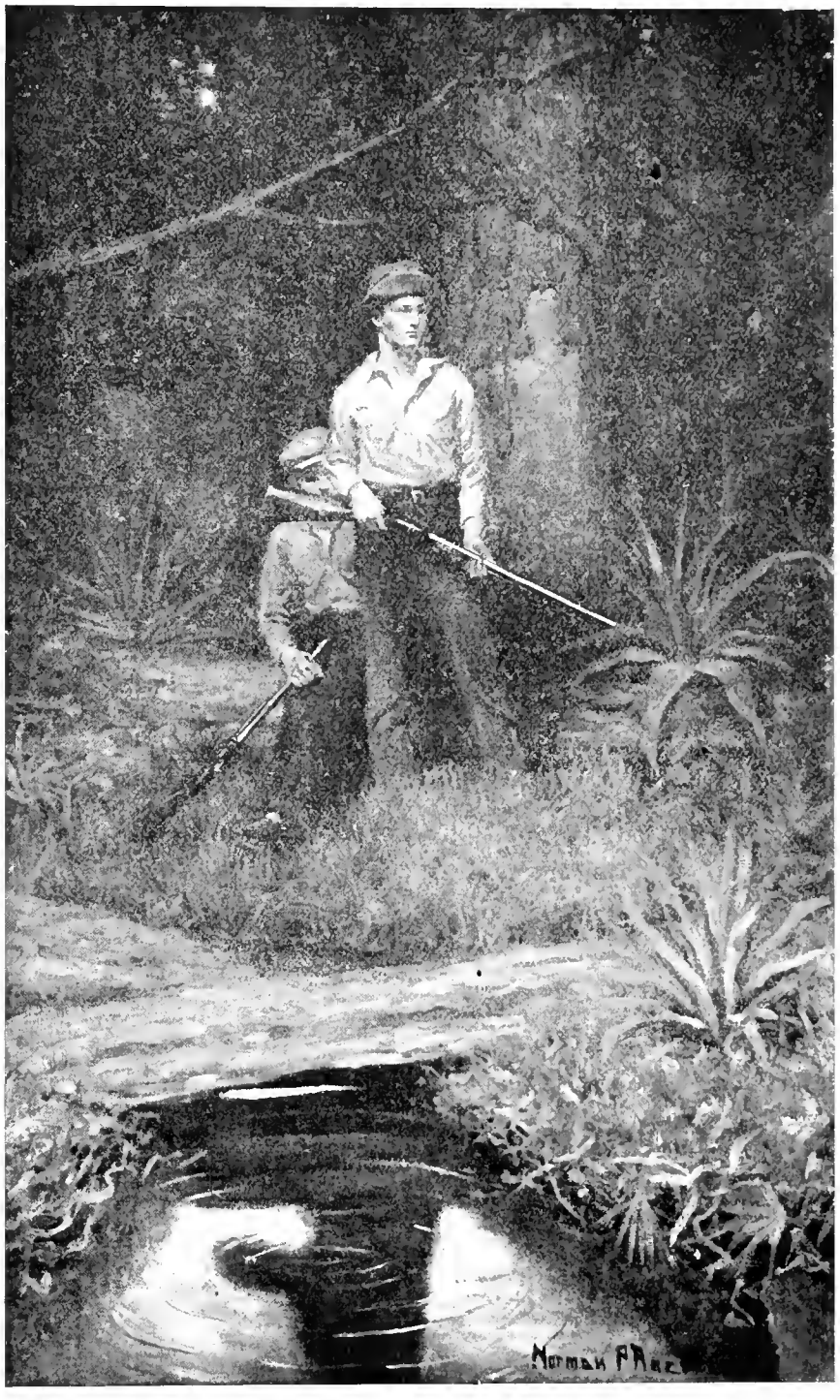
"Come to church Sunday," he said. "It is hard to convince these men with their primitive ideas of freedom, but we'll see what we can do."

I left the minister with an eased heart. But my conscience would not let up quite till I had written to Joseph DeLong. Neither did I give the revenue officer any names, but made plain my friendliness toward Uncle Bill, and said much about his good qualities. I made it a matter of little doubt that we should shortly have him renouncing his moonshining for all time. I made just enough mention of Bat Mason in my letter to make him the villain of my meagre story (little knowing how much of a villain he really was). It was on him I tried to put the blame of Uncle Bill's law-breaking; which was not entirely correct, for (as he afterward admitted) Uncle Bill had been at the moonshining long before the coming of Bat Mason. His grandfather had never known of any law against it.

Well, I made it plain enough in my letter that I meant to save Uncle Bill before anything could happen to him, though not openly hinting that I didn't want any officers after him. I felt much easier when the letter was gone.

IT was the next afternoon that I was on the way to town and saw Uncle Bill's horse and wagon standing near the old Widow Simpson's little tumble-down house. As I came near I saw Bat Mason in talk with Uncle Bill in the yard, where he stood by a wood pile with an ax in his hand.

I came up behind a shed, and from there crawled into a clump of saw-palmetto close




NAT AND JAMES IN THE JUNGLE.

to the fence, hoping to hear what they might be conspiring. But their talk was too low. Their gestures, however, showed that Bat was urging something upon Uncle Bill, who resisted. Finally Uncle Bill broke out with:

"Let that mash rot then! I ain't a-goin' nary a step this day. Ef hit cain't wait till to-morrer hit kin jest rot!"

Bat finally shuffled off, grumbling, and Uncle Bill swung his ax into the wood. I easily gathered that Uncle Bill was turning a hand to help out the old Widow Simpson, and that Bat was urging him to abandon her and give his attention to the moonshining—so that the "mash" should not rot.

On my way back from the stores I saw Uncle Bill's wife through the widow's open door, and I could hear the widow's voice.

"Ye two aire sure saints," she was saying, "to give up your own an' come an' help a poor old body like this."

Uncle Bill's wife spied me and came out to speak a pleasant word. She said the widow was taken with the chills and fever again. This was far from the first time that Uncle Bill and wife had come to relieve the old lady's wants. It was well known they did much to keep her cupboard supplied. And yet here was the man whom it might seem my duty to betray to the law. I felt, then, more than ever determined to prevent this thing.

I now became rather rested. It wanted three days till Sunday, when the minister would exert an influence intended to turn the moonshiner from his crooked road.

I was conscious of a strong desire to see this moonshine "still" of Uncle Bill's, and

strongly tempted to let James Howatt into my secret, that he might help me. I had already told the minister and Joseph DeLong something; and I felt that I could trust James—now that I knew him better. So I went over and got him down by the branch, in the hammock, and told him what I knew.

He became enthusiastic; so, without figuring much on the difficulties or dangers, we agreed to start on our hunt for the "still" the next day.

IT was not till afternoon that we were off, guns in hand, for we planned to go to where I had seen Uncle Bill and Bat Mason going toward Prairie Creek.

We trudged about four miles to the southeast, and sat down by a clump of saw-palmetto, near the edge of the prairie, to wait till the moonshiners should show up so that we could follow them to their secret distillery. We kept a sharp look-out for an hour. Our moonshiners did not appear, which was not strange, for there was no time set. But we began to tire somewhat, and to relax, so that for the next hour an occasional survey of the way they should come was all the attention we gave.

Then James arose to look. I saw him start, and he said:

"There they are! They've seen me!"

"Let them think you're out hunting, alone," I said. "I'll keep out of sight—and you go away, west, as soon as you get the chance."

So I crawled into the clump of saw-palmetto, hearing the rattle of the wagon as it drew near. Then came the voice of Uncle Bill.

"Hev ye shot anythin' yit?" he said.

"Nothing yet," said James.

"Hev ye got any buck-shot?" said Uncle Bill.

"Yep," said James.

"We jest jumped a deer two hundred yard back; he went that-away."

I could hear James making off west, after thanking Uncle Bill. But I didn't hear any movement of the wagon. Then came the voices of Uncle Bill and Bat. Uncle Bill was saying:

"I don't noways like the looks o' thet chap bein' 'round here."

"Hit don't signify nothin'," said Bat. "Yer too durn skeery, Bill."

"There!—see him lookin' back?" said Uncle Bill.

"Wall," began Bat, "he ain't much more'n a kid, nonow."

"Thet Nathan-ee-al skalawag's sure only a kid," said Uncle Bill, "an' you know what he did, a-catchin' o' them smugglers."

"An' they thought they got 'em all," laughed Bat Mason. "I reckon they'd be some-cussin' ef they knew."

"Wall," began Uncle Bill, clucking to the horse, "We don't go in to thet place in daylight no moh."

The wagon rattled off over the palmetto roots. I crawled carefully forth from the palmetto. When the wagon had got some hundred yards to the southeast, I stood up, and was soon joined by James Howatt, to whom I related the talk between Uncle Bill and Bat Mason.

"That means they won't go into their place till after dark," said James.

"No, and they'll be on the watch-out, too," said I.

WE followed far in the rear, keeping carefully under cover. When they came to crossing the corner of the prairie, Uncle Bill looked back into the pine woods, keenly, from time to time, and he hurried his horse toward the farther side. We were compelled to go around this open space, to keep within the cover of the woods, and though we saw the wagon re-entering the pine woods again, we got no glimpse of it after.

We hurried along, practicing caution as we neared the point where the wagon had re-entered the forest. We found marks of the wheels and the horse's hoofs, and these we followed to the south till we saw the heavy growth of either hammock or swamp ahead. We stopped then, fearing that there might be watchers just within the thick coppice.

"We'd better not go any farther," I said, "they might see us."

"I was just thinking that, too," said James. "And now we know which way they've gone anyway."

"And then," said I, "from what they said, they won't go to the 'still' till after dark. I'll tell you—let's cut across to the southwest till we get to Prairie Creek. It can't be far. And we can follow it up—I'll bet their place is on that creek, somewhere up above—they have to have water."

So straight through the "piney" woods to the southwest we went, and were surprised to strike Prairie Creek after hardly above half a mile's walk. As is the case with all Florida streams, the creek was hidden, throughout its course, in heavy growth of hammock; live-oaks, palms, magnolias, cedars, vines and oftimes impassible thickets of undergrowth. The stream was not wide; three good jumps would have landed us on the other bank.

"Now let's follow up the creek," said I, "they can't see us any quicker in here than we can see them."

"But they might hear us," said James. "Do you think they would shoot?"

"Uncle Bill wouldn't," I answered, "I don't know about Bat Mason."

We pushed on through the tangle, at times crawling through a copse. So intent were we on finding that secret distillery that we forgot that the afternoon was nearly worn away, and the shadows had already begun to deepen. Finally we came upon a place where a way seemed to have been cut through the hammock. An examination of the ground gave wagon tracks.

"Here's their trail again," said I.

It led us down to the water, where we made out there was a ford. With an eye and an ear ahead, we waded over, hastening into the shelter of the brush on the southern side of the creek. Moving forward cautiously we passed through seventy-five or a hundred yards of hammock. Then something brought me to a sudden stop.

I could hear a humming—not unlike a bumble-bee.

Again cautiously forward, though the humming had ceased. We stooped in the brush as we stole along. Then again came the humming, now more distinct, and I could name it.

I recognized Uncle Bill's favorite, "Old Dan Tucker."

"It's Uncle Bill playing his jew's-harp," I whispered.

We crawled nearer; the music ceased and there came the sound of voices. They seemed in altercation, but we couldn't make out a word. Still nearer we crept. The jew's harp started up again, the tones now more clear. We made out Bat Mason's voice interrupting the music; and then Uncle Bill broke out into a loud voice so we got his words.

"They ain't no use argyfyin'—it ain't time yit!" he said.

Then they continued to "argyfy" in tones indistinct to our ears. We were by now become conscious that night was falling.

"We'll have to light out for home," whispered James. "It's getting dark."

Before I could reply we heard wagon wheels, and we hastily crawled deep into the undergrowth. We had but a minute to wait to see Uncle Bill's horse and wagon, with the two men in the seat, coming by, back, over the same road they'd gone.

We allowed them to get well out of sight, ahead in the hammock, before following. Back at the ford we waded across and passed on through the now much darkened hammock to the pine woods. But we neither saw nor heard anything of the wagon and men.

"I WAS AT BREAKFAST WHEN A THUNDERING REPORT CAME FROM OVER THE HOWATT'S WAY."

"Well," I said, "it's too dark to see any tracks. Their place is around here somewhere; we can come here in daylight, when we know they are in town."

"It might be dangerous to go poking around in the dark," offered James. "That fellow might hear us and blaze away with his pistol."

"Let's hike for home then," I said. "We can follow the edge of the prairie till we get to our branch."

We were soon on the corner of the prairie, and cut across to the northwest. Arrived at the other side, we kept to the edge of the forest in the dark, alternately running and walking fast, for five miles. Then we took the heavy growth marking the course of the creek for our guide till we came to my home.

"What time are we going down?" asked

(*Continued on page* 23.)

# Primitive Methods of Making Fire

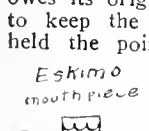
## A Description of the Ways in which the Eskimos, American Indians, African Savages, Filipinos and Burmans Get Flames Without Matches

By SCOUT EDWIN SMILEY

Troop 46, Philadelphia, Penn.

HOW many Scouts who make fire by "rubbing" sticks realize that they are using the good old-fashioned Eskimo method? Our American Indians never dreamed of a bow, simply whirling their fire drill between the palms of the hand. But our fat, slant-eyed Eskimo, with a brain made keener by the northern cold, saw the possibilities of a bow. So he took a curved walrus tusk, shaved down about half the ivory and strung it with a loose strip of walrus hide. The drill was inserted in the loop of the hide and held upright in a notch of the fire-board; and presto!—the Eskimo had fire with a few vigorous strokes of the bow, before the Indian could get his hand limbered up.

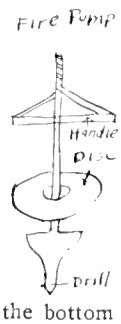
Not only the bow, but the hand socket owes its origin to the Eskimo. In order to keep the drill upright in boring, he held the pointed, upper end in a hole gouged out of a slippery piece of serpentine or some other hard stone. In addition to the hand socket, the Eskimo developed a most, unique, socket mouthpiece. This was used mainly by the Eskimos of the coast, who relied on small pieces of drift wood to make fire upon. These fragments were often so small that the left hand had to be used to hold the fire board. To hold the drill upright they rigged up a mouthpiece instead of a hand socket. This was a crescent-shaped affair with a bit of hard stone inserted in the wood. No wonder the Eskimos have such powerful, square jaws after biting on this mouthpiece!




Even the fire pan of the scout set can be traced back to an Eskimo device for saving his precious "coal" from falling on the snow. To this end he cut a "step" in the edge of his fire board to catch the coal. They even maintained a single coal for as long as two weeks by letting it slowly burn in a rope of woven cedar bark.

But the truly artistic accessory of the Eskimo set, the Scouts have yet to adopt. This is the seal skin bag with its beautiful designs in bead work, which preserved the fire set from the damp snow.

The nearest approach to a bow among our North American Indian was the fire pump. "Pumping fire" sounds strange indeed, yet that is exactly what the Iroquois of New York did. Any epidemic of sickness they would blame on the "Old Fire," so they would get out their fire pump and go through the ceremony of the "New Fire." The principle of this set depends upon the winding and unwinding of a rawhide thong about a speared shaped drill. This is done by raising and lowering the "handle" of the pump. The circular disc just above the barb of the spear-like drill steadies it and acts as a fly-wheel.




The other tribes of Indians had simply their rotary drill and fire board. The thin drill is spun around by the palms, while the hands exert a certain pressure as they slide down from the thin to the thick lower end of the drill. The trick here is to get the hand from the bottom to the top of the drill without stopping the motion of the drill. Obviously two men are needed for quick work. The longer the drill the better, for the Australian bushman has his drill long enough so that one man is standing, while his partner is kneeling.

There is one set which is cruder, however, than that of the American Indians. It is to be seen today in the Malay Islands, where the natives take a flat board and a pointed drill. They place the board on a tree stump, straddle it with legs apart and plow the drill back and forth in a groove. Strange to say they have acquired skill enough to produce fire in forty seconds.

Curiously, on the coast of East Africa one tribe preserves the trick of fire making as a man's right exclusively. Father secretly imparts the mystery to the son, for they fear that if the women learn the trick of fire making, they will want to run the government and be bosses in general. Evidently it is not the construction of the set that these Africans wish to hide from their women. But it is the art of cutting a notch in the side of the fire board and a particular form in drilling. As a matter of fact the author has found that the art of fire making can be learned only by close observation of an expert at work, rather than by any amount of explanation.

Yet for the few who may be bold enough to do it alone, I would say that the trick is briefly this:—A "V" shaped notch is cut into the edge of a red cedar board three-quarters of an inch in thickness. To do this, start a hole three-quarters of an inch from the edge of the board with a pen-knife, then with a pointed drill bore into the hole until black dust appears. The notch is then cut right to the center of the hole. It should also be wider and deeper at the bottom. The drill should be about 16 inches long and three-quarters of an inch thick. When you drill, the punk peels forth and packs in the fire pan. Don't stop until you see the punk becoming black and smoking from the underneath. It is needless to say that unless you have held your drill steady so as not to have broken the coal in the punk you can attribute your first failures to either one of two things. The notch was not cut to the middle of the hole or you didn't bow hard and steady enough.

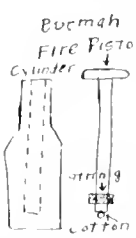
CORRECT POSITION FOR BOWING, WITH ARM HELD TIGHT AGAINST KNEE.

Incidentally, this shows the author of this article who with his sticks has made fire in 21 seconds, as timed by Philadelphia Scout officials.

Let us turn our attention to some methods of fire making which are not drilling.

In the Philippines "strings" of bamboo cut in narrow strips are drawn crosswise over a very soft wood, but a more satisfactory method is good, hard sawing with two pieces of bamboo, as they still do in the Philippines to-day. Here they split a three-inch bamboo in half, cut a small groove across it, then with a sharp-edged bamboostick they saw away until enough punk collects to blow into a coal. Bamboo shavings are packed inside to serve as tinder.

Going back to Burmah we have the most baffling method known. Their fire piston has truly kept scientists guessing, even to-day if you were travelling in the windy jungles of Burmah, your coolie would light his cigarette with his little fire piston if the wind was high. He would get a little grease on the end of the piston to hold a wad of cotton in place, then with a quick snap the piston is forced into the air-tight cylinder, the compressed air becomes hot enough to ignite the cotton so that when the piston is quickly withdrawn the cotton is already aflame.




In conclusion, you might be interested to know how these various sets compare in speed. At the International Exposition at St. Louis in 1904 a primitive fire-making contest was held. An Igorote represented the Philippines, an Ainu, Japan, and the Indian stood for America. At the crack of the pistol they all started. The Ainu, with his flint and steel, very readily struck off sparks. But he became so completely bewildered before his audience that he failed to blow up the coal into a flame. The Filipino sawed at his bamboo set, but all in vain. Perhaps he lacked the inspiration of a rolling pin in the hands of his powerful wife, waiting for fire to cook breakfast. So the Indian quietly took his time and produced fire in two minutes.

NOTE.—*The author wishes to thank Dr. Walter Hough, Mr. H. C. Mercer, of Douglastown, and Dr. P. Gordon, of the University of Pennsylvania museum, for their kindly suggestions in regard to this article.—E. S.*

# "A Scout is Brave"

## What the Book Said, and What the Boy Did

By F. H. CHELEY

Author of "Buffalo Roost," "Three River Kids," and "Told by the Campfire."

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

T was cold February, so cold in fact that Jasper Gibbs had not ventured out but had spent most of the day by the big stove in the cabin, pouring over a Handbook of the Boy Scouts of America loaned him by a city cousin who was the proud possessor of two Scout merit badges.

Mr. Gibbs stood by the fire warming his hands, while his face wore a troubled expression. The events of the last few days had bewildered him. Mother had gone unexpectedly down the valley to help a sick sister; Mary, the child of his heart, had caught a heavy cold which had developed almost at once into a severe case of pneumonia. For two days the valley had been lost in a blizzard that surpassed anything even the oldest settlers could remember. The wind had blown the snow in a flurry that was beyond description and so penetrating was the cold that he had been compelled to tack strips of grain sacks about the door to keep the cabin warm enough for the sick child.

On top of this and to add to his anxiety, the prize Percheron colt had come in the middle of the night and he had labored unceasingly to save it from freezing. He had been depending on this colt for months as the means of raising the mortgage on the place and he just must not lose him even in these unfavorable circumstances.

He had just returned from the stable, and on his way in had noted the low-hanging clouds and rising wind. He knew the signs, and the fear within him seemed to squeeze his heart as if in a vise. As he stood thinking, undecided, Mary went into a fit of coughing, each spasm startling him anew with fear. There was but one way out of it—he must drive for mother. A second blizzard was coming, and it might keep mother from home for several days more—and Mary just couldn't survive without her.

He hurriedly filled the stove afresh with wood. Harnessing old Jerry to the cutter with a haste that surprised him, he ran into the house and gave Jasper a few words of instruction.

"Jap, my boy, don't under any circumstances leave the house. And remember to keep it warm. Don't light the lamp if we should be late. You will be all right by the firelight. And don't get frightened. You are a whole lot of a man now, and father knows it. He's counting on you. You read me awhile ago about a Scout being trustworthy; father knows he can trust you. Good-bye! Take good care of sister!"

Jap flushed a bit with pleasure and assured his father he would obey orders. He suddenly straightened himself, raised his hand in Scout salute and in a very serious voice said, "On my honor, I will do my best." His father could not help but chuckle as he jumped into the sleigh and called to Jerry. Jerry fairly flew down the lane and into the main road. Some way he seemed to understand that he must go, and he did his very best.

"Three hours at the very least," muttered Gibbs. "Get along, Jerry. It's hard traveling, I know, old boy, but it's for our little Mary!" He slapped the lines gently and Jerry setled into a long easy stride that fairly ate up the road.

JAP had never felt so lonely. The house seemed bigger and more empty than it had ever seemed before. He had found a few hard biscuits in the bread box and had

HE FELL TO ONE KNEE AND RAISED THE GUN.

spread a generous supply of molasses on each one and eaten them, for Dad had forgotten to get them dinner. It reminded him of being stranded on a desert island with nothing to eat but hardtack and a little sorgum from a barrel that had floated to shore. The long streaks of pink light that came from the base burner reminded him of a red camp fire, and the little sister, of a Princess that he had saved from drowning. She had caught an awful cold from being in the cold water so long to be sure, but soon she would be better. So he enjoyed an hour of strange imaginings.

The wind that was a mere breeze when Mr. Gibbs started had grown to be a gale that whistled around the corners and made the pine block in the stove sizzle and crack. Once or twice he thought he heard a rusty hinge squeak, but the windows were completely covered with pictures the cold had painted the night before and he could not see out. Father's last words had been a warning not to open the door. He walked around the big empty rooms, but it was cold except just by the fire.

He had inquired a dozen times already of Mary if he could do anything for her comfort, for his Handbook surely said that a "Scout is helpful," until she had refused to answer him, and just now she had slipped off into a restless little sleep. He had settled himself once more with his book and was engrossed, when he almost jumped from his chair and his heart came near stop beating.

Above the gale he heard Rose May whinny. For a moment he was lost in thought. What could that noise have been! And then it dawned upon him. Father, in his haste, had not securely fastened the upper half of the barn door and the wind had blown it open with a bang. As he stood wondering, it banged again. He was alert in a second and was thinking of the stallion colt. Yes, Rose was whinnying and he knew the colt must be cold with that ice wind blowing through the stable.

It was just thirty yards to the barn. He could slip out, fasten the door, and be back in a minute. True, father had said for him not to, but then, of course, father had not thought the barn door would be blowing open. If the colt should freeze, then it would be Jap's fault and oh, it would mean so much!

He went to the window facing the barn and began to scratch the ice from the glass with his jack knife. It was slow work, but he would get there soon. Rose whinnied again and again, and finally he heard her kick. He hurried a little faster and at length he had a place big enough to peer out. He put his face close to the frozen window and looked toward the barn.

HE uttered an exclamation of terror. In a second's time he was wild with excitement. He began talking aloud to himself. Yes, the upper half of the barn door was open—he had been right in that, but that was not all by any means, for, standing directly in front of the half opened door, her tail extended, her nose up testing the wind, stood a fierce looking mountain lion. Only last week they had seen tracks in the snow at Smith's, and had supposed that the brute had been driven down from the cliffs by the cruel storms and cold; but to find one actually standing in the barnyard, just ready to leap into the half open door, no doubt to devour the new colt, was enough to frighten any one, let alone a boy like Jap.

"Oh, the colt! the colt!" cried Jap aloud. "He'll get the colt. He'll get Dad's colt! What shall I do?" and then he remembered, "a Scout is brave."

Mary moved uneasily and heaved a long sigh.

"What is it, Jap?" she whispered. "What are you talking about, you silly boy."

"A lion, Sis—a real sure-enough mountain lion, like Jim Ford shot last winter on Black Mountain; and oh, Mary, he's going to go right into the barn and kill the colt. That's Rose May whinnying now to tell us. What shall I do? I don't seem to think quick—and right. Can't you help?" He danced about the big stove in his excitement, then back to the window.

The beast whiffed and whiffed, turning

its head this way and that to make sure there was no danger, and then made ready to spring through the opening.

Jap suddenly calmed himself. Then like lightning he jerked on his cap and coat, pulled a chair over to the wall and took down the rifle from the shelf, made sure it was loaded, as he had so often seen his father do, and started toward the door. Mary objected and clung to him desperately, but Jap shook her off, ordering her back to her bed, just as Mr. Gibbs would have done.

He turned the knob, pushed on the door. It gave slowly, for the snow and ice had worked into every crevice and frozen. Once out, he shut the door by throwing all his weight against it.

THE huge cat turned at the sound of the door and eyed Jap, then came one step nearer, her tail working like a big snake, her lips drawn back exposing her long white fangs. Jap tried to raise the gun to position, but it was so heavy he couldn't hold it steady. The barrel was just making great circles in the air. Every muscle in the boy's body tingled, yet he was surprisingly calm and determined. He fell to one knee and raised the gun. It was better that way. It seemed to him ages elapsed before he could steady it enough to shoot.

Suddenly a new thought struck him. He dared not shoot for fear of killing one of the horses! His shot would go right through the barn!

He stood up again. The lion took fright, and with long springing leaps it was fast crossing the barnyard. Jap aimed as best he could and fired.

The shell went wild, but it encouraged Jap. He hurried toward the barn, closed the door with a bang and fastened it.

Then quickly he became aware that he was freezing cold. He had not stopped for gloves, and he now realized that his ears and fingers were numb.

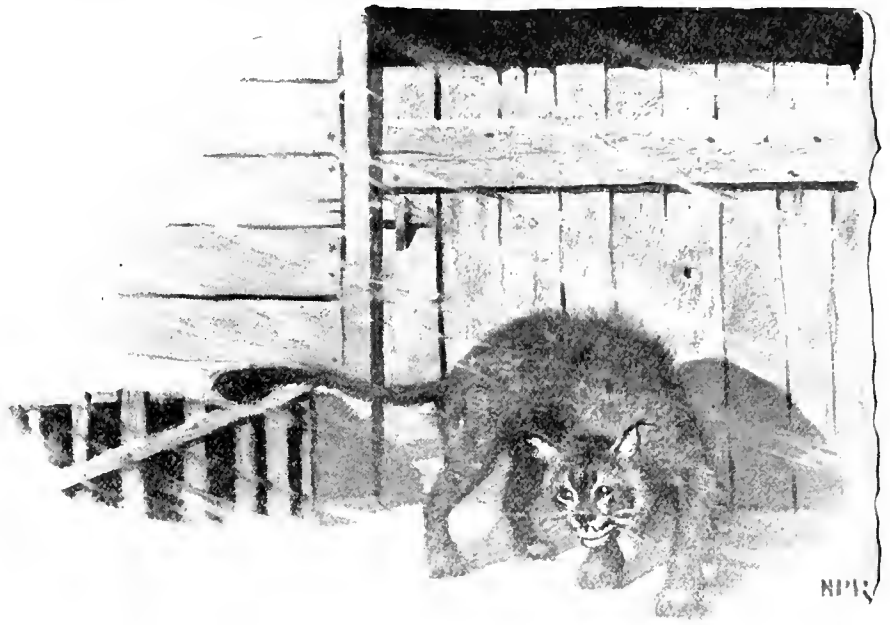
The lion was gone, that was sure. He had so wanted to shoot him, but anyway the colt was safe. He hurried back to the house, gun in hand, and stamping the snow from his feet as best he could, prepared to enter.

TO his utter astonishment, he found he could not budge the door. Pull as he might, it would not give a particle. A great fright seized him. His ears and face were numb. The wind cut him like a knife. It began to snow. He called with all his might but he received no answer. The peephole he had made had frozen over, and Mary was paralyzed with fright, for she could hear only his cries for help. She had tried with all her little might to open the door from her side, but it was frozen tight.

Jap leaned the gun against the wall and summoning all his strength tried again, but it was no use. He stumbled to the barn, opened the door with numb fingers, entered and closed the door behind him, fastening it from the inside.

Rose May whinnied as he passed. On he went to the hay pile. There he found a blanket, wrapped himself in it and prepared to wait for the home-coming of his father. He remembered now with real regret every word he had told him. He had disobeyed his father, and he knew that some appropriate punishment awaited him. He was not sorry he had saved the colt, for by so doing he had saved the home, but he almost wished the lion had attacked him and killed him.

He sat thus meditating in his boy heart when suddenly a more horrible thought came to him. Mary would not be able to put fresh wood in the big stove and the log must have burned out ere this and she would be cold—he shivered and drew down into the old blanket the more—and perhaps she would die. He remembered just what his father had said about keeping her warm. He was getting so sleepy. Oh, why didn't some one come? Where, where was his father anyway? Rose May whinnied, but it sounded far, far away, and soon Jap Gibbs was dosing and dreaming of horses and colts and lions and Indians, ships, biscuits, islands, and what not—and then all was blank.



"HER TAIL WORKING LIKE A BIG SNAKE, HER LIPS DRAWN BACK, EXPOSING HER LONG WHITE FANGS."

T was dark, pitch dark, when Jerry pulled the old cutter into the yard, and Mr. Gibbs, stiff and cold, climbed out, lantern in hand and helped Mrs. Gibbs and a stranger to alight. He then lighted them to the door. The house was dark—not even the faintest flickering of shadows lighted the frosty window pane. He took hold of the knob and pulled, but the door stuck fast. He handed the lantern to his wife and taking a firm hold with both hands pulled again and again.

"Frozen, Doc," he muttered. "I nailed sacks on the door yesterday to keep out the cold and they have gotten in the crack and frozen fast. Here, Doc, give me a hand!"

He kicked the door a heavy blow to loosen it, and as he did so the jar toppled over the gun from its resting place. Gibbs snatched it up and held it to the light.

"My gun! What foolishness has that boy been up to now?" In an instant his strength was as the strength of a giant. He, clasped the knob with both hands braced his legs and pulled. There was a squeak, a grating, and then the door gave way and came open with such force that it knocked him completely down.

He snatched the lantern and entered, gun in hand, calling, "Jap, Jap," but no reply. He hastily lighted a lamp and looked about him. Already mother had Mary in her arms and was sobbing over her. She awoke with a little start and clutched her mother frantically.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "the lion has eaten Jap!"

The child, burning with fever, had sobbed herself to sleep.

"Where is Jap, Mary?" asked Gibbs, between chattering teeth, his voice was so shaky he could hardly talk.

"Oh, Daddie, Daddie, the lion came to get the colt and Jap went out to shoot it. He never, never came back—Oh! Oh!" and she wept as if her little heart would break.

NELSON GIBBS was a man of action. Like a shot he had pumped the rifle, carefully examined the shell, and noting it had been shot, he pumped a new shell into the chamber and taking the lantern hurried out.

The Doctor poked up the fire, added new wood, removed his great fur coat and took charge of things in general. Mary was telling the story as best she could between sobs.

Gibbs went straight to the barn. When six paces from it, his eye caught sight of the deep tracks in the snow. He took one glance—"Lion! upon my word," he muttered, "and the boy?"

He noted that the barn door was fastened from the inside, and a faint ray of hope came to him. Hurrying to the wood pile he snatched up the axe, and in another second he stood over the prostrate form of Jap.

"Frozen! he ejaculated, his heart seeming to break. "My boy, frozen in my own barn!"

He was sobbing now. He gathered the little bundle in his arms and hurried to the house. With great difficulty, and under the doctor's careful manipulation, Jap was aroused. His first question was about Mary. When he was told she was all right and that Dr. Carter had come to get her well, he smiled a happy little smile, and with mutterings about bears and guns and things sank bank in his father's arms.

"Some snow, quick, Nelson," ordered the doctor, "and now let's strip him quickly—yes, clear to the skin."

Gibbs returned with a dishpan full of snow and Jap was rubbed from head to foot and back again. His ears and nose were frozen, and there was no doubt that

*(Continued on page 25.)*

# From Dan Beard's Duffel Bag

## A Tip To Fellows Whom the Cold May Nip—Also, Some Timely Talk About Bird Houses

By DANIEL CARTER BEARD

*National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.*

THIS is the month when the Duffel Bag is filled with sleeping bags, woolen stockings, moccasins, whang strings, snow shoes, fur mitts, gaudy mackinaw coats and toques. This is the moon of the First-Class Scout, dedicated to Abraham Lincoln and George Washington, both of whom, you know, were born in February, and both of whom were good wilderness men.

Last night a young fellow, six foot two in his moccasins, blew into my studio with a pair of big snow shoes under his arm, and an atmosphere of balsam boughs and camp fire surrounding him, which so impregnated my body and soul that to-day, although I am sitting in Editor McGuire's chair in front of his desk littered with papers and books and talking this "dope" to his stenographer, it seems to me that in reality I am out in the woods toasting a piece of bacon over a fire on the sheltered side of a stump.

### When Its Freezing Cold

It is very cold now out in the woods boys, up in this section of the country, and when you go on your hikes you should take good care that old Jack Frost doesn't nip your nose or your ears or your toes. If you can keep up the circulation there is little danger of this. I have had my forehead frozen, I have had both of my ears frozen, I have had the end of my nose frozen, and I have had my lip frozen, but always when I was driving or sleighing or in the cab of a locomotive, and never did it happen when I was on foot walking. So if you will be careful to have warm socks on your feet and keep the latter dry, there is little danger of Jack Frost bothering you while on your hikes.

If you break through the ice and get wet, and there is no place to dry your clothes, it will take but a few moments for them to freeze stiff, and the best thing for you to do is to keep at a dog trot until you come to some house where you can change your clothes and dry the wet togs in front of the fire. The dog trot will tend to keep you warm until you reach shelter; if this is too distant let the other fellows build a big rip-roaring fire for you, but you keep moving until the fire is built.

### Don't "Crack" Your Ears

Recently I have seen it stated that warm water is best to take frost out of frozen fingers, toes, etc., but cold water will take the frost out, as I know by experience, and my advise to you in case of frost bites is to use cold water and let some other fellow do the experimenting with the warm water. I have used snow to rub my frozen ears into life, but they were not badly frozen. When an ear is frozen so that it is all white, you must be very careful about rubbing it at all, because in that condition it is exceedingly brittle and you may wound yourself seriously by breaking the ear. The same is true, in a sense, of any other portion of the body. But if there is only a small white spot on the lobe of the ear, I would not hesitate to rub it with a pinch of snow, or holding it in a cup of cold water until it thaws out.

Lumbermen working in the winter woods are not often frost bitten. I have spent weeks in camp with them, and although I was frost bitten from traveling around in the woods by sleigh or in their funny little locomotives which haul the logs over temporary tracks, I did not meet with a single instance among the lumberjacks themselves of frost bites, although the bottom had dropped out of the thermometer. They were swinging the axes, exercising, and keeping the blood circulating, and as long as the blood circulates it will not freeze.

### Get Your Bird Houses Ready

Now, boys, to get down to something useful besides taking care of your own hide. Remember this is the month to prepare for the coming of the birds in the spring. Now's the time to build your bird houses and have them all ready. Now's the time to put your suet upon the trees and watch the chickadees, the sap suckers and the little white-throated sparrows, and a lot of other winter visitors come around and thank you for their dinner. Mr. Charles E. White, of Kenilworth, Ill., has one of the best contrivances for holding this suet on a tree that I have ever seen. It was advertised in the November number of Boys' Life. But if you do not want to buy one of these bird pantries, melt some mutton suet and pour the soft fat into the cracks of the post of your grape arbor where it will harden and where the birds may reach it, or daub the tassels of a fir or pine tree with it. Or make it into balls or blocks and cover it with a piece of wire netting with a mesh about a quarter of an inch, which should be tacked to the tree.

### The Commissioner "Stung"

I offered a prize of an "American Boy's Handy Book" to the boy who built the best bird house over on Long Island. There were four bird houses so well made that it was necessary for your Commissioner to go down in his jeans and rake up the price of *four prizes* in place of one. Those were bully bird ,houses, and I am proud of them, but the boys made them too good for me, and I have stopped offering prizes. I will, however, suggest that you get some of your troop committeemen to put up prizes for the best bird houses made by members of your troop.

In Pittsburgh, the Boy Scouts not only make bird houses, but they also put them up and they plant the trees that furnish fruit for the birds. The Boy Scouts out in Pittsburgh are right on the job. They are hummers in everything that pertains to Scouting, especially the out-door part of it. They had with them this winter a real Scout by the name of Smith from up in the Alberta mountains, a man who has killed many grizzly bears and climbed all the peaks of the Rockies up in the snowland. He furnished them lots of inspiration for their out-door work. Get busy and make your councilmen furnish you some such character to help you with your woodcraft. The council will do it for you. They're good fellows; they enjoy having a leg pulled when the ones that pull it are good Scouts.

Dan Beard

### No Word About Missing Scout

No word has yet been received from Scout Robert Kirkpatrick, about whose disappearance a notice was published in the January number of Boys' Life. Any information about the missing boy should be sent to his father, Mr. J. G. Kirkpatrick, 14 West Eighty-fourth street, New York City.

### Fleet School Scouts Progressing.

H. E. Shaffer, Scoutmaster of Troop 1, Flat Rock, North Carolina, which is organized in the Fleet School where the Boy Scout plan has been made a basis of recreation and discipline, reports that excellent progress has been made since the opening of the school in September.

Three of the Fleet School boys, Scouts Graham, Davidson and Mattison, were awarded free scholarships for a full year in accordance with the plan announced in the September number of Boys' Life.

There are twenty-seven boys at the Fleet School this year, of whom eight have had previous Scouting experience.

### Thousands Who Live Underground

According to the latest statistics about 20,000 people in New York City spend their entire working hours underground, and there are more than 10,000 people whose work takes them underground more or less during the day. On ordinary days 1,500,000 people crowd the New York subways (the underground railways) to go to and from their work, or to do their shopping and sight-seeing.

### A Striking Good Turn.

A practical good turn was undertaken last winter by the Boy Scouts of Moscow, Idaho, and as a result they stirred up much civic interest. The streets had become so dangerous and impassable from the accumulation of ice and snow that the Scouts organized a snow patrol and did heroic work cleaning the thoroughfares.

MOSCOW, IDAHO, SNOW BRIGADE.

The appreciation of the Elks Lodge took substantial form, for when the Scouts wanted to build a clubhouse the lodge gave them $100 toward it.

# The Cave Scout

A Vermont Scout Asks a Question and Gets an Answer

HELLO there, bunch! I thought it was about time for you to be showing up again. I've been waiting here for you for a month. I wish I knew every one of you personally, but I am getting better acquainted all the time and I see a great many more familiar faces than I did in January. There's Patrol Leader Lawrence Klepper, of Montoursville, Pa., over there, and here is Scout Jay Morris, of Salem, Ore., and I see Scout Ernest Voss, of Racine, Wis., and several more. I'm glad to see you and you may be sure that you are all welcome in the Cave. Drop in any old time you take a notion.

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The question hole is chock full this month. Let's see what we can find. Here's a difficult problem—but I guess we can't talk it over here in front of the bunch without getting one of you Scouts into trouble, so I'll answer it personally.

Well, here is a good letter from Scout Harold Barker, of South Royalton, Vt. Barker's troop is certainly in a bad pickle, but lots of other troops are, or have been, in the same kind of trouble, so perhaps it will help us all to consider this case.

Here's the letter:

DEAR MR. CAVE SCOUT:

I have read with pleasure your articles in BOYS' LIFE, that splendid magazine for boys, and would like to have your advice on one question.

A troop of Scouts was organized here in South Royalton some four years ago. At that time it aroused a great deal of enthusiasm. It grew quite rapidly, but I am sorry to say, never could boast of over fifteen members. But South Royalton is a small place. The high school here has less than seventy members, less than half of whom are boys of Scout age. But unfortunately the "members present" at each meeting began to be less. And now, to "cap the climax," no meetings have been held for over six months.

Another difficulty is the lack of Scoutmasters. We have tried two—all we could induce to aid us—but both had too much other work to attend to. They could not put sufficient time into the Scout work.

Our patience is almost exhausted. It is utterly impossible to secure an efficient man to serve as Scoutmaster, and only two or three of the boys are still enthusiastic over the movement. We have tried our best to keep up the interest, but in vain. About nine out of every ten are, in fact, "dead."

Two or three, myself included, are still loyal, but we live two or three miles from South Royalton, and four or five miles separate our homes. We do not wish to give up hope of becoming an aid to the Scout movement, but what are we to do?

The nearest troops are from ten to twenty-five miles distant.

Please give me your advice as to what it is best to do.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) HAROLD C. BARKER,

R. F. D. No. 1. South Royalton, Vt.

H'm, that certainly is a tough proposition, isn't it? It seems to me this is a mighty good chance for the Scout who will stick—*the Scout who will stick*. Sounds kind of musical, doesn't it? Maybe there's a poem in it.

[NOTE—This bally poem got stuck on itself and dolled itself all up in a fancy border, but you'll find it on this page—just three lines down.]

Now then, Scout Barker, you and your friends who are still in the game are mighty good examples of "Scouts who will stick." All the rest of us Scouts ought to be proud of you and the brave struggle you have made to keep the Scout movement alive in your town. Four years of discouragement is "some" sticking!

You know, sometimes the Cave Scout feels sorry for those fellows to whom everything comes almost without effort. They never have the satisfaction that comes from tackling a hard job and getting away with it. But there is something even more important that these fellows miss. There is no training in the world more valuable than learning how to face difficulties and disappointments and win out in spite of them. When a boy has learned to do this, he is ready for almost any emergency that life can bring.

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Our history is full of stories of men who won because they had the courage to stick. We all know the story of John Paul Jones, that old bulldog sea fighter who said, when his ship was sinking and he was asked to surrender. "We've only begun to fight!" And we know how he sailed right in and licked the tar out of the enemy. We know how Washington stuck through that awful winter at Valley Forge, and how "Abe" Lincoln fought his way from rail-splitter to President because he knew how to stick. We know—but here is a more recent illustration:

A few weeks ago Thomas A. Edison's plant at Orange, N. J., was destroyed by fire with a loss of $5,000,000. This plant represented years of hard work and planning, and yet, as Mr. Edison stood watching the flames, he had nothing to say about hard luck. What he DID say was: "I'm pretty well burned out just now, boys, but I'll start all over again to-morrow. There'll be some rapid mobilizing here when the débris cools off and is cleared away. I'll go right to work to build the plant over again. It's just a temporary setback; don't forget that."

That is the spirit which has made Thomas A. Edison the greatest inventor the world ever knew.

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And so the Cave Scout congratulates you fellows at South Royalton—and all other Scouts who are lucky enough to have some good husky difficulties to overcome—on your fine opportunity. You'll be better men for it when you grow up.

There is one big danger about sticking, however, and that is the danger of sticking to the wrong thing. Some fellows stick to cigarettes and lose their health; others stick to lying and cheating and lose their honor and the respect of their friends. Before you begin a thing be sure it is worth sticking to. No boy ever lost either his health or his honor by sticking to the Scout Law, so you are safe enough there.

And so the best advice I can give to Scout Barker and other Scouts in the same difficulty is to *stick to it*. The mere act of sticking will be a big help to you, so you are sure to gain *something* anyway, and the chances are about ten to one that

(*Continued on Following Page.*)

### The Scout Who Will Stick.

By THE CAVE SCOUT.

You may talk of your Scouts who are strong on the hike,
Who are "there" on the trail, in the woods and the like;
You may have all the signallers, Eagles and Stars,
First-aiders, athletes and sea-scouting tars;
But if from all Scouts you will give me my pick
I'll fasten my choice on *the Scout who will stick*.

I don't care a whoop if he's fat, short or tall,
Bow-legged, pigeon-toed, cross-eyed or small,
He may be a dub with an ax or a kit,
At daily inspection he won't make a hit,
His skull may be ivory six inches thick
But I'll overlook that in *the Scout who will stick*.

There's a job to be done, it's a tough one, I fear;
It may take a week, it may take a year—
Who's going to do it? Here comes the chap,
He takes off his coat, he throws down his cap,
Looks at the job, shuts his jaws with a click—
Fellows, that's him—*the Scout who will stick*.

Problems arise as the job goes along,
Nothing works right, and everything's wrong.
When things look the blackest, some Scouts will say
"Oh, Gee, what's the use!" and then beat it away.
But *someone* fights on through the thin and the thick,
And we find at the end *the Scout who will stick*.

# To Celebrate the Scout Birthday

## Special Activities Planned for Boys for Anniversary Week

THE fifth birthday of the Boy Scouts of America will be celebrated on Monday, February 8. This is the fifth anniversary of the incorporation of the organization.

For the most part the program explains itself, but there are some features about which additional information will be helpful.

One of the most popular of the anniversary week activities of the past has been the "Scout Birthday Good Turn," which this year will be performed on the afternoon of February 8. This is the day on which Boy Scouts visit the sick in hospitals and private homes, taking with them flowers and good wishes.

Another distinctive feature of the birthday celebration will be the evening meeting. At this meeting there will be annual reports of troop activities and greetings from the Chief Scout, Ernest Thompson Seton. Promptly at 8:15 every Scout in the United States will salute and repeat the Scout Oath. While you are performing this ceremony, Scouts, be sure to remember that at the very same time you are doing this, hundreds of thousands of other Scouts are performing the same act.

Participation in Lincoln exercises on February 12 are optional. It is believed that a great many Scouts will find it convenient to join in any program in honor of Lincoln's memory which may be arranged by the community or by some other organization. Of course any troops that care to do so may arrange Lincoln services on their own responsibility.

A new feature of anniversary week is the delivering of reports of progress and activities for the past year to city officials, chamber of commerce officials, local council members, newspaper offices, etc. These reports will be delivered on Saturday morning, February 13. Ask your Scoutmaster for further details. It is believed that only a few Scouts will be needed for this duty. Others will engage in another regular feature of anniversary week, the "Troop Good Turn." This good turn in the past has taken the form of some service or benefit to the whole community. Last year many Scouts conducted clean-up campaigns, shoveled snow from sidewalks, etc.

Two other features for this day are suggested, although neither of them is offered as a prescribed feature of the celebration. The first of these optional activities is an inter-patrol or inter-troop contest to be held on Saturday afternoon. Many troops have made such a contest a regular part of their anniversary celebration.

In order that every Scout may keep before him during the whole anniversary week the spirit of the celebration, every Scout is asked to perform double good turns every day of the week. The ideal of the Boy Scout movement is service for others and it is most fitting that this ideal should be emphasized in the anniversary week program. National Headquarters will appreciate receiving reports from troops concerning their special observances of the fifth birthday of the Boy Scouts of America. These reports are wanted because they may contain suggestions which will help in arranging the program for the celebration next year.

### Anniversary Week Program

**SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7.**

Church Exercises.—Church troops or other groups of Scouts will attend their churches en masse.

**MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8. ANNIVERSARY DAY.**

4:30 to 6:00 P. M.—Scout Birthday Good Turn. Troops will visit the sick in hospitals and private homes, taking to them flowers and the best wishes of the Scout Movement.

7:30 P. M.—Anniversary Day Meeting. Annual report of troop activities.

8:00 P. M.—Reading of Greetings from the Chief Scout.

8:15 P. M.—Every Scout in the United States will stand at attention with his hand at salute and repeat the Scout Oath.

**FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12.**

Participation, where practicable, in Lincoln Memorial services.

**SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13.**

9:00 A. M.—Delivery of report on Scout work and of Scout greetings to city officials, Chamber of Commerce or commercial club officials, newspaper offices, members of local councils, etc.

9:00 A. M.—Troop Good Turn.

2:00 P. M.—Inter-patrol or inter-troop contests for possession of Anniversary pennant or banner.

7:30 P. M.—Boy Scout entertainment, exhibition, reception or banquet, followed by awarding of prizes and honors.

### Whose Picture Is This?

Here is an interesting indoor stunt. Cut out the picture printed below and then very carefully cut out all of the black areas. When you have done this hold up the pattern in front of the light and allow the shadow to fall on some smooth surface. Carefully move the pattern nearer to or farther from the background until the right distance is reached. Then see if you can recognize the picture which you will see.

This interesting puzzle was sent to Boys' Life by Scout John R. Mitchell, of Troop 3, Oskaloosa, Ia.

## The Cave Scout

(*Continued from page* 13.)

if you fight hard enough you can make things come your way.

Here are some hints that will help you to fight. Talk Scouting to these disinterested boys every chance you get. Never miss an opportunity to tell them of the big times other Scouts are having. Maybe you can re-awaken their interest by arranging some special activity, such as a hundred mile hike for the coming season, or a competition of scout activities with one of those troops you mention which are ten or twenty miles away.

As for the Scoutmaster, get enough boys to make at least one patrol, show your man you mean business and keep at him until he consents to help you out. Very few men can resist the persistent entreaties of a group of boys who are in dead earnest. Send the name of your prospective Scoutmaster to National Headquarters with the request that Scout literature be sent to him. Keep after him, boys, and *you'll get him.* "STICK!"

But after you get him, you must not "soldier" on the job. It is hard for a Scoutmaster to retain an interest in his Scouts if they go at their work in a half-hearted way.

Get some definite object in mind so that you will know exactly what you are working for, then grit your teeth and say: "This thing is worth doing, and by George, I'm going to stay with it until it's done!"

Here's a little tip for you which has nothing to do with sticking. Did you notice the picture of the Cave Scout at the beginning of this article? Look at it now and see if you can tell what kind of shoes the Cave Scout is wearing.

Out in the Rocky Mountains where this picture was taken they are called "California overshoes." Miners, trail builders, prospectors, forest rangers and surveyors often find it necessary to work in slushy, melting snow for hours at a stretch. If any of you have over tried it, as the Cave Scout has, you will know how the cold soaks through until your feet ache. Under such conditions "California overshoes" are a great relief.

The ones the Cave Scout is wearing in the picture are made of four old cement sacks wrapped outside his boots and tried with stout cord. Any kind of cloth will do, although wool is better. An old woolen coat or pair of trousers would make fine material for "California overshoes.' This wrapping will not keep out water but it will keep out cold. No matter how wet your feet get, they will still keep warm, for the natural heat, generated by the circulation of the blood, does not escape.

Just tuck this information away in the back of your head. It may save you a lot of discomfort some day.

Well, so long, fellows. Hope to see all here in the Cave in March. And you can bring some other boys with you if you choose.

## OUR DOUBLE PAGE PICTURES

UNUSUALLY interesting are our double page pictures in this issue of BOYS' LIFE on account of the varied activities they represent.

One of them, from Utica, N. Y., offers a good suggestion for the celebration of Washington's birthday. This stunt, called a "North Pole Hike" was held last February. Several days before Washington's birthday, Scout Commissioner M. M. Harris and a group of Scoutmasters planted a scout staff, flying a tattered American flag, at a point in the Marcy Hills several miles exactly north of the city.

The Scouts were organized into two parties, one known as the Peary force, and the others as the followers of "Doc" Cook. The parties followed parallel routes about a mile apart and their maps finally brought them together near the place where the pole was planted. Scout Clarence Morcy, of Troop 3, was the first Scout to reach the pole and as he belonged to the "Cook" party it was taken as a complete vindication of Doctor Cook.

Another picture shows a scene at the Boy Scout rally held in November in Honolulu, Hawaii. This rally was attended by all of the scout troops of the Island of Oahu.

The picture shows a signal tower built by Troop 5. The tower was constructed almost entirely of bamboo—the uprights being twenty feet long and six inches in diameter. The uprights were raised and lashed at the corners at the bottom, and a Scout skilled in gathering cocoanuts was delegated to shin up the poles and lash them together at the top. Then he pulled up the boards for the floor, and let down a rope ladder for the signal crew.

One of the most popular stunts ever pulled off by the Boy Scouts of Washington, D. C., was a bear feast, recently held on the Congress Heights. The bear meat used in the feast had been prepared in September, when the animals were shot, by salting, drying and smoking. The hides of the animals can be seen on the pole in the background of the picture.

Scoutmaster George Welsh of Port Townsend, Washington, has reported an unusual trip taken last summer in the Olympic mountains by fifteen Scouts of his troop. Their route led through a wild section of the mountains, where there were no trails except those made by wild animals. A considerable amount of time was spent in exploring perpetual snow fields and in making short climbs.

One of the double page pictures shows several troops of New Jersey Scouts assembled for instructions in the search for Mrs. Helen Breck, who disappeared from her home at Orange, New Jersey, on December 4. A plan has been worked out by Scout Commissioner Frank Gray, of Montclair, by which a large number of Scouts can be assembled on short notice for any emergency work.

One of the big features of scout work at Plainfield, N. J., is the Engineers' Patrol of Troop 5. These Scouts have made a specialty of building bridges, towers, etc. They have constructed a thirty-foot suspension bridge, which they can erect in one minute and seventeen seconds.

Troop 1 of Shreveport, La., has made a special study of knot-tying. One of the most attractive articles in the exhibition of Scout handicraft at National Headquarters is a fine mahogany case of knots tied by these Shreveport Scouts. Their Scoutmaster is Mr. H. F. Bretthauer.

# Logs

*By LUDVIG S. DALE*

*I STOOD one day watching some logs floating down stream. Away back there in the hills they broke through the ground; they grew and grew, until finally, found fit for timber, they were cut down and skidded into the river. They got into a tight jam occasionally, and had to be handled roughly with the pikes and hooks of the rivermen to be straightened out; at the mill the rough edges had to be taken off before the sawyer could make building material out of them; and the lumber had to be* SEASONED *before it could fit into a house and stand the strain.*

*Pretty much the same with us, isn't it? We were small once, we grew, and now we find ourselves in the "river of life." And we, too, get into a jam occasionally—at baseball, football, later on, business—and it takes father, mother, teacher, Scoutmaster, to straighten us out.*

*We have to get through the sawmill, too—the school. It isn't always pleasant either, for it hurts to have the "rough edges" taken off. Besides, did you ever notice that the more knots there are in the timber the better it is—for kindling wood? Well, there are* KNOTS *in our make-up, too; knots of disobedience, disloyalty, unkindliness, "I should worry." And if we want to make the most of ourselves they've got to come out!*

*I remember how on Graduation Day I told the world how it should be run. I meant it, too, every word of it. But in a little while I found the world didn't care to be run my way at all. I said: "What's wrong with the world, anyhow?" I got no answer. Finally I came to ask myself: "What's wrong with* ME*?" —and I found lots of answers. You see, I was* GREEN *timber; I had to be seasoned, by knocks and disappointments and failures. That is the only way we can ever fit properly into the great structure we call society.*

*Scouting helps you. It helps you to grow, to get out of jams, to straighten out others; to season your green timber so you may* BE PREPARED *for your place in the world.*

*It just helps you to "make the most out of the log."*

*Doesn't it?*

## Washington at Scout Age

(*Continued from page 5.*)

adventure on the trip, and although they encountered several Indians, some of whom had obviously been on the warpath, the red men merely displayed curiosity in their work and did not attempt to molest them in any way. Washington accordingly improved the occasion to make friends with the savages and to learn all he could of their customs. In fact, at the end of the month he had managed to increase his knowledge of Indian lore very considerably, and by the time he returned to the settlement he was a good woodsman and a better surveyor. Certainly the written report which he handed to his employer must have made a very favorable impression on Lord Fairfax, for he strongly encouraged his protégé to persevere in this work and later aided him to procure a license conferring official authority upon his surveys.

# In Scout La

The Interesting Act
Are Described in a

Utica, N. Y., Scouts on Their Way to "The North Pole."
PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL B. WILLIAMS.

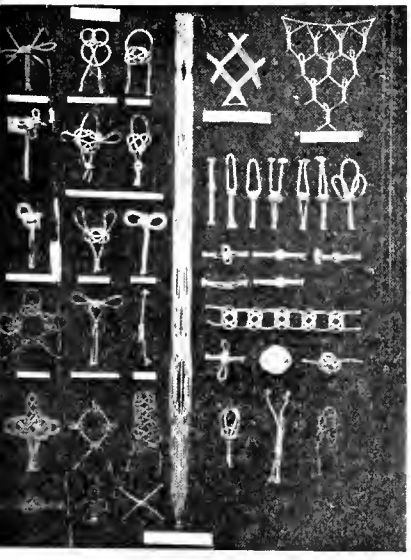
Bridge Erected by Engineers' Patrol, Troop
Plainfield, N. J.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM EAGLE SCOUT CHARLES E. RI
TROOP 5.

New Jersey Scouts Receiving Instructions from Scout Commissioner Frank F. Gray Before Their Search for Mrs. Helen Breck. The Other Official Is
Dr. Oelschlagel, Scoutmaster Troop 1, West Orange, N. J.
PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHTED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE.

# l in Winter

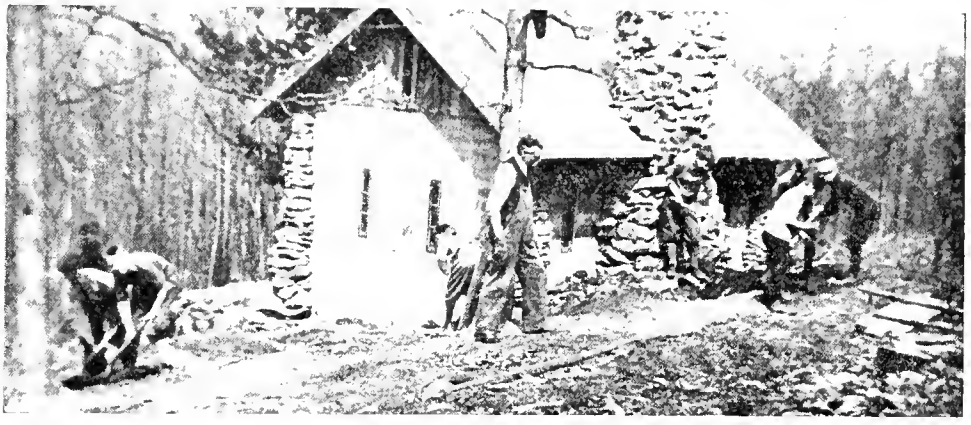
Pictured Here
y on Page 15.

Bumps on a Log "—Troop 2, Hoboken, N. J.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM SCOUTMASTER HARMON ST. CLAIR.

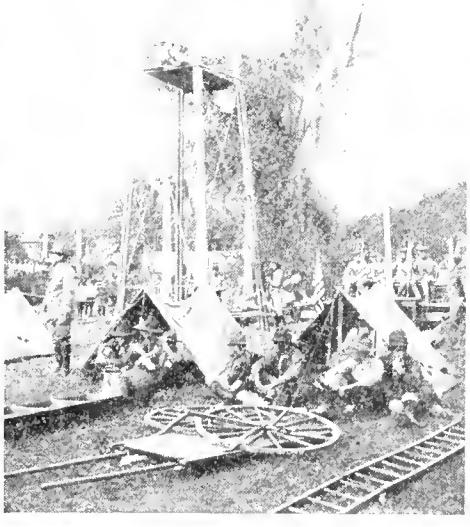


A Bunch of Fancy Knots.
HOTOGRAPH FROM SCOUTMASTER H. F. BRETTHAUER, SHREVEPORT, LA.

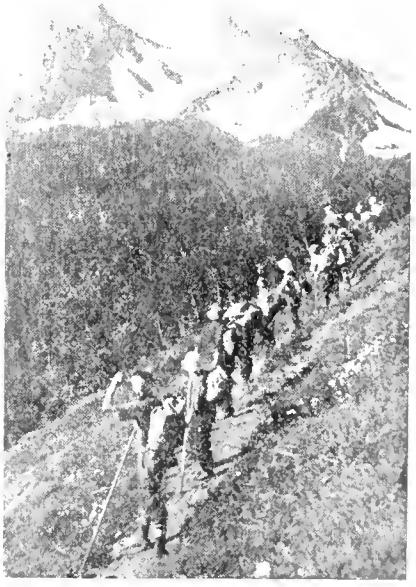
Washington, D. C., Scouts Enjoying a Bear Feast.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM STEPHEN S. APLIN, FIELD SECRETARY.



Boy Scouts of Troop 15, Syracuse, N. Y., at Work on Their New Headquarters.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM SCOUT SEWARD S. MERRILL.



Hawaiian Scouts Erecting a Signal Tower in Honolulu.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM ACTING DEPUTY COMMISSIONER HARRY S. HAYWARD.



Port Townsend, Wash., Scouts in the Olympic Mountains.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM SCOUTMASTER GEORGE WELCH.

A SCOUT "SANTA CLAUS"

*Minneapolis, Minn., boy delivering provisions to poor families.*

# With the Boy Scouts of America

**Stories of Especial Interest to All, From Tenderfoot to Eagle Scout**

## Thousands of Scout "Santa Clauses"

EVER since Christmas, reports have been coming to the National Headquarters of relief work undertaken in all parts of the country by Boy Scouts. It is impossible to give a definite estimate as to the number of persons assisted by Boy Scouts on Christmas, but there must be thousands of persons throughout the country who can thank the Scouts for having had a merry time on that great holiday.

At Richmond, Va., several hundred Scouts distributed more than 900 stockings to poor children in that city. Each child got a stocking filled with candy and fruit and in many instances toys and dolls were distributed.

From Mattoon, Ill., comes a report of how the Boy Scouts brought Christmas cheer to the needy. The Scouts worked in cooperation with other relief organizations in the distribution of gifts. So thoroughly did they plan and execute their work that one of the daily papers stated that there was not a child in the city who did not receive a Christmas gift and that there was not a person in the city who did not have a good meal on Christmas day.

At Nacogdoches, Tex., the Boy Scouts delivered gifts to 130 families, mailed or delivered 298 Christmas baskets, filled 360 stockings for children, sent twenty baskets of groceries and provisions to needy families, and delivered five loads of wood to widows.

At Minneapolis, Minn., fifty Boy Scouts assisted the Salvation Army in distributing 500 baskets of provisions.

At Portsmouth, O., a picked squad of fifty Scouts delivered more than 230 baskets of provisions. One of the Portsmouth newspapers commented editorially on the work of the Boy Scouts:

"Here were half a hundred boys not looking for favors or tips at this season of the year when the average individual is inclined to be generous, but half a hundred boys who were out to help others and to carry out the supreme teachings of tbeir movement: 'Do a Good Turn Daily.'

"Portsmouth should be proud of these modern Knights in her midst, and encourage in every way possible this great work which is doing wonders for the boys of her city."

This season only three policemen were needed at the Madison Square Municipal Christmas Tree celebration in New York City. The Boy Scouts were on the job to help preserve order.

Bridgeport, Connecticut, Scouts co-operated in providing Christmas presents for 500 children.

At South Bridge, Mass., the Scouts supplied 100 families with baskets of provisions.

## Distinguished Scouts

**Report of the National Court of Honor for December, 1914.**

HONOR MEDALS ISSUED.

Wayne Carney (Bronze), Indianapolis, Ind.

Ralph Paulson (Bronze), Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Howald Warren (Silver), Richmond, Va.

Robert Cooper (Silver), Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

EAGLE SCOUTS.

To win the Silver Eagle, this First Class Scout has qualified for 21 Merit Badges. It is the highest honor given for winning Merit Badges.

H. A. Ingraham, Bala, Pa.

Total number of Merit Badges issued, 758.

Scranton, Pa., Boy Scouts, sold sprigs of evergreen to raise funds for the community Christmas tree. They succeeded in collecting $400.

The Boy Scouts, of Pittsburgh, Pa., aided in distributing supplies to 900 persons.

At Indianapolis, Ind., Scouts assisted women shoppers with their bundles, helped them on and off of cars, etc.

The Baltimore, Md., Scouts assisted the "Empty Stocking Club" in bringing Christmas joy to 3,000 children and in sending out supplies to poor families. One troop, each member of which had saved $5 as a troop fund, contributed half of this fund to the Belgian Relief Work. Later, when an appeal came for poor families, the Scouts unanimously voted to give the remaining half to help in this work.

A novel method of raising funds for the Red Cross Society was employed at the holiday season by the Boy Scouts of Troop 1, Westbrook, Me. These Scouts sold a great many Christmas wreaths and evergreens as well as Christmas trees. The sum of $20 was cleared, all of which has been sent to the Red Cross for relief work in Europe.

Other Scouts waited until New Year's Day before doing their good turns, because they felt that no family would be likely to be overlooked on Christmas day and that their efforts, coming at some other time, would be more helpful.

Troop 25, of Brooklyn, spent their New Year's holiday by taking supplies to the home of a destitute widow with eight children who were at the point of starvation.

These items have been selected at random from a great mass of reports sent in as an example of the kind of relief work Boy Scouts performed during the holiday season.

### A Brooklyn Scout's Bravery

Scoutmaster Adolphus W. Beeny, Troop 81, Brooklyn, N. Y., has made a report of a brave and efficient act of Scout William Hunter.

While on his way to church one Sunday evening, Scout Hunter noticed smoke pouring from the upper windows of a house at 74 Sands Street. He immediately notified Mrs. Guey, the occupant of the house and together they rushed to a room of the second floor. They found the door locked, but Scout Hunter forced it open and found a mattress in flames. The fire had gained such headway that Mrs. Guey feared for the safety of an elderly woman who lived on the floor above. Scout Hunter immediately went to this old lady's assistance and helped her to the street. He then sent in a fire alarm to Engine Company No. 6 and called a policeman. Then he returned to the house and assisted Mrs. Guey until the firemen arrived.

Later, when Mrs. Guey learned that Hunter was a Scout, she wrote a letter to Scoutmaster Beeny and said "had not this boy acted in the brave and orderly manner he did, I might be without a home to-day."

A GROUP OF SCOUT "SANTA CLAUSES" AT RICHMOND, VA.

### Boone Contest Essays Coming In

Essays in the Daniel Boone contest have been coming to the office of Boys' LIFE in every mail. This is the contest in which $300 in cash prizes will be awarded for essays written on the subject: "The qualities of Daniel Boone which made him a good scout and a valuable citizen and why these qualities are important in life to-day."

It will be a big task to read all of the essays which have been submitted, but the judges will get to work at once, and the announcement of the prize winners will be made at the very earliest possible moment.

### This Scout Has Thirty Badges

SCOUT BELLAMY.

Eagle Scout Curtis Bellamy, patrol leader of Troop 3, Portsmouth, O., has an unusual record. Scout Bellamy has earned a total of thirty merit badges. He has also won the button awarded by the National Rifle Association for marksmanship, in addition to his efficiency in Scouting he is quite an athlete, being an unusually good wrestler and boxer, while he has made splendid records in baseball and basketball. His Scoutmaster is Rev. J. W. Dunning.

### Sends Check for Belgian Sufferers

Boys' LIFE believes that a great many Scouts will be interested in the following letter which has been received at National Headquarters:

"I am sending you my personal check for $20.25, the results of a tag day contribution carried on by the Athens Troop of Boy Scouts on Saturday, November 28, for the relief of the Belgian sufferers. We have a very active organization of about thirty-two members. We have recently formed a drum and fife corps of twenty-six pieces and expect to be in working shape in the spring. We are having our hikes, hare-and-hound runs and have had this fall a very successful field day. Nearly every meeting we have a good talk by some speaker on some subject relating to the boys' welfare.

"Will you forward this small contribution to the proper authorities?"—*Frank S. Howland, Assistant Scoutmaster, Athens, N. Y.*

### Look Sharp for This Missing Boy

On the morning of Nov. 5, Robert B. Schell, of West Chester, Pa., disappeared while on his way to high school, and has not been seen by relatives or friends since. He is 16 years old, about 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs about 120 pounds, has dark brown hair, light blue eyes, regular features, fair, smooth skin and has a small wart, or scar where wart has been removed, on upper right hand forehead. He was dressed in dark gray suit, with red sweater under a Norfolk coat, long trousers, light gray cap, low black shoes. Plays on his flute, which he took with him; could play also clarinet and violin, and may have joined an orchestra or band.

ROBERT SCHELL.

If you see a boy answering this description communicate with R. O. Jefferies County Detective, West Chester, Pa.


# The Telephone Unites the Nation

AT this time, our country looms large on the world horizon as an example of the popular faith in the underlying principles of the republic.

We are truly one people in all that the forefathers, in their most exalted moments, meant by that phrase.

In making us a homogeneous people, the railroad, the telegraph and the telephone have been important factors. They have facilitated communication and intervisiting, bringing us closer together, giving us a better understanding and promoting more intimate relations.

The telephone has played its part as the situation has required. That it should have been planned for its present usefulness is as wonderful as that the vision of the forefathers should have beheld the nation as it is today.

At first, the telephone was the voice of the community. As the population increased and its interests grew more varied, the larger task of the telephone was to connect the communities and keep all the people in touch, regardless of local conditions or distance.

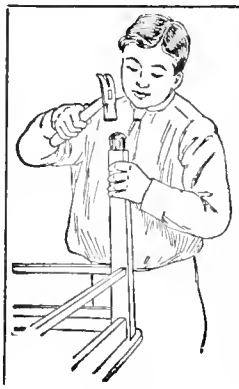
The need that the service should be universal was just as great as that there should be a common language. This need defined the duty of the Bell System.

Inspired by this need and repeatedly aided by new inventions and improvements, the Bell System has become the welder of the nation.

It has made the continent a community.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy* *One System* *Universal Service*



**MONEY** LOTS OF IT
**87** Boy Scouts now know. More starting daily.
Send name of your Scoutmaster to PROVE you are a Boy Scout and we will send you 100 Sets Gliding Casters. Sell at 10c. set and earn $6.50 in TWO DAYS. Sell more if you like and earn plenty more. Send no money till all are sold. We also send FREE 25 Demonstrating Sets. Any Boy Scout that could not earn $10 a week in spare time selling Gliding Casters could not sell bread in a famine.
S. MFG. CO., Desk 11, 02 Warren Street, N. Y.

**10 Cents a Day** Pays for this Cornet
An astounding offer! Only 10c a day buys this superb Triple Silver Plated Lyric Cornet. **FREE TRIAL** before you decide to buy. Write for our big offer.
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Write for our big new 250-page Band Catalog. Rock-bottom, direct-from-the-manufacturer's prices on all kinds of instruments. Pay for them at the rate of only a few cents a day. **Generous allowance for old instruments** Free trial. We supply the U. S. Gov't. Write today.
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1572 4th St., Cincinnati Ohio S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

**In answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE.**

JAPAN

# Our Lonesome Corner

## Boys in Many States and Many Lands Exchange Interesting Letters—Why Don't You?—Read the Appeal for Help

SWEDEN

### How You Can Join the "Write Now" Club

Pick out the name of a boy.
Write a letter to him.
Address an envelope with his name and the right postage.
Don't seal that envelope.
Enclose it in another addressed to the boy in care of Boys' Life. Mail this to us.
If your letter is to a boy in North America or England, put on a two-cent stamp. If it is to go to any other country abroad, five cents.

NEARLY every State in the Union and many foreign countries are represented in letters which hundreds of boys have sent to one another through the Boys' Life "Lonesome Corner" in the past month. And of all the things they do write about!

It is plain that this department offers boys an unusual opportunity to get into touch with boys in other cities and other countries who are interested in similar things. For instance: Several Scouts in the British Isles who are interested in photography have sent letters which we have forwarded to American boys who are interested in the same subject. The same is true about general Scout activities, merit badge work, first aid, signaling, etc. A boy in Indiana who has sent several very good essays and little stories to Boys' Life received a dandy, long letter from a boy in London who has ability and ambitions of the same kind. Other subjects discussed by boys in their letters are farming, night classes, railroads, newspapers, historic events, monuments, music, out-door life, the war, high school topics, telegraphy, Indian relics, technical education, violin playing, motion pictures, birds, picture postcards and stamps.

#### Many Trade Stamps

Speaking of stamps—many boy collectors are making some fine trades with other boys. Some of these are experienced stamp boys, with big collections, while others are just taking up this fascinating hobby. The chance which they have to establish correspondents in many lands, through the "Lonesome Corner," provides an exceptionally good opportunity for them to get foreign stamps. Mr. Coes speaks of this in his stamp story in this issue.

#### A Whole Troop Wrote

One Scoutmaster in England did a dandy stunt. He got each one of the boys of his troop to write a good letter and sent them all, in one packet, to Boys' Life, for American boys. The letters were forwarded to boys in several States, east, west and south—which means that this English troop is going to get some mighty interesting letters, telling them a lot of different things about America and about Scouting here.

Isn't this a good suggestion for *your* troop? If each one of you would write a good letter, telling facts about your city or town, your school, your Scouting, your games, your work, etc., and if convenient enclose a post card of a local scene, and send them to Boys' Life, with postage for forwarding (read the rules), we will send them to boys in other States and countries. The answers could be passed around to all of the boys of your troop, and perhaps kept in your troop scrapbook. In a few weeks you would have a very fine collection of letters—and you would have, also, good friends in all parts of the world. Do it now. Ask your Scoutmaster about it, if you are in doubt about this at all.

Morris A. Stewart, a Maine Scout, has written to Boys' Life as follows:

I think Boys' Life is one grand paper. I look forward to the day when it comes. This is a new troop and we all think our Scoutmaster the best there is. I have written to three boys and have heard from six. I am going to write to three new boys to-night. I received three letters from new boys to-night at five o'clock. Their correspondence is very interesting to me and I enjoy it.

From Sweden, Harry Ledin writes to Boys' Life saying:

Greetings to all Boy Scouts in America from their Swedish brothers who are constantly thinking about them and hope some day to have the pleasure of meeting them; for I am very anxious to come to America.

Now, fellows, don't put off writing at least one letter to some boy whose name appears on this page—or you can send the letter to us and say what country you would like it to go to and we'll try to get it there. The only expense is for the postage for forwarding, which must be enclosed. Any boy who sends a letter to a boy through Boys' Life will have his name published in our "Lonesome Corner."

#### New Boys on the List

The following boys have asked to have their names included in the list of "Lonesome Corner" members:

American.

Venton N. Reece, Va.
Stuart W. Short, Iowa.
Geo. W. Gedney, N. J.
Howard E. Palmer, Conn.
Joe R. Yarbough, N. Mex.
Fred A. Spelker, Mo.
Eugene E. Ellis, Jr., Ill.

Foreign.

A. E. Buswell, England
J. Beck, England
Robt. Scott, England.
Reginald E. Thirkettle, England
William Phillips, England
Harold Faulkner, Eng. land
Fred Simpson, England
Ernest G. King, England
Campbell Fisken, England
Wm. Thompson, Scotland
William Leslie, Scotland
Andrew G. Mackenzie, Scotland
R. Pierce, New South Wales, Aus.

Many boys have signified a desire to correspond on particular subjects, both in this country and in foreign lands.

American.

Ernest Abernathy, N. C.; Scouts near West Point and in foreign lands.
Harold Reyan, N. Y.; Scouts in San Francisco, Cal.
James White, Iowa; 12-year-old boys interested in music, Indian relics and foreign newspapers.
Herbert J. Rosenthal, N. Y.; French Scouts.
Albert C. Puppe, Md.; Indian relics, stamps, agriculture.
Edmund H. Hemphill, D. C.; stamps.
Herbert A. Reece, Va.; exchange snapshots.
Chauncey C. Whitcher, Mass.; correspond on high-school topics and motion pictures.
Edward E. Freeman, Mass.; correspond about Scout work, electrical engineering, violin playing and out-of-door life.
Tommy Howard, O.; piano music.
George Gentzler, Ill.; Scout work, stamps, telegraphy, etc.
Robert Gailey, Pa.; boys in England and Minnesota.
H. M. Tingle, Del.; first aid.
Albert Zeitten, Ariz.; literary pursuits, stamps.
Reuben A. Lewis, Del.; photography.

Foreign.

Herbert Depledge, England; boys, 15 years old, living in New York, to exchange picture postcards and stamps.
Percy M. Monaghan, England; correspond about system of technical education and night classes; a student of everything commercial.
Hersch Herman, England; stamps.
Henry I. Yonks, England; 17-year-old Scouts.
Harold Hitchen, England; 16-year-old Scouts.
Horace T. Wilson, Canada; stamps.
Severus Persson, Sweden; correspond with boys who can understand Swedish.

These boys have sent letters through our "Lonesome Corner," both to American boys and boys in many foreign countries. Any of them will be glad to receive letters from boys in this or any other land.

Frank Young, Pa.
Bob E. Joines, Ga.
Spear Knebel, O.
Thos. Lehman, N. C.
Reginald Dee Johnson, N. J.
Ronald De Muth, Ill.
Leonard R. Pratt, Iowa.
A. N. Suverkrutz, Ind.
E. Walter Brubaker, Va.
Martin Triplett, Mo.
Ernest Seagrave, Cal.
D. R. Burgess, N. Y.
Wm. J. Lawson, Mass.
Rancy Spitler, O.
Cyril A. Marx, Fla.
Peter Johnson, Conn.
Sherwood T. Grimes, Conn.
Du Pre R. Dance, Miss.
Cecil Harrison, N. D.
Hubert McCalley, Iowa.
Kenneth Wright, Iowa.
Clarence Pauer, Wis.
Earl C. Kwombly, Mass.
D. H. Corkran, Jr., Vt.
Albert Fearn, Jr., Conn.
A. E. Likins, Iowa.
Albert Cross, Mass.
T. McCombs, Mass.
Ray Gnaegy, Ill.
Elbert Brown, Va.
Chester McKinley, Mass.
Ben. Kuykendall, Pa.
Alonzo F. Brand, Va.
Allen Swift, N. Y.
Free Attenmiller, Pa.
Harry Griswold, N. Y.
Albert F. O'Meara, Ill.
Edw. T. Payson, Ind.
Myron Avery, Me.
Leroy S. Fernald, Me.
Wm. R. Maybury, Mass.
Paul Buttery, O.
Harold Butcher, W.Va.
Elliot A. Wright, N. H.
Roy Crawford, Ky.
John Mrowca, Pa.
Harold Clifton, O.
Elroy A. McFaul, Wis.
Earl H. Ruffle, N. Y.
Morris H. Jones, Jr., Tex.
Warren C. Hamill, Ill.
Clyde Begbie, N. Y.
George Titcomb, N. Y.
Paul Savage, Mass.
Louis Barnitz, Pa.
L. L. Sudweeks, Idaho.
Cullen Child, N. Y.
Lyle H. Plant, Kan.
Raymond Yates, N. J.
Fred'k Miller, Conn.
W. Socolofsky, Kan.
John Francis, O.
Roger W. Wentworth, Mass.
Chester Lee, Mich.
Wilbur F. Pray, Me.
R. H. Nolan, N. Y.
Mayfort Miller, Md.
W. Hobart Keefer, Md.
F. F. Dickmann, Kan.
Dixon Coulbourn, Fla.
Chester Brumbaugh, Pa.
A. Stuart Kelsey, Mass.
Paul Mote, Okla.
Benson Cashion, Mo.
Kerfoot Brown, Va.
Wm. Gordon, Jr., Md.
V. L. Couture, Me.
Carl Chatters, Mich.
Eugene Robe, Ohio.
Ralph H. Wagner, Pa.
H. S. Waters, N. Y.
David Rust, Conn.
H. Ewing Wall, Va.
F. Hays Jacobs, Md.
Gordan Swebilius, Conn.
W. H. Jameson, Pa.
Elmer C. Smith, Mass.
John Spencer, Jr., N. Y.
R. G. Callahan, Mass.
L. W. Merryweather, Idaho.
Marcus Pinkston, Kan.
Harry Oertel, Iowa.
David McCoy, Mo.
Paul Jones, Ill.
Robert B. Schell, Tenn.
Paul Cressey, Ill.
Benton N. Reece, Va.
Wm. A. Niebuhr, Tex.

#### Help Wanted!

BOYS' LIFE is in a sort of predicament. The Lonesome Corner really is not a Lonesome Corner any more at all. On the contrary it has become one of the most popular features of the magazine and hundreds of boys are now listed there. Since this growth has taken place it can hardly be said that the boys engaging in this interesting activity are lonesome. And so the name has been outgrown.

We have got to have a new name for this department, and Boys' Life wants its readers to help out. For that reason we will be very glad to accept suggestions for a name from any boy whose name is listed in the Lonesome Corner.

## Scouts Afield

Boys are urged to send in reports of their interesting doings.

STRUTHERS, O.—Scoutmaster William S. Jones has sent to National Headquarters a report of the year's work at that city. Among the more important developments has been the presentation of a local headquarters. The Scouts also have access to a gymnasium room 100 feet long by 100 feet wide. A library of seventy-five books has been formed. At present a game room is being fitted up which will contain a billiard table, two checker tables and a carrom table. The billiard table is a gift of Mrs. C. C. McKinney.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Scouting has enjoyed a most prosperous growth during the past year. At the beginning of the year 1914 there were only nine troops of Scouts and the work was conducted in a very irregular and haphazard manner. At the close of the year there were twenty active troops organized. In addition to this increase in membership there has come about a definite organization of a local council.

REDWOOD CITY, CAL.—Scoutmaster H. H. Sears reports a recent trip made by his troop to the grounds of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. The trip was made by ten Scouts and two Scoutmasters.

VAN ALSTYNE, TEXAS.—Assistant Scoutmaster Rea A. Nunnallee reports that Troop 1 has reached its limit of membership and is filled with hard-working Scouts. Recently the troop presented a play, "Old Glory in Cuba," which was very well received.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—One of the principal features of the senior division of Troop 21, Merritt L. Oxenham, Scoutmaster, is Sea Scouting. The work started last summer and the troop is planing even greater activity in this direction during the coming season. They will receive instruction from Lieut. A. I. Perry, of the Naval Battalion, and Assistant Scoutmaster Sammis will take the Sea Scouts for a cruise on his boat at Huntington, L. I.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Over 200 parents and friends attended the Boy Scout entertainment given at St. Mary's Hall by the Boy Scouts of Troop 109, reports Joseph Williams, Troop Scribe.

CHEVY CHASE, MD.—A hike to an abandoned gold mine has been reported by Scout Robert D. Milner. Six members of Scout Milner's troop succeeding in exploring the mine to the very end.

NEWARK, N. J.—Mr. C. F. Honness, Assistant Scoutmaster of Troop 7, has reported an interesting meeting held recently by his troop. Among the speakers were Scout Commissioner Frank F. Gray, of Montclair, N. J.; Scout Executive Everett, of Newark; Scout Commissioner P. W. Snyder, of Bloomfield, and Deputy Scout Commissioner Ralph E. Ellis, of Springfield, Mass. Mr. Everett reported that since last May the number of troops in Newark has increased from nineteen to forty-five, and the total membership from 525 to nearly 1,200.

STONINGTON, CONN.—Scout Scribe Elmer Cushman reports the death on December 19 of Scout Herman S. Penn, a member of Troop 1. The members of Scout Penn's Troop attended the funeral in uniform, marched to the cemetery and sounded taps over the grave, as a mark of respect to the memory of their departed comrade.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Several members of Troop 57 publish a semi-monthly paper for the Scouts of Philadelphia. It is called the *West Philadelphia Boy Scout News*. It contains stories, jokes, pictures, cartoons, troop news, etc. R. W. Zimmerman is the editor, and Bromley Wharton, assistant editor.

MIFFLINBURG, PA.—The Boy Scouts of this city have been active in relief work for Belgian war sufferers.

DETROIT, MICH.—A big scout rally, in which all the Boy Scouts of the city participated, was held at the Central High School on December 21. More than 1,200 Scouts were present. A feature of the rally was the presentation to the Scouts of first aid kits purchased by the city for the troops of Detroit, as a recognition of their efficient services during the National Encampment of the G. A. R. last September.

BETHEL, OHIO.—Scoutmaster Merritt Scott is raising a fund for a new building for the Boy Scouts. About $5,000 has been subscribed for this purpose. It is Mr. Scott's plan to construct a building costing about $12,000, making a building suitable for use for all community purposes.

NEW YORK CITY.—William Badinelli, Edward Webb, Richard Mayor, William McKay and Thomas Waldrun, Scouts of Troop 125, recently took the initiative in relieving several families of poor people who were rendered homeless by the total

(*Continued on page 24.*)


## Just the Knife A Boy Wants

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# Ice Barrel Ball

By WILLIAM T. MILLER

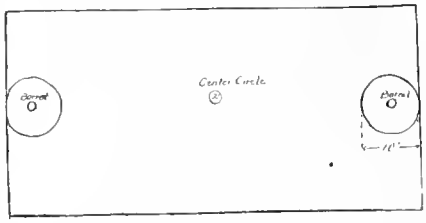


*Diagram of Field.*

THIS game may be played on ice surfaces of different sizes, but a convenient field is 50 by 100 feet. The side and end lines may be marked off by hockey sticks, tree branches, ropes or anything handy that may be laid down on the ice, or a hockey rink may be used. At each end a circle 10 feet in diameter is marked on the ice, and in the center of this circle is placed a barrel with open top. The game is played with a basketball, and there are five players on each side, although more may easily play if the field is made larger. The object, of course, is to get the ball into the opponents' barrel.

Two of the players are centers, and two are goal tenders. The only rules as to location of players are:

1. The centers stand facing their opponents' goal, in the center of the field, at the start of the game.

2. No player may be nearer than 5 yards from the centers at the start of the game or at any new throw-up.

3. The goal tenders may not go within the 10-foot circles, except to recover the ball after it has touched the ice. No other play may go inside the circle at any time.

The game is started by the referee, who tosses the ball into the air between the two centers, who must stand at least 2 feet apart. When a player secures the ball he may skate with it, but must immediately toss or throw it if he is tagged by an opponent. The object is to get the ball into the barrel, just as in an ordinary basket. The rules are:

1. Players may carry the ball any distance, but must immediately throw or toss it when tagged. Failure to do so is a foul.

2. The ball must not be kicked. Any kick, even if unintentional, is a foul.

3. If two players secure the ball together, or nearly so, the referee shall call the two centers to the spot and give a new throw-up.

4. If both centers secure the ball together, the center in whose territory the ball is shall have a free throw, without moving from the spot.

5. If the ball goes outside, the center of the opposing team to that which sent it out shall have a free throw from the spot where it went out.

6. In free throws the thrower must be standing still; no player may be nearer than 5 yards' distance.

7. A foul shall entitle the opposing center to a free throw for goal, from a point 20 feet from the barrel. No one but the goal tender may block the foul throw, and the ball is in play as soon as it is thrown.

8. Tripping, punching and tackling are fouls.

9. A goal from the field counts two points, and a goal from a foul counts one.

10. Periods shall last for fifteen minutes, with a change of goal after the first period.

This game may be played equally well in field or schoolyard, running with the ball instead of skating. The tag rule eliminates most of the roughness of straight basketball, by making it unnecessary.


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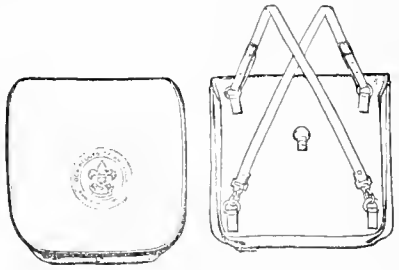

When your pack is light, attach both snaffles to the center ring and put your arms through the loops thus formed. The haversack will then "stay put" on your back.

If the load is heavy, detach snaffles from the center ring. Put the straps over your shoulders, crossing them on your chest, and fasten snaffles to the lower rings. This will hold the pack firm and keep it close in to your body whether you are climbing, running or crawling.

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## The Moonshiners in the Jungle

(*Continued from page* 8.)

James; for we had agreed to go back on the morrow and renew our search for the still.

"I'll tell you what," I answered. "I'll watch near the prairie in the morning, and when I see them coming back toward town, I'll come over after you, and we'll saddle up and go down right away. It'll be a good time, for Uncle Bill always stays at home Saturday night and goes to church Sunday morning."

"Alright, I'll wait for you. Good-night!" he said, and set off west, down the creek for his own home.

### CHAPTER IV.

WE MAKE DISCOVERIES AND ARE ALMOST CAUGHT.

I WAS restless in my bed, from excitement and wondering what the Saturday and Sunday would bring forth. Somehow I felt they were to be two eventful days. And I suffered some misgivings regarding Bat Mason; I liked his appearance and actions less and less. I was becoming convinced that he was a desperate character, in spite of his retiring and apparently inoffensive manner when in the presence of others. And I was sure that he was hiding his real character from Uncle Bill. I recollected that, as he went about town, he always wore his black hat slouched down over his eyes, and never, like Uncle Bill, looked people straight in the eyes.

In the morning I was out at the edge of the prairie early, and began my watch for the return of Uncle Bill and Bat Mason. I had no way of knowing what time they would be coming; if they worked their moonshine still all night they might sleep most of the morning. But I meant to be patient, even if I should miss my dinner.

The white pond-birds were flying from pond to pond in search of food, and I could hear a sand-hill crane making his peculiar call far down in the woods. A red-bird eyed me from a sapling. Once a small rattlesnake coiled up and shook his warning rattle at me.

All these distractions helped me to while away the time, till about ten o'clock. Then a sound of galloping came through the piney woods, and I saw James Howatt coming on his pony. When he dismounted from his blowing steed, he said:

"They just came by our house."

"Why," I said, "I wonder what made them go that way."

"Uncle Bill said he was curious to know if I got that deer," said James.

"They didn't go clear round that way just to find that out," I said.

"No," said James, "I guess he wanted to know if I was hunting around down that way to-day—I knew that right away. He said: 'Huntin' aint much good aroun' Prairie Creek, but they's right smart o' deer other side o' Peace River.' I told him I didn't expect to have much time to for *deer hunting* for a while." James smiled.

"Did that Bat Mason talk any?" I asked.

"No, he just grumbled out, 'Howdy' like he always does."

I climbed onto the pony behind James, and we rode back to my home. I saddled my pony and put a lunch in the saddle-bags, and we rode off to the southeast.

We picketed our ponies in the hammock beside Prairie Creek, a mile below our


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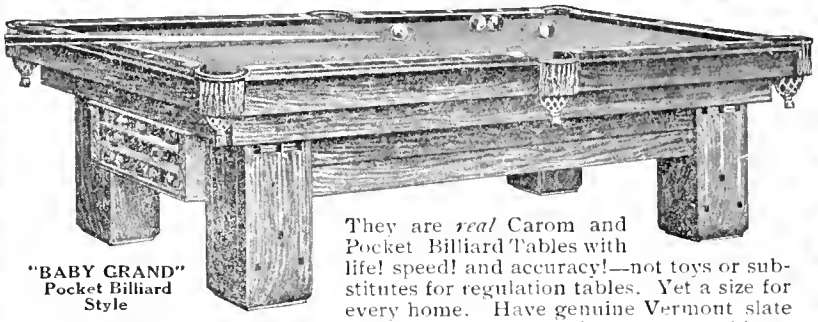

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destination, and then footed it up the creek to the ford. We waded across and were soon at the spot where we had last seen Uncle Bill and Bat Mason in the wagon the evening before.

The marks of the wagon, where it left the trail south of the ford were easily found. They made through a comparatively open region among the cabbage-palms, right down to the creek, some way below the ford and just above an impenetrable coppice that stretched from Prairie Creek across south to where a smaller stream bent round to meet Prairie Creek some distance down. Just beyond this impassable thicket, and within the V of the joining creeks, we could see towering magnolias, broad live-oaks, and tropic palms.

As I have indicated, the wagon tracks went straight down to the water, just where the thicket met the creek. We looked across the stream to witness where the wagon had left the water on the north side, but the bank, though not above five feet high, yet was too precipitous to allow of a passage anywhere there.

"I'll tell you what I think," I said to James. "I believe they drove down along the creek in the water for a way—it looks shallow here."

"I guess you're right," said James. "Let's go down and see."

The thicket barred us on this side, so we went up and crossed at the ford, and down the north bank. When we came opposite a point a hundred feet below the edge of the thicket that lay on the south bank of the creek, we saw over there what seemed the beginning of a way cut through the under-growth, on a slant, into the midst of that towering hammock of hardwood trees.

I looked questioningly into James' eyes.

"That's the place over there, I think," he said.

That it was—back by the ford again to the edge of the thicket. We strode right into the water and waded down that hundred feet to the opening in the undergrowth. The water none of the way was over half-hip deep.

Sure enough, it was a way cut through the brush. It seemed like a court leading to a large, dark castle, for forty steps brought us to immense live-oaks, whose far-reaching branches formed an archway, decorated with great festoons of gray Spanish moss. Passing on, we entered a space cleared of under-growth—like a large room; tall cabbage-palms and a magnolia or two for pillars, the ceiling and sides tapestried with palm fans, leaves and Spanish moss.

But near the farther, or south, side of the open space showed objects that thrilled us with interest.

Screens of palm fans partly hid the main works. But on removing the screens we had something to feast curious eyes. There, on a rude fireplace, stood a round copper boiler, the top continuous with the side; over the middle a hood, like a stove-pipe, hat—or perhaps more like a coffee-pot upside down, with its spout slanting downwards. The end of the spout connected with a copper pipe that was wound in a coil that made its spiral way down in a barrel of water to poke its end out at the bottom. This was the "*still.*"

"I never saw one before," said James, who showed great interest in the diabolical, snaky-looking outfit.

We examined several barrels, two containing cornmeal in a state of fermentation; a pair of buckets stood beside a shallow well. Then I glanced about to be impressed with the fact that there was no apparent way out but by that of our coming in, and set to wondering what we could do in the event of being surprised.

(*Continued in March* BOYS' LIFE.)

## With the Scouts Afield

(*Continued from page 21.*)

destruction by fire of a five-story tenement house in 124th Street. The boys acted under instructions of their Scoutmaster, John J. Hall.

CLIFTON, N. J.—Scoutmaster Roy J. Schliech, of Troop 1, reports that his troop cooperated with the police of Clifton in supplying provisions to poor families on Thanksgiving day. The baskets of food collected by the Scouts were distributed by Chief of Police William Coughlan in his automobile.

ROCK PORT, Mo.—Scout Scribe Vern Adamson reports that his troop recently collected funds for the Belgian Relief Committee.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Three days and three nights of good fun in camp, of long hikes in the woods by moonlight, a Thanksgiving dinner of roast turkey, cranberry sauce and trimmings is a brief story of the Thanksgiving outing of Troop 39. The turkey weighed fifteen pounds and was roasted in a reflector before a camp fire. A feature of the camp was news reports picked out of the air by the troop wireless corps. The operators received news of the Army and Navy football game, weather reports and a number of stray messages. The outing was in charge of Scoutmaster Vernon Bailey.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—One of the features of the opening of the New Yale Bowl at the Yale-Harvard football game on November 21, was the presence of fifty-one Boy Scouts. These Scouts were selected from the various troops in New Haven.

DETROIT, MICH.—Troop 44 of the University School recently raised $35 with which they purchased 1,288 bandages which went to the Red Cross Society for use in the European war, reports Scout David G. Carter, Assistant Patrol Leader.

NEW YORK CITY.—Arrangements are being made by Scout Executive Charles L. Pollard for the organization of Boy Scout troops among the newsboys of Manhattan. A big Scout meeting, attended by 300 newsboys, was held on the evening of January 2, at which the plan was first presented. Features of the demonstration were music by Troop 5 and tent and first-aid drills by Troop 117.

WILMINGTON, DEL.—A number of Boy Scouts have been trained as newspaper reporters. Each troop has assigned one of its members as reporter for the Boy Scout column which is printed as a weekly feature of one of the newspapers. It is reported that the Scouts are doing good work and that the newspapers are giving their support to the plan.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Two Boy Scouts of this city have undertaken a good turn to be performed on the first Sunday of each month. On this day Scouts Otto Rauch and Raymond Brownhill lead a blind man from the Home for Incurables to Trinity Church, a distance of nearly two miles.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—A most successful scout conference for the State of Massachusetts was held at Springfield on December 28 and 29. More than 200 Scouts and Scout Officials from various parts of the State were in attendance. The conference was arranged by Scout Commissioner Donald North and Deputy Commissioner Ralph Ellis, Jr. Among the speakers at the conference were National Field Scout Commissioner Samuel A. Moffat, Scout Commissioner Ormond E. Loomis, of Boston; Dr. Charles Eastman, of Amherst; Arthur Howe, captain of the 1911 Yale foothall team; Thornton W. Burgess, of Springfield, and Scout Commissioner Frank F. Gray, of Montclair, N. J.

RICHMOND, VA.—An audience was granted to a scout party from this city by President Wilson at the White House on Decemher 30. The Scouts who made the trip to Washington were prize winners in the membership campaign which was conducted in Richmond recently. The party included Scoutmasters L. C. Adair and Ashbey B. Pyle, and the following Scouts: Eagle Scouts Dudley, Denny and Morton and Scouts Gray, Jackson, Johnson, Eubank, Delouze, Grant and Pyle. The Scouts visited all places of interest.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—More than 3,000 Boy Scouts celebrated New Year's day with an entertainment and exhibition at the Second Regiment Armory. Special features of the rally were the singing of patriotic songs and an illustrated lecture "Around the World with a Bunch of Scouts" by Perry Ivis, who last year made a tour of the world with the Columhia Park boys' club.

WITTEMORE, MICH.—The Boy Scouts of Troop 2 and the Camp Fire Girls held a joint banquet recently.

## Evening—

A congenial companion and a Mullins canoe—lights dancing among the ripples—the gentle lapping of the water—the swishing of the dipping paddle—enchantment!

**MULLINS CANOES**

sweep into the new season with added beauty and refinement. To the grace and lightness of the Indian canoe, we have added expert workmanship, exquisite finish and splendid durability.

Our canoe book is interesting—fascinating—free.

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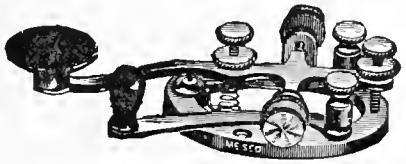
**25 Franklin St. SALEM, OHIO**

*World's largest manufacturers of Steel and Wooden Boats.*



## MORSE & WIRELESS HEADQUARTERS



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More than 200 pages picturing and describing telegraph instruments, batteries, bells, and hundreds of other electrical specialties.

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A hand-book of 96 pages. Tells how to erect and maintain a wireless station—gives codes and other useful information. Both catalogs sent free on request. They are educators and money savers.

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| Receiving Sets assembled on bases | $1.85 to $10.85 |
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| Nickled Double Headband | .70 |
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**Remarkable Code Learning Apparatus 50c.**

**SPECIAL SALE**

**HALF INCH SPARK COIL - $2.00**
and 10 pieces of apparatus

Send stamps for Bulletin "L" of remarkable values.

**Lodge Elect. Supply Co.**
**23 Duane St. and 106 Park Row - - NEW YORK**



**A GREAT BOY SCOUT SERIAL STORY**

by WILLIAM HEYLIGER—specially written for BOYS' LIFE by this popular writer of boys' stories

WILL START SOON IN "BOYS' LIFE."

Renew your subscription now so you won't miss it.


## "A Scout Is Brave"

(*Continued from page* 11.)

his finger tips and feet were badly frosted, but there were chances if they worked hard. Oh, did two men ever work any harder to save a human life? But they were rewarded. Jap was then wrapped in a huge warm blanket and fed hot lemonade, while he lay on a bed they had improvised for him by the side of the big stove.

IT was morning when Jap again opened his eyes.

"Say, Dad," he cried a little later, "I'm so sorry I disobeyed you, but I had to do it or be a coward, didn't I, and 'a Scout is brave,' the book says so."

Nelson Gibbs swallowed hard and then squeezed the hand nearest to him in reassurance.

"But you are no coward, Jap. You are a brave boy. I forgive you a thousand times. Only you and Mary were worth so much more to me than the colt. Why did you risk it?"

"Yes, but father, the colt will be worth $1,000 when he's a yearling, and will raise the mortgage," added Jap, seriously.

"But that colt will never raise the mortgage, my boy," replied Gibbs, softly, but with some effort.

"But why won't he, father?" asked Jap in surprise. "He didn't freeze, did he, Dad?" His voice was full of disappointment.

"Because, my boy," cried Nelson Gibbs, "because the colt is to be yours. You saved his life. We'll raise the mortgage some other way."

### Boone Trail Traced and Marked

The old Daniel Boone trail across North Carolina to Tennessee, which was lost for a century, has been traced and marked. This section of the Boone trail is a link in the longer trail from North Carolina to Kentucky which was laid out by the famous scout. That portion of the trail which goes through the Cumberland Gap has never been lost, but the section which has just been marked was almost obliterated when the main travel shifted.

The work of locating and marking the old Boone trail from one end to the other was undertaken by the Booneville trail committee of which Mrs. Lindsay Patterson is inter-state chairman.

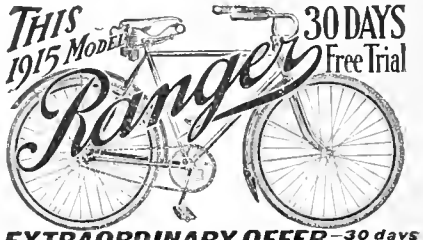
### Far Be It From Me—No. 1

*See page* 29.


# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

GEE! but it tickles a fellow to get a big sandwich of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter! Just the *cream* of the nuts, delicately salted and prepared by the special Beech-Nut process.



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**WRITE TODAY** for our big catalog showing our full line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls at *prices never before equaled* for like quality. It is a cyclopedia of bicycles, sundries and useful bicycle information. **It's free.**

**TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE** rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at **half usual prices.** A limited number of second hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at once, at **$3** to **$8** each.

**RIDER AGENTS** wanted in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1915 model **Ranger** furnished by us.

**It Costs You Nothing** to learn what we offer you and how we can do it. You will be astonished and convinced. **Do not buy** a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalog and new special offers. **Write today.**

**MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. W-17, CHICAGO, ILL.**

**The Clear Winter Nights**

are especially favorable for wireless reception. Get a pair of

**Brandes Wireless Receivers**

and do some real Long Distance Receiving. **Prices, $1.65 each up to $13.00 per pair.**

Send stamp for our New Catalogue. Just Out.

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**FREE** Catalogs of all Boarding Schools (or camps) in U. S. Expert Advice free. Want for girls or boys? Maintained for all schools. American Schools' Association. Write, 1050 Times Building, New York, or 1550 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

Boys, Own a Genuine Remington Typewriter. Cost $97.50 reconstructed and guaranteed, two years $10.00. Send for catalogue. Agents wanted.

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**SCOUT MASTERS** Have your Scouts earn camp money. Send 35 cents for a copy of "Scouts in Camp," a 5-act play for BOY SCOUTS. It deals with Scout life and brings before the public the aim and teachings of Scoutcraft. Address

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STAMPS

*[No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.]*

**SURCHARGED "BELGIEN"**
War stamps. Just arrived. 3, 5, 10, 25 cent. Belgian stamps surcharged "Belgien," 3, 5, 10, 25 pfennig, for use of Germans in Belgium. Set of 4, 25c. A rare bargain.
Price list and monthly stamp paper free. We publish the Scott Standard Catalogue. Albums, 10c. to $55.00.
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Entire 12 Specials as above for $3.00. Please state if you do not desire approvals. **GEO. E. HAYNES STAMP CO., 613 Caxton Building, Cleveland, Ohio.**

**1000** different postage stamps *only* from all parts of the world. Fine specimens—no trashy junk. Many desirable stamps, choice sets and high values, listed up to 50c each. Lot catalogs $35. 2000 Imported Hinges (25c) & 25 diff. scarce ($2). Entire lot for price of packet ONLY **$2.45**
*Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded. Lists Free.*
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Toledo Stamp Co. - - Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

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**These attractive stamps are a good purchase and I will send fine selections on approval if you will send your father's or Scoutmaster's name for reference. Premium to each new applicant.**
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GIVEN TO ALL NEW CUSTOMERS for the names of two honest collectors, A SET OF UNUSED ROUMANIA.
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**PERFECT MODEL ICE BOAT**
Substantially constructed and correct in every detail. Sails can be raised and lowered. Guaranteed to sail or money refunded. Sent complete with runners, also set of wheels for use on land, postpaid for ..... **$1**
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## STAMPS WITH SHIPS ON THEM

Stamps of many lands often carry out similar ideas. Water craft are shown on them. Upper row (left to right): North Borneo, showing Malay dhow, and China, showing a junk; lower row: British Solomon Islands, piroque, and Zanzibar, native sailboat.

# About Starting Right in Stamp Collecting

By FRANK L. COES

NOW that the Christmas holidays are over and we shall have long evenings to study, many of us will naturally think of our stamps. We shall think too of the possible existence of old stamps that we can find, at home, or in the old papers that people are selling for Belgium's starving people.

Let's talk about old stamps a bit. Suppose you find some. Don't hurry to take them off the covers or documents, for they may be (and in lots of cases are) more valuable on the original envelope. If you have determined the value, go at it carefully. Some stamps (Russian and Great Britain and colonies) are printed in ink that runs in water, so don't soak them till you're sure. The best way is to dampen the back of the paper, either with a wet blotter or a brush, and take the paper from the stamps rather than the stamps from the paper. Don't clip the perforated edges. Dry the damp stamp under a plate of glass. Sometimes if the dampening is done carefully, you can leave your old stamp with a good part of the gum on. If you can, so much the better.

Don't mount a stamp that has the remains of several hinges on its back. They come off easily and the stamp looks better mounted right. Use good hinges. They are far cheaper in the end than cheap ones. Hinge-making is quite a trade in itself and the "peelable" hinges have two coats of gum on them, which helps in removal. You'll remove your collection many times if you become really interested, so it is well to prepare in the beginning for possible happenings.

A little friend of ours brought in her collections the other day for me to tell her how to move it as her book was outgrown. I found an object lesson in patience in her book. Her father inherited his father's collection and had passed it to her, and every stamp was stuck down tight with mucilage—the old-fashioned kind


STAMPS

*[No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.]*

**NEW YEAR'S COINS CURIOS ETC.** For Sale Cheap. Russian, Belgian, Japanese, French and Turkish Coins, 5c. each. Ancient Greek, Egyptian, Bactrian or Roman Coin, 10; Morocco Coin, date 1288, 12; Large Oval Jap. Coin, 12; Thick Native Indian Coins, 10; Cuba and Arab Coins, 10; 10 diff. Large U. S. Cts., 45; Babylonian Clay Tablet, inscribed, 4200 years old, 75; Widow's Mite, 50 A. D., 40; 5 varieties Wampum, 15; 20 varieties anc. Egyptian and Roman Beads, B. C. 1500-100, 35. **Special.** Elder Rare Coin Book, 160 pp., 28 Plates, quarto size, Premiums U. S. and For'n Coins, best ever issued, former price $1, now 40; 60 pp. Retail lists for 2c. stamp. THOMAS L. ELDER, Dept. B, 32 E. 23rd St., N. Y. City.

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10 U. S. Envelopes, cut square, including P. O and War Depts.
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**T. S. DENISON & Co., Dept. 18, CHICAGO, ILL.**

too. She proudly told me she had lost but half a dozen in several hundreds, and I could find the old ones only by knowing the date when grandfather stopped collecting.

I persuaded her to make her own book, and she is now well along in a home-made, loose-leaf album, which she has made herself, cover, leaves and decoration. Her system of pages makes the book ready to take new issues, and capable of extension in any country of which she is fond or in which she has a large increase. I don't think you will all find a blank album best, but it is a way to make yourself a good collection. I think, too, it teaches more because in mounting one has to follow closely the catalogue.

I had to give my friend a long talk on duplicates. The idea seems to be that duplicates are "good to trade with," but the young collector who has no collecting friends cannot trade readily. He should join some good stamp exchange or some club that has an exchange bureau, and get new stamps for his duplicated ones.

Boy Scouts, who are much together in troop and patrol meetings, have an exceptional opportunity to trade stamps. It will be fun and profitable for you to do so. You don't want to keep duplicates. In keeping them you lose a chance to learn a lot of things you'll be glad to know. And at the same time you are perhaps holding back others who need you to move their duplicates as you need them to move yours. It means little extra work to prepare your duplicates so you can exchange—and I think the Boys' Life "Lonesome Corner" will help you out.

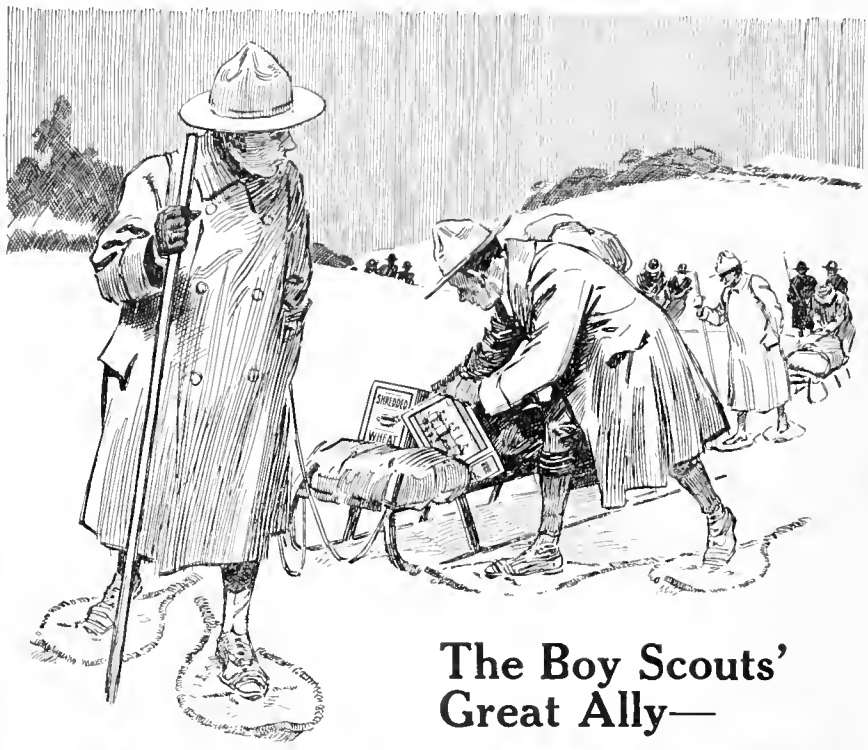
Of course you have been reading the "Lonesome Corner" every month—and probably you have been exchanging interesting letters with boys in many other States and countries.

I have noticed that a large number of boys whose names are published in the "Corner" state that they want to correspond about stamps, and I suppose nearly all of them want to exchange duplicates. Indeed lots of them are doing so now.

Remember that England, France, Sweden and Denmark are all full of real stamp collectors, and a boy of fifteen in England is probably as much an expert as many collectors here at twenty. Mount your stamps in such a way that they will carry safely. Price them carefully in ink. You know of course that there are catalogues of value. Remember, though, that it is possible to secure thousands of varieties at one-half the catalogue prices—or at 50 per cent. discount.

The biggest fun and satisfaction, however, will be obtained by making exchanges. You'll find that for several common stamps, which you may have in abundance, you can obtain a few rare ones that you especially desire to get. Or, if you have rare ones in duplicate you'll be surprised to see how many other desirable stamps you can get for them. Good for your head, too—such exchanges—especially those between different countries.

I have a few questions that may help your stamp knowledge. What does "Escuelas" mean? On what country's stamp is it and why? A stamp with "Cataluna" belongs to a lad here. Do you know what it is and the history of the head it bears? Yes, it is in your catalogue but not under Cataluna. Poland had one stamp. As Poland is in the papers now, can you tell what "ZA LOT KOP 10" on that stamp means? This is easy.

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There is no healthier nor more delicious food for the athletic, active man or boy than the wholesome, muscle-building, whole wheat berry, SHREDDED WHEAT.

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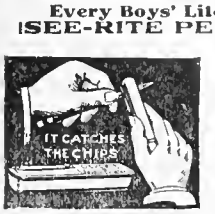


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**A Magazine and a Pattern for your Mother**

When you send in your $1.00 for Boys' Life, the Boy Scouts' magazine, ask us to send "McCall's" (full of fashions and household helps every month) and a pattern to your mother or sister. We will do it without extra charge.

BOYS' LIFE, 200 Fifth Ave., New York City.

# How I Built a House On a Desert Isle

By A. HYATT VERRILL

*WHAT would you do if you were cast up on an uninhabited island with nothing to start life with but a pocket knife? Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill has chosen such a situation for a new book called "An American Crusoe," recently published by Dodd, Mead & Company, of New York.*

*Mr. Verrill spent considerable time on on island in the West Indies as a member of a natural history expedition. He assures his readers that most of the feats which he describes were actually attempted and performed.*

*In the following extract from this book reprinted through the courtesy of the author and the publishers, Mr. Verrill tells how he built a house.*

ONLY a suitable dwelling was needed to make my castaway life not only bearable, but quite comfortable.

A wooden, or log, house was, I knew, impracticable, for to cut the logs or trees with only a pocket knife would be the work of many weeks, or even months, not to mention the liability of breaking the knife or wearing it out.

To be sure, I might burn off the trees and afterwards cut them up by the same process, but this I also knew would require a long time to accomplish, and meanwhile the rainy season would have arrived. Moreover, such a building would last but a short time, owing to the ravages of wood-ants and in a severe storm or hurricane would be of little protection, if merely lashed together—the only means of fastening at my command.

A stone house would answer, but to obtain a sufficient number of large stones and carry them to one spot would require an amount of labor beyond the power of one man to accomplish.

Thinking over this matter and considering it from every point of view, I raked apart the coals of my fire to light my pipe and inadvertently pushed my wooden poker against a bit of rock. Much to my surprise, it at once crumbled to bits and I realized that I had hit upon the solution to my house problem. The island was a mass of coral limestone and I had only to burn this to lime, form it into mortar or concrete, and build my house easily.

To think was to act and I began piling brush, sticks, and dead branches against the side of a ledge in a sheltered spot a hundred yards inland.

This was a situation I had long since chosen as a dwelling site, for it was thoroughly sheltered by large trees, was centrally located and, moreover, was on a rising knoll which would be dry even in the rainiest weather.

My pile of brush and trash complete, I

brought a light to the spot and soon the mass was a roaring fire, with its hot flames licking up the side of the ledge for several feet.

The limestone rapidly cracked and flaked off, exposing the fresh, white surface beneath, and all through the day I kept the fire roaring.

The following morning I found the fire dead and cold, and by means of an improvised broom of cocoanut leaves I raked and brushed away the ashes and gathered my largest turtle shell full of lime.

Only stopping to eat and attend to my fish trap and replenish the oil in my lamps, I kept the fire going brightly for several days and soon had a great accumulation of lime of excellent quality.

I now thought it time to test the building properties of my material and attempted mixing it with salt and sand. It slaked well and mixed up in a most satisfying way and, pleased at the result, I placed a number of stones in the form of a low wall and set them in the fresh mortar. By the time this was accomplished it was very late and I left further operations for another day.

The next morning I hurried to my foundation, expecting to find the rocks firmly set in their bed of lime. Imagine my chagrin on discovering that the mortar was dry and powdery and crumbled at a touch. Although greatly cast down at this, I decided that it must be due to some fault in mixing, for I was sure the lime itself was of good quality.

Determined to experiment until I hit upon the proper proportions, I commenced cleaning out the turtle shell in which the mortar had been mixed the previous day. As I scraped the crumbling material from the shell I noticed that the lime adhering to it along the edges and back was exceedingly hard and firm and resisted all efforts to dislodge it. This seemed quite strange and unaccountable, until I remembered stories of some early castaways in Bermuda who used lime and turtle blood for cement to caulk a boat.

Evidently the blood and grease in the shell had been softened by the water mixed with my lime and had formed the hard, cement-like substance.

Here, then, was an easy way out of my difficulty, for if blood and grease formed a cement with lime I had all the materials readily at my disposal.

Turtles came to the Key nightly to deposit their eggs, and while previously I had

**Far Be It From Me—No. 2**

G70675

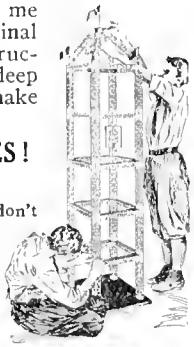
—See Page 31.


# Hello Boys!

Make Lots of Toys

## BUILD NEW MODELS and WIN PRIZES

I want you boys to build for me the biggest, best and most original Models produced for any construction toy. I am willing to dig deep into my pocket to pay you to make a big effort.



**THINK OF IT!—300 PRIZES! WORTH $3,000**

Try hard for the Auto—but if you don't win *that*, there are 299 other prizes: Motor Cycles, Bicycles, Camp Outfits, Tents, Canoe, Camera, Skates, Air Rifles, $25, $15, $10, $7.50, $5.00 and $3.00 Erector Sets, etc. I want these models to use in showing other boys what can be built.

**BRAND NEW AUTO is ONE**

It costs nothing to enter contest.

Send Now for

Tells Whole Story

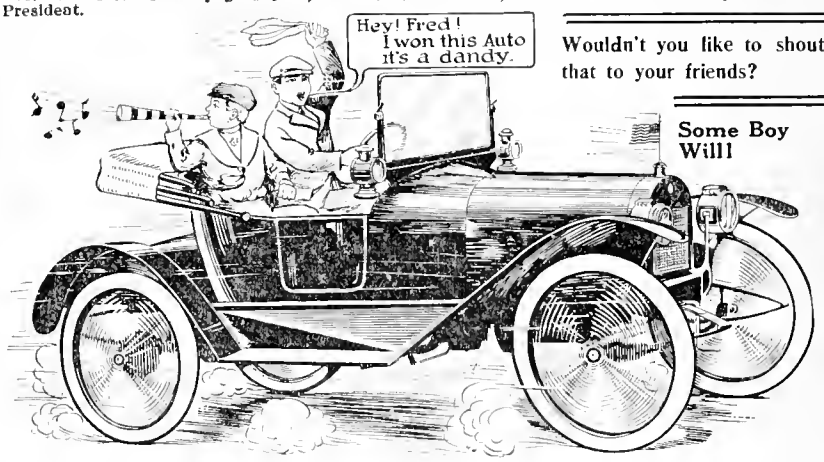
this Big New Folder

## ERECTOR

**(The Toy with Girders like Structural Steel)**

You do not have to buy Erector to compete. We cannot tell the full story here. Ask your toy dealer to-day for Free Folder. I have prepared a big, special folder full of pictures. It gives all details about the auto, its name, specifications, etc.; also illustrates and describes minutely all prizes.

If your toy dealer has no folders write me his name and I will supply you. He sells Erector in sets running from $1 to $25. There's an electric motor in all sets at $5 and over. Yours for a dandy good time, A. C. GILBERT, President.




Wouldn't you like to shout that to your friends?

Some Boy Will!

THE MYSTO MFG. CO., 268 Foote St., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

## DENT'S Toothache Gum

Stops the Ache. Cleanses the cavity, prevents decay. Used by Millions for past 25 years.

All drug stores, or by mail 15 cents.

C. S. DENT & CO. Detroit, Mich.

## Watchmaking, Jewelry, Engraving and Optics

Say, Boys! Have you made up your mind what you are going to be? Shall it be a trade, a profession, or something in the mercantile line? How would you like to become a Watchmaker and also take up Jewelry work and Engraving? It is a nice clean business and a trade that pays good salaries.

Address HOROLOGICAL DEPARTMENT, Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill., asking for full particulars.

## INVISIBLE INK

Can't be seen until heated. Write your letters with it. Draw pictures which will appear when heated.

Bottle by Mail 10 Cents.

NUTLEY SALES AGENCY, Dept. 3, Nutley, N. J.

In answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE.

Every advertisement is carefully investigated before insertion in Boys'-Life. Readers can help us maintain this valuable service by always mentioning Boys' Life when answering advertisements.

# Good News, Scouts!

## DO YOU WANT TO GO TO CAMP THIS SUMMER?

WE have a plan whereby we absolutely eliminate one very important reason why many deserving Scouts are prevented from going to Camp.

## WE GIVE "FREE FARE ANYWHERE"

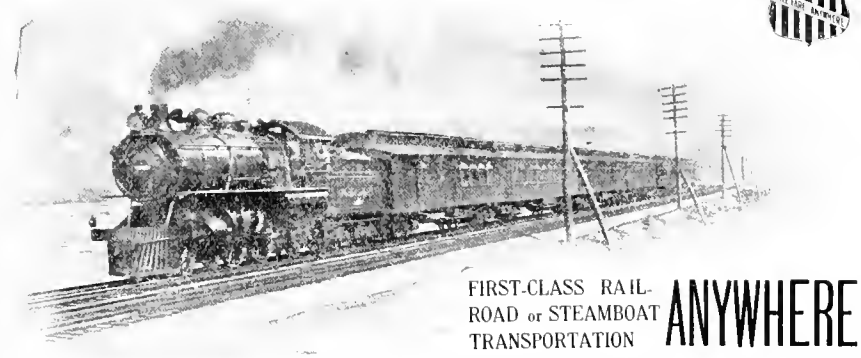
WHEN your troop starts for its summer encampment, will you be one of the fortunate ones or will you remain at home? A great many Scouts have been prevented from enjoying summer outings on account of lack of funds. One of the important items of expense is, of course, the railroad fare. Maybe in your case the price of the ticket will just make the difference which keeps you at home. And think what you will miss! It will be too bad, as a week or two in the woods "roughing it" will do any boy a lot of good and make a manly boy more manly. But now—

## WE PAY THE TRANSPORTATION

One Scout or a whole troop may take advantage of our offer. We want Scoutmasters everywhere to write for our plan. This is not a contest. You may have as many miles of transportation as you wish—one mile or many thousands of miles.

## JUST LIKE RIDING ON A PASS!

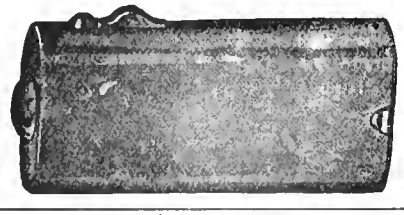
Ninety Miles an Hour on the New York Central.




FIRST-CLASS RAILROAD or STEAMBOAT TRANSPORTATION **ANYWHERE**

**Address Scout Camp Dept., THE HOUSEWIFE. 30 Irving Place, New York**

# A Pocket Flashlight Given With BOYS' LIFE



**Vest-pocket Flashlight for One Subscription to Boys' LIFE at One Dollar.** Almost everyone is carrying one of these—they're so convenient. Take up no room in your pocket, yet throw a bright light at night or in a dark room. Heavily nickel-plated over brass. Tungsten battery, guaranteed to give 400 per cent. longer service than any other similar flashlight battery made. 2½ volts Madza lamp, 3 x 1½ x ¾ inches. Slide contact button. Send to-day and get this flashlight and Boys' LIFE one year. BOTH for $1.00. The supply is limited. Send order promptly. 200 5th Ave., New York.

### USE THIS ORDER BLANK

BOYS' LIFE, THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE,
200 Fifth Avenue, New York:

You may send Boys' LIFE, one year, beginning ....., for which I enclose ONE DOLLAR.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Premium.....


caught them only to supply me with meat, yet I was sure that I could catch a score or more with little effect.

Finally I decided to build the walls of logs, rocks, and branches, forming a sort of wattled construction, and strengthen and reinforce the whole by cement.

TURTLE HUNTING.

Working along these lines, I spent the day in gathering and placing the materials, and by nightfall had a foundation two feet in height and six by eight feet square. That evening I walked about the beaches searching for turtles and before daylight I had three fine, big specimens safely on their backs in the shade and covered over with palm leaves and seaweed. I knew that, if freshly covered each day, the creatures would live for several weeks, and as I had no method of preserving the blood, I decided to keep them alive and kill them as needed.

The blood and grease from one of the creatures was carefully gathered in nut shells and, with some fear of failure, I mixed it with a quantity of lime. I found the mass far too sticky and thick to mix thoroughly and I was obliged to thin it out with water. I had some doubts as to the practicability of this, but, judging from the action of the dried blood on the lime previously mixed, I decided that only a very small quantity of blood was required to make durable cement.

By the time the lime and blood had been thinned to a fair, mortar-like consistency, I had obtained two shells full and spent several busy hours of hard, hot work plastering it over the low wall of branches and stones I had erected.

I was thoroughly fatigued by the time I had used up the cement, and, in fact, it was by far the hardest day's work I had undertaken since being cast away.

The morning found me hurrying to my cemented wall, and I was mightily pleased to find that the cement had set to rocky hardness and that protruding sticks and branches could not be dislodged from the mass.

There is no necessity of describing the work in detail, for the following week or ten days was spent in ceaseless work, until at last the walls were built to a height of seven feet, with one wall a foot higher than the others. In the upper edges of the walls I set stout branches, projecting upward for a couple of feet, and to these I lashed sections of trumpet-tree branches to serve as roof timbers.

The lashings, and all other fastenings, were made of twisted and braided cocoanut fiber which I obtained by rotting the husks in the wet mud of the flats and drying in the sun—a trick familiar to all who have resided long in the Antilles.

To make the lashings even more secure I daubed them over with cement and, having still a few quarts of the material remaining, I painted all exposed timbers with a good coating.

For a roof to my new house I used palm leaves—dipping them in salt water to prevent the ravages of insects—plaiting the edges together and lashing each edge to the timbers to hold them in place. Not thoroughly content with this, I laid layer after layer of the leaves over the roof and bound them down in a mass by strips of the trumpet-tree wood lashed to the timbers at either side.

The roof completed, I found the dwelling quite cosy, for while the lack of windows made the interior rather dark, yet the roof being placed two feet above the wall-top allowed plenty of ventilation and the projecting eaves prevented rain from beating in and cast a wide shelter beyond the walls.

## The Boy Scout Smoke-Eaters

(*Continued from Page 4.*)

when it had passed they hurried by way of a short cut across the fields to the tournament grounds, reaching there just as the Mayor's car turned in at the big gate.

A makeshift two-story frame building had been constructed in the very center of the enclosure, and the village authorities had erected a dozen temporary hydrants in a half circle about the front of the building. The plan was to conduct the contests on the level stretch of turf before the grandstand, and as a finale set fire to the wooden structure and have a real demonstration of fire fighting.

The procession of visiting companies made a circle of the grounds after entering the gate while the Mayor reviewed them from his automobile. Then after the various engines and hose carts had been parked at the far end of the field the Mayor prepared formally to open the ceremonies with a speech of welcome. But he had hardly uttered two sentences when Bruce, for some unknown reason turned and looked down Webster avenue towards the town. In the distance he saw a great cloud of black smoke mounting skyward above the roofs. He grasped Bud Weir's arm and shouted:

"Look! Quick! A fire!"

And as if to verify his words the far-off clang of the village fire bell sounded.

Instantly the tournament grounds were in a turmoil. Everyone raised a cry of fire! In a twinkle the grandstand was empty, but before the crowd could reach Webster avenue the companies had begun to leave the enclosure. With a rattle and a clang one engine after another swung into the broad avenue. Then with the old hand equipment of the Woodbridge vamps in the van the whole aggregation hurled itself down the street toward the village.

(*Continued in March* Boys' Life.)

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THINK.

There is a word of six letter, the meaning of which is made exactly opposite by changing the places of the two middle letters. United and untied. Do you know any others?

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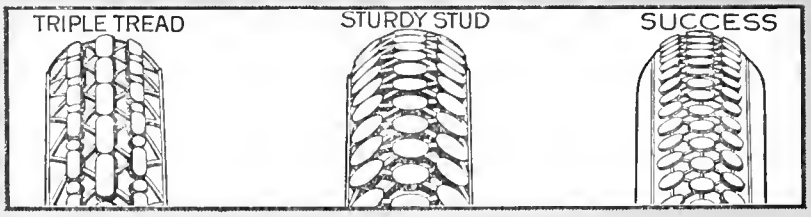
### Far Be It From Me—No. 3

—*See Third Cover Page.*

PENNSYLVANIA THREE ★ STAR ★ BICYCLE TIRES




THESE tires are built—and guaranteed—by the Pennsylvania Rubber Company, makers of the famous Vacuum Cup Tires.

They are sold at moderate prices, and carry a higher degree of tire quality in proportion to their cost than has ever been put into bicycle tires before.

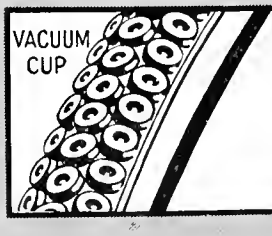
The Three Star Line comprises three different models—shown in the illustration above. Each of these models is fully guaranteed, and each one represents the highest standard of quality at its particular price.

Ask your dealer to show you Three Star Tires—or write for descriptive catalog and price list.

**Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Jeannette, Pa.**

Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Kansas City, Mo., Minneapolis, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle

*An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy*




PENNSYLVANIA OILPROOF VACUUM CUP BICYCLE TIRES

The highest type of bicycle tire on the market. Guaranteed oilproof. Powerfully anti-skid on slippery pavements. Practically puncture proof. Protected by full season's guarantee.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

BANNERMAN

ARMY-NAVY AUCTION BARGAINS

| | |
|---|---|
| COTS | $ .95 up |
| Shoes, pair | 1.85 " |
| Team Harness | 21.85 " |
| Leggins, pair | .18 " |
| SADDLES | 9.00 " |
| Dunnage Bags | .95 " |
| Mess Kits | .45 " |
| HAVERSACKS | .10 " |
| New Uniforms | 1.50 " |

Army Tents to Hire Free Circular

Francis Bannerman, 501 B'way, N. Y.

**SAVE MONEY**

All friends of the Boy Scout Movement can save money on yearly subscriptions to the leading magazines. Write for "Boy Scouts' Magazine Guide." Free. BOYS' LIFE, 200 5th Ave., N. Y.

**The Oologist**

**BIRDS—NESTS—EGGS—TAXIDERMY**

THE OOLOGIST, is the only magazine published in America devoted to these. It is indispensable to those making collections, as its columns are filled with exchange notices. All Boy Scouts should learn about the birds they see in their tramps and camps in the woods. Subscription, only 50 cents per year, with a *free exchange notice.* Sample copy FREE. Address

**The Oologist Lacon, Ill.**

# SUMMARY OF 70th ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

# NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

**DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President**

## NEW INSURANCE PAID FOR IN 1914

Exclusive of Revivals and Increase in Old Policies

# $223,571,200

TOTAL ADMITTED ASSETS

**$790,935,395**

TOTAL PAID-FOR INSURANCE IN FORCE

**$2,347,098,388**

JANUARY 1, 1915

## Balance Sheet, January 1, 1915

### ADMITTED ASSETS

| | |
|---|---|
| Real Estate | $9,826,142.06 |
| Loans on Mortgages | 156,674,059.30 |
| Collateral Loans | 150,000.00 |
| Loans on Policies | 153,375,218.04 |
| Bonds and Stock (Market Value Dec. 31, 1914) | 438,322,671.10 |
| Cash | 13,964,565.01 |
| Interest and Rents due and accrued | 9,291,253.31 |
| Premiums due and deferred | 9,331,486.79 |
| **Total** | **$790,935,395.61** |

### LIABILITIES

| | |
|---|---|
| Policy Reserve | $651,889,465.00 |
| Other Policy Liabilities | 11,856,997.88 |
| Premiums and Interest prepaid | 4,048,933.57 |
| Commissions, Salaries, Taxes, etc | 1,333,293.05 |
| Dividends payable in 1915 | 17,104,119.86 |
| Reserve for Deferred Dividends | 88,902,104.00 |
| Reserves for other purposes | 15,800,482.25 |
| **Total** | **$790,935,395.61** |

### INCOME, 1914

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Premiums: | | |
| On New Policies | $9,061,420.82 | |
| On Renewed Policies | 79,153,606.31 | |
| Annuities, etc. | 2,252,150.86 | |
| | | $90,467,177.99 |
| Real Estate Rentals | | 693,969.50 |
| Interest on Mortgages | | 7,509,010.87 |
| Interest on Policy Loans | | 7,158,715.58 |
| Interest on Bonds | | 19,293,228.99 |
| Interest on Bank Deposits, etc | | 284,474.61 |
| Profit on Sale or Maturity of Assets | | 30,263.58 |
| Increase by adjustment in Book Value of Ledger Assets | | 256,967.41 |
| Other Income | | 572,766.11 |
| **Total** | | **$126,266,574.64** |

### DISBURSEMENTS, 1914

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Payments to Policy-holders: | | |
| Death Losses | $26,269,756.21 | |
| To Living Policy-holders | 45,693,673.36 | |
| | | $71,963,429.57 |
| Paid under supplementary contracts and other payments | | 365,019.12 |
| Com'ns and other Pay'ts to Agents | | 6,831,867.23 |
| Medical Examination and Agency Expenses, etc. | | 2,657,836.44 |
| Home Office Salaries | | 1,786,881.72 |
| Taxes, Licenses and Insurance Dept. Fees | | 1,190,478.01 |
| Rent and Real Estate Taxes and Expenses | | 887,186.65 |
| All other Expenses | | 1,269,732.81 |
| Loss on Sale or Maturity of Assets | | 621,589.06 |
| Decrease by adjustment in Book Values | | 1,704,666.22 |
| For Reserves to meet Policy Obligations | | 36,987,887.81 |
| **Total** | | **$126,266,574.64** |

## THE HAW-HAW CORNER

### A Boy's Remarks to His Stomach

What's the matter with you—ain't I always been
your friend?
Ain't I been a partner to you? All my pennies
don't I spend
In gettin' nice things for you? Don't I give you
lots of cake?
Say, stummick, what's the matter, that you had
to go and ache?

Why, I loaded you with good things yesterday. I
gave you more
Potatoes, squash and turkey than you'd ever had
before!
I gave you nuts and candy, pumpkin pie and choc-
olate cake—
And last night when I got to bed you had to go
and ache!

Say, what's the matter with you? Ain't you satis-
fied at all?
I gave you all you wanted; you was hard just
like a ball;
And you couldn't hold another bit of puddin', yet
last night
You ached mos' awful, stummick; that ain't
treatin' me just right.

I've been a friend to you, I have; why ain't you a
friend of mine?
They gave me castor oil last night because you
made me whine.
I'm awful sick this morning, and I'm feeling
mighty blue,
Becoz you don't appreciate the things I do for
you! —*Selected.*

---

HE KNEW.

The proofreader on a small daily was a woman of great precision of language. One day a reporter succeeded in getting into type an item about "Willie Brown, the boy who was burned in the West End by a live wire."

On the next day the reporter found on his desk a frigid note:

"Which is the west end of a boy?"

To which he replied: "The end the son sets on, of course."

---

THE WRONG ANSWER

The proprietor of a second-hand store was not so tidy as he might have been. One day while standing in front of the store an Irishman approached and asked:

"Hov yez any clean shirts in yer store?"

"Sure I have," answered the clothing man, anxious for a sale. "Lots of them, so clean as anything."

"Well," said the Irishman, moving away, "go in and put wan ov them on."

---

### Far Be It From Me—No. 4

*—Drawn for* BOYS' LIFE *by John T. Swift.*

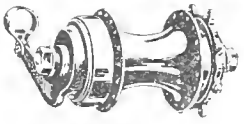
# The Brake for Every Bike

For every bicycle, big or little, boy's or girl's, up to the heaviest motorcycle, there's a New Departure Coaster Brake that adds pleasure and safety to the going.

It not only doubles the efficiency of your wheel, but gives you fun without fatigue — the speed without the spill — the exercise without too much exertion.

Remember this all-important point when you buy a bicycle or motorcycle—be certain to have it equipped with the ball-bearing

## NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE



Positively cannot slip, bind or lock. It can't get out of order or rust. Heavily nickel-plated; very handsome in design.

**FREE to Live Boys.**—A gold-plated Joy Boy Stickpin sent free if you will give us the name of your nearest bicycle dealer. We'll also tell you of four good ways to get a wheel.

**New Departure Mfg. Co., 101 North Main St., Bristol, Conn.**

*The Brake that Brought the Bike Back*

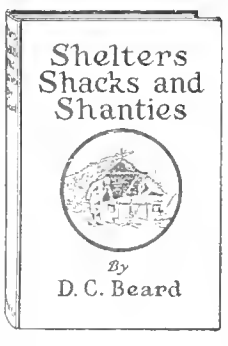
## If You're a LIVE BOY or a LIVE WORKER Among Boys

YOU'LL WANT

DAN BEARD'S New Book, Just Published

## "Shelters, Shacks and Shanties"

**With more than 300 illustrations by the Author**




In answer to many requests from Boy Scouts themselves and others interested in the movement, *Mr. Beard*, the greatest authority on boys' interests, has prepared his new book. Boys will find it an invaluable guide in constructing temporary or permanent shelters in their hikes or encampments. It contains easily workable directions accompanied by very full illustrations for over fifty shelters, shacks and shanties, ranging from the most primitive shelter to the fully equipped log cabin.

A GREAT HOLIDAY OPPORTUNITY

"SHELTERS, SHACKS AND SHANTIES" - - Price $1.25 } Both for
BOYS' LIFE for one year - - - - - - - - " 1.00 } $1.25

**BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, 200 Fifth Ave., New York**

## Each Part of Uniform

is stamped with the
Official Seal of the

# Boy Scouts of America

We Manufacture Uniforms for

BOYS' ORGANIZATIONS OF ALL KINDS

AGENTS IN ALL LARGE CITIES

*If none in your town, arrangements may be made with*

## SIGMUND EISNER

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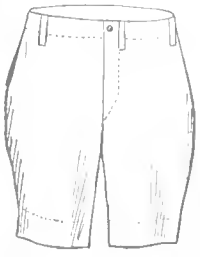
MANUFACTURER OF

## U. S. Army and National Guard Uniforms



RED BANK, NEW JERSEY

New York Salesrooms

103 FIFTH AVENUE

# BOYS' LIFE

## THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

March
1915
10 Cents

*Associate Editors:*
DAN BEARD and ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

# The Standard Blouse of the World

K&E KAYNEE K&E

LOOK for the LOOP

Goodness—No one can claim goodness unless the real and actual quality is within. It must be of the heart, honest, earnest, constant. Goodness—quality, honesty, earnest right effort, constant improvement. All these have helped to make this blouse and its companion products—Shirts for Boys, Wash-Togs, Children's Rompers, Pajamettes, Nighties, Creepers, Undertogs—Standard of their kind the world around. The principles which make a good Scout are the same that govern us.

Ask any good merchant almost anywhere Fifty cents, or more. The One Dollar grade is biggest value.

Be sure you get the Scout Laws, ready to frame, which is inside every blouse, with the valuable coupon.

THE K&E KAYNEE K&E COMPANY

(K&E Blouse Makers)

KAYNEE BUILDING, CLEVELAND

AN INSTITUTION OF MODERN MANUFACTURING METHODS. THE LARGEST, BRIGHTEST, BUSIEST ON EARTH

NEW YORK
220 FIFTH AVENUE

CHICAGO
603 MEDINAH BUILDING

# BOYS' LIFE

## THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

WALTER P. McGUIRE, *Editor*

Associate Editors:
DAN BEARD and ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

VOL. V. MARCH, 1915 No. I

**Published by the Boy Scouts of America**

*At National Headquarters,*
*200 Fifth Ave., New York City*

WOODROW WILSON, Honorary President
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It is packed full of the finest stories for boys; stories with plenty of excitement in them, plenty of fun of the right sort; stories about camping, woodcraft, handicraft, scouting, trailing, signaling, baseball, football, basket ball, animals—in fact, every sport, recreation or activity in boys' life, presented for the entertainment of *all boys.*

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# Leading Features This Month


PAGE

Cover Design, Drawn for Boys' Life *by William J. Shettsline, Jr.*
Hicks, Accidental Detective ..... *J. Raymond Elderdice* 2
Lefty's Climb to Happiness ..... *Roger Fison* 5
The Moonshiners in the Jungle (Continued) ..... *Walter Walden* 7
The Clean Hands of the Secret Service ..... *John Elbert Wilkie* 9
The Boy Scout Smoke Eaters (Part II) ..... *Irving Crump* 10
The Scouts of Red-Coat's Den ..... *R. A. Ellis* 11
Around the Camp Fire *Ernest Thompson Seton* 12
A Boy Talks Across the Continent ..... 13
To Win the Merit Badge for Art *Frank H. Collins* 14
The Chief Scout's Anniversary Greetings *Ernest Thompson Seton* 15
From Dan Beard's Duffel Bag *Daniel Carter Beard* 16
The Greatest Machine in the World *Dr. William Brady* 17
The Cave Scout ..... 18
Scouting in the Antarctic Ice Fields *Sir Douglas Mawson* 19
The President to the Boy Scouts of America *Hon. Woodrow Wilson* 19
Scoutcraft in Pictures ..... 20-21
Deaf Boy Becomes an Eagle Scout ..... 22
How I Built My Log Cabin *Scout Howard Upham* 22
Our Lonesome Corner ..... 24-25
Remarkable "Finds" in Stamps ..... *Frank L. Coes* 26
Puzzle Picture ..... 28
Stories About Our Double Page Pictures ..... 28
With the Boy Scouts Afield ..... 30-31
"Everywhere and Everything" ..... 32
Scouts' Questions Answered ..... 33
Helpful Hints to Scout Photographers ..... 34

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# Hicks, Accidental Detective

## Another Bannister College Story

By J. RAYMOND ELDERDICE

Author of "A Victory Unforeseen" and "Hicky Edits."

Illustrated by WM. J. SHETTSLINE, JR.

THOMAS HAVILAND HICKS, JR., that cherub-faced, mosquito-like collegian whose athletic powers were limited to twanging a banjo and eating downtown at "Jerry's," stood on the running track of the Bannister College gym, gazing down at the afternoon basketball practice with a super-critical expression.

While he mournfully surveyed his own toothpick anatomy and then compared it with the husky forms of the basketball squad a sudden inspiration smote his brain, nearly wrecking it. When Captain "Butch" Brewster, the Gold and Green center, with big "Biff" Pemberton, left guard, and the two forwards—"Hefty" Hollingsworth and "Torp" Torpington, executed a bewildering play on the strong scrub team, a raucous voice echoed from the track—

"Aw—bally well played, Butch, old top! Clevah work, Biff—clevah, indeed! Exceedingly well executed, Hefty, don't y'know? Bah Jove, Torp, played like a regular Hercules, ya—as!"

A storm of indignation, in which the pestiferous Hicks reveled, burst from the perspiring, grimy-faced basketball candidates, and the blithesome Junior, who had actually committed the crime of clapping his hands to applaud a basketball play, grinned in delight. A second later he observed with consternation Captain Butch Brewster, dire intent written in plain English on his countenance, making for the stairway.

Escape from the former football leader was impossible, as Butch's ponderous form blocked the entrance to the track, so the terror-stricken Hicks shuddered away from the lumbering basketball captain, remembering former reprisals, and awaited the inevitable.

"Say, you thorn in the flesh, you blot on the escutcheon of fair Bannister!" began Captain Butch, with a facility bred of practice on Hicks, "what do you suppose the basketball squad is giving—an exhibition of cricket? Why don't you have a cup of tea to sip, you excuse for an apology, and be true to life?"

"Spare me, Butch!" croaked Hicks feebly. "You'll need the wisdom of my mighty brain in solving your basketball problems, and—"

"*That is true,* Hickey!" the basketball captain's face was serious. "Now, be sensible, old man, and get this situation in mind, for I am perplexed, and the Latham game is near. You know that Hefty and Torp have been playing the forwards position — I switched myself to center to make room at right forward for Torp.

"With Biff Pemberton and Deacon Radford at guards, I would have vowed that the five could not be improved upon, that it was invincible! But that Sophomore, the husky chap we call 'Country,' has proved a terror on the scrubs—he blocks our passing, and he is a phenomenon at shooting goals from any angle."

His talk became an illustrated lecture, for that instant the young Hercules from the rural districts, a powerful, somewhat awkward chap, blocked a pass, whirled with the ball, and then tossed the sphere with one hand squarely into the basket. A big, slow fellow whose brain worked on a freight schedule, 'Country,' after mastering signals by days of hard labor, was a wonder.

"I want you to watch the work of those three, Hicks," requested Butch (for the Junior's loyalty to Bannister was unquestioned, and he knew a good basketball player when he saw one), "Hefty and Torp on the first five, and the work of Country on the second, and give me your honest opinion as to their ability.

T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., who could not be serious outwardly, though he really shared Butch's perturbation, gazed toward a corner of the gym, where hung the life-sized, canvas-covered, sawdust-stuffed tackling dummy, brought in from the football field at the end of the past season.

"Of course, Butch," he responded, importantly, "you may trust me to handle this awkward affair, and my decision will settle the difficulty. But, as football captain, Butch, you treated one fellow unjustly by keeping him off the eleven! Every day he was first on the field, and last to leave—rain or sunshine, he never missed a practice—he was battered around and he never quit; he did more for the eleven than any other fellow, and yet—you never gave him a fair try-out for the team!"

"Why, who was he?" demanded Captain Butch, worried at the charge that he, as football leader, had not given every candidate justice. "Show me the chap, Hicks."

"The dummy!" jeered T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., making a dash around the track as the basketball captain, forced to laugh at the way he had fallen victim to the Junior's wiles, returned to the gym floor.

HICKS, studying the three players, soon rated Country as number one on the list, with the first team forwards about even; all things considered, the scrub forward was a wonder, and Captain Butch's problem was apparent, for a place must be made for him on the college five. Either good-natured Hefty or the somewhat haughty Torp must be supplanted, to let this berserker rustic toss goals into the Bannister basket!

"Poor Hefty, I guess—" meditated Hicks. "When Torp is steady, he can't be equalled, but when he is erratic—worse than a March hare! Hefty is steady and dependable. But this Country—he is a tornado! It will be hard on whichever one Captain Butch sends to the side-lines, for both have fought hard to make the five!"

Before the practice ended, Coach Corridan called the first string players together on the floor, the spectators being ordered from the gym, and gave them a new play, with the secret signals. He explained carefully every detail of it, how each fellow on the offense and the defense must play his position, and then the regular five practiced the passing, until every player knew what to do when the center's right foot pointed to the left forward.

"It may win the game Saturday!" said the coach. "If we pull off this play brilliantly, the chances are all in our favor that we shall surprise them and score a goal—then we'll work the variations of it. Let every fellow study the play and signals *hard,* and get letter perfect! Don't let an outsider get the slightest hint of the new play—*everything* may depend upon it Saturday!"

IT was the next night, about eight o'clock, as Captain Butch Brewster toiled faithfully at his "trig," though he longed to work out basketball plays for the five, that the big Sophomore dubbed Country because of his awkward, rural appearance stumbled into the room. He had some papers in his hand, and his honest face was red with embarrassment as he stammered—

"Say, Butch—I—that is—here is something I think you ought to see. A bunch of the fellows were having a rough-house in the hall just as I was going down for dinner. When I came along I found these papers on the floor. I knew they must have fallen out of somebody's pocket, and in order that I might return them to their owner I looked at them to see if I could find out who they belonged to. After I saw what they were, I brought them to you. Don't think I am a sneak,

Butch, but for the good of the team—"

Captain Brewster snatched the sheets of paper. The first sheet he saw was addressed:

"*Mr. Dan Milton, care of Latham College, Stanford, Pa.*"

"Why," exclaimed Butch, "Milton is basketball captain at Latham." His gaze rested on the letter, written in the unmistakable, painful scrawl of Hefty Hollingsworth, the Bannister right forward, and he read—

DEAR DAN:

Here is something which may help you, and I'm glad to be able to send it in time; you need never return it, and don't ever say a word about it, for it might ruin a fellow's good name. This will reach you in plenty of time for you to prepare for the struggle with Bannister, and you can have a free mind about the game, for I know what victory means to you.

Your old chum,
HEFTY.

The other sheet, also written in Hefty's laborious chirography, was a complete exposition of the new basketball play and variations given the team the previous afternoon by Coach Corridan! It gave the details of the play, the signals, the duty of each player on offense and defense—it was a perfect repetition of the coach's outline, and so clear that Captain Dan Milton would be able to break up the play, on seeing the signals of the Bannister center, before it got fairly started!

The Bannister captain stared at the overwhelming evidence against the good-natured right forward. He could not believe that Hefty would play traitor, even though he knew that the big fellow and the Latham leader were firm friends. This meant a virtual giving away of Bannister's chances for victory, for only by a surprise could the Gold and Green defeat the heavy, fast Latham quintette.

"Not a word to a soul, Country!" he said at last, his face set and his hands clenched. "No man is guilty until he is proved so! Leave this matter to me—you acted in the right manner, for it is best that we know of this in time. Keep quiet, for there is hope that Hefty is innocent!"

HALF an hour later, big Hefty Hollingsworth, answering a knock, opened his door and admitted Captain Butch Brewster, Coach Corridan and serious Deacon Radford, the left guard. He greeted them with a smile, but, seeing their ominous expressions, he was startled, and he stood waiting for them to divulge their mission.

"Hefty, old man—" Butch's voice broke. "Can you explain—this?"

The right forward took the letter, recognizing it at once, but when he saw the sheet of the outlined play, his face went pale; for a moment he stood, clutching the evidence in his hands, slowly realizing, as his mind gradually put two and two together, of what he was accused!

"I lost the letter," he began uncertainly. "I wondered where it was—but this play—I can't understand! Butch, you surely don't mean—"

"Hefty," said the coach sternly, "a compromising letter in your writing is found, apparently about to be mailed to the Latham captain, almost on the eve of the game; in your handwriting, also, is found a full explanation of the new play with which we hoped to beat Latham Saturday—with that letter—the letter certainly has to do with the play—can you explain it?"

The big fellow stared at them, bewildered.

"I—I don't know how the play was found—in my writing," he said. "I thought I had—well, I can assure you I am innocent of what you accuse me! I can explain the letter, Coach Corridan, and on my word of honor it has nothing to do with the new play, or with basketball!"

"Then—explain it, old man!" broke in Deacon Radford. "We know that you are innocent, but the evidence is crushing. Tell us about that letter, and smash this charge!"

The Bannister right forward started to speak, and then his gaze rested on the picture of a motherly, kindly faced woman, with gray hair, that hung on the wall, and his jaws came together with a snap, like those of a sprung steel trap.

"I cannot explain it, fellows," he said firmly, his hands clenched, his face showing his mental agony. "I—I confess the evidence is startling and it looks as though I was about to send the play to Dan Milton, but nothing is farther from the truth! I am innocent—won't you believe me?"

"Then—you absolutely refuse to explain the true meaning of this letter?" demanded Coach Corridan. "You swear that you are innocent, yet you will not clear yourself of the charge, when you have it within your power to refute it?"

Hefty Hollingsworth drew himself up, his big body stiffening to meet the shock of the others' wrath; there was a quiet dignity about the fellow that was impressive, as he answered quickly—

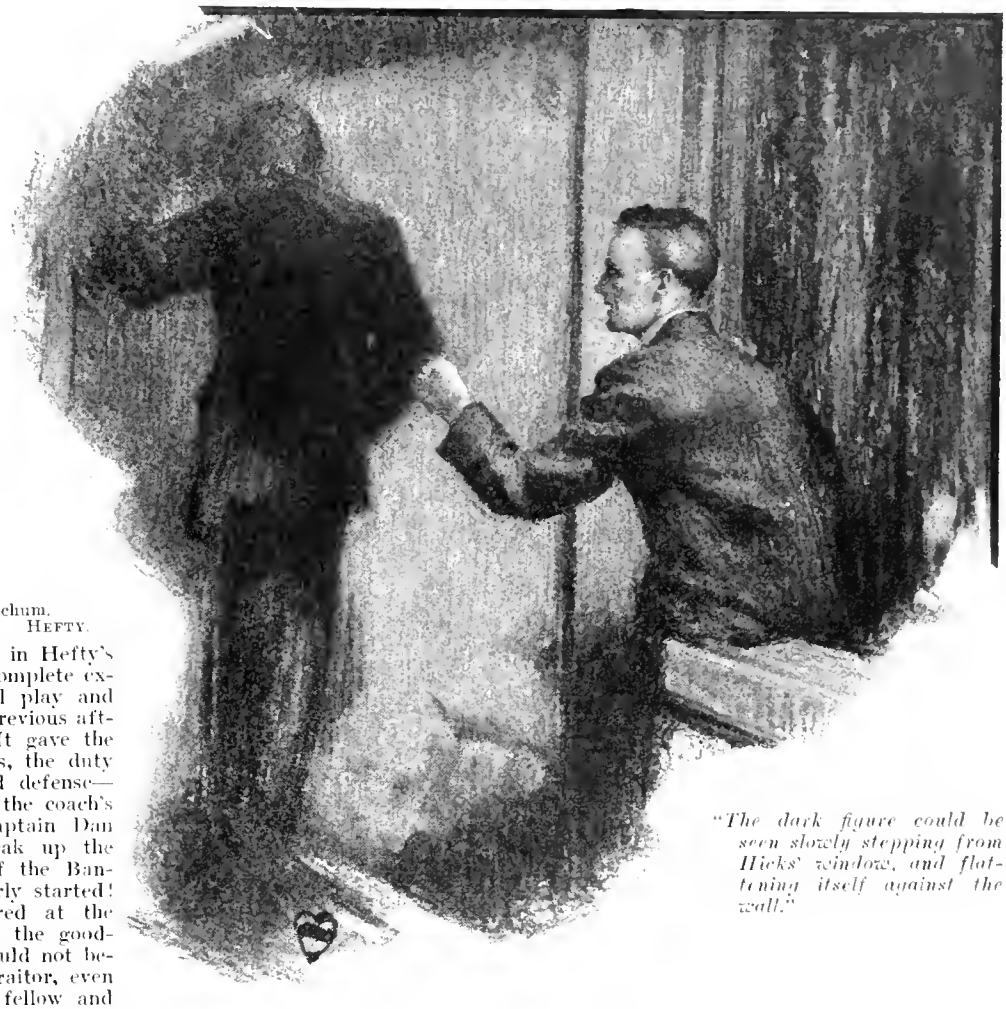
"I have nothing to say, Coach. I am innocent—I love old Bannister, and I would *die* rather than betray my alma mater! I realize the terrible burden I must bear, believed a traitor by the whole college, branded an outcast! But I can not speak."

Silence, and then Coach Corridan spoke sadly:

"You understand, Hefty—I have no other course to pursue—we can not play you until this terrible charge is cleared, and your innocence established; the evidence is too overwhelming to be ignored. Until further notice, you are suspended from the Bannister basketball squad!"

Silently they filed from the room of the dishonored athlete who would not speak in self-defense, and when the door closed on them big, honest Hefty Hollingsworth bowed his head in his hands and groaned aloud in his utter despair.

THE next evening, after basketball practice, Captain Butch Brewster dropped in on Thomas Haviland Hicks, Jr., who had a cozy den on the third floor of Nordyke, the Junior dormitory. The athlete, who was waiting for the supper bell, found the lathelike Junior sprawled in an easy chair, his feet thrust out the open window, his face buried in "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," while on



*"The dark figure could be seen slowly stepping from Hicks' window, and flattening itself against the wall."*

the table were books by Edgar Allan Poe, Gaboriau, and other writers of detective fiction.

"Ha, Captain Butch!" breathed Hicks, gazing up at the big fellow, "I deduce that something has happened! Hefty Hollingsworth did not report for practice today, he won't talk, wears a gloomy frown—you look worried; therefore, Hefty has done something wrong!"

"Another catastrophe!" groaned the basketball leader. "Hicks has the idea he is a detective—a second Sherlock Holmes! Well, Mr. Poe-Vidocq-Scotland-Yard-Holmes, solve the mystery of Hefty Hollingsworth and the Strange Letter! Any one could deduce that something is wrong when Hefty fails to report for practice, and wears gloom instead of his sunny smile, but—what's the solution?"

He got Hicks' word of honor not to divulge the facts, for Captain Butch knew the Junior to be intensely loyal to Bannister, and that he possessed a certain mental brilliancy, despite his happy-go-lucky ways. Then he told the scatter-brained collegian of the letter and the new play which Country had brought him, and of how Hollingsworth steadfastly refused to explain what the epistle really meant.

"I can't believe him guilty, Hicks," grieved the Captain, "but you must admit such evidence is overwhelming! I don't want to have the team go into the Latham game with this tragedy hanging over it—the fellows don't know the truth, but they will suspect something when Country stays in Hefty's place!"

"So Country brought you the evidence," mused Hicks, serious for a second. "All right, Butch. I'm glad you decided to call on my sleuth powers—I'll turn my wonderful detective ability on the case, and you can rest assured that before the Latham game the Hollingsworth mystery will be solved!"

"You!" spluttered Butch, whom Hicks' calm confidence never failed to arouse to the exploding point. "You couldn't detect a thunderstorm! You couldn't get a scent if an onion were held under your nose, you colossal fraud!"

When Captain Butch had gone, Thomas Haviland Hicks, Jr., stood by the window of his room, gazing first down at the concrete walk, far below, and then out across the quadrangle to the windows of the north wing of Nordyke Hall.

"Poor old Hefty has never been mixed up in any shady deal that I ever heard of, and, by George! I can't believe he is guilty! He has some mighty good reason for keeping mum about this letter and it's up to T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., to find out what that reason is."

TWO days passed and no clue to the mystery was found. Hefty stoutly declined to give any information and Country was given his place on the 'Varsity. Hickey attended the practice on both days and watched the games with keen interest. Both Country and Torp seemed to have fallen off badly in their form, and Hickey began to rack his brain for some reason which would account for their slump.

"Torp and Country are the only fellows who have gained anything by this rotten mess," he reasoned. "And both of them are playing below form. They look and act as if they were worried. I wonder if—no that's not a valid excuse for suspecting them—still there is a chance. But if they *do* know anything about this case, I wonder if there is any way of making them talk."

THAT evening just at dusk a group of basketball players were gathered in Biff Pemberton's room on the third floor of the north wing of Nordyke Hall, discussing Bannister's chances for victory in the coming game with Latham. Suddenly a window flew open in the quarters of T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., on the third floor of the south wing, directly across the quadrangle and a frightened voice warned:

"Don't! Don't try it!"

Butch, Torp, Country and the rest rushed to the open window just as a dark figure came out of the room across the way and began the perilous journey along the narrow ledge that ran across the face of the dormitory on the third floor.

This excessively dangerous and death-defying feat had been achieved but once in the history of Bannister, for none was brave enough to attempt climbing along the ledge, which offered scarcely a toe-hold. The famous reckless "Ricks" McFadden, who would try anything once, and had tried the faculty patience once too often, had actually journeyed from that room, along the sheer side of the wall, and over to the tower window!

"Who is it?" shouted Butch, as the big form loomed up against the face of the building in the shadows. "Why, he'll fall and be killed—a tumble to the concrete will smash him all up!"

"Don't try it, Hefty!" sounded the voice of Hicks, from his room. "Come back, old man, before it is too late! You are far too heavy and clumsy—once you lose your head you are doomed!"

"Hefty Hollingsworth!" shouted "Doc" Chalmers, a Junior. "What has gotten into him, anyway? He must have gone crazy to attempt such a reckless stunt!"

But the big fellow was evidently determined to duplicate the immortal McFadden's feat, for the dark figure could be seen slowly stepping from Hick's window, and flattening against the wall, one arm reaching for the window of the next room.

The little group in Pemberton's room stood transfixed with horror as they watched the slow progress of the adventurer. Then a second figure, whom they recognized as Hicks, appeared at the window. A breathless suspense followed as Hickey leaned out to help steady the reckless climber. Then there came a wild, piercing shriek of alarm, and—

A body hurtled swiftly downward in the night, flashing past the windows of the lower floors, and crashed with a sickening thud on the concrete walk, while the agonized voice of Thomas Haviland Hicks, Jr., shouted:

"Oh, I didn't mean to push him. I wanted to make him come back! Oh, he is *killed!* Poor Hefty, I have killed him!"

*"Half an hour later two figures crawled out of a clump of bushes back of the gym."*

THE little group of men in Pemberton's room were so stunned by the awful suddenness of the accident that for a moment no one spoke. Then "My God! fellows, he's killed!" said Brewster in a hoarse voice as he rushed from the room, followed by the rest. Along with them went Torp, his face as white as death and a dry sob choking in his throat.

Just as they reached the ground they saw two men carrying the body into the college infirmary, which adjoined the south wing of the dormitory. Across the quadrangle they rushed, joined by another group of students who came from the entrance to the south wing. Among this group was Hicks. Up the steps to the infirmary they ran and they had just reached the door when Hickey and Doc Chalmers, who were in the lead, turned and said, with breaking voices, "Don't go in, fellows, we can't help him any, anyway. Let the doctor do what he can."

The awed group stopped on the steps, talking softly in hushed voices.

"Poor old Hefty," said Brewster, "there never was

(*Continued on page* 37.)

# Lefty's Climb to Happiness

## What a One-Armed Boy Scout Did in an Emergency

By ROGER FISON

Author of "Joe's Christmas Eve at Whistling Bend," and "Pancake Jim."
Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL.

HE stood upon the platform of the little railroad station at Timber Gulch, his pale face pressed tightly against the telegraph office window. He was listening—listening intently to the *click-click, click-ety-click* of the noisy telegraph instruments within. Suddenly he smiled and his lips moved slightly, for he had translated some of the clicking dots and dashes into real words. Then, moving even a little closer to the window, his left hand began to bob up and down irregularly. He was unconsciously repeating on an imaginary telegraph key all the letters he was catching.

One thing, particularly, was noticeable about the young listener. The right sleeve of his faded coat hung limply to one side. It was empty! The arm that belonged in that sleeve had been taken off by an explosion in his father's silver "claim" three months before and the explosion had proved fatal to his father, the last living relative he had had.

Now, all alone in the world and with only one arm, Lefty Carlson was trying hard to learn something that eventually would afford him a livelihood—trying so earnestly that already he had enlisted the sympathy of some one in the Timber Gulch railroad station. This "some one" was Ed Miller, the tall, lank agent of the C. M. Railway Company at that point, who for the past month had been helping the boy to learn telegraphy. And catching sight of him on the station platform now, Miller moved toward the telegraph office window, rapped on it briskly and motioned the little student to come in.

SCARCELY had Lefty caught the summons when he was mysteriously joined by a long-limbed dog of yellowish color with stub tail and matted hair.

"Come on, Gold Dust!"

And, hearing its name spoken, the little animal wagged its tail good-naturedly and followed its young master into the railroad station.

Miller smiled kindly as the two entered. "Glad to see you, Lefty. Sit down. You needn't have stood on that wet platform all this time, though. Come right in—always. Why, Lefty, what's that?" The agent pointed to a neatly mounted badge on the boy's coat.

Lefty straightened and proudly extended his chest.

"Oh, that's a tenderfoot Scout badge. I passed the test before I'd lost my arm. Just got the badge today. Didn't think they'd let me be a Boy Scout any longer, but they did. My troop even wants to help me, but I'm fifteen years old and I gotta be independent. Mrs. Fitzpatrick's mighty good to me, too. Says I can live with her and go to school just the same as when Father was living and paying my board. But I ain't a goin' to. I gotta earn my own living."

Mr. Miller understood. He was a practical man.

"Sit down over there and let me hear you send," he said. "I'll see if you've been practising any on that telegraph set I loaned you. It's lucky that you've *always* been left handed."

A pleased expression lit up the boy's face. He moved eagerly to the telegraph table and, after seating himself, grasped the telegraph key connected with one of the table's spare telegraph sets. His hand began to move rapidly up and down and the hitherto silent instrument clicked out some of the cleanest cut dots and dashes that the old railroader, who was listening intently, had ever heard.

"Tip top!" exclaimed Mr. Miller enthusiastically. "Keep it up, boy. You'll get there by and by. I'll talk to our superintendent about you the next time he drops in. Do you want to practice a little while now?"

The boy glanced at the station clock. It was 5 p. m.

"I'd like to," he hesitated, "but—but, I gotta be at the Bain ranch at six o'clock. I hear John Bain wants a boy to help him peddle milk over in town mornings. Guess a one-armed fellow could do that all right. When was this new telegraph set put in, Mr. Miller?"

Lefty indicated the set he had been manipulating.

"Why, that connects with the new electric power plant down in Red Canyon. *Their* wire can be used for either telegraph or telephone. Say, Lefty, you'd better not start out just now. It's beginning to rain again."

"But I gotta get that job, Mr. Miller," said Lefty. "The ranch is only two miles down. I'll make it all right. Thanks ever so much for listening to my sending. Come on, Gold Dust."

A moment later Miller, standing at the window, watched the frail figure disappear down the winding mountain road that led to the valley below.

"Poor little chap," exclaimed the agent half aloud, "no father, no mother and one arm to fight life's battle with."

*A Little Later and the Stream Would Have Claimed "Lefty."*

LEFTY himself was thinking of but one thing—of getting some kind of work to do. It was now the end of March. If he could get the job helping to peddle milk, he could at least earn his board for a while. Then, by summer, he might be able to get telegraph work. Reflecting thus, he moved steadily along the muddy roadway, unmindful of the dark clouds which were gathering above.

"Maybe," he said to himself, "maybe I c'n earn a livin' right away."

The road he trod was a crooked one, following as it did the rugged slopes of the central Colorado Rockies, with a constantly shifting border of huge jagged rocks, tall straight pines and abandoned mining claims. He passed slide after slide of soft earth and loosened rocks—the results of heavy rains which had been falling almost steadily for the past three days.

For half an hour Lefty trudged on in profound meditation, stopping only when he reached a deep ravine (the beginning of of Red Canyon) through which rushed the mad and muddy stream of Roaring Fork. A steel bridge, known as Chimney Rock Crossing and forming part of the main roadway, spanned the canyon and the creek. And because he was still half a mile from his destination and heavy rain was coming down again, Lefty called his dog, and together they sought the shelter of a small open shanty near the bridge.

ACROSS the canyon he could see the C. C. Power Company's big steel transmission towers, the three wires of which carried into Denver, more than a hundred miles away, the 60,000 volts of alternating current generated at their huge power plant at Tollan, ten miles south up the canyon.

Passing the shanty and strung on wooden poles were four uninsulated iron wires, the power company's combination telegraph and telephone line. Two of these wires ran directly from the Tollan plant to the railroad station at Timber Gulch. The other pair followed the entire length of the power circuit, and at certain intervals along the route looped into flat wooden boxes fastened to the poles, each of which contained a telephone, thus enabling linemen to keep in close touch with

headquarters when they were out on the line searching for wire trouble. One of these signalling outfits was installed near the top of a pole about thirty feet from where Lefty stood.

The boy recalled with pleasure the time, six months previous, when the construction gangs had been engaged on these lines. He had spent many an interesting hour watching the men at work and plying them with questions regarding the operation of the line. Now, electricity was moving through these same wires and the wonderful machines that created this power were being turned by the waters of Roaring Fork—and in distant towns and cities this electricity was lighting homes and running mills and street cars.

These pleasing reflections might have continued for some time had not a sudden angry gust of wind driven him further back into the shanty. Gold Dust shivered with fright. In fact, Lefty himself felt a trifle uneasy. He had hoped to be at the ranch by this time. Now it was growing dark and the rain showed no sign of letting up. So fiercely did it beat against the frail shelter that it ceased almost to be a shelter, and when finally the little shack began to creak and tremble, Gold Dust crouched in a corner and howled dismally. Lefty knelt down beside him.

"Looky here, Gold Dust," said he, pointing to the badge on his coat. "What did I tell you about Scouts bein' brave. You stop cryin' and be a good Scout."

Gold Dust quieted instantly.

Scarcely had the boy turned his head, however, when came a resounding crash from the other side of the canyon. Then —a flash of weird, blinding light.

Drawn irresistibly toward what he saw ahead of him, Lefty leaped into the roadway. On the bridge's steel truss an immense ball of bright, bluish flame flashed intermittently, crackling, sizzling and sputtering like some fantastic fire imp. He knew then the source of the flame.

Their concrete foundations having been undermined by the heavy rainfall, the two steel towers across the bridge, on which were strung the three C. C. Power Company's transmision wires carrying 60,000 volts, had slid part way down the steep bank of the canyon. One of the heavily charged wires had dropped within four inches of the bridge's steel truss work. The steel formed an excellent ground connection. Every few seconds the strong wind blew the wire against this steel, and then would follow a weird display of glaring light.

LEFTY contemplated the fascinating sight for only a moment. He realized that these power wires were liable to fall even lower, thus making the bridge a veritable death-trap for travelers. Proximity with high-tension wires like these was especially dangerous during wet weather. Recalling the C. C. Power Company's test-box on the nearby telephone pole, he lifted Gold Dust to his arm and rushed toward it. The test-pole was twenty feet high, it stood on the very edge of the stream's steep bank and stout iron climbing spikes were fastened to its sides. After four attempts the boy ascended the first step. Then by clutching the post with his knees he was able to reach for the one higher. It was slow and difficult work with only one arm and with cold rain beating fiercely against his face, but he stuck to it and finally succeeded in pulling himself on to the small platform just below the pole's test-box. So occupied was he now with the thought of rendering service that he failed to notice that his added weight had caused the pole to swing several inches toward the water-soaked bank.

Below him rushed the mad water of Roaring Fork, tumbling its way over and between huge boulders, dashing, splashing and foaming, the same stream that moved the big power wheels at Tollan generating station.

Lefty was tugging away at the rusty chain on the test box door when from the bridge came another terrifying glare of electric flame. The boy trembled slightly, dropped the chain, then took it up again and pulled with all his might at the little door.

This time it yielded.

Snatching the test phone receiver from its hook, Lefty placed it tightly against his ear, fearful lest this circuit had been affected by the storm. A moment's breathless wait, and then—

"*Hello,*" came a feeble voice from the power station. "*Who is this?*"

"*Power wires down at Chimney Rock bridge,*" shouted the boy. "*I'm at the test box, and—*"

Here the pole quivered, gave a dizzy swerve to the left, and its lower section, together with its entire foundation, plunged into the stream below, lodging securely against a huge boulder. Lefty, stunned by a blow on the head, lost his hold and slid a few inches, his coat catching firmly on one of the pole's iron spikes. Rendered unconscious by the hurt, he now lay quite still against the partly submerged pole, his legs dangling dangerously in the swiftly flowing waters, which might at any moment sweep him to destruction.

THE boy did not know that the C. C. Power Company had received his message and that linemen were already on their way to the breakdown. Through Red Canyon, along the power company's well kept roadway, a powerful automobile was now tearing along, headed for Chimney Rock bridge. So far the roadway had not to any great extent been damaged by the heavy rainfall.

Bang! Slash! Boom!

The sixty horsepower machine with its half dozen occupants fairly flew along the canyon roadway, bumping through puddles and over small stones in its path. Now it pulled up at Chimney Rock bridge and its repair gang leaped quickly to the ground. Lanterns began to flash about in the darkness. The one held by the tall foreman suddenly focused itself on the lowered test pole on the other side of the bridge. Nearby a drenched dog was whining piteously.

"Quick," shouted the foreman, "the rope! Tie it about me. If he ever gets into that whirlpool he's a goner."

Three men leaped across the bridge, and in another moment the big foreman, a large rope fastened securely about him, splashed into the treacherous stream toward the apparently doomed boy. A little later and the stream would have claimed Lefty. Now he was in the big foreman's arms and the two were quickly drawn to shore.

Restoratives were immediately applied to the boy, then he was wrapped in a heavy blanket and with Gold Dust was placed in the big auto. The foreman leaped in, the driver applied the power and the singing engines rapidly bore the three people up the canyon to Tollan.

TOLLAN, besides one general store, a schoolhouse and a dozen cottages, consisted only of the C. C. Power Company's buildings—two large gray colored structures, one, the home of officials and employees, the other, the power station itself, which was at the very entrance to the settlement.

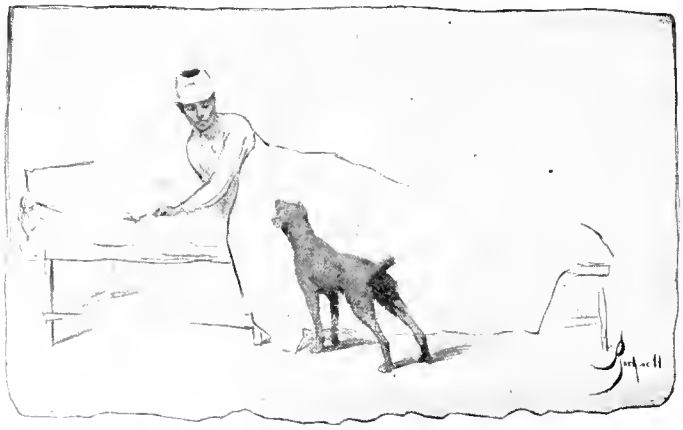
It was to the superintendent's section of the company house that the boy was taken. Besides having suffered from exposure to the elements, his head had been badly bruised when the test pole slid. Not until a physician had worked over him for four hours did Lefty show signs of reviving. From that time on up till midnight he moaned and tossed about, uttering in his wild delirium fragments of his conversation to the dog, always ending, "Be a good scout, Gold Dust. Be—a good—scout."

Superintendent Brown, having known the boy through his own interest in the Timber Gulch Scout troop, had in the meantime established telephonic communication with Agent Miller at Timber Gulch railroad station. After much conversation with the agent had followed a conference between Brown and his wife, for Miller had told them of the boy's brave struggle to learn telegraphy and to secure work.

Near midnight, when the wife entered the boy's presence, there was a look on her face which had not been there since she lost her own boy two years previous. Lefty was still mumbling incoherently when she approached his bedside. But when a soft, gentle hand tenderly smoothed his hot forehead and brushed back his thick, light hair, the homeless boy smiled faintly, seemingly conscious of the return of some long lost friend, then ceased his mumbling and fell into a deep slumber. Gold Dust at the same moment was lying on a comfortable rug nearby.

THE room occupied by Lefty—one that had been hurriedly and temporarily fitted up for him—was directly next to the

(*Continued on page* 37)



*"Where—Where Are We?" He Exclaimed, and Gold Dust Capered and Yelped.*

*Nat and James Examining the Jungle "Still."*

# The Moonshiners in the Jungle

By WALTER WALDEN

Author of "Tropic Smugglers" and "The Mystery of the River Cave."

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL.

*HOW THIS STORY BEGAN—Though Uncle Billy had always been kind to Nat, who relates the story, his manner changed completely after the boy helped the government officials capture some smugglers. The old man was too simple to conceal his hostility toward the law, and Nat noticed that he had also formed a strange intimacy with one "Bat" Mason, a good-for-nothing fellow, new in the town. Worried, Nat followed the two one day when they drove to a lonely swamp with a carefully covered load. What he overheard told him that "moonshining"—the illegal making of liquor—was going on.*

*After consulting the minister, who promised to try to influence the men, Nat wrote to Joseph DeLong, his revenue officer friend. Meantime, the boy had become intimate with James Hewatt, a neighbor boy interested in electrical and mechanical devices, and confided to him his perplexity about the old man. Still investigating, the two boys followed the moonshiners' trail, overheard an argument between them and finally discovered the hidden still. Nat cautiously looked about to see what protection there was if they were surprised.*

CHAPTER IV—*Continued*

SEEING James' mechanical mind still entangled in those snaky, copper coils, I said:

"I'll go out to the creek; you come when you're ready."

He nodded assent, and I was soon seated at the water's edge.

I sat gazing into the stream, my thoughts busy with our find, when suddenly I was startled to see a piece of freshly-cut sugar-cane floating by. I hadn't gotten over my surprise when I caught the sound of splashing. Some one was wading in the water above.

I dug my feet into the soil in a rush back into the startled James.

"Someone's coming!" I whispered, and began to rush the palm screens back on the still.

We scrambled to the thicket, grasping up some palm-fans, which we pulled after us as we forced our way bare-foot into the resisting bulwark of growth.

We peered out between our screening palm-fans and presently saw, coming out of the passage, the coarse form of Bat Mason. His battered black hat covered his eyes as he shuffled forward among the silent palms. He was mumbling to himself as he came.

He went direct to a spot in the thicket, where he reached in and pulled out a demijohn. He stuck his thumb through the handle in the wicker-work, tilted the bottle up on his elbow, and took a long pull at the contents. It was moonshine, I easily guessed. Then, first removing an ugly pistol from a back trousers pocket, he sat himself down with the demijohn between his feet, and again mumbling to himself, he pulled out of his coat pocket an envelope, from which he took a sheet that he set himself to read.

He cursed aloud as he refolded the paper; and directly he got on his feet and carried the envelope in his hand to the farther side of the space. He pushed in back of a live-oak that stood just at the edge of the thicket.

It was some minutes till he came back again to his demijohn; and not again was that wicker-dressed bottle neglected. He tilted back his hat as he pulled the gallon bottle between his knees, where he sat, and tip-tilted it for another pull, and a very long one.

I began to feel easier as to James' and my situation, for Bat Mason continued his hold on the demijohn as he sat staring into his thoughts and mumbling to himself. It seemed quite apparent that he meant to liquor-up on that bottle, which, from its size, seemed to contain enough to put him in a harmless state, in spite of his pistol. At each tilt of the big bottle I thought, "Now, pretty soon, he will be entirely 'ont'." And I could see by James' face beside me that he must be thinking the same. You see our own safety was at stake.

Finally Bat began to sing, and the thick accents gave evidence how muddled in liquor his mind had already become. Rapidly he weakened under his load of poisonous corn-whiskey, till at last he toppled over and lay snorting like a pig—in deep drunken sleep. I believe I never saw a more disgusting spectacle. If that sot had

fired a bullet into his brain I wouldn't have felt so sick. I had the satisfaction of knowing that Uncle Bill was incapable of such bestiality.

NOW we were safe to crawl forward.

"Come on, he's dead for hours, now," said James.

So we got out of our place of hiding, and gazed on the sot. We could have stood him on his head without his having either power or the will to resist.

*Uncle Billy.*

"I'm going to see what he's got back of that tree," I said. So while James pulled the drunken sleeper's pistol farther from his reach and covered it with a dead palmetto-fan, I pushed into the thicket behind that oak to look for the letter that I had reason to believe Bat Mason had concealed there. I found a little pile of dead brush, removing which there was disclosed a small box, set into the soil. On top was a slicker coat. Then came some trousers, a coat and blue flannel shirt. A small bundle of papers, made up chiefly of newspaper clippings, among which was a weather-stained photograph of two men, one bearded, the other with a smooth chin. On the back was written in pencil: "Bat and Hank." The bearded man bore a strong resemblance to Bat Mason, as I had seen him with a week's crop of beard. There also I found an envelope which bore a post-mark of date the day previous. I had out the letter. I am able here to reproduce the text, for I later had occasion to make a copy.

BAT—

Well old pal—they got us—15 years—though Im thinking mine wont be that long—That beak thought he got the whole works but Im feared he knows better now—the boys thought at first Id sold em up an cussed me out most of the way here—But the beak got tired of their talk an told em different—Now they are sure you sold em—an the beak dont say no—so I guess they are squealin on you in spite—So you just lay low till you hears from me again—There is a bloke here—guard—who is goin to send this an thats goin to help me slip—I told him about the cache which Im the only one out knows where it is an hes goin with me for a little chunk I promised him—So wait till you hears from me an maybe I'll meet you down below P R

So long

T.

I made very little out of the letter at the time; in my inexperience many of the peculiar phrases had no meaning for me. But it gave an ill look to Bat's character; it seemed to point to something criminal.

I put the things back as I had found them and hastened out to James, who was revelling in disgust of the drink-soaked Bat Mason.

"I *sure* never will touch liquor," said James, looking down on the beast, snorting in his sleep.

Leaving him to his miseries, we were soon out of that grotto in the jungle. Wading around the thicket, we got back to the trail; following which we passed the ford, and thus soon got back to our ponies.

As we rode back toward home, James tried to deliver me an exposition of the workings of the still; but my mind was taken up with Uncle Bill and Joseph DeLong, in their relation to the 'goings-on' back in that place. If the law should happen in now it would go hard with Uncle Bill.

But then there was the minister—and tomorrow was the day he had promised to try to do something to save my (to him unknown) friend.

James and I parted, promising to meet in the morning before church-time.

## CHAPTER V.

### A Sermon, and a Letter.

IT was after I had poured my pony's breakfast of oats into his feed-box, and while I was brushing him down as he munched his meal, that James came over to say that his father needed his help that morning, making it impossible to go with me to the church.

So, when the time came, I went alone. I kept away from the little frame church till I knew by the singing that the service had begun. Then, after peeking through the crack of the door and locating Uncle Bill over at the left end of a pew, a third of the way down, I slipped into a place, two pews back and on the opposite side of the room. When the congregation was seated I could view Uncle Bill between a pair of ladies' hats. He was perfectly at his ease, lounging against the end of the pew.

The minister presently caught my eye with a look of recognition.

Bringing a concordance to the help of my memory, I believe I have dug up the text—or rather texts—he used that morning. At least, I cannot be far wrong. Here it is:

I Corinthians. Chap. III, v. 18:
Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in the world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise.

Proverbs. Chap. XXVIII, v. 4:
They that forsake the law praise the wicked; but such as keep the law contend with them.

Romans. Chap. II, v. 12:
And as many as have sinned in the law shall be judged by the law.

Then, after repeating the text with careful expression and marked earnestness, he began to tell us how much given we were to degrading our minds, and hearts, and souls with inward false reasonings intended to justify ourselves in our little sins of selfish, un-Christlike acts; and our sins of failure to perform the many little acts of unselfishness taught us by the Master. And he told us how the thief, at the beginning, by exactly the same forms of inward reasoning, convinced himself that he, having little, was perfectly justified in taking some of the goods of him who had more.

I watched Uncle Bill, who, more or less ostentatiously, nodded his head, now and then, in approval of the minister's words.

*Bat.*

Then, finally, the minister came down to particulars. He paused to drink water from a tumbler before he began to tell how, a short time since, many of the congregation had been treated to the sight of a group of smugglers in chains, who were being taken to their punishment. He said that there had come to his ears the mutterings of those who had *falsely reasoned* themselves into the conviction that the smugglers' only fault lay in that they were trying to bring goods into the country without payment of tribute to men who were holding down fat government positions. He spoke quietly, but impressively: "You and I are the government!" he said. "You and I elect our representatives; you and I are responsible for the laws they make; and it is our bounden duty to uphold those laws!" His voice was rising, and now he thundered: "All those who turn smuggler, or in other ways defy our laws, are *traitors to our flag!—traitors to you and I!—traitors to God!*"

UNCLE BILL sat in painful attention, forgetting to nod his approval.

"There are those," resumed the minister, "who, by like false reasoning, bring themselves to believe that they have justification in taking the grain of the field into dark places and converting it into soul-destroying liquor, contrary to law. They elect to live under the protection of the laws that you and I—and they, as citizens, have made, but they reserve to themselves the privilege to decide what laws they will obey, and what laws they will violate. In short, they hold no law inviolate—they are law-*less!* They are *traitors to the flag!—traitors to you and I!—traitors to God!* the Great Original Lawgiver!"

*The Revenue Officer.*

For some minutes Uncle Bill had been pulling his wisp of whiskers and peering about stealthily to see if any accusing eyes might be fastened upon him.

At the last, and after repeating the text, the minister held up his *hand in a menacing attitude*, and spoke ominously, in low tones, and with measured words:

"If any there be, to whom my words shall chance to reach, who shall be engaged in the iniquitous practice of moonshining, let him beware—lest the mighty, retributive *hand of righteousness* come down on him—and crush him!"

Then he stopped abruptly.

Uncle Bill had great agony to keep from squirming visibly in his seat. When they stood and sang, I slipped out.

IT was with a goodly sense of satisfaction that I walked among the pine trees; for I had seen that Uncle Bill was strongly moved by the sermon, which I have but weakly outlined. I began to have visions of his dumping that moonshine still into the bay, and began to wonder if the old friendly feeling between us might not now be resumed and that I should find opportunity to offer my sloop, *Rambler*, to carry it to some deep place in the sea.

But I was counting without another who might have something to say about that—and there, lounging on a store-step, was Bat Mason, doubtless waiting for Uncle Bill.

Immediately it came into my consciousness that the two would be getting their heads together in the old log hut next to Uncle Bill's sugar-cane patch. Here was my chance to learn what effect the minister's words had had on Uncle Bill.

I hurried, by a short-cut, to the cane patch, tumbled through the window, and climbed on top of the lumber under the roof, where I'd been before to listen.

I heard Bat Mason talking as they approached.

"Hit sure look like you was gettin' softheaded like the most o' them fules," he was saying. "So long as you pays for your meal hit ain't nobody's business but yourn what you does with it; you—"

"Moonshinin' is agin the law!" broke in

Uncle Bill, as they entered the hut, "Thet's all there is to hit; hit's agin the law."

I could hear his knife slashing a stick.

"Agin' the law," repeated Bat. "Thet ain't mine an' your law; we didn't make—"

"Hit sure is," again interrupted Uncle Bill. "We-all vote fer them as makes the law, an' ef we accepts some o' the law, we accepts all of hit, an'—"

"Yer beginnin' to talk like a 'black-coat,'" Bat broke in. "I reckon thet preacher—"

"Yes," interrupted Uncle Bill, "thet preacher did hev right smart to say, an' he shore said hit plumb to the pint, too. He said as how when we-all breaks the law we is traitors to the flag an' to God; an' he shore made hit plain."

"Hit's the business o' them preachers to give ye thet kind o' talk," said Bat, "an' stir ye up with all kinds o' holy feelin's about layin' down yer lives fer things an' sech rot. Hit's their business, an' ef they don't do them things, why they loses their job. Now hit's mine an' your business not to lay down our lives too many times, an' to get some o' what's comin' to us in the ways we know how. We ain't stealin' none o' our neighbor's money—an' you cain't say no reason for thet aire law thet says a man cain't make corn-whiskey without payin' them revenuers."

Uncle Bill was slow to reply, so I feared he might be weakening. Finally he spoke up.

"Wall, thet's the way I has always ben figurin' it," he said, "but hit's agin' the law, an' thet preacher sure made me think maybe I ain't seeh a right smart good jedge o' right law as I ben a-thinkin', an'—"

"Don't let them preachers make ye too softy," said Bat. "You has a mind o' yer own, an'—"

"Wall," broke in Uncle Bill, "there ain't no use argyfyin' no more about hit. I ain't agin bilin' out this here last batch; but then I shore quits."

"All right," said Bat. "I reckon by thet time I'll be takin' a trip for my health's sake. So let's git started." Showing that all his arguments were made only to further his own selfish interests.

"No," said Uncle Bill, "we don't go down tell tomorrer night; an' thet brings up some thin' else. You went back down there in the day-time agin' our agreement —I reckon you hogged yerself with thet pizen an'—"

"Wall, there wa'n't no one t' see me go in," said Bat.

"Yer jest a-guessin' thet," said Uncle Bill, "an' then hit don't make no difference—you go in agin' 'fore dark an' I quits; thet's all there is to it."

"All right, I won't do it no more."

"Wall, hit's time I was goin' after 'Mandie," said Uncle Bill.

The two went out of the hut and over to the barn. When I heard their voices sounding from some distance from the log hut I climbed down, scrambled through the window, and made off through the sugar-cane patch.

You can imagine my emotions as I lay on the lumber over the heads of Uncle Bill and Bat, listening to their talk. I found satisfaction in the evidence Uncle Bill gave that he had been deeply influenced by the sermon. But, too, he had already begun to back-slide; he had agreed to continue the moonshining till the present batch should have been "biled out." How well I knew that one slip back downward ofttimes was but the beginning of a complete fall.

IN my cogitations I had come as far on my way home as the row of stores, and caught up with the postmaster, who had apparently just left his shop. He greeted me and gave me the information that there had lain in the box for two days past a letter for myself; and he volunteered to go with me back and get it out if I wished. I gladly accepted, and was delighted to see that it was a writing from Joseph DeLong.

It was with relief that I said "good-bye" to the postmaster at his home gate, and I tore open my letter at once.

DEAR NAT,

I have your letter in which you tell me about your moonshiner, his good qualities, his—sort of innocence, and all. Of course, Nat, boy, that is the way most of the moonshiners look at it—especially at first. They pretend not to see any reason why they should not make whiskey out of their corn if they wish. And then, after they have killed someone in a raid, and a price is set on their heads, they become out and out outlaws —too late to see their first mistake.

(*Continued on page* 23.)

# The Clean Hands of the Secret Service

By JOHN ELBERT WILKIE

Ex-Chief of the United States Secret Service.

As told by him to *Leslie W. Quirk*, for the readers of BOYS' LIFE.

CONTRARY to popular belief, the methods of the United States Secret service demand no apologies. Its operatives must not encourage crime; they must not aid criminals; they must refrain from any act that might be interpreted as participation in the commission of crime. In other words, the Government's man is required always to work with clean hands.

MR. WILKIE.

The instructions in this regard are strict and absolute. If the operative fails to observe them to the letter he is immediately recalled from the case and it is abandoned, at least temporarily.

Here is an example that will serve as an illustration:

Some years ago, while at the head of the Secret Service, I sent one of my operatives to Iowa, for the purpose of securing evidence against an old man out there, who we knew was issuing counterfeit money. My operative secured a job on an adjoining farm, and finally managed to gain the complete confidence of the counterfeiter. The case was all but closed.

In the course of their acquaintance, however, they went to Des Moines together. As they passed a drug store one evening, the old man asked my youngster to go in and buy ten cents' worth of nitrate of silver, which was to be used in plating the coins. This the operative did. When I received his daily report, mentioning this fact, I recalled him at once. In buying the nitrate of silver, he had become an actual accomplice in the crime, although this idea had probably never occurred to him. The case was abandoned for the time being. Later we arrested the counterfeiter while he was attempting to pass his coins, and eventually convicted him.

In this case, you see, the operative was not quick-witted enough to realize what he was doing. If he had been, he would have been forced to find some way out of making the actual purchase without arousing the suspicions of the counterfeiter.

Most of the Government's men are prepared for any emergency that may arise. Here is a case, for example, in which another operative of mine handled a similar situation—handled it differently and successfully:

In South Carolina, a good many years ago, there was a gang of counterfeiters, who were also engaged in "moonshining." I sent a young fellow down there for the purpose of "roping" them, placing him as a common laborer under the foreman of a company that was building a dam in the neighborhood. My operative managed to display reckless attributes that attracted the attention of the criminals and made a favorable impression upon them. When the time was ripe, he became involved in a dispute with the foreman, and after a stormy session was discharged. This demonstration of his supposed character won him an invitation to "come in" with the counterfeiting gang.

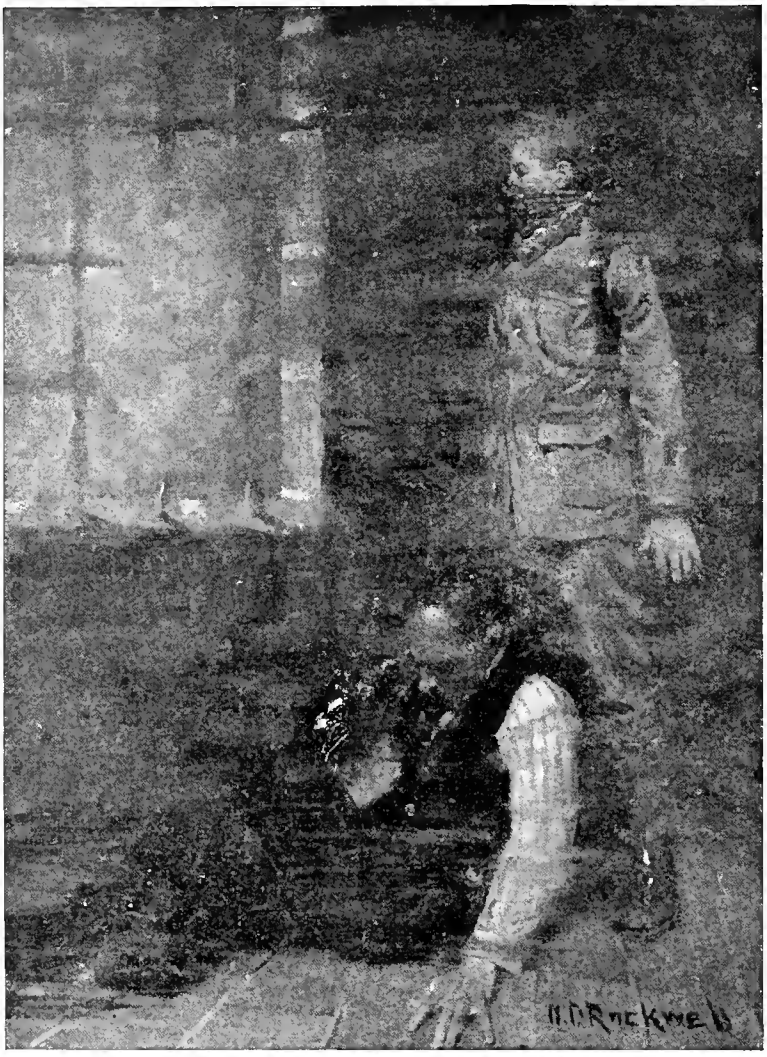
Everything seemed working out all right until one evening, when he was informed that he was to pour the molten metal into the molds on the following day; that his turn at the job had come.

Now this operative knew the penalty of participating in the commission of the crime. On the other hand, he realized that if he failed to do as they had ordered, his usefulness would be at an end. He would undoubtedly be suspected. It was a nice problem from every angle.

That night, after the others were asleep, he went out into the woods by himself and deliberately mutilated a finger on his right hand—mangled it horribly.

When they called to him the next morning to make ready to pour, he exhibited a bandaged hand, even going so far as to unwrap it and show the raw and ugly wound. It was impossible, of course, for him to pour molten metal when he could not grip the handle of a ladle. Yet the condition of his hurt after the supposed accident precluded any suspicion of his loyalty to the gang. Eventually the counterfeiters were arrested and convicted on his evidence.

It seems to me his success was due to a combination of sheer nerve, of sacrifice to duty, of quick-wittedness, and of a spirit of preparation for the emergency. And he proved, as other operatives before and after him have proved, that it is possible to secure evidence without becoming an accomplice in the crime; that the hands of the Secret Service are not only effective, but clean.



*"Finally His Hand Struck the Wall and He Stood Erect."*

# The Boy Scout Smoke Eaters

By IRVING CRUMP

Author of "In the Line of Fire" and "Jack Straw in Mexico."
Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL.

PART II.

BRUCE CLIFFORD and the other members of Quarry Troop No. 1, waited only to determine the location of the column of smoke that now extended clear across the sky, then, selecting the short cut across the field by which they had come, they hurried pellmell toward the scene of trouble.

"It's down in the factories!" panted Romper as he ran.

"Yes, I think it's Mayor Worthington's woolen mills," shouted Bud.

"By Jove, I guess you're right," yelled Bruce, as they turned into Willow Street and saw smoke pouring from the windows of the big brick building at the far end of the street.

It was the worst fire that Woodbridge had experienced in years. By the time the firemen reached the scene the whole west end of the building was enveloped in flames and a section of the slate roof had already caved in. From every window long tongues of red flames darted out like hideous serpents' tongues. Great sparks shot skyward as sections of the west wall crumbled and fell into the red hot caldron that had once been the building's interior, and the heat was so intense that windows in the factory building across the street cracked and crumbled.

It was a fortunate thing for Woodbridge that there was a score of visiting fire companies in town, or else the whole south section of the village would have been wiped out. Chief Blaney, almost beside himself with anxiety, implored the visiting chiefs for their assistance. And assist him they did. Every company got its equipment into action and lines of hose were strung in some cases nearly half a mile. There were at least a dozen hand engines and two steamers on the banks of Otter Creek supplying lines to the fire, not to mention the hundreds of feet of hose that were coupled to the village hydrant system in every direction.

But all that the willing vamps could do seemed to no avail. The fire demon was rampant. He roared full cry through the long brick building, consuming everything in his path. Section after section of roof sagged, then fell with a crash and a roar into the flames, sending aloft a shower of crackling sparks.

"Thank heavens, this was a holiday. There's no one in the building," Bruce heard Chief Blaney cry as he hurried past in company with the foreman of a visiting company.

But the rubber-coated fire fighter had hardly uttered the words when a shout went up from the crowd at the east end of the building where the firm's office was located. Men with blanched faces and trembling hands were pointing towards the big iron barred window that marked the counting room.

"O-o-h! It's old Uriah Watkins!" shrieked Blaney.

BRUCE looked and turned sick at the sight. There, his wrinkled old face pressing against the bars, was the aged bookkeeper of the woolen mills. One hand was extended between the iron grating in frantic appeal. The other clutched the precious ledgers that the old man had rashly rushed into the building to rescue. His ashen face was set with a horrible expression, and his eyes stood out with terror. Bruce saw his lips move, but could not hear his feeble voice above the roar of the flames.

For a moment the scout stood panic stricken. Then suddenly his lips pressed together and his face took on a determined look. In a flash he turned to Bud and gave a few brief orders. Then, elbowing their way through the jam and press about them, the youngsters disappeared and left Bruce there alone.

In the meantime a score of vamps had been summoned by Chief Blaney to rescue the aged bookkeeper. They attacked the heavy bars on the window with sledges and axes, but with no success. They tried to pry away the bricks with crowbars, but this, too, failed, and it was quite apparent to all that if Uriah Watkins was to be saved it could be accomplished only by the slow and laborious task of sawing through the bars. Could this be done? Had they time to accomplish the task? Already a nearby section of the roof had caved in! How long would it be before the flames reached the office and burned the old man alive?

At this point the figure of a boy in Scout uniform broke through the fire lines and rushed up to the side of Chief Blaney. Standing at attention, Bruce saluted in regulation Boy Scout fashion and asked briefly:

"Chief, can the Boy Scout Engineers take a hand in this? I'll have the bars cut in two minutes."

"You will what—! Why—!"

"Yes, yes, we can do it; I've sent for our fire department—here come the Scouts now!"

THE shriek of sirens was heard above the din about the factory building and the great crowd beheld seven motorcycles tearing down the hill at top speed.

And just behind them bowled "Old Nanc" at her best.

"Have I your permission to take a hand?" demanded Bruce.

"Yes! yes! for goodness sakes do anything you can to free him!" cried the chief.

The line of motorcycles stopped and hose lines were quickly strung. But the red automobile rumbled on, to come to a halt within ten yards of the building. Already two scouts were unlimbering the oxyhydrogen tanks and blow pipe equipment. Bruce rushed forward to aid them, while Chief Blaney looked on quite puzzled for the moment.

Working fast, but with the utmost coolness, Bruce donned a pair of asbestos gloves that came with the equipment and attached the blow pipe. Romper turned on the gases, while the young leader produced a match and ignited the torch. Instantly a tiny blue flame shot out that hissed and sputtered in a threatening manner.

AS he advanced toward the window Bruce saw that the old bookkeeper had disappeared. He knew from this that there was no time to be lost, for the man had probably fainted and would soon be overcome with smoke. Hastily he shot the blue flame at the base of the first bar. There was a hiss and a shower of sparks as the flame met the cold metal. Bruce pressed the blow pipe closer, while he watched with anxious eye the progress of the flame.

The bar grew red, then gold, then white. The heat was terrific. The bar began to melt, slowly first, then faster, until the blue flame ate completely through. Another was attacked, and still another, until the scout had cut a hole in the iron grating large enough for a man to pass through.

Shouting to Romper to turn off the gas, he dropped the blow pipe, and plunging a handkerchief in a fire pail that stood near by, he tied the cloth over his nose and mouth. Then he hoisted himself through the window and disappeared.

Inside the smoke was thick and black, but Bruce could see flames dart through at the far end of the room, and he knew that in a few moments more the place would be seething.

He groped vainly about for the old bookkeeper. Where was he? He had dropped under the window a moment ago. Had he tried to crawl to the door? What had happened?

The smoke was so thick that even the moist handkerchief was of no avail. Bruce began to strangle. Then suddenly he remembered the instructions in his Handbook. The air was purest near the floor!

He dropped to his hands and knees, and with his face to the boards he began to crawl about, blindly groping for the body of the old bookkeeper. His fingers clutched something. He drew the object toward him and peered at it through the smoke. It was Uriah Watkins doubled in a ball, and though unconscious and almost suffocated, the faithful old man still clasped his precious ledgers.

Bruce knew that unless the man reached the open air immediately he would perish. Also he knew that if they were not both clear of the building in a few minutes they would be food for the flames which were even then thrusting spiteful tongues under the door at the other end of the room.

Here again the instructions of the Handbook stood the scout in good stead. He knew that it would be next to suicide to stand up and try to carry the prostrated form to the window. The smoke was so thick even down there near the floor that he was gasping and choking.

He twisted his hand into the old man's collar and began to crawl, face to the floor, back toward the gray space that marked the window through the smoke, hauling Uriah after him. Foot by foot he dragged his burden. In spite of the handkerchief the smoke was getting into his lungs. His chest pained him dreadfully. Oh, what wouldn't he give for a single breath of pure, fresh air! The eight or ten feet to the side wall seemed like eight or ten miles. Would he never reach there!

Finally his hand struck the wall and he stood erect. The draught caused by the open window was drawing thick smoke out of the building into the air. Bruce knew he could not stand in that current of gases long. Pulling Uriah Watkins forward, he raised the limp form and forced it through the window ahead of him. Willing hands seized the old bookkeeper and lifted him to safety.

Then, dizzy and sick, Bruce clutched at the ledge and scrambled up. But a dreadful nausia seized him as he knelt on the window sill. His head whirled. He lost his balance. He knew he was falling backward into the burning building, but he was powerless to save himself. He gave a stifled cry of terror, and in answer the loud voice of Chief Blaney boomed in his ear and strong arms encircled his waist. Then everything grew black.

THE Boy Scout Engineers never forgot the shout that went up when Chief Blaney carried the unconscious form of Bruce to safety. They were mighty proud of their leader. But they were prouder still when, a week later, Bruce was summoned into the presence of Mayor Worthington and Chief Blaney and presented with a parchment charter which officially informed him that the fire company of Quarry Troop had been officially made a member of the Woodbridge Fire Department, to be known thereafter as Chemical Company No. 1, with Brewster W. Clifford as the Chief.

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*Quarry Troop's experience with a circus will be related in Mr. Crump's next story, which will appear in an early issue of* BOYS' LIFE.

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# The Scouts of Red-Coat's Den

By R. A. ELLIS

THERE is a cave in the North Georgia mountains which has been known for a hundred and forty years as Red-Coat's Den, because, in Revolutionary times, it was the favorite hiding-place of a British spy.

The one opening of this commodious cavern is in the sheer side of a cliff accessible only to good climbers.

Through several generations Red-Coat's Den was left unvisited, even by the adventurous and sure-footed, for it was believed to be "haunted," not merely by the forlorn ghost of the poor young spy whom the Colonial soldiers had finally caught away from his cave and shot, but also by mountain gnomes and other evil spirits who had somehow come to consort with the lonely English ghost in a foreign land.

But the mountain boys of the present generation, educated out of the belief in spooks, haunts, and evil genii, have climbed to the cavern's mouth with increasing frequency, sometimes venturing within and investigating a few square yards from the narrow opening, which lets in but little light.

Recently, however, the most startling prank of all was perpetrated by a neighborhood gang, numbering five of the most daring lads in that part of the highlands. Having gradually, and with the utmost secrecy, stocked Red-Coat's Den with a goodly supply of potatoes, bacon, crackers, and even eggs, dried apples, peanuts, and such things most easily abstracted from the family storehouse, these boys all "turned up missing" from their respective homes simultaneously. A few old lanterns, coffee-pots, skillets, etc., were also missing. But the families, in their distress over the unaccountable absence of the boys, thought little of the disappearance of these articles.

It was a favorite puppy of the gang leader that betrayed the retreat of the young cliff-dwellers. An older brother, attracted by the peculiar antics of the puppy, who, unable to scale the parapet, yet manifested unmistakably that he knew he should find what he wanted if he could only climb well enough, proceeded to explore Red-Coat's Den for himself.

This big brother found the band safely intrenched there and provisioned for a long siege. They had penetrated a hundred and fifty yards into their cavern, and had found it of varying height and supplied with pure mountain water, trickling from crevices at various points.

The boys had also brought in a store of fuel, but had made little use of it on account of the smoke. Their beds were of good, fragrant pine-straw from the heights above, and altogether there was considerable comfort in the rehabilitated den of poor Red-Coat.

"But what were you going to do?" asked the big brother genially. The replies were vague. "Bandits, brigands, guerrillas?" suggested the uninvited guest. Hardly any of these fitted. In truth, the boys were simply looking for adventure. Two or three of the younger ones were almost ready to confess themselves quite sated with the adventure and more than ready to go home. But the leaders stoutly held out.

"It's a bully camp," mused the big brother, after looking around and examining the labyrinth of recesses. Finally he came to the front of the den with a proposition.

"I'll tell you what, boys," he said. "This is the dandiest place I ever saw or heard of for a Scouts' headquarters. You see, I've been intending to organize you fellows and your friends ever since I came home from the institute, but somehow I let it slip by while I was so full of vacation. But we'll not delay organization another day. Let's hike home now and eat our dinners and clean up a bit. Then, when we've told our mothers what we're going to do, we'll meet at our barn, or maybe Charley's, as Mr. Gray's place is handier for us all, and we'll organize a Scout troop."

"Mother" understood in each case, and so did "Dad." The first patrol was the Wild Turkey, but others have followed, and together they make for the Red-Coat Scouts, the strongest troop in that belt of the mountains.

# AROVND THE CAMP FIRE

Does Nature Ever Make a Circle?

Or Does She Ever Make a Straight Line?

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Chief Scout, Boy Scouts of America.

*Ho Scouts:—*

IT always helps one to see things if you look for something special. Here is an object for your next hike: Did you ever see a true circle or a true line in nature? I doubt it. Anyway, it is a long time since I was struck by the seeming rule, and ever since my attention has been attracted by anything that looked like an exception.

"Never a straight line! What about the horizon line of the sea?" is the question that suggests itself, and the answer, that it is not a straight line but an imperfect circle, the vast circle of the globe broken by waves and warped tides. The sun and moon are doubtless circles, but far from perfect, if we are to believe the astronomers, and it seems that there is not an angle made by stars that is exactly a right angle, or a line of three or more that is a true straight line.

"Is not the ray of light from the setting sun through the trees a straight line?" Not any more than the ray of light that is bent as it enters the clear pond. Nature may use the true forms in some of her crystal work, but outside of that it is easy to show that theoretically her supposed straight lines, right angles and perfect circles are not mathematically true. And every one seems to feel instinctively on finding any of these three anywhere—a true circle, right angle or straight line—that this is human handiwork, undoubtedly a product of art.

There are, however, a number of interesting things that get very near to the true forms; and these are the things to look out for on a tramp.

The old proverb "Straight as a reed" must fall to the ground, we learn, as soon as we approach a reed bed, but there are some pretty good straight lines in the work of a spider just beginning her web. The finished one yonder is so pulled and geared that its lines are more or less out, but the new one, in mere sketch plan as yet, is made of a few lines long and tight, and of course straight—straight as a string.

"Straight as an arrow" is an ancient saying referring not to the flight, that is always curved, but to the arrow itself. The arrow must be straight to fly reliably. It is probable that an arrow was the first straight thing made by man. To find slender shoots already straight enough to make good arrows has always been considered a piece of good luck among savage hunters; and in each country of the bow is found a tree that, producing such shoots, is known as 'arrowwood.' Seen among the tangled and twisted growths of the woods, our North American Arrowwood *(Viburnum dentatum)* looks marvelously straight, and yet I never saw one of the shoots that did not need a lot of twisting and chewing before it would pass even among the imperfect shafts made by the Indians. We shall find nothing on earth so straight as the heavenly sunbeam which has already been discredited.

### How About a Right Angle?

Nature rarely attempts the right angle, and in the material world outside of crystals I doubt if she ever succeeds.

One may often find a nasturtium leaf in which the larger veins form right angles in the middle and are subdivided into angles of 45 degrees with an exactness that seems to form a surprising exception to the rule, but the straight edge of a proper instrument applied would soon spoil the claim.

I once saw a remarkable thunder cloud that had an immense right angle bitten out of its side. The legs of the angle were, perhaps, half a mile long. It was so wonderful that the country people took it for a sign that their community was 'right,' though others said, 'No, it meant that there was nothing right in the country except this thunder cloud.' I found it exactly fitted the angle of the window sash as I stood indoors. Unfortunately there was no camera near to perpetuate and prove the wonder.

### The Sun-Dog

There is certainly one thing in the skies which exhibits four perfect right angles. I observed it many times during winters spent on the northern plains, and that is the Sun-dog. The air filled with crystals of ice repeated the suns rays in such a way that a long perpendicular line through the sun was crossed by a horizontal one at the middle of the sun's disc.

But these, it is claimed, have no real existence, they are tricks played on the eye by refraction.

The search for the circle has a better chance of success. All can recall perfect circles discovered out of doors the fairy ring in the grass, the cup that the acorn recently sat in, the orb of a bird's eye, the newly sprung toadstool. But the compass carefully applied discredits one after another.

The globes of these peas-a-row in the pod are nearly perfect, and yet some of them do not roll straight down a slightly inclined board, and this "tabling" is the test that shot makers put their shot through, rejecting all that do not roll off at the slightest canting.

### The Woodpecker's Hole

But yonder in that tree is something very like a perfect circle—the hole of a woodpecker. I wonder how he gets it so true? It is certainly not by hewing to any given line, for it is less of a circle when he begins it than at any other time. If he stood all around it to peck with his head into the center we could understand it, but I have seen him do it and know that he completes the outer part of the hole from one standpoint. I imagine his test is that it must be not too tight a fit anywhere on his body as he enters, and his body happens to be nearly circular, hence the hole.

But surely some twigs and tree trunks are perfectly round! Are they? Saw them off smoothly across the grain and test the exposed ends with a compass. You will find that what appears to be a perfect circle is a most imperfect one after all. Even the concentric lines of growth will not stand the test.

Yet another circle I have several times seen; a grass blade sharply bent in the middle, blown all day by a light, veering south wind, and all the next day by a light northerly wind, so that its top dragging in the sand about it sketched the outline of a perfect circle; at least it seemed so. I suppose that it was not perfect because the central point was not fixed. It is easy to imagine how a circle of this kind, sketched in the wet sand, then frozen and drifted over with a different soil, might become embedded and appear at last as a true circle engraved on the rocks exposed by some geologist in the future.

### Ever Notice a Robin's Nest?

A very fine example is afforded by the newly made nest of the robin. After each fresh layer she smooths the mud by sitting in it and turning round and round. She is, in fact, making an earthen pot, but rotating the tool instead of the vessel. The result is a remarkably true ceramic of unbaked clay.

Again we must look to the skies for perfection. There can be but little doubt that the great ring around the moon on threatening nights is a true circle, so is that which is so often seen around the sun during winter in the far north, associated with sun-dogs and as well as the lines and right angles already noted. But again we are unfortunate, for the scientists aver that these absolute circles and lines have no more real existence than the mirage which often accompanies them; they are optical illusions.

One by one the perfect natural circles fall like the perfect lines and squares.

If we walk along the bed of a pebbly brook we shall see among the thousands of little stones some that seem to be perfectly round till we take them up or test them. A boy's marble placed among such instantly catches the eye; it is something so very different.

Instinctively one feels that this is human handiwork, it is too nearly round to be produced by the chance rubbing and rolling of the brook, and this is the mental attitude in all such discoveries. There may be true circles, lines and angles in the heavens, but on the ground or in the earth (excluding crystals) it is different, and if we find there any object, be it block of stone, fragment of bone, piece of clay, mound of earth or arrangement of sticks with perfect mathematical lines in it, we conclude instantly and safely that man has been there, that this is some of his handiwork.

Ernest Thompson Seton

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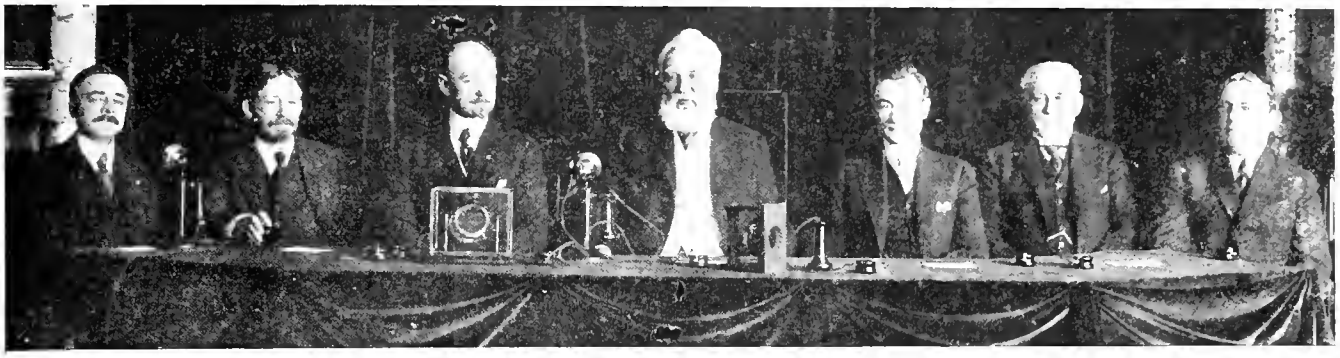
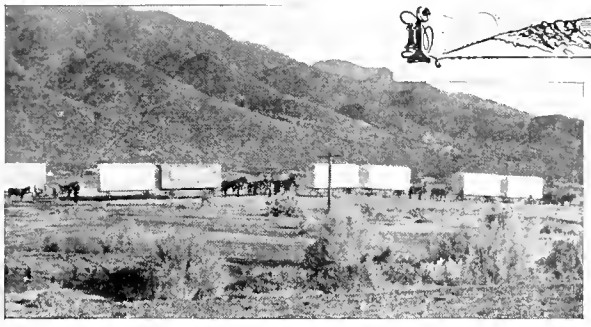
# A Boy Talks Across the Continent

Melville Bell Grosvenor, Age 13, Telephones from New York to San Francisco.

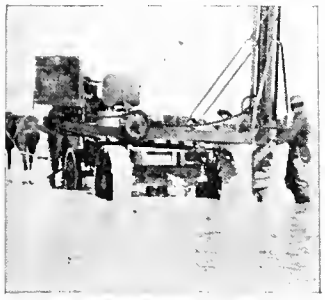


(1) Famous Men Who First Talked from New York to San Francisco.



(2) "Train" of the Men Who Finished the Line.

(3) Hauling Poles in the Sage-Brush Country.



(4) Boring Postholes in Lake Bed.

(5) Map Showing Route of the Atlantic-to-Pacific Telephone Line.

(6) Setting a Pole in a Salt Sink.

THE first boy to telephone across the continent is Melville Bell Grosvenor, a thirteen-year-old lad of Washington, D. C. Melville is a grandson of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of telephony, and he was one of the guests of honor at the formal opening of the transcontinental telephone line on January 25.

Along with Mayor Mitchel of New York, "Grandfather" Bell and other distinguished guests at this opening ceremony, Melville conversed with distinguished men at the other end of the line in San Francisco, 3,400 miles away.

Of course every boy in the country has heard of this wonderful new telephone line connecting San Francisco with New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other eastern cities, and has felt a thrill of pride knowing that this remarkable achievement has been made possible through the genius and persistence of American inventors and electrical engineers. But there are some very interesting things connected with this new telephone achievement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company which most boys probably have not heard about.

### The Pictures

(1) *Beginning at the left end, those in the historic group at the top are: Mr. T. T. McCarty, Chief Engineer, American Telephone and Telegraph Company; Mr. George McAneny, President, Board of Aldermen, New York City; Mr. U. N. Bethell, Senior Vice-President, American Telephone and Telegraph Company; Dr. Bell, the inventor; Mayor Mitchel, of New York City; Mr. C. E. Yost, of Nebraska, and Mr. W. A. Prendergast, Comptroller, City of New York.*

(2) *In Nevada the construction crews, far from railroads, moved by these trains in finishing their great work.*

(3) *Carting poles in the roadless deserts was no easy job, as this picture shows.*

(4) *In Humboldt Lake, Nev., two miles of poles (80 in number) were set in water from 18 inches to 3 feet deep; the picture shows the machine used to bore the holes.*

(5) *Note the enormous distances between the largest cities on this transcontinental telephone line.*

(6) *This shows some of the difficulties of pole-setting in the "wild" parts of the West.*

### How the Voice Flies

Suppose a boy in New York were able to speak loud enough for his voice to carry to San Francisco. How long do you think it would take the sound to travel across the continent? Sound travels at the rate of 1,160 feet per second. The distance from New York to San Francisco is 3,400 miles. So it would take a boy's voice about four hours to travel from New York to the Golden Gate.

How, then, is it possible for your voice to be transmitted almost instantaneously over the telephone? As a matter of fact, transmission of sound by telephone is not instantaneous, although for short distances the length of time consumed is too brief to be measured. When Melville Grosvenor

(*Continued on page 40.*)

# To Win a Merit Badge for Art

By FRANK H. COLLINS

Director of Drawing, Public Schools, New York City.

With illustrations by Mr. Collins.

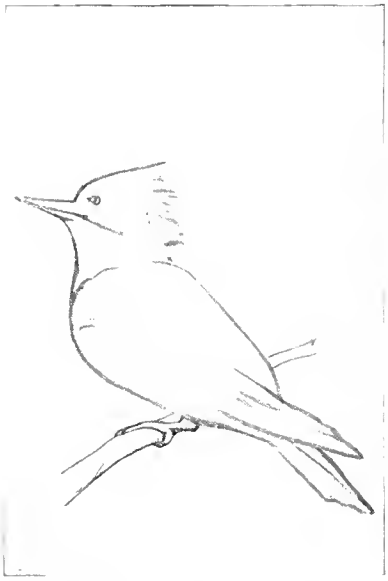


*Fig. 1.—Kingfisher in Outline.*

*Fig. 2.—Same with Color Values Shown.*

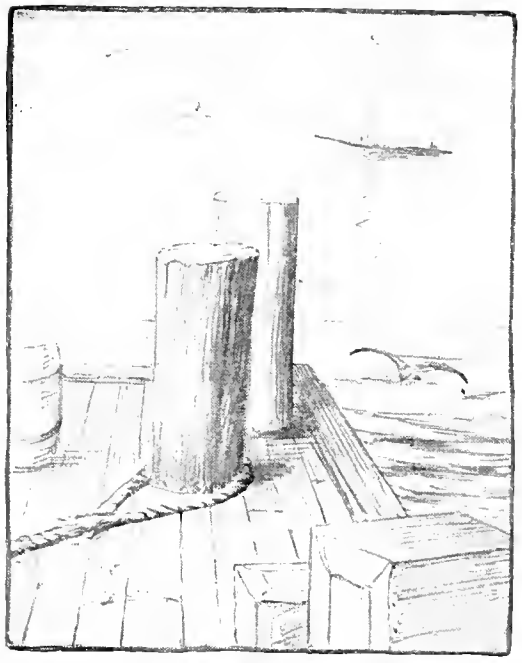


*Fig. 4.—For the Second Requirement.*

*Fig. 5.—Showing Ancient Greek Ornament.*

I WILL be delighted if I can aid you in obtaining a Merit Badge for Art, and I think I can. If you will carefully read what follows and do the work as outlined to the best of your ability, there will be no doubt of your winning out.

If you have an idea that you cannot draw, get rid of it at once. Every Scout can draw and draw well, if he makes up his mind to do so. Genius doesn't count. By the way, who was the chap who said that genius was simply a faculty for keeping everlastingly at it? Whoever he was matters little, and if he did not express himself in just the above words matters less. The truth expressed stands in either case. I am sure that we are agreed that knowing how to draw is worth while and that power to draw is a mighty valuable asset to have, so let us go after and capture both power and badge.

THE FIRST REQUIREMENT is "Make a freehand pencil sketch of an animal or bird showing in values the distribution of colors."

This requirement may need explanation for it calls for a sketch showing in values the distribution of color. Figure 1 represents a kingfisher in outline drawing. Figure 2 represents the same bird with its color values shown. The drawing of birds or animals which you submit may be made from a living model, but to make such is not always convenient. They may be made from stuffed animals or from photographs. The sketch which you submit should be made on white paper and may measure from three to six inches the longest way. Figure 3 represents a red fox showing color values.

THE SECOND REQUIREMENT is "Draw a cylindrical object and a rectangular object grouped together a little below the eye, and show light and shade."

Figure 4 illustrates this requirement. Your drawings should be made from objects and you should neatly print the words "DRAWN FROM OBJECTS" in one of the lower corners.

THE THIRD REQUIREMENT is "Make a drawing of some example of historical ornaments."

Figure 5 represents one of the kinds of drawings required. It is of an ancient Greek ornament. Your drawings may represent other examples, such as Egyptian, Roman or Gothic. Go scouting in the books at school or in your library and you can gain lots of interesting information on this point.

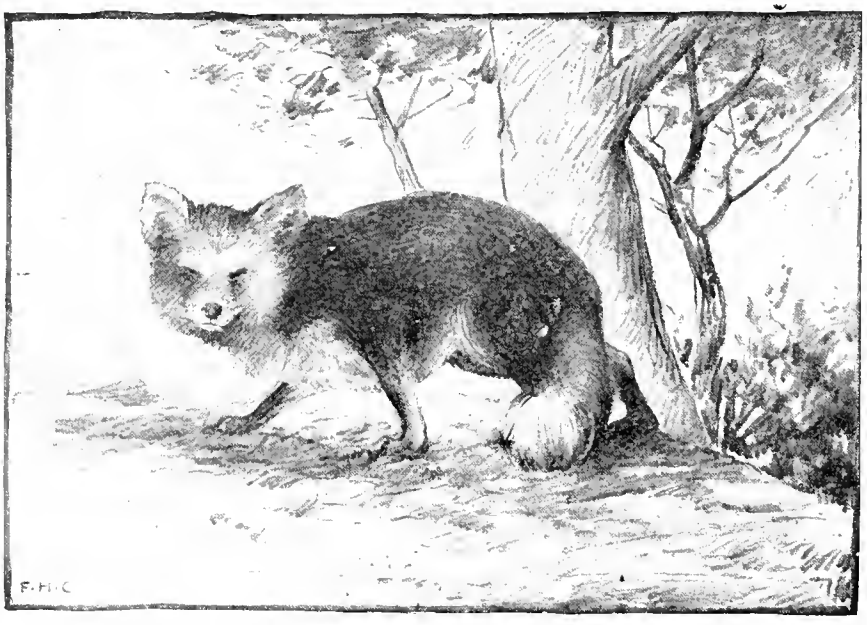


*Fig. 3.—Sketch of a Red Fox, Showing Color Values.*

THE FOURTH REQUIREMENT is "Make an original decorative arrangement in color using any motif, and state for what use the design is intended."

No examples for drawings are shown under this requirement. Your decorative arrangement may be a design for any purpose you may elect. Consult books on design

(*Contin'd on p. 34.*)

# Chief Scout's Anniversary Message

## The Letter Which Was Read At Troop Meetings Throughout the United States on the Birthday of the Boy Scout Movement

February 8, 1915.

The One Hundredth Year of Peace with England

WE are climbing the mountain together, O Brother Scouts, and it is good to stop and look back once in a while, for then we can see how high we are getting and take the proper joy of success in a noble height. Why do we always prefer to travel upwards? We are quite ready to make an expedition into some dismal swamp and search eagerly for adventures there, but when the night comes we want to leave it and climb. We must get up into some high, dry place for the night, or we are not quite happy. Surely it is an instinct born of ancient experience.

I remember once on the prairies some thirty years ago I was tramping across country with a friend. We carried a pot, some tea, some bread, a gun, and each a blanket.

It was July, boiling hot weather, and the mosquitoes were fiercer than words can tell, and more in number than the dollars in Uncle Sam's Treasury. We came to an abandoned house that night and decided to sleep there, for it was threatening a thunder storm. There were bunks along the wall and we lay down, but there was no rest for us. The mosquitoes gathered like vultures over a carcass, and feasted as we groaned. At last I said to my chum, "There is a cellar below; let's make a smudge there and try that!" So down we went, carrying our beds along with us.

The cellar was just a big hole in the ground, without floor or wall, but the floor above made a roof.

Then in the middle I made a small fire and smothered it with punk and sod, so that it gave a strong smoke. We were lying on the ground. There was little or no draught, so the smoke rose in a flat cloud and hung about four feet from the ground, not bothering us, but effectively driving out and disposing of all of the mosquitoes; so we settled down to sleep in peace.

Did we sleep? I shall never forget that night. It was cool in the cellar, it was clear of mosquitoes, we were comfortably blanketed; but—how shall I tell the blank misery of that place? Without any obvious cause, we tossed about in a horror of—we didn't know what—a sense of doom, a certainty of disaster, nothing we could name or locate, but it was *horrible*.

At last, after two or three hours of tense, sleepless misery, I said to my friend, "Let's get out; I'd rather be sucked dry by 'skeeters' than stand this awful dungeon another hour."

So we went out and laid down on the open prairie. The dawn wind came cool, and drove the mosquitoes away; and very late, when we awoke refreshed, the sun was shining through our blankets.

I don't know that there is any particular lesson in this. If there is, it says:—"Boys, don't live in a hole—but get up as high as you can, provided it feels comfortable and you know it is safe."

We, as a nation, are happily up high on a rock just now, and I think I may say the whole world envies us. It gives us a chance to show how the scout spirit has struck in. If we can't give money, clothes or stuff to help the war victims, we can at least give kindness.

Not long ago I saw a fellow (not a Scout) making fun of an old refugee because of his broken English; I said, "My friend, you seem to think yourself very superior. Well, you needn't. That man is your superior in, probably, everything; in age, in travel, in knowledge of the world, and also in language, for he knows a little of yours as well as his own, and you know only yours, and that in a crude way. But, above all, courtesy, for he has made a gentle reply to your mockery. Some day the tables may be turned, and I only hope you will have learned meanwhile to be a man and a Scout, so that your answer may be calm and courteous like his."

He was a little ashamed of himself, though he still made a joke of it. But he wasn't a bad fellow. He was merely heedless and ignorant, and I doubt not the thought came back to him afterwards to bear fruit.

Well, brothers! This promises to be a year of great possibilities for good scouting, especially among the poor and distressed. This world never had more need of us. May we all get busy in a way that will be worthy of this biggest opportunity.

Cordially yours,

## Scout Anniversary Week Celebrated Everywhere

ANNIVERSARY week—the week of February 8—was celebrated throughout the United States. The interest in Scouting has never been greater since the movement began, five years ago.

A unique idea was tried out successfully at Montclair, N. J., where a Junior Sportsman's Show was conducted at the headquarters of the local council. At this show there were exhibits of canoes, furniture and other articles made by Scouts, of scout equipment such as signal flags, staves, etc., and displays of outdoor equipment by sporting goods dealers.

In many of the larger cities big mass meetings were held where all the troops assembled in the evening to listen to the reading of the Chief Scout's greetings, and to renew their oath as Scouts.

One of the most elaborate celebrations reported to Headquarters was that arranged by the Tioga Inter-Church Troop in Philadelphia.

The Sunday program of Anniversary Week, on February 7, was more generally observed this year than ever before. Hundreds of ministers delivered sermons on the Boy Scout work, and at most of the services uniformed Scouts were in attendance.

In Portsmouth, Ohio, twenty pulpits and missions were occupied on Sunday morning by Boy Scouts, who spoke briefly of the work of the organization. On Sunday evening there was a mass meeting at which one of the ministers spoke on the subject "Lincoln, the Great Scout."

Reports also indicate an unusual interest in the distribution of flowers to the sick and in the Troop Good Turn, which was performed on Saturday, February 13.

National headquarters will be glad to receive from any Scouts the reports of their Anniversary Week celebration to assist in making up a program for next year.

## Scout Exhibition at Annual Meeting

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America was held in Washington, D. C., on February 11.

One of the most important features of the program, aside from the business sessions, was the Boy Scout exhibition held at Convention Hall in the evening, under the direction of Scout Commissioner E. S. Martin, of Washington.

This rally was one of the most elaborate scout demonstrations ever held in this country. Every troop in Washington was represented and there were visiting troops from near-by cities. The exhibition included all of the ordinary scout activities, such as tower building, relay races, first aid, rope work, etc. A special feature was a series of troop stunts, such as an exhibition of trek wagons, volunteer fire department work, bicycle corps, humane compass, etc.

The big event of the rally, however, was an address to the boys by Dan Beard, the National Scout Commissioner. The rally closed with the singing of "America" and the sounding of taps.

## Get Badges from President

It is safe to say there were no happier boys in the world on February 11 than seven members of various troops of Washington, D. C., who received badges and medals from the President of the United States in the East Room of the White House in the presence of the members of the National Council and representatives of Local Councils from various sections of the country.

One of the seven Scouts, Scout H. A. Gatley, received an honor medal for life saving. The other six Scouts were given Eagle Scout badges. These boys were Samuel Hardy, Troop 5; Edward Pardoe, Troop 51; Edward Sherry, Troop 37; Lawrence Prentice, Troop 4; F. D. Watson, Troop 5, and Clinton Allard, Troop 21.

# From Dan Beard's Duffel Bag

## Kites, Kite-making and Kite-flying the Subject of This Month's Talk

By DANIEL CARTER BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.

IN accordance with the Buckskin Calendar, this is the sore-eye moon of the Indians and second class Scouts. It is the Johnny Appleseed moon of the first class Scouts; and it is the kite moon of all Scouts.

Ever since this country was settled, kite time began the first of March. In the middle West, along the Ohio River, the kites are made with match sticks covered with tissue paper and flown with thread for line. That is because of the light winds. The same kites that I made as a boy in Cincinnati could not stand the winds that we have on Long Island.

In some parts of the country, if you put a belly-band on a shingle and a tail on it, it will fly. In other parts, the kite must be made of the lightest material, but Scouts are supposed to have gumption, and a boy with gumption will build a kite according to the strength of the prevailing winds in the part of the country where he lives. In my "American Boys' Handybook," and the "Out-door Handybook," I devoted chapters to kite building, and most of the kites are of my own invention. By the way, I see by a copy of "The Aeronautical Magazine," that the first working drawings of the tailless kite were published in my book. This kite was sent to me by Mr. Ellwood of Rochester and called the Holland kite, but it is the same as the Malay kite used by all the scientific kite flyers, and had probably come to Holland from some of their eastern colonies, and thence to me.

You boys who are studying aviation should all be expert kite flyers, and get busy and invent some kites. The reason I referred to my own books was not to advertise them, but because those chapters would give you some suggestions that might lead you to making inventions of your own.

### About Some Kite Inventors

You know Lieutenant Hargrave in Australia invented the box kite, which is a biplane, or double biplane, and with it he raised a man in a swing hung from the kite. Then Liltienthal came along and made a glider on the lines suggested by the box kite. Lillienthal's glider was a success—that is, it was a success like a surgeon's operation in which the patient dies. Lillienthal was killed, but his death was not due to the principles upon which the kite was built. It was due to some defect in the kite's frame.

After Lillienthal, the Wright Brothers began to experiment with gliders, as Orville Wright told you in his fascinating stories told in Boys' Life last September. Fortunately, the Wrights were not killed, but lived to develop the modern aeroplane, which is destined to revolutionize modern modes of transit, and also, in my opinion, will be the death of the gas bag that we call the balloon.

### What My Father Told Me

My earliest recollections when playing around my father's studio are mixed up with a great big skeleton frame which corresponded practically, line for line, with the modern monoplane. I asked my daddy what it was. He took me up on his knee and explained it to me, although I was then but a little chap.

He said that that was a flying machine; that the trouble with the balloon was that it could not be successfully guided through the air any more than an inflated bladder could be successfully guided on the water, but à flying machine built on the lines of a bird could go in any direction, with the wind or against the wind, if it had a proper engine. He did not call it a motor—that is a modern term—he had in mind an engine small enough to be supported by it and powerful enough to propel it. He further said:

"I will never complete this machine because of a lack of the proper engine; but you, my son, will live to see the day when such machines will be flying through the air."

This incident made a deep impression upon my mind, and as soon as I was big enough to whittle the sticks and thread the frame, I began experimenting in the making of kites.

### Something for You to Do.

Now, fellow Scouts, I was not a bright boy; I was just an ordinary, healthy chap like lots of fellows you know. I was rather stolid. I did not stand at the head of my class. But on the shores of the Ohio river I invented many of the kites which are in use today, although the inventor is unknown by the users. You can do the same.

Some of you boys are much brighter than your National Scout Commissioner was, and before the Ides of March are over I expect to see the Editorial sanctum of Boys' Life festooned with models of new kites made by you—kites that will fly, kites with tails, and kites without tails, and bob-tail kites. I expect to see enough to give an exhibition of the kites you Scouts have made.

Those of you who are readers of my books will remember that in one of them I prophesied that the dry-as-dust old scientist would take up the boys' playthings, the kites, and experiment with them and produce some sort of practical results. This has all been done. Now may I risk another prophesy, and say that some one of you Scouts is going to produce a new and valuable addition to kitecraft—a kite that may be used for some practical purpose, or a kite that may be used for amusement and pleasure. Don't forget that amusement and pleasure are just as practical as bread and butter, for without them life would not be worth living. Do not make your kites too big. I know by experience that any boy can build a kite bigger than he can hold. Do not try to go up on your kite string—you might get into trouble. Learn how to wind a kite string as the boys of yesterday used to wind them—on a stick. Don't let the boys of yesterday have anything on you. Get busy.

Dan Beard

## Toledo Scouts Save Birds

Bird protection during the severe Winter months has been accomplished in a most thorough manner by the Boy Scouts of Toledo under the direction of Scout Executive J. St. Clair Mendenhall.

The season has been an especially severe one, as a heavy snow fell on Dec. 15, and since that date the ground has been continuously covered to a depth which makes it difficult for the birds to dig out their usual food, which consists mainly of seeds.

In this emergency the Scouts have come to the rescue by establishing thatched shelters. Only a few shelters were constructed at first, but more have been added as the need required, until at present there are about fifty scattered through the outlying districts. They have been set up in cemeteries, parks, groves, and wherever proper shelter is afforded.

These shelters are visited every Saturday morning by a group of picked Scouts of first class rank, who carry stale bread, grain and suet provided by the Art Museum and interested friends of both the Boy Scouts and the birds.

So much enthusiasm has been aroused in the subject of bird conservation by this activity of the Toledo Scouts that the boys have been asked to supervise the placing of 5,000 bird houses which are being constructed by the school children of Toledo. These houses will be set up on April 3.

The Toledo Scouts are delighted with the fact that their work for birds has attracted attention in a great many cities, a fact which is proved by the letters of inquiry which are being received by the Scout Executive.

The Toledo boys are delighted, not merely because it brings credit to Toledo Scouts, but because it brings credit to Boy Scouts wherever they may be. "A good turn for the Movement" is what the Toledo Scouts call their work.

## Roast a Deer Whole

When Scoutmaster J. D. Whitelaw, of Fox Lake, Wis., recently resigned his commission on account of change of residence, his successor, Scoutmaster F. M. Pittegrew, arranged a big farewell dinner in his honor. At this farewell dinner a deer was roasted whole. The deer was taken from the private park belonging to Mt. Pittegrew. There were about seventy-five Scouts and friends present at this affair, but every guest had all the venison he could eat.

Mr. Whitelaw is now living at Carthage, S. D., where he is planning to organize a new troop.

# The Greatest Machine in the World

## A Story About the Mysteries of Your Heart

By DR. WILLIAM BRADY

*Lub-dup, lub-dup, lub-dup, lub-dup!*

IT is the sound of the machine which most nearly approaches perpetual motion. Soft music made by the quiet working of the only self-lubricating, self-regulating engine ever invented that runs day and night, year after year, without overhauling and without a breakdown, so long as it isn't abused. *Lub-dup, lub-dup, lub-dup.* A four-cylinder motor which never stalls; silent, efficient, powerful; possessing greater endurance and adaptability than any other apparatus ever designed to do useful work.

*Hurdling and Similar Exercise at Once Test and Strengthen the Great Little Engine (See Diagrams Below)*

*Lub-dup, lub-dup.* In order to hear its gentle, murmuring throb you have to place your ear directly upon the casing, and even then it requires long practise to distinguish the normal sound of the motor from the sounds it makes when subjected to unnatural strain or injured by bad fuel.

The expert mechanician can tell by listening whether it is running all right. The first sound, *lub,* tells him the quality and strength of the muscle—for the machine is nothing but a muscle as big as your fist. The second sound, *dup,* shorter, sharper, higher pitched, tells him whether the valves close in good order and gives him a good idea of the load the machine is carrying—the back pressure of the blood column against the valves.

This powerful little engine is said to be the only organ in the body that never rests, but that is a mistake of observation. As a matter of fact the heart rests nearly half the time when it is in good condition. Indeed it takes a brief rest between each effort—does its seventy or eighty tricks of duty per minute with a rest after each beat.

### What Makes It Work.

Nerve centers or ganglia situated in the heart wall supply the impulse which causes contraction of the muscle; its control is largely contained within itself, though in part regulated by impulses sent along the great pneumogastric, or tenth cranial nerve, from a center in the medulla of the brain. Thus, the heart of an animal will continue beating for several minutes after it has been completely removed from the body. Dr. Carrel, of Rockefeller Institute, succeeded in keeping a system of vital organs—heart, lungs, stomach, kidneys—working and functioning naturally for thirteen hours after their complete removal from a cat. To be sure, a cat has nine lives. Well, a man has a wonderful hold on vitality, too. A great number of cases of stab and gunshot wounds of the heart are on record, in which the wound was repaired and recovery followed.

### What Being Alive Is.

Being alive is just a process of combustion. Every second, asleep or awake, at rest or at work, cells and tissues are being burned up to supply energy for the performance of mental and physical functions. The products of combustion, $CO_2$ (carbonic acid gas or carbon dioxide) particularly—this and other combustion products—stimulate muscular and organic functions up to a certain point; when the accumulation of combustion products becomes excessive, one gets very tired, and that means depression of muscular and organic functions.

Now, the heart muscle is supplied with blood like other muscles, and the heart responds to the same impulses other muscles respond to. It may tire quickly, or it may have great endurance, according to the way you train it, just like other muscles.

The greatest engine in the world is not so delicate but that it may be repaired by human hands when injured. Nor is it so entirely automatic that you cannot permanently ruin it by subjecting it to unreasonable demands or by feeding it tainted fuel—fuel adulterated with such poisons as alcohol, tobacco and certain drugs. Intelligently cared for, the heart is capable of wonderful endurance and extraordinary effort in an emergency; you can train your heart so that it will respond in time of need, or you can abuse it and render it incompetent for even ordinary emergencies.

### Tiny Machine Pumps Ten Tons of Blood Every Day.

Learn to think of your heart as a little motor which pumps about three ounces of blood out into the arteries at every beat, thirteen pounds of blood per minute, nearly ten tons per day—a tidy bit of work for a machine weighing only three-fourths of a pound. And that presupposes that you are sitting around quietly all day long—if a Scout ever spends a whole day that way. Playing football, hiking, or swimming, your heart does tremendously more work than the figures show, yet never kicks so long as you treat it well.

### How You Get Your Second Wind.

In a mile run you begin to feel short of breath after the first eighth or so; you can't grab quite enough air to satisfy your oxygen hunger. But you keep running, for you know that you will get "second wind" pretty soon. After you get it you can keep on for one or more miles without any trouble at all. That is, if you have a good heart you can.

Second wind represents the most vitally important function of an athlete's heart, the ability to apply reserve force in an unusual effort, or, in other words, the efficiency of the heart. It means that the muscle has been "trained" by regular and persistent effort until it is capable of meeting not only everyday needs, but also the great demands of emergency.

Every one in health has more or less reserve force to call upon in time of need, but the difference between the untrained heart and the trained heart is that the latter has a wider limit of efficiency. The tobacco user, the user of alcohol, or drugs, on the other hand, has a very narrow limit of reserve power in his heart. That is why he is bound to lose out, sooner or later, in competition with the athlete who does not believe in supplying adulterated fuel to a valuable machine. That is why old Hans Wagner still bats rings around 'em in the National—Hans has no use for cigarettes.

Second wind is apt to fail the fellow who abuses his heart habitually, either by poisoning it or by subjecting it to undue strain without the proper preliminary training.

(*Continued on page* 35)

### *What the Diagrams Show*

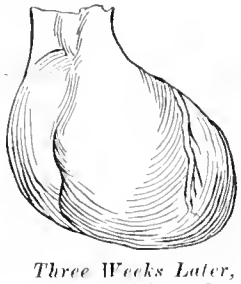
*Exercise, carefully taken, makes the heart grow larger and stronger, as the three sketches below show.*

At the Right: *Fig.* 1, *A to B, represents normal capacity of the heart. B to C, the normal reserve force. A to C, the full capacity of heart under severe strain, as in a football game or race.*

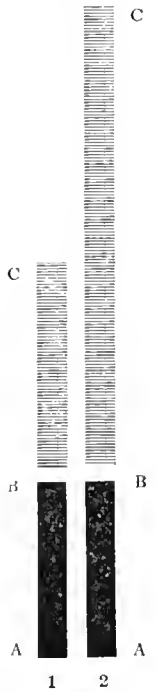
*Fig.* 2, *the same in the trained heart. Notice the additional reserve power which the trained athlete may call upon in an emergency.*

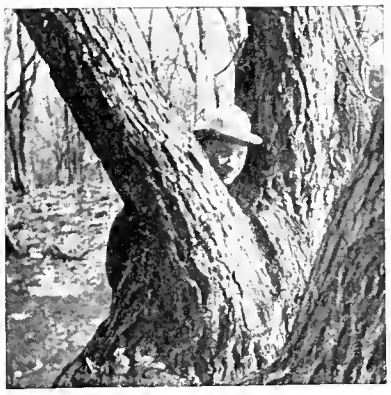
*The Heart at Rest.*

*At the End of a Long Run.*



*Three Weeks Later, Showing Growth.*





# The Cave Scout

Listen, Fellows, While He Answers a Scout's Two Questions.

WELL, fellows, I must confess I have taken a little advantage of you this month, for I have been reading the letters in the question-hole while waiting for you to show up. There are getting to be so many of them that I thought it might take me quite a while to find a good one to talk about, so I picked one out just to save time. Here it is:

The only mistake the editor of BOYS' LIFE made was not to have had you in long ago. Your talks are certainly dandy, so I have come to ask you about a couple of questions that have been getting our goats. They are: What would you do when boys in your troop or patrol smoke cigarets, etc., and what about Scouts who are still Tenderfeet after a year and eight months' enrollment? It looks as though we have a pretty bum troop, doesn't it, but we are all right. We have done quite a lot of good and are trying to do more.

Yours very truly,
LAWRENCE ————————.

But I guess I hadn't better give this Scout's name. The other members of his troop might say "Scout —— has been tattling to the Cave Scout!" I think we can do more good by forgetting the name in this case. Don't you?

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Well, let's see what we can do to help this boy with his problem.

"What would you do when boys in your troop or patrol smoke cigarets?"

The Cave Scout has been expecting this question quite a while, for it is one which is a real problem in nearly every troop, and because it is a real problem to so many, the Cave Scout has selected it to talk about, for he is anxious to pick out questions which will be of the greatest general help.

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Say, boys, doesn't it make you sick the way some people talk about this cigaret business? Just say the word "cigarets" to some people and they hold up their hands in holy horror and say "It's naughty! It's naughty! No *nice* boy would *think* of smoking cigarets!"

Other people say "You will ruin your health!" But that argument doesn't go very far with some of us boys, because all of us know "tough little nuts" who smoke cigarets, who can lick the tar out of some "mamma's darlings" who never had sand enough to do anything naughty.

The trouble is, the effects of cigaret smoking are not immediate. It may be years before they have any apparent effect, but you may be absolutely certain that if you smoke cigarets when you are growing you will be weaker for it physically some day.

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Here's the way the Cave Scout looks at it: It is a perfectly natural thing for boys to want to smoke cigarets, and the mere fact that they *want* to smoke them is no indication whatever of "moral depravity," as the preachers would say. We see older boys and men smoking cigarets and think it must be great fun. They certainly seem to enjoy it. Then, a great many of us are just curious about cigarets. We wonder how they taste—or if we'll get sick if we smoke them. Then, too, we have always been told that we *mustn't* smoke cigarets, and if there is anything in the world that will make a boy *want* to smoke cigarets it is constantly being told that he *must not do so.*

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Since it is natural for us boys to want to smoke, we must have some mighty good reason to dissuade us from "trying the thing a whirl."

The best reason the Cave Scout knows is the testimony of men and older boys who have fastened upon themselves the cigaret habit. I have known hundreds of such men and boys, and almost without exception they say: "To be perfectly honest with you, I wish I had never started this smoking business. I would be a whole lot better off if I had never seen a cigaret!" That's the kind of talk you hear from fellows who "wondered what it was like to smoke" and who "took a whirl at it" just to satisfy their curiosity.

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Then there are some boys who want to smoke because they think it makes them look like men. Now then, if a boy wants to make himself look like a man by this means, he must smoke cigarets the way men do. But is this the case? How many men do you know who hide their "papers and makin's" out in the barn and only smoke when they are out in an alley some place, or out in the woods where nobody can see them? But isn't that the way most of the boys who smoke cigarets do it? So you see, fellows, if we are going to smoke the way men do, we must come out in the open where our fathers, mothers, sisters, and best girls can see us do it.

And even suppose a boy does come out in the open to do his cigaret smoking, will that make him look like a man? Do you suppose some man will come up to a boy with a cigaret in his mouth and say: "Come up to the office, old man, I want to talk over a little business matter with you?" No, I guess we'll have to agree that no boy can change himself into a man on short notice by smoking cigarets.

Let's see what the men themselves say about it. The Cave Scout has never known a man yet who said he thought cigaret smoking made a man of a boy. What they *do* say is this: "I hate to see a boy smoke cigarets. It always makes me feel bad, because I know that if he keeps it up and gets the habit fastened upon him he will never amount to a whoop! It's a shame for boys to waste their lives on such a silly habit. It's bad enough for men to smoke them."

So those of us who smoke to make men of ourselves are certainly on the wrong track.

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Then there are the boys who smoke cigarets *because they are afraid not to.* Maybe I'd better explain this statement, for it sounds kind of queer. Here's the way it works. A boy goes out with a bunch of fellows most of whom smoke. They offer him a cigaret and he says: "No, I don't smoke." They coax him and coax him, but he still refuses. Finally they say: "Aw, you're afraid to smoke."

"No, I am not," says the boy. "I just don't want to, but I'm not afraid."

"Well, then, if you ain't afraid, why don't you prove it? I *dare* you to smoke a cigaret!"

And so the boy smokes *because he is afraid not to.*

We all know how hard it is to refuse to do a thing when we are dared to do it. The Cave Scout has done a whole raft of crazy stunts because he wouldn't take a dare. He did it—for the same reason this boy smoked a cigaret—because he thought he was displaying bravery, when, as a matter of fact, he was displaying cowardice. A boy who gives a dare is a coward, and so is the boy who lets the cowardly bully bluff him into doing his bidding. The boy who smokes because he is dared to do so is a coward because he is afraid of the taunts of his comrades.

I tell you, fellows, any boy who has enough courage to say "No, I won't smoke your old cigaret even if you do dare me!" is about the bravest chap I know, and I'll take off my hat to him every time! Any boy who can show that kind of courage comes mighty close to being a man in the Cave Scout's estimation.

The Cave Scout hopes that you boys will see the point in this and not let anybody bluff you into the cigaret habit by any such false ideas of honor.

Yes, boys, this will apply to other temptations as you grow older, too, and you will find that men will admire you for displaying the genuine article in bravery. They may call you—just as the boys will call you—a booby and a "poor sport," but way down deep in their hearts all of them will say: "I admire that fellow's courage!"

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So far, this discussion about cigarets applies to all boys, whether Scouts or not. It should be much easier for Scouts to handle the cigaret problem, for Scouts should be wise enough to size up cigarets at their face value and see what they have to offer. Here's the way the balance sheet looks:

| DEBIT. | CREDIT. |
|---|---|
| Stunted growth | Not |
| Loss of strength | a |
| Loss of self-respect | dog- |
| Loss of the respect of others | goned |
| Waste of money, etc | thing |

Furthermore, the Scout Law knocks cigaret smoking right in the bean! There are so many Laws that apply to the case of cigarets that the Cave Scout hardly knows which one to cite: A Scout is brave. A Scout is clean. A Scout is thrifty—well, I will let you fellows think out the applications for yourselves.

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Just a word about the proper attitude to take toward Scouts who smoke. Don't say to these boys: "You're a bunch of

rough-necks—and you'll have to quit the troop or cut out cigarets." Try to make them realize how silly it is to smoke so that they will stop of their own accord. If this doesn't work, there is another way. Make the troop work so entertaining that every member would rather lose a leg than his standing in the troop—it can be done, for dozens of troops are doing it—then pass a rule that any Scout who smokes after a certain date must resign. That ought to bring them to time.

But in spite of everything, I suppose, there will always be some Scouts silly enough to smoke cigarets. Most of these fellows won't be Scouts long, however. They will quit of their own accord in order to associate with other boys who do smoke.

This same general principle applies to the case of a Scout who never advances in his Scout work. Nearly every troop has a few loafers who stay in it just to take advantage of the hikes, feeds, and other good times, but who are too lazy to work on their scout requirements. Many troops adopt the policy of requiring the Scouts to pass certain tests within a definite period of time or hand in their resignations.

This plan should be very carefully used, however, for there are some boys who don't learn so fast as others, and allowance should be made for these slower fellows. Furthermore, Scouting should be made so interesting that every member of the troop would be willing to work his head off rather than forfeit his membership.

We should remember, boys, that progress in scout tests is not the best standard by which to judge a Scout. The best test is the Scout Law. If a boy tries his level best to obey the Law he will be a good Scout if he never advances beyond the tenderfoot stage. But the fact of the matter is that a Scout who does obey the Law is almost certain to advance in his various scout tests.

The Cave Scout can't say goodbye for this time without first saying something about his friend, Eagle Scout J. Stanley Light, whose inspiring story is printed in this issue of Boys' Life. The Cave Scout met Scout Light a few weeks ago and found him to be an unusually bright fellow, modest, earnest, and enthusiastic. Look up his remarkable record and read it through. Doesn't Scout Light remind you of what the Cave Scout said last month about "The Scout Who Will Stick?" Well, here's hoping you fellows will stick until April, when I hope to meet you all here in the Cave again.

# Scouting in the Antarctic Ice Fields

By SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON

PREPARING for duty in the trying climate of the Antarctic is not a matter of weeks or months, but one of years. It requires a strong constitution that can come only of clean living and careful training, a study of the methods of former expeditions and a certain amount of courage that comes from confidence in self.

There are many things connected with the expedition that I would like to talk to boys about, but the most important, probably, is physical fitness.

With two companions, Lieut. Ninnis, of the Royal Fusiliers, and Dr. X. Mertz, I left our main base for a scouting journey on sledges. We had traveled 311 miles over sharp, jagged ice in the face of terrific gales and hurricanes, when suddenly, without any warning, Ninnis and his dog team fell through the ice roof of an unfathomable crevasse.

Not a sound came up out of that awful hole in answer to our repeated shouts, and after hours of repeated calling I read the burial service. I well recall, when this ceremony was over, the happier look on Mertz's face and his short "Thank you" as he shook my hand.

We then took stock of our provisions (most of the food had been on Ninnis's sledge) and found that by cutting down the allowance to a few ounces per day, for Mertz and myself, we had enough for about two weeks. We had no food at all for the remaining dogs, and being about sixty days tramp from camp we turned about and raced for it.

*ALL Scouts take their hats off to men who do things worth while. Here's one—Sir Douglas Mawson, a real scout. He was a member of Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition which sought the South Pole, and later organized and led the Australian Antarctic Expedition, which made a scouting trip in a frozen land whereon no human being had ever set foot. The explorer mapped out over 2,000 miles of coast line and discovered an area of approximately 1,000,000 square miles that is rich in coal, and also has deposits of copper and gold. In recognition of the service he rendered to science in this way, he was knighted in 1914 by King George V.*

*As a boy every moment that could be spared from his regular duties he spent in the Australian bush. Months of every year he camped out in the open, and to this he attributes his splendid physical condition which enabled him to make the thrilling dash of 311 miles over Antarctic fields of ice.*

It was then that physical fitness told. Bucking the strong winds and heavy blizzards, one by one the dogs died, and the little meat that clung to their bones was divided equally between us. The short food allowance soon began to show its effect in the lagging steps of Dr. Mertz. He did not complain, but when he finally refused the dog meat, saying it did not seem to agree with him, I knew he was in a bad way, and prepared and gave him the remaining store of regular provisions. This seemed to buoy him up, and we turned in in our sleeping bags to get a good rest. I hoped to find him much better, and when I awoke I reached over and shook him by the shoulder. There was no response, and with a feeling of dread I uncovered his face and realized my worst fears. Dr. Mertz has passed to the great beyond.

This happened thirty days after the loss of Ninnis, and left me alone with only the half-eaten carcass of one dog for food. I was thirty days distance from the main base, and my only hope and desire was to get as near to it as possible and cache our diaries on the chance that they would be found by a search party. I did not expect to reach camp alive, but the years of training and careful living had given me a strength and ruggedness of constitution that triumphed over the elements and the ravages of hunger.

# President Wilson to the Boy Scouts

## What the Nation's Chief Magistrate Said to the National Council Members and the Boy Scouts on February 11th, at the White House.

I AM sincerely glad to have the pleasure of this visit from you, and to have an opportunity to express my very sincere interest not only in the organization of the Boy Scouts, but in the objects that that organization has. From all that I know of it, and from all that I have been able to observe personally, it is an admirable organization, devoted to the objects that I myself thoroughly believe in.

There is only one rule in the world, and it applies to all professions, and that is that you are expected to "make good." No excuses are allowed in this school of life, and the only way to make good is to keep faith. That is the reason I like the idea of the Boy Scouts—because of their secure notion of being responsible to society. They are responsible to the people who live around them—to help maintain the standards of order and fidelity upon which the community depends.

You are recruits in the ranks that we all stand in, and that is to serve the country in some way that will tell, and that has nothing particular to do with our own personal benefit. The man who devotes himself exclusively to the development of his own character will succeed in nothing except to make of himself a prig. But if he devotes himself to helping other people his character will not only take care of itself, but it will grow to a very noble stature.

I have always maintained that, in the language of manufacture, character is a by-product. If you set out to develop it because you love it for yourself you will be an ass. If you disregard the consequences to yourself in order to serve other people you will make a noble gentleman, and that I believe is fundamental and sacred in an organization of this sort.

I congratulate you for belonging to it and hope you will honor it in every way by your conduct and allegiance.

# Scoutcraft i

*See stories on*

First Class Scouts of Rochester, N. Y., Working for Pioneering Merit Badge.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM SCOUTMASTER J. E. WILLIAMS.

Cherokee Indians Teaching Oklahoma Scouts To Use Bow and Arrow.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM DEPUTY COMMISSIONER A. H. ALLEE, MUSKOGEE, OKLA.

Unusual Photograph of Mt. Rainier, Taken by Mr. E. S. Ingraham, of Seattle, on a Scout Hike to the Mountain.

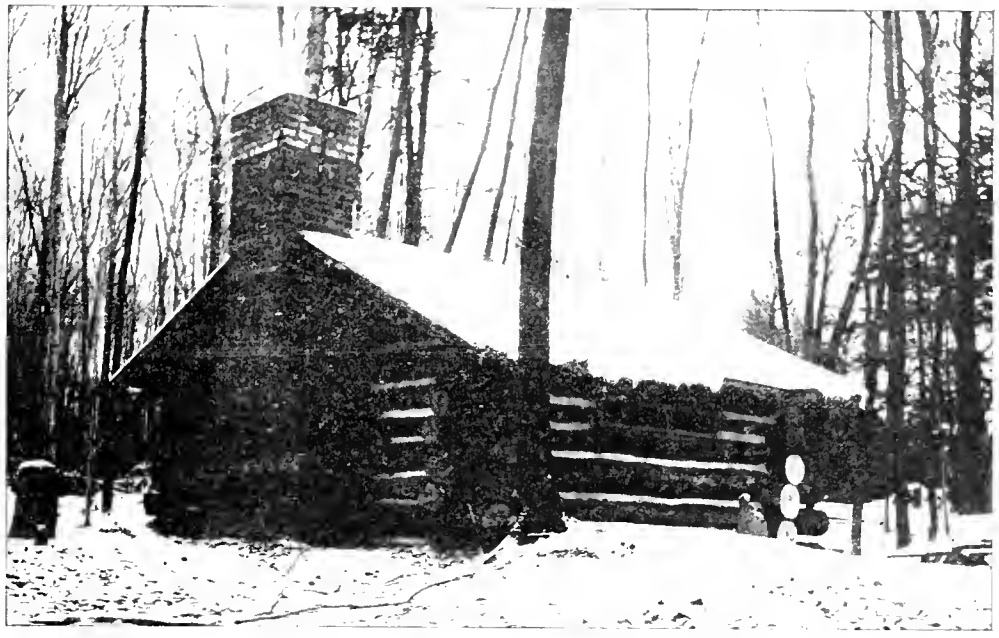
Interior of Scout Cabin at Pataskala, Ohio.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM SCOUTMASTER JOSEPH B. WILLIAMSON

Boy Scout "Slumber Party" in Headquarters at the Y. M. C. A., Springfield, Ohio.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM SCOUTMASTER HARRY O. VAN TREES.

Minnesota Scouts on a Winter Hike Throu Woods.
PHOTOGRAGH FROM SCOUTMASTER CHARLES BLA FALLS.

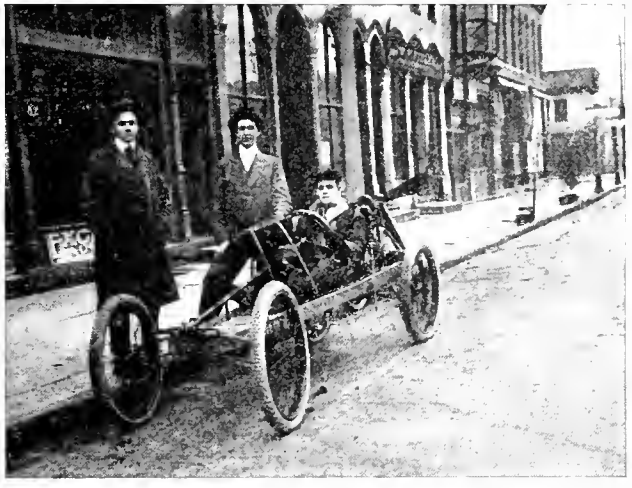
# Pictures

28.



Cabin Erected by Boy Scouts of Cleveland, Ohio, Recently Completed at Gates Mill.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM SCOUTMASTER THOMAS SPARROW.

t Trail Followed by That of a Fox.
RAGH FROM SCOUT COMMISSIONER K F. GRAY, MONTCLAIR, N. J.



Scout Don M. Six, Logansport, Ind., and His Home-made "Wind Wagon."

Beaumont, Texas, Scouts Release a Kid Entangled in Briars.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM SCOUTMASTER THOMAS HOLLAND.

e Big North
ITERNATIONAL

Scout Owen M. Smith and His Pony Doing a Good Turn at Portland, Me.

Solid Comfort on a Winter Hike.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM DOUGLAS LAUGHLIN, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

# Deaf Boy Becomes an Eagle Scout

## Despite Great Handicaps, J. Stanley Light Reaches the Top—Other News About the Boy Scouts of America

ONE of the most remarkable illustrations of scout persistence and pluck which have come to the attention of National Headquarters is the record of Scout J. Stanley Light, of Boston, who was awarded an Eagle Scout badge on January 19. It is no simple task for a boy to win the Eagle Scout badge under the most favorable circumstances, but what do you Scouts think of a fellow who is able to attain this honor in spite of the fact that he is unable to hear a sound?

When quite young, Stanley Light had a very severe illness, the effect of which was to make him totally deaf, but he was cheerful and persistent, and with the help of his mother he began practising lip reading and studying elementary school work. Before he graduated from grammar school he became interested in scout activities and tried to form a troop in his neighborhood, but was unable to find enough boys interested in the plan to make it a success. He next became interested in athletics through the Y. M. C. A., and while there he became a member of Troop 1, the first troop organized in Boston. He became a Tenderfoot on February 21, 1911, and on April 27, 1912, he passed his second class tests. He became a first class scout on July 20, 1912, while on his vacation at Blue Hills Camp, the scout camp conducted by the Greater Boston Council.

All this time he had to obtain his scout information either from books or by lip reading; yet, in spite of this handicap, he passed his grades faster than some Scouts who had all their faculties.

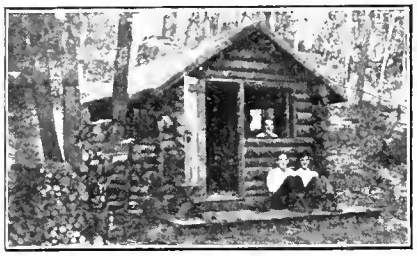
Later he took out transfer papers from Troop 1 to Troop 36, as it was nearer his home. In the new troop he was made patrol leader of the Beaver Patrol. On March 12, 1914, he received his commission as Assistant Scoutmaster for Troop 36. He was qualified for this honor sooner, but he decided that it would be better for him not to accept it until he had thoroughly mastered the fundamental principles of Scouting.

In winning his Eagle Scout badge Scout Light passed the requirements for the following merit badges:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Chemistry | Pathfinding | Astronomy |
| Civics | Pioneering | Craftsmanship |
| Personal Health | Athletics | First Aid |
| Public Health | Handicraft | Art |
| Swimming | Business | Electricity |
| Forestry | Firemanship | Masonry |
| Camping | Scholarship | Life Saving |
| Cooking | | |

Eagle Scout Light is now attending Gallaudet College, at Washington, D. C.

Scout Commissioner Ormond E. Loomis, of Boston, speaks very highly of the character and ability of Eagle Scout Light. "I have known Stanley since the summer of 1911," writes Mr. Loomis, "and have always found him cheerful, ambitious, capable, and persevering. His conduct as a Scout has been most commendable. In his troop he has been an enthusiastic Scout and leader. At camp he was one of the most dependable and hard working of a group of 100 or more boys. In his community, I am told, he has a most wholesome and inspiring influence. During the past two summers he has worked faithfully to earn enough money to pay his way through school. He is a truly first class Scout and one who will, I am sure, continue to serve the Movement wherever he lives."



*The cabin which Scout Upham built. On this page he tells how he did it.*

### Distinguished Scouts

Report of the National Court of Honor for January, 1915.

#### EAGLE SCOUTS.

To win the Silver Eagle these First Class Scouts must have qualified for 21 Merit Badges. It is the highest honor given for winning Merit Badges.

| | |
|---|---|
| Jack Rawlings, | Rochester, New York |
| Earl Talbot, | Utica, New York. |
| J. Stanley Light, | Boston, Mass. |
| Leslie Sherman, | Kansas City, Missouri |
| Earl Staats, | Emporia, Kansas. |

#### LIFE AND STAR SCOUTS

Life Scouts hold Merit Badges in first aid, athletics, life saving, personal health and public health. Star Scouts have five badges in addition to these.

| | |
|---|---|
| Jack Rawlings, | Rochester, New York |
| Earl Talbot, | Utica, New York. |
| Frank Parater, | Richmond, Va. |
| Samuel Hardy, | Washington, D. C. |
| J. Stanley Light, | Boston, Mass. |
| E. W. Hall, | Catskill, N. Y. |

#### LIFE SCOUT

Life Scouts hold Merit Badges in first aid, athletics, life saving, personal health and public health.

| | |
|---|---|
| Frank J. Kirby, | Sugar, Idaho |

Total number of Merit Badges issued, 697.

Boys' LIFE felt so sure that all Scouts would be interested in this story of pluck and persistence that a letter was written to Scout Light asking him to tell in his own words how he went about it to pass his tests in spite of his handicap. The following letter describes briefly his progress in a dozen or so of the merit badge tests for the Eagle Scout badge:

"When I became a first class Scout my next hope in Scouting was to get the Eagle Scout Decoration. After studying the requirements for the different badges I found I was already prepared for Chemistry, Civics, Personal and Public Health. I had already studied the first two subjects in school and had practised the last two. As I happened to be on the track team at the high school I attended, it was not hard for me to pass for Athletics.

"I got some experience in camp, so was able to pass for Camping, Pioneering, and Pathfinding. I read with great interest several books on these subjects, as they took me back to the days of the early settlers who had to depend on their own resources to live.

"Scouting helped me to get good marks at school when I was after the badge of Scholarship. I studied Botany with vim so I could get the merit badge of Forestry.

"After school hours, when not studying or playing, I did odd jobs around the house or for some of the neighbors, and in summer I kept the lawn and gardens of three or four estates in good order. Thus I qualified for the merit badges of Handicraft and Gardening respectively. Asking questions of a friendly fireman, I soon acquired all I wanted to know for Firemanship and by studying books and practising on others I was able to pass for First Aid."

Scout Light's record shows that he is not only an Eagle Scout, but a Life and Star Scout as well. Surely, after this boy has been able to make such a wonderful record, is there any reason why a boy who has no physical handicap whatever should not do at least as much?

## How I Built My Log Cabin

By HOWARD UPHAM.

Boy Scout of Troop 36, Dorchester, Mass.

IT was my desire, in the first place, to build a log cabin which would accommodate two or more fellows. Having carefully figured out the size desired, I cleared a piece of ground twelve by fourteen feet, located near the shore of a lake.

Dead pines and oaks, standing in the nearby woods, afforded the necessary material for the cabin. I began building the cabin so late in the summer, and so near school time, that I got only as far as laying the foundation, which was of oak timber. I selected an oak foundation for the reason of its greater durability.

The pine logs for the walls of the cabin were hauled during the winter months, when the snow was on the ground. They were cut into fourteen foot lengths, averaging six inches in diameter, and then notched near the ends, so that they would fit snugly into each other. The gathering and notching of the logs and fitting up the side walls was all I did that winter.

The following spring the roof was put on. This was done by nailing boards over the logs of the roof, and then tacking over the boards a good grade of roofing paper.

Then came the building of the fireplace, which consisted of rough field stone. It took some time to get the stones properly fitted and cemented into place, but finally, after a week of masonry work, a good chimney and a large fireplace were completed.

A mixture of Portland cement and coarse sand was used to fill up the cracks between the logs. I figured that cement made a better substitute than the moss that is commonly used.

Last of all the windows and door were carefully fitted in, while inside a floor of pine box boards was laid upon oak timbers.

The cost of building this cabin was as follows: five bags cement at sixty cents a bag, two rolls of roofing paper at two and one-half dollars a roll, three windows at one dollar and a half each, and some pine boards for the door, and a mantelpiece costing about two dollars more. The total expense for building the entire cabin came under fifteen dollars.

### HI, THERE!

Fred: Peter, how do you spell high?

Peter: H-i-g-h; why do you wish to know?

Fred: 'Cause I'm writing a composition on the highena.

## The Moonshiners in the Jungle

(*Continued from page* 9.)

But, in spite of all my experience with those fellows, I can't help wishing you well in your plan to turn this one from his bad business before it is too late.

But I am more interested just now in what you say about that worse fellow. I wish that you would write to me at once, and describe that man to me as well as you can. His height, build, age, complexion, peculiarities, etc. I have had occasion to call to see our smuggler prisoners, and I have learned that which may send me down to you again very soon. It may depend very much on your letter and description of that fellow. So do not delay, Nat boy. We may, after all, have another adventure together sooner than we have thought.

Your friend,
JOSEPH DELONG.

I warmed at the thought of the possibility of seeing Joseph DeLong soon again. But my skin seemed to crinkle as I pictured myself pointing out Uncle Bill and his "moonshine still" to my friend, DeLong. For that is what I should do if he came; and he, I knew, would do his plain duty as a revenue officer.

(*Continued in April* BOYS' LIFE.)

### Makes Friction Fire in 25 Seconds

Word has been received from Scout Commissioner Arthur R. Forbush, of Worcester, Mass., that Scout R. S. Bowden, Jr., of Troop 1, Newton, has succeeded in producing fire by friction in twenty-five seconds. This is one second faster than the time made by Commissioner Forbush last March. In one attempt Scout Bowden produced fire in eighteen seconds, but this record was made while the drill and baseboard were warm from previous attempts, so it was not counted. Official reports on these records have not yet been received.

### Scout "Movies" to be Shown

Boy Scouts in all parts of the country will be interested in knowing that the film showing Boy Scout activities, formerly known as "The Making of a Scout" is to have a wide circulation. The name of the film has been changed to "The Adventures of a Boy Scout" and it is being booked to exhibitors under the direction of the World Film Corporation.

BOYS' LIFE is giving this announcement because it is certain that Scouts will want to take advantage of any opportunity to see this interesting exhibition of Boy Scout activities, and to let others know of the opportunity.

### And the Worst is Yet to Come

*—From the Philadelphia Bulletin.*

# Creating a New Art

At the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the exhibit of the Bell System consisted of two telephones capable of talking from one part of the room to another.

Faint as the transmission of speech then was, it became at once the marvel of all the world, causing scientists, as well as laymen, to exclaim with wonder.

Starting with only these feeble instruments, the Bell Company, by persistent study, incessant experimentation and the expenditure of immense sums of money, has created a new art, inventing, developing and perfecting; making improvements great and small in telephones, transmitter, lines, cables, switchboards and every other piece of apparatus and plant required for the transmission of speech.

As the culmination of all this, the Bell exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition marks the completion of a Trans-continental Telephone line three thousand four hundred miles long, joining the Atlantic and the Pacific and carrying the human voice instantly and distinctly between New York and San Francisco.

This telephone line is part of the Bell System of twenty-one million miles of wire connecting nine million telephone stations located everywhere throughout the United States.

Composing this System, are the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated Companies, and connecting companies, giving to one hundred million people Universal Service unparalleled among the nations of the earth.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy* *One System* *Universal Service*

BUILD A 3Ft. Curtiss FLYING BOAT

"IDEAL" accurate scale drawings and knock down parts will enable you to EASILY build exact 3 ft. duplicates of man-carrying machines. Every boy wants to build and fly an aeroplane. Clearest plans for classrooms, exhibitions, aeronautic students, etc.

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Nieuport Monoplane 25c
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Wright Biplane .25c
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Free Carrying Case with this Superb Triple Silver Plated Lyric cornet, genuine leather. Write today.

Send your name and address and get our 250-pp. Band Catalog. Buy direct from the manufacturer. Rock-bottom prices on all kinds of instruments—easy payments. Generous allowance for old instruments. We supply the U. S. Gov't.

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Cincinnati, Ohio Dept. 1573 Chicago, Ill.

In answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE.

# Our Lonesome Corner

## International Friendships Formed by Letters Sent Across the Seas—Look at the Growing List.

DON'T you think Scout Jensen's letter to the Editor of Boys' Life is a good thing to print right at the beginning of the "Lonesome Corner" news this month? Of course you don't know yet, for you haven't read it—but we're going to put it right here so you *can* read it, for it will show some of you fellows how much fun one boy is having exchanging letters all around the world, and how much he is finding out that he didn't know before. Of course there are many boys who are enjoying this great opportunity through Boys' Life, but which of you, we would like to know, have such a string of distant friends as Scout Jensen has? Well, here's his letter, written from his home in a little city in New York state:

*To* Boys' Life *"Lonesome Corner":*

I wish to tell you of the interesting letters I am receiving from Scouts in this country and foreign lands. A former Scout, who now lives in Dawson, Canada, writes how gold is mined. It was 26 degrees below zero at Dawson last September. Moose and caribou meat is on the bill of fare at the restaurants as a regular eatable.

A Scout has written me who lives about a hundred and ten miles from where I live, and I expect to take a bicycle trip to a point about half way between our home towns and meet him there. We shall probably visit an aeroplane factory and the New York State Fish Hatcheries.

A German Scout writes to me in German, and tells the war news. He is going to send me some pictures of the war and some pictures of himself when he writes again.

A cycle Scout of New York City says that his troop takes trips on their bicycles to the country near New York.

A first-class Scout who lives in Sweden says that the best knives in the world are made in his home city.

A Pennsylvania Scout has invited me to go camping with his troop next summer. He is correspondent for the West Philadelphia *Scout News*.

A Scout whose home is in New Mexico and who used to live in Mexico but was driven out by Mexican soldiers. The soil of New Mexico is very sandy and because of this his well is 339 feet deep.

A Second-class Scout of the Canal Zone lives at Pedro Miguel, where there are locks of the Panama Canal. He has lived in the Zone six years.

Greetings to all Boy Scouts of America and foreign lands! Harold Jensen.

### Pick Your Boy and Subject.

Well, now, here is a chance for you to correspond about the things you are especially interested in. The boys whose names are below have told us just what their hobbies or favorite pastimes are, and any one will be glad to hear from a boy who has similar interests. The names and subjects follow:

FOREIGN

Francis Rice, Canada; correspond with Patrol Leaders and Scoutmasters in America and England.

R. B. Chilton, Canada; correspond with boys in Washington, D. C.

Gunner Johnson, Sweden; exchange postcards, etc.

AMERICAN

C. Roland Green, Vt.; amateur artists.

Edgar D. Dunning, N. Y.; stamps, scouting, boys in British colonies.

Macdonald Sill, N. Y.; American and foreign boys interested in stamps.

J. Howard Krimmel, Ill.; books.

Kendall Toune, Cal.; Scouts in England and California.

Bromley Wharton, Pa.; interested in foreign Boy Scout work.

R. V. Ricketts, Texas; aviation.

Dorsey Henderson, Ohio; hikes.

Lewis Clarke, Ill.; photography, especially developing, and stamps.

Donald Olson, Jr., Wash.; manual training, taxidermy, poultry, stamps.

Willis B. Parsons, Ohio; foreign boys interested in photography.

Roscoe J. Abare, Mass.; Scotch Scouts.

M. Sanford Miller, Ill.; boys from Italy and Greece.

Joseph Mannix, Mass.; with English Patrol Leaders on Scoutcraft and signaling.

Spencer Whedon, N. Y.; correspond with boys who love books.

Clarence W. Dodson, Ill.; foreign Scouts and Scouts whose first name is "Clarence."

Dick W. Abbott, Jr., N. Y.; with Scouts in England, Japan, Australia and Canada; also in the South and West.

Fred M. Carlson, Fla.; foreign Scouts.

John Miller, Wyo.; Morse telegraphy and wireless.

### Any Boy Can Do It

**This is the way**

Pick out the name of a boy.

Write a letter to him.

Address an envelope with his name and the right postage.

Don't seal that envelope.

Enclose it in another, addressed to the boy, in care of Boys' Life. Mail this to us and we will forward it.

If your letter is to a boy in North America or England, put on a two-cent stamp. If it is to go to any other country abroad, five cents.

Gordon Meredith, Ill.; foreign and North American Scouts.

Ernest A. Lilley, Mass.; foreign Scouts, stamps.

Lawrence Fisk, Iowa; overnight hikes and camping.

Charles H. Howell, Ga.; athletics and field meets.

Winfield Garvin, N. Y.; exchange posteards.

Charles E. Cole, Pa.; forestry, photography and electricity.

Israel Elkin, N. Y.; western boys interested in trapping.

Robert Ahl, Ohio; foreign boys interested in minerals, stamps and insects.

Ravaud Chapman, Ohio; French boys.

Donald Baird, Ohio; foreign boys.

Norman York, Texas; Canada, Cuba, Philippines, foreign countries.

Ralph Brant, Ill.; geology, mineralogy, Indian relics.

Ralph Jack, Iowa; wireless and electricity.

Farris Roberts, Kas.; sports and telegraphy.

Aving Levine, N. Y.; Indian relics, foreign Scouts.

Bob E. Joines, Ga.; foreign boys, exchanging pictures, postcards, etc.

Prescott C. Clarke, Mass.; stamps, correspond with boys living in Maine.

William J. Clench, Mass.; collecting insects.

Rufus Carter, Tenn.; Scouts in Alaska.

Melvin McBride, Del.; Scouts in American and foreign lands.

Harold Diehm, Mich.; exchange stamps with boys in foreign lands.

Harry J. Felden, Conn.; politics, religion, science, sports, sea stories, Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska, Scotland, Greece and Turkey.

Lyman T. Branch, Wis.; exchange posteards.

### Blind Scouts Want Letters.

Now, here's a chance for good Scouts to do something mighty nice. In New York there is a troop composed entirely of blind boys; you may remember the picture of them and the article about their work which appeared in Boys' Life in February, 1914. Eleven of these boys have sent in their names to the "Lonesome Corner" because they would like to have letters from other Scouts. Pick out one of the names and write a good letter. It will be read to him by his Scoutmaster, Mr. Grant H. Longenecker, and it may be re-written for him in raised type so he can read it with his fingers. The boys will answer such letters—many of them use the typewriter—and it will be interesting for you to make them your friends. Their names:

John Gross, 16 yrs.
Stephen Coblitz, 15 yrs.
Milton Bennett, 16 yrs.
Simon Glass, 12 yrs.
Hugo Sauer, 13 yrs.
John Kennedy, 12 yrs.
Philip Espenhaim, 16 yrs.
Carl Rice, 17 yrs.
Frank Prince, 13 yrs.
Jos. Gillmartin, 14 yrs.
Robert Simons, 13 yrs.

### These Have Sent Letters—and Will Be Glad to Get Some

It is interesting and pleasing to note how this department has increased in size since the last issue of Boys' Life. We hope that it will be even larger by the April issue. Get busy, boys, and see what you can do about it. Here are the American boys who have sent letters through our "Lonesome Corner," this month. Any of them will be glad to hear from you:

Winfield Garvin, N. Y.
Robt. L. Godfrey, Wash.
Leo Dickson, Ill.
Albert Roscow, Mass.
Geo. W. Mason, N. Y.
Ernest Noetzel, Ohio.
David Freudenheim, N. Y.
Geo. M. Tomlinson, N. Y.
Lloyd McNeely, Ind.
Carroll Fairo, Ky.
Fred A. Plummer, Me.
Lyle Biggin, Okla.
Spencer E. Twist, N. J.
Russell Wilhelm, Ohio
W. Corydon Kahl, Mass.
Raymond Ransome, N. Y.
Aliott G. Mills, Conn.
Vance B. Erickson, Mont.
David Schroeder, Md.
Robert Thom, Kas.
Benj. L. Webster, N. C.
Nelson Pierce, Wash.
Richard Crocker, Idaho
Frank Grissinger, N. Y.
Donovan K. Bryant, Neb.
Lyle Smith, Idaho
Ted Weigand, Ill.
Geo. C. Martin, Fla.
Lloyd Craig, Wis.
Harold Bissell, N. Y.
Ben B. Campbell, Va.
Earl L. Beem, Ill.
William Edwards, Pa.
E. Raynold Thomas, N. J.
Rex Ramsey, Ark.
Llewellyn Walker, Wis.
Harold Freeman, Ind.
Chas. A. Gray, Maine
Alf. M. Perkins, Mass.
Clyde Harden, Ind.
Francis Crump, Jr., Ind.
Isadore Genfan, Ohio
Glen Huffman, Ohio
Bob Merriam, Mich.
Clyde E. Redenger, Mich.
Wm. Whitlock, Mass.
Ernest M. Vaughn, S. M., Mass.
Virgil E. Louden, Ill.
Julian H. Turner, Ga.
Dennison Smith, Mass.
Robin H. Wood, Ga.
George Rogers, Ohio
Edwin M. Cole, Mass.
C. L. McCarty, Ill.
Russell Finger, N. J.
Edward Barce, Ind.
Pattison Keith, N. Y.
Mark Felton, Cal.
Ivan Forsten, Okla.
William A. Free, Pa.
Geo. P. Hull, Pa.
J. D. Van Valkenburgh, N. Y.
Russell N. Carhart, N. Y.
Charles Williams, Va.
Edw. J. Thomas, N. Y.
Walter Johnson, Mo.
Leland S. Slater, N. Y.
Claude Fitch, Va.
Glenn Hinckley, Ind.
Will Seed, Mass.
Walter F. Krebs, Pa.
A. E. Johnson, Utah
Edward W. Eames, N. Y.
S. Archie Smith, Jr., N. J.
Geo. H. Ostrander, N. Y.
Brice Halliburton, Mo.
Earl Crane, Texas
Clark Nelson, Ill.
Richard Boyd, N. C.
F. Leland Stowe, Conn.
Harold Latham, Conn.
Norman W. Warburton, Mass.
Hugh Smith, Mo.
Glen F. Hall, Mich.
J. K. Cushwa, Md.
Walter Brown, N. Y.
Floyd Morgan, Wash.
Richard K. Chapman, Iowa
Lawrence Jones, Texas
Harold S. Blizzard, Ill.
Eugene Hutson, Ill.
Andrew Stough, Ark.
Moe Rafelson, N. Y.
Philip A. Chapman, Md.
Elmer Blackford, N. Y.
Edward A. Simmons, Mich.
Bertie Thompson, Fla.
Wm. McCullock, La.
Robt. E. Vining, Mass.
Vincent McCafferty, Pa.
Albert C. Robinson, Kas.
Dale S. Taylor, W. Va.
Harold Moody, Iowa.
Ross Wheat, Va.
Augustus W. Aldrich, S.M., Vt.
George L. Gridley, Jr., N. Y.
Dwight Thornburg, Ind.
DeWitt Woodrum, Ill.
J. Talbot Harlan, Cal.
Ervin Mines, Ill.
Robert Bledsoe, Texas
Jacob A. King, S.M., N. Y.
Wm. R. Cole, Jr., Mass.
Everett Pittsley, Mass.
Frank Kinard, Ga.
Horace Turner, Miss.
Fred H. Maddox, Ga.
Henry Howe, Mass.
LeRoy C. Spear, Mass.
Hartwell Graner, Md.
Aubrey W. Akin, Vt.
George Titcomb, N. Y.
Arthur Morris, Pa.
S. Curtis Bird, N. J.
F. X. Newman, N. Y.
Wm. L. Kiser, Ind.
Candler Campbell, N. C.
Lloyd Allen, N. Y.
Fred. Merchutt, N. J.

### New "Joiners"

Here are more additions to our already

large list of new members to our "Lonesome Corner"; write to any of them:

FOREIGN

John Wickens, England
Percy H. Bond, England
Leonard Symons, England
H. S. Ong, Federated Malay States

AMERICAN

Robert Lemon, Kas.
J. Russell Coombs, S. M., Mass.
Everett Pittsley, Mass.
Charles Ellsworth, Wyo.
Clifford Price, N. Y.
William Adams, Pa.
Everett S. Turner, Conn.
Louis E. Collins, Mo.
Wm. J. Crum, Ga.
C. Arthur Robinson, Va.
Gordon Legg, N. Y.
Edw. F. Evans, Pa.
Glenn L. Keidle, Iowa
Walter Leon Smith, N. Y.
Charles Fariss, Ind.
Charles R. Cole, Mass.
Linfield Stiles, Mass.
Dennison Smith, Mass.
Donald Baird, Ohio
William Wiant, Ill.
Peter J. Hoogerhyde, Mich.
J. Vernon Lawing, N. C.
George Edwards, Ill.
Homer Tierney, Ind.

In the last issue of Boys' Life mention was made of a whole troop of English boys who had sent letters to American boys through our "Lonesome Corner." Here is the list. It is hoped that American boys will take this opportunity to write to some of them.

Stephen Wilson
John Martin
Joseph Byrne
H. D. A. Spooner
Arnold Watson
W. Thompson
Willie Hughes
John Harrison Matthews
Tom Nixon
Harold Proctor

OVER-THE-OCEAN CLUB.

Many British boys have sent letters to boys in the United States, and it is hoped that American boys who were fortunate enough to receive letters from across the sea, will not delay sending good letters in reply. Any reader of Boys' Life may pick names from this list and write letters in accordanace with the rules as stated above. These boys will be delighted to have letters from you:

ENGLAND

David C. Lewis
Herbert Simpson
Terence S. Harris
L. Tucker
H. Keabe
B. Samuels
Henry Peck
Harold Tindall
Norman Booth
E. Hiscoe
Lorris Price
Reginald Hearnden
Rowland Williams
Edgar A. Elliott
Edward Saunders
Duncan Wilson
Jack Banks
Stanley Pepperdine
W. T. Ballisat
A. Pinnell
Joseph Wain
Herbert Lawton
Joseph Tolley
Alan Goodfellow
Jack Parkes
Frank L. Smith
Cecil Hearnden
Albert Blackford
J. F. Dowdell
Granville Hampson
Russell Jones
W. J. Greene
Wilfred Squires
Reginald Jenkin
George Cross
Frank Risbee
Stephen Adkins
Leonard Pitts
Bob Holloway
Arthur Tennan
Frank Edward Colton
Bernard Chadwell
Alan Rogers
James Henry Robert
Joseph F. Lowden
Ernest Lindon
Leonard C. Tudor
Edward Reader
Douglas Goldthorp
J. C. Oxley
Jack Bloom
Cecil Hilling
Walter F. Oakeshott
Charles P. Sunderland
Hugh J. Hutton
G. H. Birch, S.M.
A. F. Tapley
R. Vernon Owen
H. Bullock
Charles Robinson

SCOTLAND

Alex B. Currie
Charlie Smith
Bobsie Fraser

IRELAND

Victor Jones
George H. Dawson
Hector Blemings

SOUTH WALES

Henry J. Ellaway
David E. Edwards
Mansel Griffiths
Frank Corbin
J. Williams

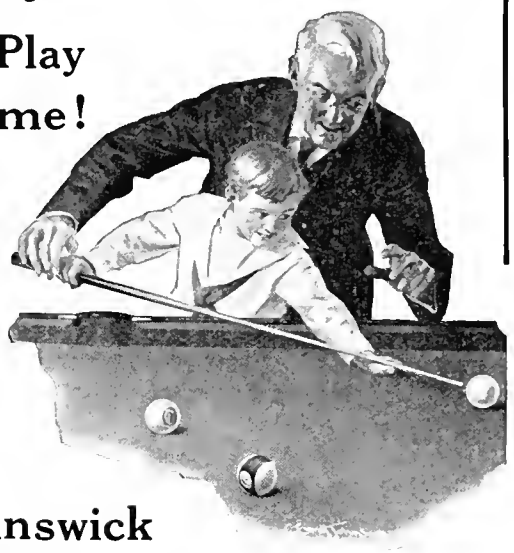
Severus Persson, Sweden, has written to Boys' Life as follows: "I would like very much to correspond with an American Scout who can understand Swedish." Who is the first to send Severus a good letter?

A number of boys have been sending magazines and newspapers to other boys through the Lonesome Corner Department of Boys' Life,

(*Concluded on page 27.*)


# You—*Everyone*—

## Can Learn to Play Billiards at Home!



This is everybody's royal game. Now, thanks to Brunswick tables, the *real science* of billiards can be enjoyed in your home though it be a cottage. What better fun for young or old? The practice itself is the greatest home fun you know. And you can *easily afford* it on our exceptionally easy terms which are offered to you *now*. Try it 30 days.

## Superb Brunswick
# Home Billiard Tables

Built exactly like our famous regulation tables—for all games of Carom and Pocket Billiards—yet sizes and designs that harmonize with home surroundings.

Men who are wizards at billiards—Hoppe, Sutton, Inman—perform their hardest shots on these home styles. Life, speed, accuracy—all scientific playing qualities are attained.

### "GRAND and BABY GRAND"

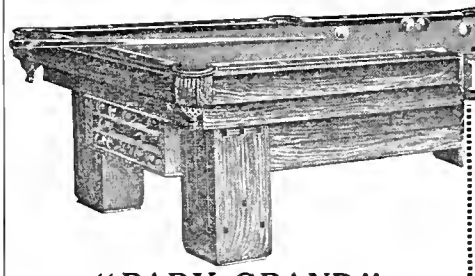
The "GRAND" and "BABY GRAND" are superbly made of rare and beautiful mahogany, richly inlaid. Have genuine Vermont slate bed, Monarch cushions—famed for lightning action—and fast imported billiard cloth.

### A Year to Pay—Playing Outfit FREE

Our popular purchase plan *lets you try any Brunswick 30 days before you buy*—then pay monthly as you play—*terms as low as 20 cents a day!*

Balls, Hand-Tapered Cues, Rack, Markers, Spirit Level, Tips, Cue Clamps, Table Cover, Chalk, Brush, expert rules on "How to Play," etc., etc., all included complete, without extra cost.

Now get our famous billiard book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet," that pictures all Brunswick Home Tables in actual colors, gives low factory prices and full details. **Sent FREE.** Use the coupon while the edition lasts.



"BABY GRAND"
Combination Carom and Pocket Table

**Mail For Billiard Book FREE**

(406)

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 13-H, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Send me postpaid, free, your color-illustrated catalog
"Billiards—The Home Magnet"
with details of your 30-day trial offer.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

## Make This Summer One Long Canoe Trip

You and your pals can have the bulliest summers any boys ever had with an "Old Town Canoe." Just one long summer of paddling, fishing, hunting, camping and exploring. You can have a two-seated "Old Town Canoe," or one like this

# "Old Town 'War' Canoe"

No other canoe is so good or pretty, so easy to paddle or low-priced, as the "Old Town." Send your name for free book of canoe views. 4000 new canoes ready to ship. Dealers everywhere.

**OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 493 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.**

# Wonderful "Finds" in Stamps

## Boys and Others Have Come Upon Rare Issues In Unusual Places

By FRANK L. COES

LAST summer a boy friend of mine went on his vacation to the seashore near Plymouth. The farmhouse was filled with guests, and some of the boys were sent to a neighbor's to sleep. Boylike, they rummaged in the attic, and one of them found an old butcher's book full of loose stamps and empty envelopes and tied with fish line, shoved under the eaves. A little inquiry showed it must have belonged to a boarder many years ago, as the letters were addressed to a person long lost sight of. These stamps and covers have started one boy well toward a very complete United States set, and the sale and trade of the duplicates has enabled him to practically complete his issues to 1900. I bought from him by exchange a beautiful pair of 5 cent orange brown 1857. So you see youngsters can find things even now.

### A Stamp "Menagerie"

*Notice the creatures shown on the letter-carriers above.*

*In the upper row, beginning at the left, we have (1) a stamp from a native state of the Straits Settlements, Selangor, which shows a Malay tiger. (2) A North Borneo stamp, showing the Malay stag, called "Rousa. (3) From the Portuguese Colony Nyassa which shows the giraffe at dinner. (4) From Australian Commonwealth, a native bird called "Kookaburra." (5) From Uruguay, showing one of the native cattle.*

*In the lower row, left side, an elephant of North Borneo; right side, a stamp of Liberia, with a simian—but can you tell what kind—orangoutang, gorilla, or what?*

### Paid Her Board With a "Find"

A young lady in Arizona, sent from the East for a lung trouble and with time to burn, suddenly got an idea that some of the old houses must have things to sell, or perhaps china or furniture that had come from the East as part of a '49 load. Trip after trip proved her furniture collecting craze was a failure, but she found in an old chest that at some time must have belonged to an express rider or stage driver, a coin bag practically full of the '61, '67, and '69 issues, divided about half between the first two and the "little square fellows." I have a pair of 90 cent carmine and black '69 from her find. And I might add that I helped her sell the lot, and it paid her board until she got ready to come home. So the stamp man helped to save a life that time.

### A Big Loss

I have had a few lucky things happen to me, and some that made me feel awfully blue. In 1903, through a change in ownership, I had to clean up and consolidate two offices. In the safe, in a tin change box, I found among some old coins and other junk, an inverted center 1 cent Pan-American (Scott* 294), very badly trimmed, but genuine. On inquiry I found that it had been put on a letter that was not mailed, and cut off and kept as a curiosity.

"We had part of a sheet and used them," said the old bookkeeper. (Worth $45.00 each now.) The sheet or block had been sent by a customer to pay a bill of a few cents under a dollar. That man needed a deal of talking to. His eyes were not used to see with—or his brain to think with.

This is one reason why I say stamps make bright wits, sharpen eyes, and help us to think quickly. A little nephew of mine wanted some revenue stamps, and I found an envelope of a thousand varieties some one had sold me in a collection. About a week afterward he came in with a single yellow stamp carefully mounted. He said, "I think you'll want to keep this one." (Anachs, Peru No. 10.) Of course I did, and we swapped very cheerfully. But how that stamp got into a cheap packet no one knows. I am glad he is getting sharp eyes. They help a lot.

### The Stamp "Ark"

A Scout here has been making a "menagerie" collection. I was really surprised to see the number of animals represented. He has gone so far as to get the queer revenues from the Isle of Jersey with the pretty cows and the Irish revenues for dog licenses, with a greyhound on them. He has not mounted them with any alphabetical idea, but with an eye to beauty, balance, and color. It is very interesting. Our favorite Kookaburra on the Australian 6d heads the first page. His album leaves are grey bristol board, perforated and bound with a leather cover. He has the funniest running elephant on the cover, done in burnt work. I almost offered to buy the book, but I changed my mind and gave him a Peru No. 20 with its funny white llama in relief. Other "animal stamps" are shown in the illustrations on this page. Do you know of still others?

Perhaps you have noted that flowers are not so common as animals. I can't see why, unless it is that the animals are more attractive to the collector or the engraver.

Not so long ago I advised a teacher in one of our schools to get stamps with portraits of such rulers and notables as were obtainable and mount them in her world's history near where the subject is mentioned.

### A Stunt for Scouts

A Scout official down in Harlan, Ky., has gone me one better. His name is Will Ward Duffield, and he is the Commissioner there. He writes to National Headquarters that he had started stamp collections among his Boy Scouts in connection with the study of geography, government, etc. Each boy is given a stamp of a country and he is expected to return it, together with a short essay on the country from which the stamp comes, giving its geographic position, bounding it, describing its area, geographic features, population, resources and government. The boys are having lots of fun scouting around for the information necessary for these essays. One which was written by a boy under thirteen was sent in by Mr. Duffield, and it is a dandy. I wonder how many other boys can do as well. All of you ought to try. It would be a good thing for you to tell your Scoutmaster about Mr. Duffield's plan which is so popular.

I have had some interesting experiences which have shown me how much sharper some folks' eyes are than others. Scouts who can see a bird in a tree or a bush when other boys can't, and who can catch semaphore letters signalled from far away, understand how much you can make your eyes do for you if you try.

An old friend of mine (well over fifty) was walking by a store window in which were playing cards of many kinds. His first glance picked out two packs sealed with *perforated* playing card revenue stamps. Further investigation showed that he had seen the only ones in some hundreds of packs. Nothing wrong with *his* eyes, I guess.

Now let me tell you another story. I laid one of these same stamps down before a much younger man, alongside a regular rouletted stamp, the other day, and asked him two or three times what differences he saw. The only difference, he said, was that one "seemed darker than the other." He did not like it when I told him he did not use his eyes to see with, and acted as though he felt "sore" when I further proved to him that the colors were identical.

I have seen another man look in vain for the difference between the original and the reprint 5c. 1847. Another, who believed himself to be a real stamp collector, insisted that a genuine Samoa 5, which he had nestled between two reprints, was the *only* genuine he had. It took nearly an hour and all of his catalogues to show him the little differences that mark the genuine from reprints. Eyes that were no sharper than his would get stamp collectors into trouble. But this man's collection is unusually free from fakes,

STAMPS

*[No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.]*

**—DIME SETS—**

We have over 200 different sets of stamps from all parts of the world for sale at 10c a set. For example:
4 Australian Commonwealth (kangaroo).
5 Unused Dominican Republic.
5 Unused Indo-China.
4 Unused Mexico (Sonora issue).
20 Varieties from Japan.
Send for complete 80-page list of sets, packets, albums, etc., and monthly stamp paper **free.**
**Finest approval sheets, 50 per cent. commission.**
We publish the Standard Catalogue, listing every stamp ever issued. **The 1915 edition is now ready. Price $1.00 postpaid.**
**SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO.**
**127 Madison Avenue, N. Y. City**

**Free Fine Animal Packet**
including stamps bearing the following designs: Camel, Lion, Oxen, Tigers, Eagle, Horse, Swan, Pigeon, Dragon, Mules, Springbok, Emu, Anteater, Parrot, Kangaroo and Fish. Send 2c stamp (not coins) for postage. 2c stamp mails letter to England.
**LIGHTBROWN'S STAMP CO., Palmerston Road, Southsea, Eng.**

**ALL FOR 10c.** SPECIAL U. S. LOT
5 Spanish War Revenues.
10 U. S. Envelopes, cut square, including P. O. and War Depts.
10 Civil War Revenues.
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**CROWELL STAMP CO., Cleveland, Ohio.**

**104** different STAMPS, including U. S. 1861 Civil War, Japan, Argentine, etc., large Price List and sample New England Stamp Monthly only 5c. Finest approval sheets. 50% discount.
**NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.**
**73 Washington Bldg., Boston, Mass.**

**U2 APPROVALS at 1c** are ready to be sent 2 U. Premium—4 new Port. Col. to new customers. And an extra one for each 50c purchase. Reference, please.
**MRS. L. W. KELLOGG, West Hartford, Ct., Dept. S.**

**ALL FOR 10c**
100 varieties used stamps.
1 packet stamp hinges.
1 pocket stamp album.
1 set Venezuela, 2 varieties
1 set Ecuador, 2 varieties.
10 varieties unused stamps.
**Lake View Stamp Co., 520 Union Bldg., San Diego, Cal.**

**ALL FOR 20c**
40 Different U. S.
8 Different Switzerland
30 Different Sweden
3 Orange River Colonies
10 Argentine
**WESTERN STAMP COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.**

**ALL BARGAINS—Postage 2c. Extra** LOWEST PRICES LISTS FREE

| UNITED STATES | FOREIGN |
|---|---|
| 125 Varieties inc. Rev....50c | Collection of 510 Var.$1. |
| 500 Mixed. Old & New..10c | 100 Varieties, unused 50c |
| 40 Varieties Cut sq. Env.15c | 30 Mexico .....25c |
| 10 Civil War Rev. Long..10c | 4 Liberia .....10c |
| 10 Telegraph .....15c | 9 Chile (1911-12-13)11c |
| 17 Var. N. Y. State Rev.15c | 1000 Hinges ..... 6c |

Entire 12 Specials as above for $3.00. Please state if you do **not** desire approvals. **GEO. E. HAYNES STAMP CO., 613 Caxton Building, Cleveland, Ohio.**

**STAMP NEWS** Weekly information about all that is best in the Stamp World. Subscription $1.00 per year. Trial, 25c. Philadelphia Stamp News, 1708 N. 18th Street, Phila., Pa. Est. April 1, 1910. 5 medal awards.
**Mention "BOYS' LIFE" and receive a set of stamps FREE**

**STAMP ALBUM** with 538 Genuine Stamps, Inel. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., **10c.** 100 diff. Jap., N. Zld., etc., 5c. Big list; coupons, etc., FREE! WE BUY STAMPS 1000 fine mixed 20c.; 1000 hinges 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. **HUSSMAN STAMP CO. St. Louis, Mo.**

**BE PREPARED**
To classify your stamps you need a Vest Pocket Watermark Detector..... **10c.**
50 different stamps FREE if you mention "BOY'S LIFE." **Burt McCann, Kirksville, Missouri**

**HARD-TO-GET-STAMPS**
are found in my net approval books at ½, 1 and 2c. each. Let me know to what troop you belong and receive a good stamp Free.
**S. E. Colman, 634 Keefer Pl., Washington, D. C.**

**AFRICAN AND SOUTH AMERICAN STAMPS**
These attractive stamps are a good purchase and I will send fine selections on approval if you will send your father's or Scoutmaster's name for reference. Premium to each new applicant.
**FRED S. MARTIN Box G 30 Greene, N. Y.**


thanks to his boys and to the honesty of the man he buys from.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

One Scout writes me asking about a Scout Stamp Club. I feel that as you grow older you will be better served by joining the Junior of London at a cost of 2/6 a year, or the A. P. S. of this country, for a dollar. It is a pity there is no Junior society here, but it takes time, money, and lots of work to make a widely-spread Stamp Club a success, and no one seems to be willing to take it in hand. You can join an Exchange Club, or get exchanges through the stamp papers, but it is better for a Scout to help other Scouts through the Lonesome Corner lists published in BOYS' LIFE. There are Scouts everywhere ready to exchange, correspond, and assist, and you can help more by helping them than by going to any outside society. More than this, you know you'll be treated right by a brother Scout. Tricks and the other drawbacks of exchange with unknown collectors won't bother between Scouts.

Just have a look at the Lonesome Corner list this month. I hope you will try to help it along. Remember that you will learn a lot by corresponding. It is well worth while. Don't be afraid to write to someone who can't write English. It will help you both if you have to get a first letter translated. After that you'll be trying to write in the other fellow's language.

Here's just a hint. Don't use slang to an English boy. Over there they don't understand *our* slang, though they have lots of their own. Keep a copy of your letters if you can. A sheet of carbon and a hard table make it easy. Then you can tell what you've written and what your Scout friend is answering. I have just taken up with the editor the question of some sort of a stamp contest. Watch for an announcement about it.

## Our Lonesome Corner

(*Continued from page* 25.)

and while we are always glad to have this exchange between the correspondents in this department, we cannot readdress these without extra postage. The Post Office will not accept printed matter which has been redirected unless postage is again attached. We would suggest that boys wait until they get the full addresses of other boys before they send printed matter, etc.

BOYS' LIFE has received a letter from a boy in Paris, Tenn., addressed to G. Misu, Japan. No name was signed to this letter, and if the boy who wrote it will forward his name to us, we will be glad to send his letter to the Japanese boy.

REMARKABLE.

Henry: "I once knew a man who was turned into wood."

John: "Nonsense!"

Henry: "Not at all. He was taken on a vessel, and then he was aboard."

John: "That's old. I knew a girl who was dumb for years, and then gained speech in a minute."

Henry: "How did she manage that?"

John: "She went into a bicycle shop and picked up a wheel and spoke!"

THE BOY'S COMPLAINT.

"Oh, no; there ain't any favorites in this family!" soliloquized Johnny. "Oh, no! If I bite my fingernails, I catch it over my knuckles. But if the baby eats his whole foot, they think it's cute."


**Beech-Nut Peanut Butter**

CHILDREN require frequent lunches, as every busy mother knows. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter makes delightful sandwiches. Fine with crackers, too. It comes ready to use. Delicious and healthful. At all good grocers'.

**BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.**

STAMPS

**FREE** Packet from China, Victoria, India, etc. With request for our 50% sheets enclose 2c. for postage.
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**STAMPS FREE**—100 all diff. for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 5 Bosnia pictures 1906, 10c.; 30 Sweden, 10c.; 6 Roumania 1906 pictures and heads, 10c.; 20 diff. Foreign coins, 25c.; large U. S. cent, 5c. Lists free. We buy stamps and coins. Buying list 10c.
**TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.**

**HELWIGS STAMP NEWS** is published specially for the Boy collector. Get a free copy. Packet free to beginners. **Helwigs, Hanover, Ontario, Dept. B.**

**1000** different postage stamps only from all parts of the world. Fine specimens—no trashy junk. Many desirable stamps, choice sets and high values, listed up to 50c each. Lot catalogs $35. 2000 Imported Hinges (25c) & 25 diff. scarce (only $2). Entire lot for price of packet. **$2.45**
*Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded. Lists Free.*
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STAMPS, 108 all different. Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c, 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps.
**C. Stegman, 5951 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.**

**STAMPS FREE** 100 all different stamps from all countries, free. Postage 2c. Mention this paper. Large album, 15c. If possible send names 2 collectors. We buy stamps.
**QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio**

**STAMPS.** 105, China, &c., stamp dictionary and list 3,000 bargains 2c. Agents, 50 per cent. **A. BULLARO & CO., Sta. A9, Boston, Mass.**

**GIVEN** A packet of stamps from Argentine, Sweden, Chile, Jamaica, etc., to applicants sending 2c. postage and requesting our Brown Book approvals. **SPECIAL FOR FEBRUARY,** 15 var. King Geo. stamps including 1 shilling value, 12c. **Atlas Stamp Co.** West Somerville, Mass. Dept. B.

**ATTENTION!** Illustrated Stamp Album, 560 spaces, 250 hinges and 100 varieties, 5c.
**WRIGHT, 210 Tyndale St., Roslindale, Mass.**

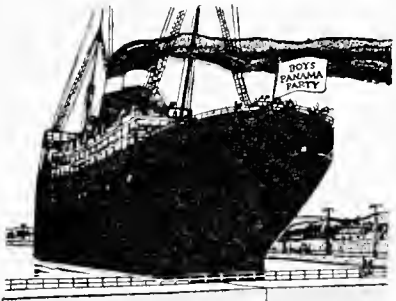
**ONLY 23c.** 150 diff. foreign; 40 diff. U. S. 10 diff. unused; 8 unused Prussia. Look up my last month's offer, still good.
**J. N. Clarkson, Jr. Ridgewood, N. J.**

**FREE** Dandy Packet Stamps, Big Illustrated List, $1.15. Free Coupon. Sample Peelable Hinges, Etc., Etc. For name and address 2 active Stamp Collectors & 2c postage. **U. T. K. Stamp Co., Utica, N. Y.**

Trial membership in the **GLOBE STAMP & CARD CLUB** and **PHILATELIC FLASHES** 6 months 10c.
**VAN NESS CLARK, Y. M. C. A., CHAMPAIGN, ILL.**

# 200 BOY SCOUTS

***Are Going to Panama***




**THROUGH THE CANAL TO THE EXPOSITION IN SAN FRANCISCO AND BACK— 8000 MILES: 5 WEEKS**

## —some trip for YOU!

A TREMENDOUS outburst of enthusiasm greeted the news that the Panama Canal Club had opened its doors to Boy Scouts.

In fact, so quickly are the troop delegates being selected that *ARRANGEMENTS HAVE NOW BEEN MADE TO TAKE* 200 *SCOUTS WITH US.*

Three weeks on the water in a steamship of our own, sailing from one side of the continent to the other; five days at the Exposition; a great sightseeing trip back home in a special train—that's the trip 300 Boy Scouts and Y. M. C. A. boys are going on next July. The expenses of every boy will be paid.

***If YOUR troop hasn't selected its delegate you still have a chdnce to go on this wonderful trip FREE OF EXPENSE. Fill in the coupon below and mail today.***

PANAMA CANAL CLUB
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

***Executive Committee, Bay Scouts' and Y. M. C. A. Boys' Panama Party.***

M. D. CRACKEL, Executive Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Cleveland—Chairman

IVAN P. FLOOD, Scout Commissioner, Newark, N. J.

HARRY M. CLARKE Formerly State Religious Work Secretary, Ohio.

J. A. VAN DIS, Michigan Y. M. C. A. State Secretary, Detroit, Mich.

C. B. KERN, Boys' Work Secretary, Dayton, Ohio.

E. M. ROBINSON, Member, Executive Board, Boy Scouts of America, New York.

CLARK H. HAGENBUCH, M. D., Physical Director, Y. M. C. A., Cleveland, O.

F. M. GANNON, SECRETARY
PANAMA CANAL CLUB, 381 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK.

*Let me know how I can represent my troop on your Boy Scouts' and Y. M. C. A. Boys' Panama Trip without expense to me.*

*Very truly yours,*

Name .....

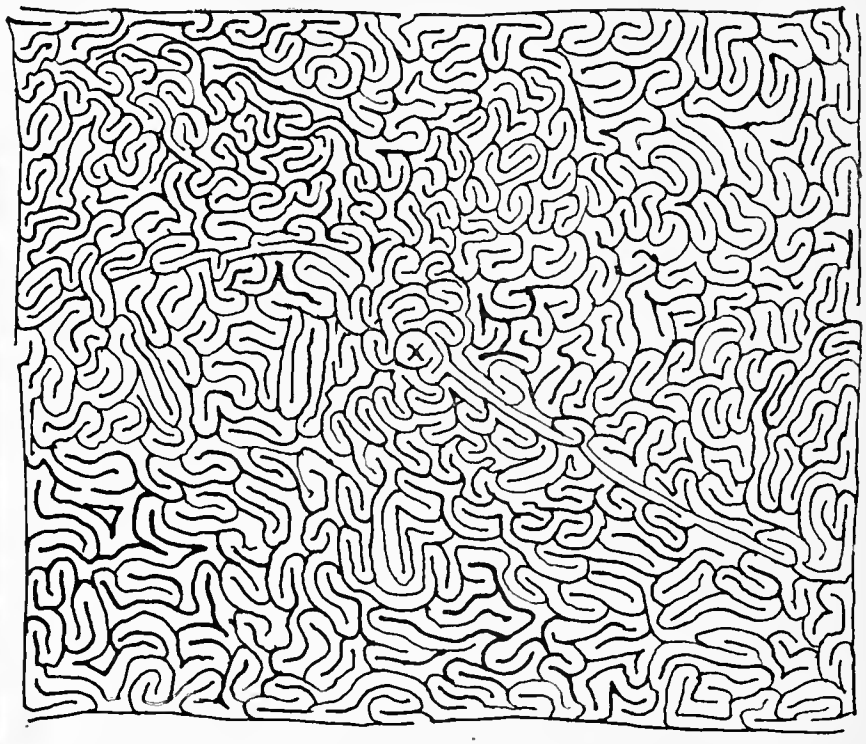
Street .....

City .....

Write here name of
Scout Master .....

Address .....


# Can You Get In—or Out? Try It!




A MAZE *that is* SOME PUZZLE. *It was sent to* BOYS' LIFE *by Scout Arthur Koch, of Minneapolis, Minn. Start from the center "x" and get out—or from any entrance and reach the "x." You must follow open paths and not cross or jump any line. It can be done, but can YOU do it?*

# Our Double Page Picture Stories

SOME of the pictures on our double page this month are worthy of special notice. An unusual one is that of Mt. Rainier, "The Mountain that was God," which was sent to BOYS' LIFE by Mr. E. S. Ingraham, Secretary of the Local Council at Seattle, Wash. Last season Mr. Ingraham spent some time in camp in the foothills of Mt. Rainier. During this vacation several members of the party, among whom were representatives from two Scout troops of Seattle, succeeded in reaching the summit of this mountain which towers to the height of 14,526 feet. The photograph is an unusual one, showing, as it does, the summit poking through a bank of heavy clouds.

The smaller picture in the middle of the page, showing a rabbit trail followed by that of a fox, was taken during a winter outing at Mawayanda, N. J., by Mr. Frederick K. Vreeland, the noted naturalist. Mr. Vreeland and Scout Commissioner Gray, of Montclair, spent several days in the winter camp in that section, accompanied by Charles Chase, a First-Class scout, who was permitted to take this trip as a reward for special merit in his scout work.

Another interesting winter picture shows a patrol of Boy Scouts at International Falls, Minn., on a winter hike through the big north woods of the Rainey river section. These Scouts have a winter camp on the Rainey river which they frequently visit. The snow is often very deep in these big woods and temperatures of thirty or even forty degrees below zero are not uncommon, but these hardy Minnesota boys do not allow such considerations to prevent them from enjoying their scout work. Their camp is named Camp Chicadee. It was here that they had a special feed on February 13, as the final feature of their celebration of Anniversary Week. The troop is under the instruction of Scoutmaster Charles Hawken Blake.

Scouts who like machinery will be especially interested in the picture of the "wind wagon," built by Scout Don M. Six in a machine shop in Logansport, Ind. The machine is propelled by an aeroplane propeller fastened to the rear and is capable of a speed of thirty miles an hour. Scout Six is justly proud of his "wind wagon."

Just to the right of this picture you will notice a troop of Scouts doing an unusual good turn. On one of their hikes these Texas Scouts discovered a kid entangled in briars from which they carefully removed the unfortunate animal.

In the upper right-hand corner is a picture of the fine new headquarters recently built at Gates Mill, Ohio, by the Boy Scouts of Cleveland. This cabin will be made the objective point of many scout expeditions from Cleveland, and it is believed that it will add greatly to the interest and efficiency of the troops of this Ohio city.

In the center of the page near the top is a picture received from Muskogee, Okla. It is of a Boy Scout camp, known as "Camp Cornstalk Shoot," one of the features of which was special instruction in archery by Cherokee Indians. The camp was in the Spavinaw Hills.

The other pictures are fully described by the captions which accompany them.

More photos are wanted. See page 34.

## A Fight Between a Wasp and a Spider

By F. A. Crosby

On a hunting trip in Lower California last summer I was the interested spectator to a life and death struggle between the large wasp, *Pompilus formosus,* called tarantula hawk, and a tarantula, our largest spider.

The great wasp, an inch and a half long, deep blue of body, and with brilliant scarlet wings, spied the ugly looking, black, hairy spider in the path. The tarantula heard the buzzing of its approaching enemy's wings and prepared for battle, evidently realizing the futility of running. Its only hope was in keeping its formidable and poisonous mandibles facing its antagonist. The wasp knew this, and did not care to take chances with a spider two inches across. It would alight within a foot of the tarantula, buzz and jump about, evidently trying to entice the spider to do a certain thing; I could not tell what. The tarantula would run at its enemy, who would always keep a few inches away.

This kept up for about fifteen minutes, when finally, tormented beyond control, the spider jumped at the wasp instead of running. With a motion too quick for the eye, the tarantula hawk was upon the back of its victim, and before he could recover had stung him in such a way as to completely paralyze him, but probably not kill immediately. In this way the tarantula would be preserved for some time as food for the young wasps to be.

### Scouts Display Weather Signals

In Detroit, Minnesota, the Boy Scouts have undertaken to display from day to day signal flags of the United States weather Bureau. The flags are flown from a flag-pole on the Public Library. The weather forecasts are received daily from the Minnesota section of the United States Weather Bureau.

The flags are changed daily during the noon hour, and the people of Detroit are beginning to depend on them for their weather forecasts. According to the Weather Bureau Code a square blue flag indicates rain or snow. The first time this flag was displayed it brought a snowfall of eighteen inches. A square white flag with a dark center indicates a cold wave. Shortly after this flag was displayed the thermometer in Detroit registered forty-two degrees below zero.

The Boy Scouts of this Minnesota city are in charge of Scoutmaster Walter D. Bird.

### To Help You Remember

Scout Commissioner Merritt Lamb, of Muskegon, Mich., has composed a short bit of poetry incorporating the twelve points of the Scout Law which may help some Scouts to remember this important part of their Scout work. The poem is as follows:

Trusty Tommy was a Scout,
  Loyal to his mother,
Helpful to the folks about,
  Friendly to his brother
Courteous to a girl he knew,
  Kind to all his rabbits,
Obedient to his father, too,
  Cheerful in his habits;
Thrifty, saving for a need,
  Brave, but not a faker,
Clean in thought and speech and deed,
  Reverent to his Maker.


# Going Camping This Summer?

In only four months your Troop will be preparing for its summer camping trip. The trip may cost your Scouts $100.00.

## WE WILL PAY THE EXPENSES OF YOUR CAMPING TRIP

To twenty-six Troops we will, about June first, give twenty-six cash prizes, including prizes of $100.00, $90.00, $80.00, etc. This money will be in addition to their regular troop income of $5.00 to $45.00 a month from our Troop Finance Plan.

Referring to this regular troop income, E. R. Stagmer, Scoutmaster at Towson, Maryland, writes:

"We now have a Camp Fund of $10.26 earned through selling your publications. We have set our aim for $60.00 by May first and I am sure we will make it.

"We certainly appreciate your liberality and hope we can in a way repay you by our work. The boys are becoming very enthusiastic.

"This is certainly a great opportunity for the Scoutmasters to secure a Camp Fund—which to me has always been a problem—and I recommend it most heartily."

Before summer YOUR TROOP can earn $60.00 more and perhaps win the $100.00 Prize in addition.

## TO SCOUTMASTERS ONLY

If your Troop wants money for its camping trip or for any other purpose, write for information about this steady-income plan and our Camping Trip offer.

**Troop Finance Section**

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**IN THE APRIL BOYS' LIFE**

Send in your subscription or renewal **now.**

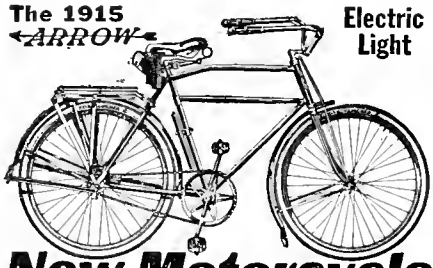
## The Oologist

**BIRDS—NESTS—EGGS—TAXIDERMY**

THE OOLOGIST is the only magazine published in America devoted to these. It is indispensable to those making collections, as its columns are filled with exchange notices. All Boy Scouts should learn about the birds they see in their tramps and camps in the woods. Subscription, only 50 cents per year, with a **free exchange notice.** Sample copy FREE. Address

**The Oologist Lacon, Ill.**

The 1915 ARROW Electric Light



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## Scouts Afield

Boys are urged to send in reports of their interesting doings.

GIRARD, O.—Scout Scribe Edward Schneider has reported an interesting week-end spent recently at the "Good Turn Inn," the cabin provided for the Boy Scouts of that section by the Local Council of Youngstown, O. "We had the luck of striking the coldest weather so far this winter," writes Scout Schneider, "it being sixteen degrees below zero. We all had a good time and are anxious to go again. Good Turn Inn is an old house of four rooms. In two of the rooms are open fire-places and in the kitchen there is a wood stove." The outing was held under the direction of Scoutmaster P. J. Harty, assisted by Scoutmaster F. Clay Viets of Troop 19, Youngstown.

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.—Scoutmaster E. M. Perrett recently called at National Headquarters and extended an invitation to all Boy Scouts who may be planning to visit that section of the country to call on his troop. The Scouts are all hardy outdoor lads who know their section of the country like a book. They are the material from which Adirondack guides are developed and would make splendid hosts for any troops which may be touring in the Lake George country.

NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.—Scout William R. Bogert, Jr., reports that Troop 34 is taking a series of ten cooking lessons in a domestic science room in the Staten Island Academy. In this way they all hope to be prepared for camp service and for merit badges in cooking.

ATLANTA, GA.—Acting Scout Commissioner Bayne Gibson reports that the Boy Scouts of Decatur, Ga., a suburb of Atlanta, are planning to build a Boy Scout headquarters as soon as possible. Money for the land and building is being raised by stock subscriptions instead of by donations. A charter has been applied for so the building company will be strictly legal in every way.

ANDALUSIA, ALA.—Steady progress is being made by the Boy Scouts of this Southern city under Scoutmaster C. M. Wharton. Although the troop has been organized but a short time, a number of the boys have already qualified for second-class scout badges. Meetings are held weekly in a lean-to which the Scouts have constructed in the thick woods about a mile from town.

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—Scout I. C. Kerridge, Jr., of Troop 1, reports that in the Christmas holidays the Scouts made a trip across Corpus Christi Bay in a thirty-foot naval cutter, which has been presented to the Boy Scouts for their own use by the Navy Department. This cutter has two masts and ten sets of oars. The Scouts spent their time fishing and practicing various scout activities. The members of this troop are now raising money for a troop headquarters and for a summer camp.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Owen Conrad, Patrol Leader of Troop 26, played an important part in the safety first campaign recently held in that city. The Scouts have also been feeding the birds during the severe storms of the winter.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Troop 23 suffered a severe loss recently when their troop headquarters—the Calvary Baptist Church—burned. Leader Harold Rothschild, of the Wolf Patrol, went in the church and saved the troop's first-aid kit. Assistant Leader Jerome Brodsky, of the Eagle Patrol, saved some fencing sticks and a Scout manual and a set of boxing gloves. Then both Scouts helped take out some furniture and also helped the firemen.—*From a member of the troop.*

WHITTEMORE, MICH.—The Boy Scouts of Troop 2 acted as ushers at the Women's Congress of the Iosio County Farmers' Institute, Jan. 8-9. The lady speaker of the day gave a short address on the Scout Movement, in which she had the Scouts repeat their oath. Troop 2 was also very active during the Christmas holidays, selling Red Cross stamps, reports Robert J. Curtis, Scout Scribe.

DECHERD, TENN.—Scout Richard Murray, of Troop 1, has reported an interesting trail expedition. The troop was divided into two parts, one of which left half an hour in advance of the other. The second party trailed them through fifteen miles of forest and mountain ranges.

BRIGHTON, ILL.—Ten Boy Scouts recently distinguished themselves at a lumber-yard fire in this city. They organized a bucket brigade, and, through their heroic efforts, a large amount of lumber was saved. They also assisted in removing the furniture and records from the office.

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Boys, if you want to be first down the hill and first up again you must get the Auto Wheel Coaster, the wagon with the **real** roller bearings and the **real** auto type wheels. With an

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Every advertisement is carefully investigated before insertion in BOYS' LIFE. Readers can help us maintain this valuable service by always mentioning BOYS' LIFE when answering advertisements.

The officers of the lumber company voted a card of thanks to the Scouts for their help.

CARBONDALE, PA.—Troop 1 took a New Year's message on New Year's Day from Mayor James Murrin to Mayor E. B. Jermyn, of Scranton, Pa. Twenty Scouts relayed the message, which was started at 9:30 A. M. and delivered at 11:45. On the average the Scouts covered a mile in every eight minutes of time consumed. The relay was arranged by Scoutmaster L. D. Palmer and Assistant Scoutmaster Alfred Ganzemuller.

RICHMOND, VA.—Scout Frank Parater has reported an interesting meeting held by his troop on Jan. 9, the first anniversary of the organization of Troop 31. The program consisted of announcements by Scout Executive W. J. B. Housman and other scout officials, music, exhibition of scout work, presentation of prizes, and refreshments.

OSKALOOSA, IA.—On Jan. 1 the boys of Troops 2 and 3 held a field meet in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. Some of the events were: standing broad jump, high jump, relay races, potato race, and a basketball game, which was won by Troop 2.—*Reported by Scout Scribe Theron E. Coffin.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—On Dec. 28 and 29 the Boy Scouts of this city had a basketball tournament. Ten troops were represented. The first evening they all met and played each other. The next evening the winners from the first day met and more games were played. At last Troop 14 defeated all the others. That same evening a Boy Scout Rally was held at the City Hall at which a game was played between Troop 14 and an all-star team. After a long struggle, Troop 14 won a shield presented to the winners of the series of games. The Scoutmaster of Troop 14 is E. G. Burchfill.

FOWLER, IND.—The Boy Scouts of this town conducted a moving picture entertainment and the $10 which they cleared was for the benefit of the Belgians. This plan was suggested by their Scoutmaster, E. L. Wheeler.

CAIRO, N. Y.—The Boy Scouts recently gave the play "The Boy Scouts" in the Masonic Hall at Cairo, and cleared a sum of $24 and some cents, reports Scout Leland S. Slater.

WINCHESTER, VA.—The Boy Scouts of this town are organizing a new troop. They are also putting up gymnasium apparatus, such as punching bags, boxing gloves, Indian clubs, dumbbells, elastic bands, etc.

NORFOLK, VA.—Scout Wm. D. Williams, of Troop 8, reports a visit of his troop to the shipyards at Newport News. The boys boarded a number of steamers and saw the "Pennsylvania," which was launched in February. Scout Williams reports that two-thirds of the members of Troop 8 have wireless stations in their homes. The Scoutmaster's home is also equipped with wireless apparatus.

WYLAM, ALA.—The Boy Scouts of this section of the country have an advantage over their Northern brothers because they go camping in the winter as well as in the summer. Troop 11 recently made a camping trip to the dam at Bayview. The Scouts had a big time fishing, tracking and practicing other scout work. Mr. Percy Mathews reports that Troop 11 has one of the best first-aid teams in the city.

TOLEDO, OHIO. — Assistant Scoutmaster Harry W. Stark, of Troop 11, writes that the basketball team of his troop challenges any scout team in Ohio, Michigan or Indiana to a game of basketball to be played on their own or on their opponents floor.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—One of the biggest Scout rallies ever held in Brooklyn, was given on January 22, when the Thirteenth Regiment, Coast Artillery, was host to the Brooklyn Scouts. There were 1,500 Scouts and 5,000 visitors in attendance. The features of the rally were demonstrations of Scout work, an exhibition of coast defense guns by the Artillery Corps, and music by the Regiment band.

SOUTH EASTON, MASS.—Scout Clyde Vitim, Troop 1, reports that his troop is giving a series of plays to raise money for a Scout building. The first play of the series was given early in December. The foundation for the new Scout building has already been laid and the boys are confident that they will soon have enough money to complete the structure.

KENOSHA, WIS.—A very encouraging report of Scout progress has been received from Assistant Scoutmaster Clarence W. Dodson. The Scouts have made such a favorable impression in this city that regular Scout courses have been started in the public schools in charge of Mr. David O. R. Fogwell, Scout Commissioner.

ANNISTON, ALA.—Scout Ernest Culberson has sent a report of a trip his Troop took recently to Weavers Cave. The boys carried their equipment in a trek cart which was pulled by hand.

BEAUMONT, TEX.—The Boy Scouts recently celebrated the third anniversary of the organization of Scout work in Beaumont. The celebration was held at the Country Club and 150 attended.

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Haversack Fishing Rod and complete angling outfit. Sanctioned by the Committee on Scout Supplies, Boy Scouts of America.

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Split Bamboo rod, with two tips, making a fly, bait or boat rod; quadruple multiplying, nickel-plated reel, sliding click and drag; 75 feet of pure braided silk line; half dozen hand tied selected flies; 1 dozen double snelled hooks; 2 three-foot double gut leaders; 2 nickel-plated trolling spoons; assortment of sinkers and two-color cork float; all in neat, leather bound carrying case. Made to attach to Boy Scout Haversack. (Steel rod if desired in place of split Bamboo) **$5.00**

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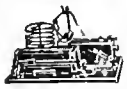

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## Everywhere and Everything

***In the Air Nearly Nine Hours—***

Lieut. Byron Q. Jones, of the U. S. Army Aviation Corps, sailed up into the sky above San Diego, Cal., on January 15, in a new tractor, and when he descended it was found that had been flying eight hours and 53 minutes. That was longer than any other American aviator ever remained in the air, so Lieut. Jones is the holder of the new endurance record. He is 27 years old. He used thirty gallons of fuel in the flight, and had enough left when he "lit" to have kept him going two hours longer had not darkness driven him to earth.

***Iceland to Have Railway—***

At last little Iceland is to have a railway, its Congress having provided for a line 62 miles long which will worm its way between the glaciers and among the hot springs of the island.

***The Oxyhydrogen Torch—***

After reading Mr. Crump's story "The Boy Scout Smoke Eaters," which is concluded in this number of Boys' Life, the following statement, from a recent issue of the *Scientific American*, will be of especial interest:

"It is well known that the oxyacetylene or oxyhydrogen torch is very useful in cutting up old structural iron work that has to be removed in sections; for it provides the easiest and quickest way of cutting through the material."

The *Scientific American* publishes a photograph showing the work of one of these torches in cutting up an old bridge over the Rhine at Cologne.

***His Life Saved by a Dog—***

Mr. Robert Macdougall, a meteorologist at Ben Nevis Observatory, had a most exciting experience when climbing that mountain, according to the *Christian Register*. His only companion was a collie dog, to whom, he says, he owes his life.

When maneuvering on a snow-slide about 1,000 feet above the halfway waystation, Mr. Macdougall lost his footing; and, as the surface of the snow was glazed and hard, he was soon being whirled down a gully at an alarming pace, sometimes head foremost, at others the reverse.

It was at this juncture that the dog's sagacity came in. As soon as Mr. Macdougall began to slide, the collie caught his coat with his teeth, and greatly impeded the downward progress. The dog ultimately guided him to a place of safety, after the twain had slid down on the snow for nearly a thousand feet. Strange to say, neither observer nor dog was much hurt; and the former, breaking open the door of the halfway hut, lit a fire. There he was found by a search party, half asleep, with the dog watching over him.

***Wolves Get Back to Island—***

Game wardens have been stationed on Isle Royale, a game-preserve island in Lake Superior, just to kill wolves. Some years ago, says *Recreation*, it was thought the wolves had been exterminated on the island, which is fifty miles from the mainland, and the only theory advanced for their devastations there last winter is that


## *Start Your Collection—* These Poster Stamps

**Six of the newest sent you for only two two-cent stamps—just to show you how wonderful these little works of art really are.**

If you are already a Poster Stamp collector, you will want to join the Art Stamp League. Formed to help collectors, the League keeps you supplied with all the latest stamps, for a very nominal fee. (The cost is a fraction of the charge if you write for each individual stamp.) And in addition, members are sent, from time to time, special assortments absolutely free. Membership costs but 25c. Without any further charge members are given a very handsome Collectors' Album, a special assortment of the latest stamps, and members' special stamp and certificate.

Join the League now. Send us your name and address, with either four cents in stamps for the sample packet or 25 cents for membership stamp and the album and assortment of stamps.

**ART STAMP LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Inc.**
**82 Maiden Lane**
**New York**

## DENT'S Toothache Gum

*A Swell Affair*

not only stops toothache instantly, but cleans the cavity, removes all odor, and prevents decay. Keep a supply, and save many a dentist bill.

**There are imitations. See that you get Dent's Toothache Gum.**

**At all druggists, or by mail 15c.**

**C. S. DENT & CO., Detroit, Mich.**



Every Boys' Life Reader Needs a **SEE-RITE PENCIL POINTER**

Hundreds of thousands in daily use. The best pencil sharpener regardless of price. Will last for months. Will not break the lead, waste the pencil or litter the floor. Has adjustable razor steel blade that shaves like a plane. Be the first boy to send a dime for one and get agent's appointment. Worth 25c. to any pencil user.
**SEARIGHT MFG. CO., Dept. B, 45 E. Fort St., Detroit, Mich.**

Boys, Genuine Remington Typewriters, $10.00 cost $97.50, guaranteed two years. Free, a course in speed typewriting. Send for proposition. Agents Wanted. Harlem Typewriter Exchange, Dept. B. L. No. 207 West 125th St., New York City.



## BOY SCOUT * CAMP * INDIAN PLAYS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Everything needed for Outdoor and Indoor Affairs
RECITATIONS * DRILLS * PANTOMIMES
—Entertainment Material Headquarters—
*Call or send for free catalogues.*
**EDGAR S. WERNER & CO.**
**(Dept. B), 43 East 19th Street - New York**

the animals must have crossed on the ice during the winter of 1911-12, when the lake was frozen over the entire distance. But how could the wolves know there was a game preserve 'way out there in Lake Superior across all that ice?

***Killed in the Mines—***

In the year 1913, 3,651 men were killed and nearly 10,000 were injured in the mines and quarries of the United States, says a recent report of the Bureau of Mines. This means that nearly three and one-half men were killed for every thousand employed. These employments, from their nature, must always be hazardous, but in Europe only one man per thousand is killed in similar works. The government and the mine owners are working to reduce the ratio here.

***$200,000,000 for Auto Tires—***

There are in round numbers 1,600,000 automobiles in the country, and not less than 600,000 new cars are scheduled for manufacture in 1915. The cost of tires alone used in 1914 probably exceeded $200,000,000.

## Scouts' Questions Answered

*Q. Is any exception ever made to the rule that no boy under twelve years old can become a Scout?—Scout T., Ore.*

A. No. Scout officials are instructed to enforce this regulation absolutely.

*Q. Is there any special badge or insignia for the Troop Scribe?—Scout M., Penn.*

A. Not at present. The matter is being considered by the National Council's Committee on Badges, Awards and Scout Requirements.

*Q. Does a boy cease to be a Scout when he reaches the age of eighteen?—Scout O'B., Ark.*

A. Indeed, he does not.

*Q. What is the official Scout record for making fire by friction?—Scout L., Neb.*

A. Thirty-one seconds, made by Scout Frank Reed, of Washington, D. C., on December 21, 1912. Lower time than this has been reported, but the contestants had not fully complied with the conditions. The conditions for this event have been outlined as follows:

THE REQUIREMENTS.

(1) The Scout must make his own bow, socket, and fire drills of native American materials.

(2) The tinder used is to be stuff gathered by himself in this country.

(3) When he comes to make his record he may prepare all his materials beforehand and he may use a hole in the fire-plug that has already been used, but he must not use any chemicals or any bought substances to help, nor may he gather for use the black powder of a previous fire.

(4) Time is to be taken from the moment he makes the first draw with the drill and ends when flame bursts from the tinder. Thus he may put the bow and the drill all in position before the word "Go!"

(5) Time must be taken with a stop-watch and the exploit must be witnessed by three witnesses, one of whom, at least, is a Scoutmaster, or other commissioned officer of the Boy Scouts of America.

The competition is open only to registered Scouts of the Boy Scouts of America.

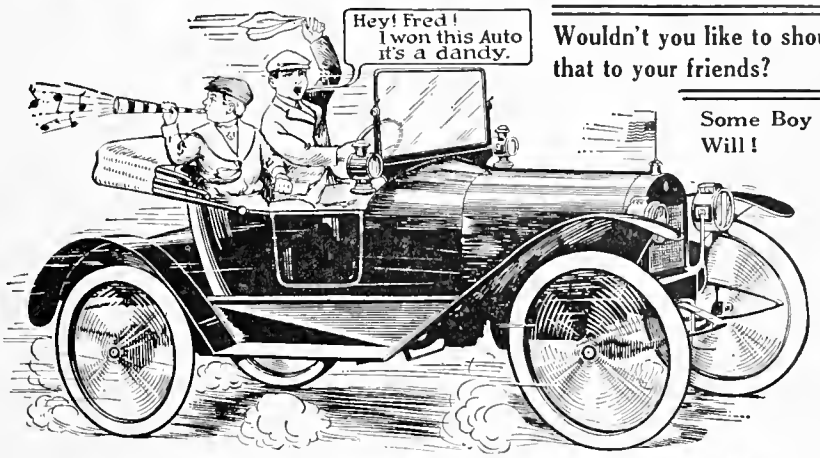
Each new record that is made will be published in BOYS' LIFE.

## Missing Boy Found

BOYS' LIFE has received a letter from Mr. W. A. Schell, of West Chester, Pa., which brings the information that his boy, Robert Schell, about whose disappearance a notice was printed in the February number of BOYS' LIFE, has returned to his home.


# Hello Boys!

Make Lots of Toys

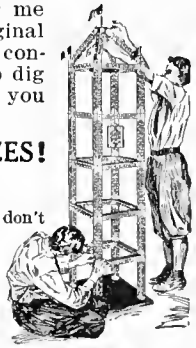



Wouldn't you like to shout that to your friends?

Some Boy Will!

# BUILD NEW MODELS and WIN PRIZES

I want you boys to build for me the biggest, best and most original models produced for any construction toy. I am willing to dig deep into my pocket to pay you to make a big effort.



**THINK OF IT! — 300 PRIZES! WORTH $3000**

Try hard for the Auto—but if you don't win that, there are 299 other prizes: Motor Cycles, Bicycles, Camp Outfits, Tents, Canoe, Camera, Skates, Air Rifles, $25, $15, $10, $7.50, $5.00 and $3.00 Erector Sets, etc. I want these models to use in showing other boys what can be built.

BRAND NEW **AUTO is ONE**

It costs nothing to enter contest.

SEND NOW FOR

TELLS WHOLE STORY

THIS BIG NEW FOLDER

# ERECTOR

(The Toy with Girders like Structural Steel)

You do not have to buy Erector to compete. We cannot tell the full story here. Ask your toy dealer to-day for Free Folder. I have prepared a big, special folder full of pictures. It gives all details about the auto, its name, specifications, etc.; also illustrates and describes minutely all prizes.

If your toy dealer has no folders, write me his name and I will supply you. He sells Erector to sets running from $1 to $25. There's an electric motor in all sets at $5 and over. Yours for a dandy good time,

A. C. GILBERT, President.

**THE MYSTO MFG. CO., 268 Foote St., NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

10¢
Wireless Detector. Guaranteed to receive long distance messages with our $0.39 telephone receiver, or money back. Our Cyclopedia sent FREE with it. Price PREPAID $0.10
Static Machine. Turning crank gives powerful 3 in spark. No batteries required. Made of steel and hard rubber. Performs 500 experiments. Size 8 x 5 x 10 ins. Weight 6 lbs Price . . . $3.70
3418
Smallest Tungsten Flashlight made. Powerful light. Weight 4 oz. Price . . . $0.50
Hustler Motor. Runs on 1 dry cell. Size 3 x 3 x 4 ins. Weight 1 lb Price $0.80
100
1043
Flashlight Lamps. 3½ Volts give brilliant light. Weight 4 oz $0.09 Price . . .
Dynamo. Very powerful. Gives 6 Volts, 0 Amperes. Lights 12 tungsten lamps, charges storage cells, runs as power motor. NOT A TOY. Size 6 x 6 x 6 ins. Weight 7 lbs. $3.69 Price . . .
1024
Telephone Receiver. 75 Ohms. Hard rubber shell, powerful magnet. With two phones and no batteries, you can talk 500 feet. Size 2¼ x 1¼ ins. Weight 1 lb. Price $0.39
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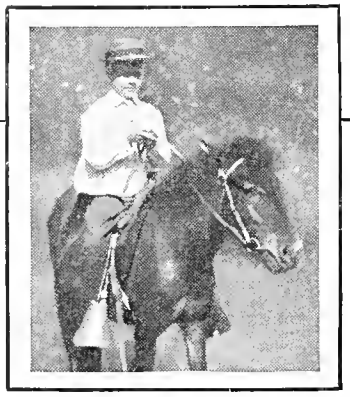
ASK YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT US. When ordering above goods enclose postage, else goods must go by express. Shipping weights are given. We ship in 24 hours. Send today 3c. postage for a copy of our famous Electrical Cyclopedia No. 14, containing 400 illustrations, 1,600 articles. "Treatise on Wireless Telegraphy" and 20 coupons for free Wireless Course. With any of above goods, Cyclopedia included FREE. "Everything for the Experimenter" THE ELECTRO IMPORTING CO. 259 Fulton Street, New York City



## Do You Want THIS PONY?

Can You Supply the Missing Letters in His Name?

**M—J—R**

This pony—with cart and harness too—will be given to some boy or girl who joins the Pony Club. Here is a hint: If you can't guess the missing letters yourself, perhaps you know some one who has been a soldier. The name is a military title.

To Join the Pony Club and Get 1,000 Votes, Clip the Coupon

Set your brains to work and fill out the pony's name right now. You are just as smart as the boys and girls who win ponies every year in the Pony Club. Clip the Coupon and send your name and address to the Pony Man right away and get the Free Votes and become one of the first members of the Pony Club. The Pony Man will send you pony pictures and tell you all about the other boys and girls who have won Shetland ponies. It will take but a few seconds to fill out the Coupon, and think what a grand reward you may get! Act quick.

**Pony Man, Farm and Fireside** 1
**Springfield, Ohio**

I think the pony's name is_____ Send me his picture and give me 1,000 Votes, also a Certificate of Membership in your Pony Club. I want a Shetland Pony, so please tell me how to get one without spending a cent.

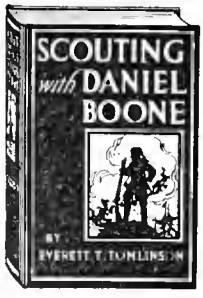
*Name*_____ *R. F.*_____

*State*_____ *P. O.*_____



**Hey, Scouts!**

**This for all of You!**




## A Rare Bargain

Mr. Tomlinson's Great Scout Book and Boys' Life for a year—both for the price of the book alone. Thus:

"Scouting with Daniel Boone." Price....$1.20
"Boys' Life" for one year..... 1.00

Total .....$2.20

OUR PRICE TO YOU FOR BOTH . . . . $1.20

(YOU SAVE $1.00)

If your subscription is paid up for 1915, we'll add another year to your subscription or send BOYS' LIFE one year to some friend.


## The Merit Badge of Art

(*Continued from page* 14.)

and elementary and high school drawing courses.

THE FIFTH REQUIREMENT is "State the essentials of the reproductive processes of etching, half-tone engraving, color printing and lithography."

I do not think it is necessary for me to write on the subjects of this requirement. They are good topics for research and you should be able to state clearly the essentials of the processes enumerated after consulting books on these subjects which may be secured from any good library.

THE SIXTH REQUIREMENT is "Paint a flower-spray or leaf-spray in color."

Do this work from the object and use as a model a wild flower, such as the Wood-lily, Black-eyed Susan, Golden-rod, or Trillium.

THE SEVENTH REQUIREMENT is "Present a camp scene either in water-color or oil."

The drawing here called for is perhaps the most difficult one of the set. It is recommended that water-color be used and that the drawings measure not more than six or eight inches the longest way. It may be made from a photograph, or a sketch, which you have made of one of your own camps, or it may be made from imagination with the idea of using the drawing as an illustration for some story.

All drawings submitted should be on paper which measures 9 x 12 inches. They should never be rolled, but packed flat between stiff cardboards.

## Helpful Hints for Scout Photographers

BOYS' LIFE recently has received so many requests for information in regard to the pictures of scout activities, published on the double-page and in other parts of the magazine, that it is believed that a statement in regard to the kind of pictures needed will be of help to Scouts who contemplate sending pictures for use in the official magazine.

As a general rule, ordinary posed or group pictures cannot be used. So many pictures of this kind have been received that it has been necessary to make a rule that they will not be published unless there is some special reason for it. This rule has been made in order that Boys' LIFE may be fair to all of the Scouts in the country who are submitting photographs. It was made, also, because it is believed that such pictures have no great interest for any Scouts other than those whose pictures appear in such groups.

The main thing to bear in mind is that unique and unusual pictures are most desired. As far as possible the policy of Boys' LIFE will make an effort to obtain pictures illustrating some special subject in order to make a double page of pictures, all of which can be grouped under one general title. Just now "funny fotos" are being collected. Photographs of troop or patrol mascots are also desired.

In sending in pictures Scouts should remember that photographs must be quite clear and distinct in order to reproduce effectively, inasmuch as a great deal of de-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Time and Money Saver

**"Oil Paste" Polish**

For *all* kinds of Black Shoes
Blacks, Polishes, Preserves
also **Russet "Oil Paste"**
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Ask Your Dealer for

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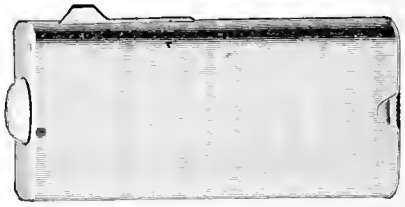
## A Pocket Flashlight Given With BOYS' LIFE



Vest-pocket Flashlight for One Subscription to Boys' Life at One Dollar. Almost everyone is carrying one of these—they're so convenient. Take up no room in your pocket, yet throw a bright light at night or in a dark room. Heavily nickel-plated over brass. Tungsten battery, guaranteed to give 400 per cent. longer service than any other similar flashlight battery made. 2½ volts Madza lamp, 3x1½x¾ inches. Slide contact button. Send to-day and get this flashlight and Boys' Life one year. BOTH $1.00. The supply is limited. Send o.. promptly. 200 5th Ave., New York.

——USE THIS ORDER BLANK——

BOYS' LIFE, The Boy Scouts' Magazine,
200 Fifth Avenue, New York.

You may send Boys' Life, one year, beginning ..... for which I enclose ONE DOLLAR.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Premium .....

tail and clearness of outline is lost in making a half-tone plate.

As was announced in Boys' Life several months ago, no pay is made for pictures used in the magazine unless a request is made. Boys' Life, however, is willing to pay for accepted pictures at the rate of $1 each for those used on the double page and 25 cents each for those used in other parts of the magazine. In submitting photographs Scouts or scout officials should designate whether or not they expect remuneration.

A great many pictures, which cannot be used in the magazine, are sent to the files of the Boy Scouts of America for reference. National Headquarters is constantly receiving requests for photographs of scout activities from all parts of the country, and it is always desirable to have a good supply on hand. For that reason anyone sending in pictures should state whether or not they desire to have them returned after they have been considered for use. Whenever the request is made pictures will be gladly returned to their owners.

For identification purposes, and to prevent loss, every picture sent to National Headquarters should be plainly marked with the name of the sender, his address and his scout rank and troop. A brief description of the picture will often prove helpful.

A great many readers have written that they enjoy the pictures of scout activities more than any other feature of the magazine. Boys' Life appreciates the excellent co-operation of Scouts and scout officials whose generosity and thoughtfulness have made possible this interesting department of the magazine. It is hoped that the picture section will be improved, and possibly extended. Any assistance that the readers of Boys' Life can give in making this feature even a greater success than it has been, will be most heartily appreciated.

## The Greatest Machine in the World

(*Continued from page* 17.)

The want of breath which immediately precedes the coming of second wind is due to stretching or, as doctors say, dilatation of the heart muscle. This point is reached early in those with damaged hearts, and maybe second wind fails to come at all.

In that case, the dilatation remains for days or weeks, or forever, and the victim suffers permanent shortness of breath, palpitation, throbbing in the throat, weakness, inability to do either mental or physical work for any time, and general poor health. So you see why it is that well-meaning physical directors and medical advisers often oppose physical contests like football and track meets for young fellows who have not gone through a regular course of training in preparation for the strain to which their hearts will be subjected. If a man has not carefully developed a good limit of reserve muscle power in his little ten-ounce engine, he has no right to injure the engine with any sudden strain.

"Training," then, is simply a gradual development of the heart muscle by exercise, especially the muscle of the right side of the heart, which pumps the blood through the lungs. An athlete must have a large heart.

Master McGrath, a famous greyhound, and Eclipse, a race-horse, both famous for

*Again I Say:*

# "Good News, Scouts!"

Don't miss this chance to go to camp. THE HOUSEWIFE will give you the transportation on any railroad or steamship line. Other fellows who read our announcement in February BOYS' LIFE are already busy making plans to get to camp without expense. How about you?

## HAPPY DAYS IN CAMP

The days in camp are the happiest in a scout's life. Think of the fun you can have that week or two in the woods "roughing it." How extra fit you are when you come back, what good times you have to look back on. Want to go to camp? Of course you do! Or do you want to take a trip somewhere this Spring or Summer? Well

## WE WILL PAY YOUR TRANSPORTATION

One scout or a whole troop can take advantage of our offer; in fact in working out our plan it has been found that a troop by co-operating has done many times as much as the same number of scouts could do if they were operating singly. In fact, a troop working together can soon get transportation for itself to any camp anywhere. We want every Scoutmaster to write to us for our plan. This is not a contest. You may have as many miles of transportation as you like, ten miles or many thousands of miles.

## OUR SPECIAL OFFERS

For one NEW subscription to The Housewife at 50 cents a year, we will give five 1-mile National Mileage Coupons.

For two NEW subscriptions to The Housewife at 50 cents a year each, we will give twelve 1-mile Nation Mileage Coupons.

For five or more NEW subscriptions to The Housewife at 50 cents a year each, we will give at the rate of seven miles for each subscription.

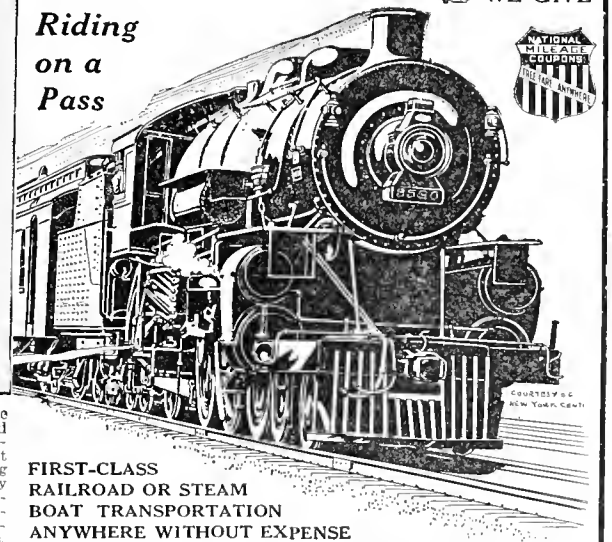
For five NEW subscriptions to The Housewife at 50 cents a year each, we will give thirty-five 1-mile National Mileage Coupons.

THE HOUSEWIFE

THE AD PORTER CO • PUBLISHERS • NEW YORK

*Just Like Riding on a Pass*

☞WE GIVE




Every woman will subscribe for The Housewife. Established over thirty years. Greatest magazine for women published at 50 cents a year. Interesting Serial and Short Stories by famous authors, beautifully illustrated. New Fashions, Needlework, Cookery, and care of Children, Mother Hints and Helps.

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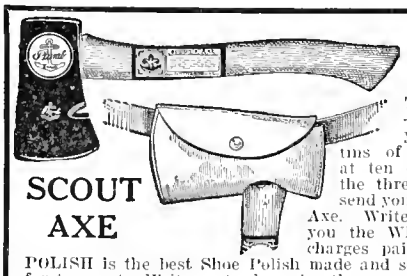
ANYWHERE WITHOUT EXPENSE

*Send for a sample copy, Booklet "Free Fare Anywhere" and a 10-Mile Certificate free.*

**Address Scout Camp Dept., THE HOUSEWIFE, 30 Irving Place, New York**



SCOUT AXE

# GIVEN TO SCOUTS!

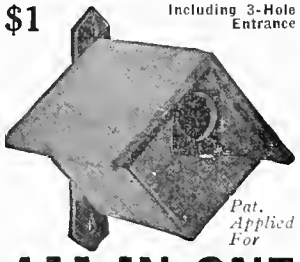
This Scout Axe with sheath —for two hours' work All you have to do is sell (30) tins of WINONAH SHOE POLISH at ten cents each—when sold, send the three dollars to us and we will send you the Official Plumb Boy Scout Axe. Write us to-day and we will send you the WINONAH SHOE POLISH all charges paid. WINONAH SHOE POLISH is the best Shoe Polish made and sells all over the world for ten cents. Write us to-day, give the name of your Scout-Master and troop number.

WINONAH PRODUCTS COMPANY

1967 LAVEER STREET PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# Get Ready for the Song Birds

$1 Including 3-Hole Entrance



*Pat. Applied For*

**ALL-IN-ONE RIDGEWOOD IMPROVED BIRD HOUSE**

Very artistic; attracts Blue Birds, Chickadees, Wrens, Woodpeckers, etc. Can be hung anywhere. Has metal squirrel-proof opening. Is self-cleaning. Stained brown and green. Order direct.

## Give Our Song Birds Food and Shelter

Enlist for the protection of our native song and insect-eating birds. A few bird houses erected on your place will invite the birds to stop on your premises. Proper food will keep them there all the year 'round to protect your trees, shrubs and garden.

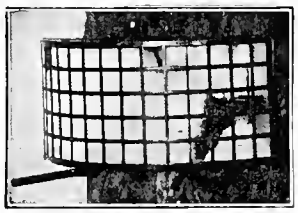
Birds need shelter and food now. Order several of the beautiful bird houses shown here and a few suet baskets.

All shipment charges prepaid. Money back if not satisfied. Address

**CHARLES E. WHITE**

*Who believes in befriending the Wild Birds—our friends and neighbors*

Box 45-C KENILWORTH, ILLS.



**White's Suet Basket**

*Pat. April 7, 1914* **75c**

Get some of these baskets and keep the song birds home. Are strongly made of Brown Japanned Metal. Back curved to fit any tree or post. Used in parks, golf links, private grounds, etc. Howe's Crescent Shaped "Suet Grain" Cake fits basket. Price 25c per cake. Order with basket.

# SCOUTMASTERS, ATTENTION!

## Winter Work for Your Boys

living in suburban or country towns. Send us the names and addresses of the two most deserving boys of your troop and we will send them full details of the contest, which means 20% commission with the chance of winning $250.00 in cash prizes for meritorious work. The character of work called for will develop your boys along the right lines and give them a good business experience. Address

**STOKES SEED FARMS COMPANY,** Moorestown, Burlington Co. NEW JERSEY

## If You're a LIVE BOY or a LIVE WORKER

**Among Boys You'll Want**

DAN BEARD'S New Book, Just Published

**"SHELTERS, SHACKS AND SHANTIES"**

**With more than 300 illustrations by the Author**

In answer to many requests from Boy Scouts themselves and others interested in the movement, *Mr. Beard*, the greatest authority on boys' interests has prepared his new book. Boys will find it an invaluable guide in constructing temporary or permanent shelters on their hikes or encampments. It contains easily workable directions accompanied by very full illustrations for over fifty shelters, shacks and shanties, ranging from the most primitive shelter to the fully equipped log cabin.

**HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY**

"SHELTERS, SHACKS AND SHANTIES" Price $1.25 } Both for
BOYS LIFE for one year - - - - " 1.00 } $1.25

**Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York**

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Learn to letter Price Tickets and Show Cards. It is easy to do RAPID CLEAN-CUT LETTERING with our improved Lettering Pens. MANY STUDENTS ARE ENABLED TO CONTINUE THEIR STUDIES THROUGH THE COMPENSATION RECEIVED BY LETTERING PRICE TICKETS AND SHOW CARDS, FOR THE SMALLER MERCHANT, OUTSIDE OF SCHOOL HOURS. Practical lettering outfit consisting of 3 Marking and 3 Shading Pens, 2 colors of Lettering Ink, sample Show Card in colors, instructions, figures and alphabets. Prepaid $1.00.

**PRACTICAL COMPENDIUM OF COMMERCIAL PEN LETTERING AND DESIGNS, 100 PAGES**

8 x 11, containing 122 plates of Commercial Pen alphabets, finished Show Cards in colors, etc., also large list of crisp business Advertising Phrases—a complete instructor for the Marking and Shading Pen. Prepaid, $1.00.

Trade Mark

Catalogue free. Address **NEWTON AUTOMATIC SHADING PEN CO.,** Dept. N PONTIAC, MICH., U.S.A.

**Fish Bite** like hungry wolves any season, if you bait with **Magic-Fish-Lure.** Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted. **J. F. Gregory, Dept. 46 St. Louis, Mo**

**PLAYS** for Parlor, School Room or Stage, Dialogues, Speakers, Comic Monologues, Minstrels, Jokes, Operettas, Musical Pieces, Recitations, Tableaux, Games, Drills, etc. Suitable for all ages. Catalogue free. **T. S. DENISON & Co., Dept. 18, CHICAGO, ILL.**

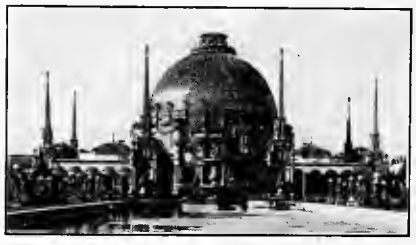

endurance rather than speed, had very large hearts. Good training developed their hearts for them. An untrained heart is likely to fail in a severe test, leaving the victim "broken-winded."

In the July, 1914, issue of Boys' Life we told of an experiment in which, by a knack of breathing, you can hold your breath for a minute or a minute and a half. Now, that would be impossible if the heart muscle were not normal.

One of the simplest and most reliable tests of the efficiency of the heart muscle is the measurement of the length of time you can hold your breath. If the heart is right, the average person can hold his breath 35 to 40 seconds by the watch. If the heart is weak, if the muscle is not up to standard, if tobacco has been getting in its destructive work, the breath cannot be held so long. A person "in training" finds it easy to hold his breath 40 or more seconds, while a person who has a deficient heart muscle may not be able to hold his breath more than 20 or 25 seconds.

Any young person who enters athletics should submit to a physical examination three or four times a year. There is a limit of endurance beyond which it is unsafe to drive the heart, and only a competent physician or physical instructor knows what this limit may be in individual cases.

## Great Panama Exposition Is Open



*One of the Great Buildings—the Horticultural Palace.*

"ARE you going to the Panama Exposition this year?" This is a question which thousands of people are asking each other. Of course, every boy is interested in this big fair which celebrates one of the most momentous events of modern times, the opening of the Panama Canal. It is the significance of this event that makes the celebration in San Francisco a matter of pride to every American citizen, for it was American efficiency and energy that made possible the building of the great waterway.

The buildings and grounds are probably the most remarkable ever constructed for exhibition purposes. The site is near the sea, facing the famous Golden Gates.

The exhibits of foreign nations will be complete and attractive. Of the nations which planned before the war to participate in the celebration, not one has withdrawn.

To boys, one of the most interesting features of the exposition is the program of sports. This program will continue during the whole of the fair and will surpass in variety of events and in number of entries any Olympic games ever held. For these games a special track has been constructed which is said to be the most nearly perfect track ever built in this country. A feature is a 440-yard straightaway, the only one in America.

## Lefty's Climb to Happiness

(*Continued from page 6.*)

superintendent's office. Thus it was that when the boy awoke at eight o'clock the following morning he found himself in strange, but bright and airy, quarters, whose large windows overlooked Roaring Fork Creek and the power plant. The storm had given way to bright cheering sunshine.

The boy rubbed his eyes and looked—looked straight at Gold Dust.

"Why, why!" he exclaimed. "Where—where are we?"

And Gold Dust, as if he had played a splendid joke on his little master, capered about and uttered a series of happy, snappy barks.

"Well, how's our trouble man?" interrupted a cheering voice from behind, and, turning about, Lefty looked into the genial face of Superintendent Brown of the power plant, who related to him much of what had happened since the accident at the test pole.

"Your prompt action saved us many dollars, my boy," concluded the superintendent. "As it was, Denver was cut off only thirty minutes. That was a brave climb you made up that test pole. Now, I've been talking with Miller about you and he says you're just the fellow I need to answer calls on our telephone lines. And I believe you can do the regular work, so I'm going to pay you a regular salary—twenty dollars a month and your board. Besides, you can finish learning telegraphy and go to school. From now on you're going to be— Well I must run out. Some one else will tell you the rest."

And no sooner had the big man stepped out than a gentle faced woman took his place—the superintendent's wife. She walked to Lefty's bedside and took his one hand in hers.

"You're going to be *our boy now,*" she smiled sweetly.

"And Gold Dust—c'n he stay, too?"

"Yes, dear; Gold Dust may stay, too," and Gold Dust, as if he had heard and approved the whole jolly plan, gave it his hearty sanction by placing his forepaws on the bed and barking gleefully.

Out at the power house falls the rushing water splashed, flashed and sparkled in the joyous spring sunlight, and with the new born spring had come to Lefty one great, glorious thing—HAPPINESS.

## Hicks, Accidental Detective

(*Continued from page 4.*)

a squarer fellow. He must have been crazy to try such a stunt."

But even while Brewster was speaking there was a disturbance at the edge of the group and Torpington, his dark face pale, pushed his way through the collegians. He had almost reached the doorway when Doc Chalmers and Hickey barred his way.

"Let me in, fellows," he shouted. "I must see him."

"Don't old man," begged Doc, holding the quivering Torp. "You couldn't do any good—I guess no one can, not even the doctor! A fall to the concrete from that height will be—fatal!"

For a few seconds the shaken Torp paced up and down wildly, clenching his hands in some great emotion; finally, the terrible suspense seemed to break him completely, and he faced the little group.

"It was—Hefty!" he gasped, "why won't

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Red Tread Oilproof
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We have—by adopting a special 15½ oz. fabric as strong as that in most Ford size automobile casings, to make V. C. puncture-proof.
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Three models—three grades of quality—three prices; all moderate. Built for the bike rider who knows and wants our high standard of tire value scaled down to easy prices.
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"Success"
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Automobile construction throughout. Extra strong; permanently oilproof; effectively anti-skid. They have proved that motorcycle service requires real automobile calibre in the tires.
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—and average twice that distance
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Stores the muscles with strength without overburdening the body; ready-cooked, easy to serve.

When provisioning for your outing trips, see to it that SHREDDED WHEAT has its place on your list. It is the ideal food for the Boy Scouts outfit.

**"There is health and vigor in every shred."**

Made only by

**The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, New York**

you let me in to him! Oh, he is dead! *Dead*—and with dishonor on his name! I am to blame—he would never have tried such a desperate thing, awkward as he is, but he was reckless because he had been suspended!

"Most of you don't know why Hefty was suspended. But *I* know! I wanted to tell before, but I wasn't quite man enough. Captain Butch, you know that Hefty wouldn't explain that letter to Dan Milton, but *I* can explain it, and I am going to! Then you will know why I should have been the one to be punished instead of good old Hefty.

"Listen—I'll confess the whole dastardly thing! Last summer Hefty, who is my cousin, Captain Dan Milton and I worked as waiters in a summer hotel at a seashore resort. I got in a tight pinch and stole some money from Milton. He found it out. I had spent it, and could not make good. Hefty, when he and I entered Bannister, told my mother he would look out for me and try to keep me straight, and he promised Dan he would make good what I had stolen.

"I paid what I could, but last week Dan wrote, stating that he needed fifty dollars to pay his term bills, and that unless we sent it he would have to work his way for a while, which meant no basketball! Hefty, by dint of terrible sacrifice, scraped up the sum, which is the last of what I took, and sent it to the Latham captain."

There was a moment of silence as Captain Butch, Biff Pemberton, Radford and the rest stared in absolute wonder at the tall, handsome Torp, who was almost crushed with the tragedy, and conscience-stricken at the part he had played in Hefty's accident. He rushed on—

"Hefty is slow of mind, and when there is a new play to master, he does it by writing it out in detail time after time and memorizing it in that way. The secret play was given out the same day Hefty wrote to Milton and he probably had several copies of it on his desk at the time he wrote the letter. Through some mistake he evidently failed to enclose the letter with the money he sent to Milton. In picking up his notes of the play from his desk he must have taken up the letter with them. These papers slipped from his pocket during the rough-house in the hallway and it was there that Country found them.

"Country took the letter and notes to you, Butch, before I knew anything about them. Later, because Hefty is my cousin, Country told me all about it. Then I knew why Country got Hefty's place on the team instead of mine. Here is where I should have gone to you and explained the whole thing. I tried to, Butch, on the level I did, but I just couldn't make myself do it. I hated to brand myself as a thief and lose my place on the team. I know I was a dirty coward! But Hefty was willing to be branded as a traitor in order to save me the stigma of a thief, and now he is dead, the finest, squarest fellow that ever lived. Hickey, let me pass, let me pass, I *must* see him."

Captain Butch, Country, Radford and Pemberton stared at the heartbroken Torpington, bewildered at the revelation he had made.

"I'll go straight after this," quavered Torp. "I've been a sneak and a coward, but I'll go straight! Oh, Hefty, if I could only have saved you! Let me see him, Chalmers!"

"Doc!" exclaimed Hicks, "come on, let

**BOYS ATTENTION. A BUSHEL OF FUN** For ten cents in coin we will send you prepaid, 1. Directions for making a kite. 2. Aerial railway attachment. It climbs the kite-cord to any height desired and releases a parachute or other aerial toy. Then returns for another trip. 3. Special Agency offer. All the boys will want one when they see yours. Be the first yourself. **THE HAMMOND SPECIALTY COMPANY, Dept. A., Trenton, N. J.**

**A WATCH** Scout axe or other premium for each boy and a complete camp outfit for the Troop—will you work one afternoon? Give Scoutmaster's name and number. N. G. Neidlinger, 180 N. Arlington Ave., E. Orange, N. J.

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us go in and bring forth the body for Torp and the rest to gaze upon!"

In a few seconds they returned, and the collegians crowded forward as Hickey and Chalmers brought out and laid down tenderly before the awed group—the football dummy!"

"Why—it's not—Hefty!" breathed the stunned Torp. "Oh, it's all a joke!"

"Yes, it's all a joke," said the imperturbable Hickey. "If you want to see the real Hefty you will find him boning for a math exam over in the library."

With that Hickey and Doc leaped from the steps and fled across the campus to escape the wrath of the buncoed students.

"Say, Butch," begged Torp, as he and Brewster joined the group which was pursuing the fleeting form of the toothpick Junior, bellowing for vengeance; "won't you put Hefty back on the team tomorrow and put me on the scrubs? I want to have a chance to show you fellows that I have some decency left."

"All right, Torp!" said Butch, happily. "Go to Hefty now, and square things up with him, then come out for the scrubs—we'll give you a square deal; break the news to Hefty that he is a regular again, and that he is not dead!"

HALF an hour later two figures crawled out of a clump of bushes back of the gym. One of them was Thomas Haviland Hicks, Jr., and the other was his fellow conspirator, Doc Chalmers. As they cautiously worked their way across the campus toward Nordyke Hall, Doc exclaimed:

"Gee whiz, Hickey, I nearly fell off the Christmas tree when Torp sprung that story! Whoever thought our innocent little joke would have such a dramatic ending. Wasn't that some surprise?"

But Hickey was non-committal.

When the slim Junior slipped into his room a few minutes later he found Butch Brewster waiting for him.

"Quick, Watson, the needle," he said, as he slid into a big armchair. "It has been a difficult case, but Sherlock Holmes has solved the mystery and found the true offender! Hand me my violin. I would forget the problem, now that I have cleared it up."

Captain Butch Brewster, from whose mind a ten-ton weight had been lifted with the innocence of Hefty Hollingsworth established by such startling means, surveyed the cheerful, complacent Hicks a few moments, and then he looked out of the window at the silent, canvas-covered, sawdust-stuffed form on the steps.

"Well, Thomas Haviland Hicks, Jr.," he answered, "there's no use for *you* to manufacture glory for yourself out of this strange affair. It only goes to show that what *one* dummy can not accomplish—*another one* can!"

## Big Essay Contest Closes

The Daniel Boone essay contest closed on February 1, and the judges are now at work reading the hundreds of papers submitted in the competition for the fifty cash prizes aggregating $300. It is hoped that the announcement of the prize-winners can be made in the April Boys' Life

Many boys have written asking for personal replies in regard to their essays. As stated in the regulations originally printed, it is impossible to comply with these requests. The only notification that can be made will be the announcement in the magazine itself.


# ANNOUNCEMENT

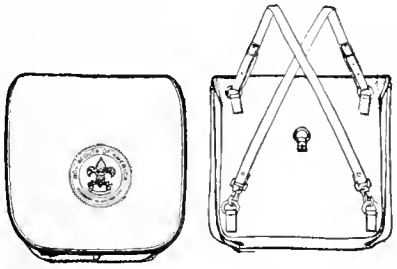
## EQUIPMENT RECENTLY ADOPTED

**SCOUT HAT—New Model.**

Olive drab felt, silk band; crown 5½ inches deep, with ventilating eyelets; brim perfectly flat, 2½ inches wide, with five rows of stitching. Detachable ties. Price $1.15, postage extra; boxed shipping weight 1 lb.

**READY AFTER MARCH 1ST**

**HAVERSACK—1915 Design.**



Heavy canvas, leather bound size 13½ inches square, with double compartments. Adjustable carrying straps, with five rings, for light and heavy loads.

With light pack, attach snaffles to center ring and pass arms through the loops. Haversack then lies close to body between the shoulders.

For heavy loads, detach snaffles from center ring; put straps over shoulders, crossing on chest, and fasten snaffles to lower rings. Pack is held firmly in center of back whether running, climbing or crawling.

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New Merit Badges, illustrated; Merit Badge Requirements, changed and brought up to date; New Scout Regulations; How to Fell a Tree; How to Handle a Canoe; New Codes; Games to play; Indian, whistle and other signals, etc., etc.

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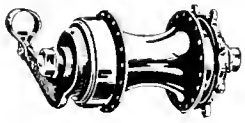
That is what it means to own a bicycle. You can get out and go to places, with jolly companions. No waiting around for trains or car lines. You are free.

Whether to work or play, you save time, money and health. Make up your mind right now to have a bicycle. And be sure that it is equipped with the ball-bearing

**NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE**



This is the brake that doubles the pleasure of bicycling. It gives safety, comfort, saves fatigue, adds to your mileage.

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These Goodyear-Akron tires are made in the world's greatest tire factory, where up to 10,000 Goodyear pneumatic tires are built daily. Goodyear-Akrons excel all rivals, just as do Goodyear automobile and motorcycle tires—tires that also have won top place in their fields.

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GOODYEAR AKRON

**THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio**

Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

# A Boy Talks Across the Continent

(*Continued from page* 13.)

spoke into the telephone in New York on January 25, it was only one-fifteenth of a second before his voice was heard at the other end of the wire, 3,400 miles away.

The explanation of this wonderful feat of sending the sound of a voice across the continent in one-fifteenth of a second is found in the fact that it is not sound, or air, waves which are transmitted, but electrical waves. Electrical waves have a speed of 56,000 miles per second. When you speak into a telephone transmitter the sound waves of your voice are converted into electrical waves. These waves travel over the wire to the telephone receiver at the rate of 56,000 miles per second, and the receiver picks up these electrical waves and transforms them into air waves so that the sound of the voice is accurately reproduced although the actual sound of the voice of the speaker goes no farther than the transmitter into which he speaks.

### "Waves" Mustn't Get Tangled Up

This seems simple, but it is really a most complex problem. These waves, having been faithfully converted from air waves into electrical waves and sent out on their journey over the line, must not interfere with each other; they must not tumble over each other, so to speak, or get in each other's way; they must be sent out, nearly 50,000 of them, every minute. Some of them have one shape and some another. They are just as different from each other as the waves of the sea. These differences in shape, the distance between them, the time between them, must be faithfully preserved and conserved, so that at no point in their journey will they be changed sufficiently to be noticed. It is not the problem of sending one simple current, but as many as 120,000 a minute. All of these minute currents, millions of them—millions and millions in a conversation—must be carried electrically over the line to San Francisco and then converted back again into sound waves which agitate the air of the room and affect the ear as air waves.

### 130,000 Poles

It may be interesting to the readers of Boys' Life to know something about the material required in building this transcontinental telephone line. From New York to San Francisco there are 3,400 miles of hard drawn copper wire of No. 8 B. W. G. gauge. There are four such wires from which are derived two physical circuits, and one phantom circuit. The diameter of each wire is .165 inch. The weight is 870 pounds per circuit mile; that is 435 pounds per mile of each wire, two wires being required for a circuit. The total weight of one circuit of two such wires is 2,960,000 pounds, or 1,480 tons. In the line itself there are 130,000 poles. In addition to this there is the wire used in the Pupin coils. This wire used in these coils is of .004 of an inch in diameter. For each physical circuit of the line, in addition to the 6,800 miles of copper wire, 13,600 miles of this hair-like wire is used.

If you will look at the map reproduced in this issue you will see the enormous distance between the largest cities on this new across-the-continent telephone line, which will give you a clearer idea of the wonderful thing that happened on January 25, 1915.

Each part of Uniform is stamped with the official seal of the

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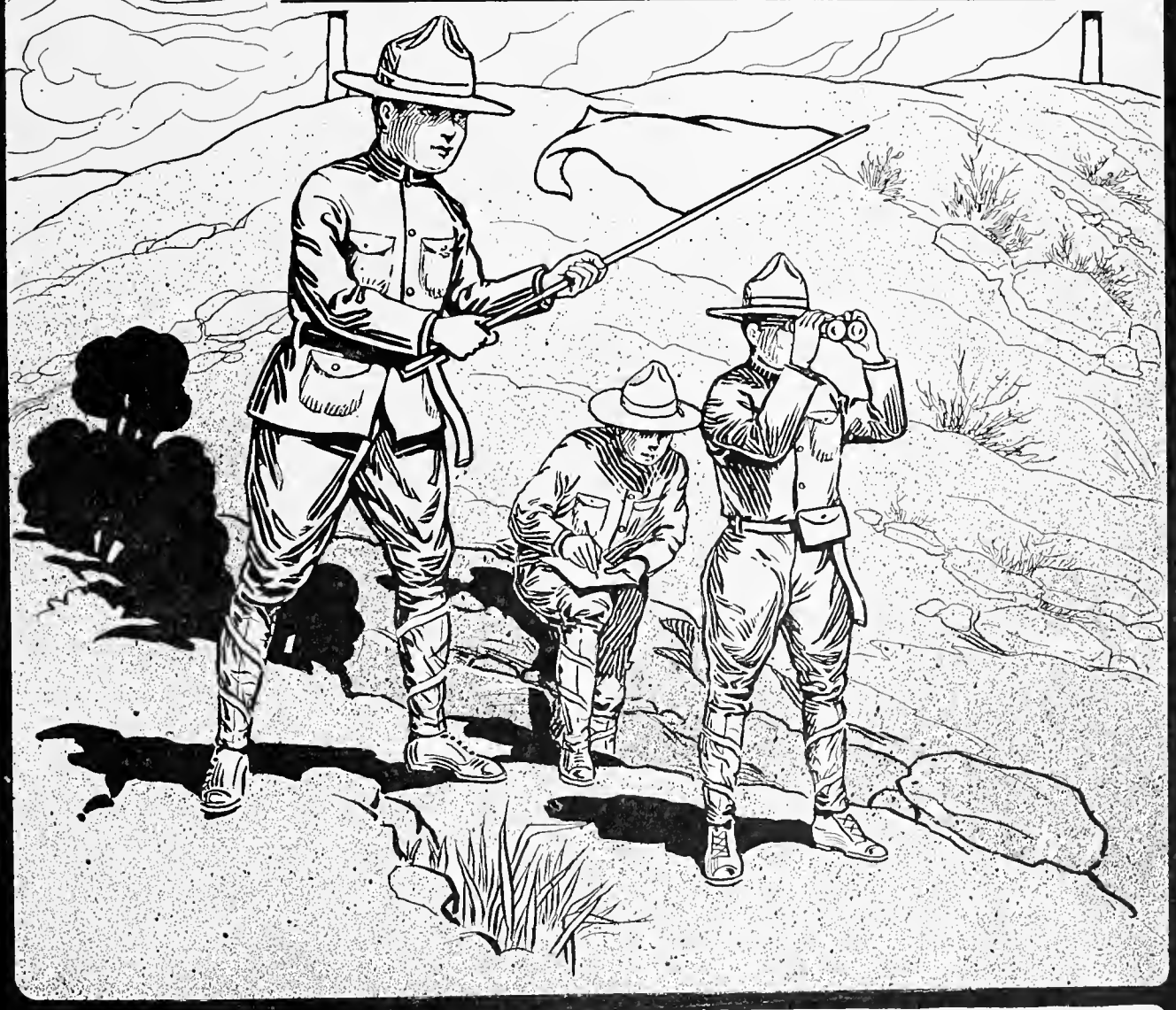
We manufacture Uniforms for Boys' organizations of all kinds



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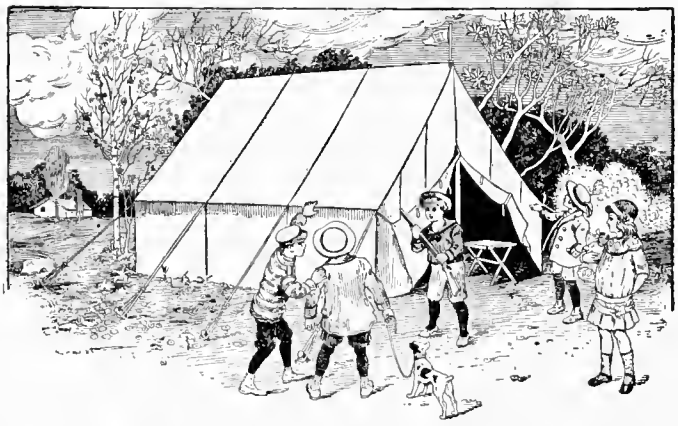
**$4.75**



**Size 7x7 Feet**

**Genuine Full Weight 8 oz. Duck**

## A Real Wall Tent All Complete

With poles, ropes and pins. Just the thing for "camping out." Large enough to accommodate four boys in great shape. If you are going on a camping trip you simply cannot afford to be without this remarkable tent. Only $4.75 And you can set it up in your back yard and sleep out in it during the summer months. ***This is the greatest bargain offer ever made*** on a genuine 8 ounce duck wall tent. If you have not enough money of your own to buy this tent, get two or three of your friends to go in with you. ***Boy Scouts think it great!***

Ever sleep out in a tent? Say, boys, its bully! It makes a fellow feel great when he gets up in the morning, and eat—well, just try it once and see. Hungry as a bear every morning. Go ask your father this very minute if you may have this crackerjack tent. You will never be able to get such an opportunity again. You can easily earn enough at odd jobs to pay for this tent. Your folks can buy it for you and you can pay them later.

## Army Shelter Tents

Every boy scout in America should have one of these tents. Just like the regular soldiers use when on the march. Can be folded up and easily carried on your back while marching. No Boy Scout kit is complete without one. These tents are called "dog tents" by the soldiers. Just the thing for "hikes". Get one and surprise your friends. Every boy in your town will want one when he sees yours. Plain heavy cloth $2.25. Extra quality khaki $3.00.

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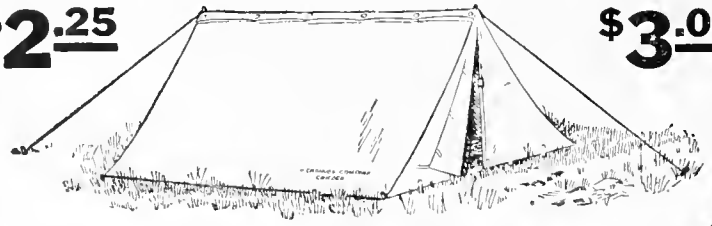

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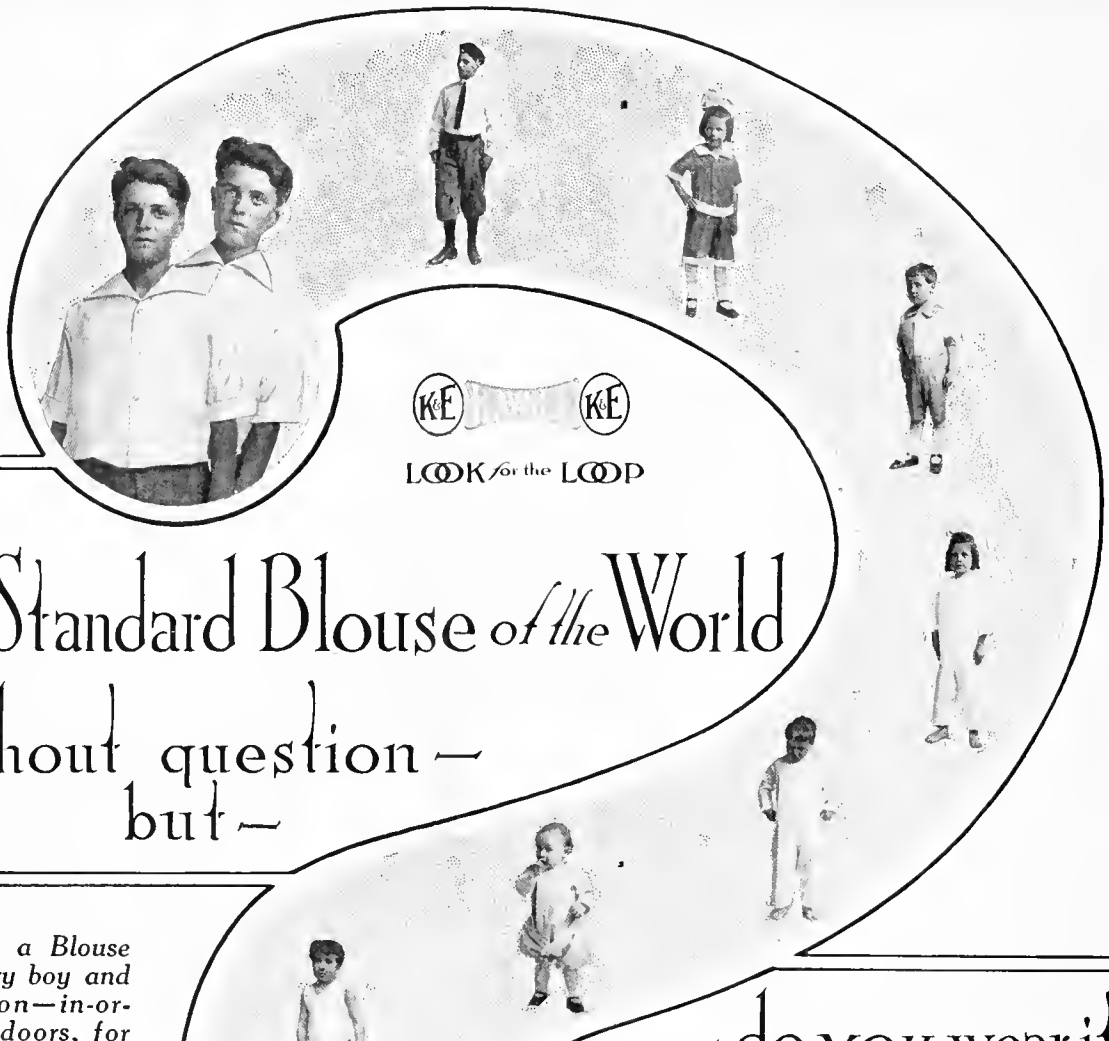
HOW TO MAKE A BASEBALL DIAMOND

# BOYS' LIFE

THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

April
10 Cents



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VOL. V APRIL, 1915 No. 2

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## Leading Features This Month

**Cover Design .....By William J. Shettsline, Jr.**
**For the Honor of Uncle Sam...Percy K. Fitzhugh 3**
**Uncle Sam's Big Ditch..William Joseph Showalter 6**
**A Treasure Hunt for Real Gold (Part I), Herbert Hungerford 9**
**With the Aid of the Woodpile.F. Moulton McLane 11**
**Moonshiners in the Jungle (Part 4), Walter Walden 13**
**Quarry Troop and the Circus.....Irving Crump 15**
**In the Scout Cave.....The Cave Scout 18**
**Around the Campfire.....Ernest Thompson Seton 20**
**True Stories of Courageous Scouts..... 22**
**Snapshots of Active Scouts.....24-25**
**With the Boy Scouts Afield..... 26**
**How to Make a Baseball Diamond, Walter Prichard Eaton 28**
**Scouts' Questions Answered ..... 29**
**Our Lonesome Corner ..... 30**
**The Diary of a Boy Inventor.....G. Verbeek 38**
**Open Your Stamp Club.....Frank L. Coes 40**

**Boys' Life** *the Boy Scouts' Magazine, is* issued monthly by the Boy Scouts of America. It is the official magazine of that great organization and is devoted to the best interests of EVERY BOY IN AMERICA.

It is packed full of the finest stories for boys; stories with plenty of excitement in them, plenty of fun of the right sort; stories about camping, woodcraft, handicraft, scouting, trailing, signaling, baseball, football, basket ball, animals—in fact, every sport, recreation or activity in boys' life, presented for the entertainment of *all boys.*

It contains also all the news of the Boy Scout movement.

The subscription price is $1.00 a year; single copies, 10 cents.

*Postage.*—Postage to all parts of the United States, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines is prepaid by us. Subscribers in Canada must add 10 cents to yearly subscription price for postage; foreign subscription requires 25 cents extra.

**Renewals** If the magazine arrives in a RED wrapper it means that your subscription has expired. Address on the wrapper indicates the month with which your subscription ends. Tear off this address and send it in with the price of a subscription, and you will not miss a copy.

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# A Great Scout Serial Story by Mr. Heyliger

It starts next month in Boys' Life

WE are going to start out this month telling you right here something you don't know. That is, why BOYS' LIFE, the Boy Scouts' own magazine, has not printed more Boy Scout stories. You perhaps have wondered about this because you have seen quantities of books bearing Boy Scout titles. But if you have read many of these books you understand how large our problem has been, for while authors may be able to "get away with it" among readers who are "just boys," only a few of them have produced tales which any real Scout could not "punch full of holes" on points of true Scouting—while many have written Scout stories of which any real Scout would be heartily ashamed.

The fact is, the men who know Scouting thoroughly and can write it into good fiction are few and far between. But it was our business to find them, and we have been "on the job." Some of the results you have seen in BOYS' LIFE—IRVING CRUMP's stories, JOHN FLEMING WILSON's, ROGER FISON's, CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY's, F. H. CHELEY's; others are in this issue; still others you will get later—by JOSEPH AMES, Mr. CRUMP and JOHN H. SKEEN.

But all of these are short stories—episodes of Scout life.

Now we are going to give you what you have long waited for—a genuine Scout serial story, beginning in the May issue and running for months.

You may well believe it will be a great story, because WILLIAM HEYLIGER is writing it—Mr. HEYLIGER who wrote "Off Side," "The Winning Hit" and "Quarterback Reckless."

For a long time he has been engaged in the game of Scouting and has come to know it as you know it. So he is sure to put into his serial the same kind of boys you have met in his splendid football and baseball stories—the same sort of lifting thrill and adventure. Only now, remember, his boys are Scouts, playing the biggest and best boy's game of all—the game of Scouting. It is the one game which every boy can play on equal terms with every other boy. It is the game which, with all its wonderful fun, fits you best to play the finest game of all—the game of Life.

# Surprising Things About the "Ads" in "Boys' Life"

This will interest you and your parents

WHAT do you know about advertising? What do you know about BOYS' LIFE advertising? Of course you all have read the statement about it in the front of the magazine each month:

"All advertisements published in BOYS' LIFE are carefully investigated and approved by the Editorial Board of the Boy Scouts of America. The aim is to accept only the advertisements of articles, books and propositions which we believe will be not only of

William Heyliger Jr., getting an earful of advice from his father as to how to become a second Matty.

interest to the readers of Boys' Life, but worth while for the boys to have. In every case the article advertised is first submitted for examination, as evidence that all claims made with reference to it are as represented."

Have you ever stopped to think what it really means?

You probably know of several magazines which keep out of their columns advertisements of articles and schemes which are actually fraudulent. But do you know of a single other one which keeps out not only the "frauds" but all articles and propositions which, while they won't do the reader any particular harm, won't do him any particular good?

Most magazines offer their readers inducements to purchase articles which will be of no more use to them than a pair of roller skates to a rooster. There is nothing illegitimate about that kind of advertising; people have a perfect right to buy such things, and people have a perfect right to offer them for sale—but Boys' Life doesn't believe in creating a demand for such articles among its readers. "A Scout is Thrifty," and the official magazine of the movement cannot consistently offer its readers temptations to waste their money on things which won't do them any good.

There are plenty of ways in which a boy can get a dollar's worth of value for every dollar expended. These are the sort of propositions Boys' Life wants to offer to its readers in its advertising columns—the only kind it will offer.

It is the Editorial Board of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America which exercises this just censorship in the interests of all boys. Not only is careful examination made of merchandise and employment opportunities for which advertisements are offered to Boys' Life, equally careful examination is made of all books before advertisements of them are published. We are just as anxious that boys get "reading" that is worth while for them, as that full value be given in articles of general merchandise. Who ever heard of such a high standard of advertising before or elsewhere?

Of course this policy costs Boys' Life a lot of money. Thousands of dollars worth of advertising has been rejected, and more is being rejected each month, because we are determined to live up to Scout ideals in every way and present in advertisements, as well as in stories, only that which is worth while as well as interesting.

But what are the larger results? Business men who have reliable, worth-while propositions for boys and their parents which the Editorial Board can approve, have been quick to realize that Boys' Life offers a most unusual opportunity to find a steady patronage. This is one reason why Boys' Life published last month 50 per cent. more advertising than it did in March last year—why it publishes in this issue 75 per cent. more advertising than it did in April a year ago.

You see, boys, you are safe in dealing with firms whose "ads" appear in this magazine. Money spent on their goods as advertised here will not be wasted.

Your father and mother will be interested in this. Ask them to cooperate with us by carefully examining our advertisements each month and bringing to our attention any which do not square with this policy.

## This Will Make Your Eyes Bulge Out

NO magazine was ever the property of its readers in a more real sense than is Boys' Life. This magazine is owned by the Boy Scouts of America and is published in their interests. It is your magazine, Scouts. What it is now is due largely to you—and you will have an even larger part in what it is to be.

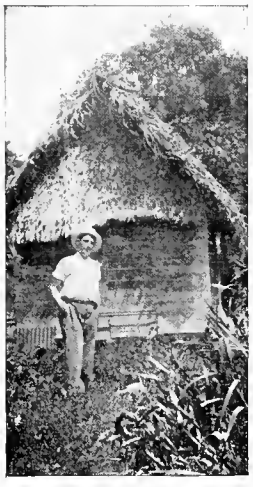
Because of this you will be proud to know of the progress your magazine is making. Above, we have told of the enormous advertising growth—and the why of it. Here's something else that will make your eyes bulge out: In the past year Boys' Life has more than *doubled* the number of its subscribers. Right now, Scouts, month after month, your magazine is getting three times as many subscribers as it was getting a year ago.

If this keeps up a few months longer, Boys' Life will be able to make every number the size of this one—or even bigger.

And it will keep up. Don't you forget that! This is the Boy Scouts' official magazine and the Scouts have never foozled a job yet!

## About the Author of Our Leading Story

There is no doubt about Percy Fitzhugh's knowledge of Scouting. His story "For the Honor of Uncle Sam," which starts on the page opposite, will prove this, but even better proof is found in his splendid book "Along the Mohawk Trail." This is a cracking good Scout story of camping, trailing, and all other outdoor Scouting activities, and its *spirit* is right, for it is the true Scout spirit.



Mr. Fitzhugh in the Panama Wilds

Mr. Fitzhugh knows Panama well. He was there soon after the Americans began their marvelous work, and he was there just before the work was finished. Mr. Fitzhugh has followed the indistinct trails of the jungle on either side of the "zone," and the picture of him which is printed here was taken in a wilderness as strange as the wilderness into which the two Boy Scouts journeyed for the honor of Uncle Sam.

*—"They Cast a Wistful Look Back Toward Las Cascadas Station."*

# For the Honor of Uncle Sam

## How Two Scouts Did a Grand Good Turn On the Canal Zone

By PERCY K. FITZHUGH

Author of "Along the Mohawk Trail," "On the Trail of La Salle," etc.

"Beyond the Chagres River
Is the Jungle's poisonous breath;
Lurk the serpent and the fever,
'Long the paths that lead to death."

O-O-H-H, but we—*simply—jollied—the life* out of him!"

LeRoy Clayton turned and glanced curiously at the speaker; then, amid the laughter which followed, he strolled back along the wide veranda and joined the little group.

The half-dozen boys were gathered in a corner of the main portico of the Tivoli, Uncle Sam's big hotel on Ancon Hill in Panama. Below them lay the old city of Panama with its narrow, crooked streets, and beyond, the bay with its ships riding at anchor in the slow roll of the blue Pacific, their spars and rigging touched with the first crimson glow of the tropical sunset. Here and there could be seen the lateen sail of a fishing-smack hurrying shoreward obedient to the lurid warning; for the night falls suddenly in the tropics. There were more ships than usual, for the next day but one there was to be the great celebration—the formal opening of the Canal.

LeRoy Clayton stood on the outskirts of the group, listening. Pierce Van Auken was swinging his legs from the rail and he had the floor.

"Why, you know those things you put under a plate to make it dance? Kind of a rubber ball with a long tube? You ought to have seen him stare when we worked that on him. It was as good as a circus! Fred told him that up in the States—"

"'Him much big rich country,'" mocked the boy called Fred. "We told him that up in the States all the plates and cups and saucers dance and sing and talk. Oh, we had him jollied to a turn!"

"We told him that on the day the Canal

opens," laughed Pierce, "Uncle Sam is going to hand out souvenirs. You'd laugh yourself hoarse if you could hear the way Wolley was stringing him—told him Uncle Sam was going to give one of these motion-picture machines and a box with a 'much bright devil' in it."

"He swallowed all that, did he?" LeRoy asked.

"Sure, he'd swallow anything, that kid. We told him Uncle Sam always hands out souvenirs whenever he opens a new canal. He's got Uncle Sam sized up for a wizard and a good spender."

Harry Morse shook his head in reminiscent delight. "He's going to dress his monkey up so as to be ready when the souvenirs come," said he.

"Will he be expecting the plates and cups and saucers that talk and sing?" asked Fred.

"Oh, sure!"

LeRoy thrust his hands down into his trousers pockets and bit his lip ruminatively. "Hmm," said he, with an amusement that was half thoughtful, half rueful. "You mean that Mendoza Trail Kid, don't you?"

"Sure! He thinks the United States has got Aladdin's Cave beat all kinds of ways. We told him not to worry—he'd get his. He'll be waiting, all right!"

"He'll have *some wait,*" observed another boy.

Fred shook his head exultantly and hammered the rail with delight.

"That a medal on your coat, Clayton?" asked one of the boys as he jumped down from the rail to go.

"This?" queried LeRoy, fingering the bronze cross of the Scouts, which he wore. "Why, no, that's an alarm-clock, only don't tell anybody, will you?"

The questioner seemed a little chagrined.

"Any fellow can buy one of those," he said, sarcastically.

"Sure," said LeRoy, "you get one with a book of trading-stamps. Ask me another."

There was a significant silence.

LeRoy was not half bad as a jollier himself.

But he had won the fight, had little Nicuesarro; the magic liquid in the hollow needle of the mysterious white men had done its work; and little Nicuesarro had gone back to his jungle and to his precious monkey.

Six weeks before, the Sanitary Inspector, pushing his lonely, unmarked way up the old, overgrown Mendoza Trail, had come upon the tiny thatched shack where little Nicuesarro lived. It was a dozen miles beyond nowhere—but that is just where the Sanitary Inspector is sure to go. Little Nicuesarro's mother was half Spanish, half Indian, and his father was all Spanish, which was no improvement.

But the Sanitary Inspector will sit down and eat a mango and meet you half way in any language you please, Spiggotty, or San Blas, or Jamaican gibberish.

"Trail worse—bad—all time," said the Inspector. "No more trail at all."

"Then you no come more?"

"Oh, yes, I will; Kernergorg, he send me."

"Uuh," laughed the mother, "good!"

They liked these semi-annual visits up in the jungle. The Sanitary Inspector was the only person they ever saw.

"Where's little Nie?"

"U-u-uh, he no play with monkey."

"No? What's trouble?"

"U-u-u-h."

"Where is he?"

He was lying among the pineapples out in the little clearing, and when the Inspector heard that little Nicuesarro had not played with his precious monkey he was suspicious. He knew what it meant when a little boy thirty miles up the Chagres River neglects his pet monkey and lies down among the pineapples and does not come to greet the Inspector.

Tenderly he lifted little Nicuesarro into his arms and the child looked at him with heavy eyes and with a smile which was worse than tears.

"No feel good, eh?"

The little fellow shook his head.

"Open mouth — wide. Kernergrog he make 'em feel good."

The child, his hot head hanging back in the Inspector's arms, smiled wanly, showing his white teeth, for the name of Colonel Gorgas was a magic name in the remotest jungle, right up to the Costa Rican border.

Then and there had begun the catalogue of wonders which convinced little Nicuesarro that he was in the hands of wizards. The Sanitary Inspector produced a little glass tube, looked at it, shook it, and put it in little Nic's mouth. This tube had a silvery devil in it and mystical numbers on it, and it told the white man what was the matter with little Nicuesarro.

He was in the grip of an awful enemy, the Chagres fever; the enemy which had mowed down his big brother and his two sisters. But that was before the days of Kernergorg, who now wrought wonders in the mystical kingdom of "Unclesam," thirty miles away.

So the Inspector got on his donkey, holding little Nicuesarro in his arms and started off with him to that mysterious land, "The Zone."

They came into the line of the Canal at Las Cascadas Station, and then the wonders piled thick and fast. Down in the depths of the big trench, little Nicuesarro saw the great steam-shovels at work and the ceaseless din of the mammoth drills assailed his reeling senses and made his little head throb harder.

"Big devils; him make much noise," he murmured.

"Yes, they make a lot of noise, Nic; lie down here on the bench like a good boy for just a minute," soothed the Inspector.

"Unclemsam, he not kill me dead?" The drowsy eyes looked apprehensive.

"No, he won't kill you, Nic."

The throbbing head lay back on the bench and the fever-racked child saw the Inspector do the most extraordinary thing which he had ever seen done in his life. He picked up two things, holding one to his ear and the other to his mouth and into the latter he talked.

"You talk him Unclemsam?"

"Yes, he's going to send a white wagon for us, Nic."

"We go him house?"

"One of his houses, yes; Kernergorg's house."

And sure enough—wonder of wonders—along came a beautiful, magic wagon with no horses and with two wizard men in spotless white on its seat, and stopped at Las Cascadas Station. There was a big red cross painted on it and a place inside that was softer than the pineapple patch; and on this they laid little Nicuesarro and whizzed him off through the land of wonders.

THAT was the last that little Nicuesarro knew for three weeks. Then his hollow eyes looking out of the little pinched face began to watch

YES, they had jollied the life out of the Mendoza Trail kid; what little life there was left in him. It had been easy, for he would swallow anything. He *had* swallowed pretty nearly everything, but now, thank goodness, it was over and little Nicuesarro had gone back to his home in the jungle after his sojourn in Wonderland.

He had swallowed every bitter draught which the nurses had given him; he had had spoon-handles stuck down his throat till he gagged, vicious hollow needles thrust into his thigh, and ice piled on his little chest. He had swallowed capsules and tablets and powders without number and without complaint.

*"He Let Fly the Pillow, Which Went to its Mark With Deadly Precision."*

the white-robed nurses as they glided silently about, and he asked if they were angels.

Once his nervous little hand, exploring outside the sheet, encountered a strange thing that he could see through and that had a long twisted cord running from it. Inside was a thin wire. It had a little handle and this he curiously turned, when lo, a dazzling light appeared inside. The nurse came and smilingly turned it off and on many times, till little Nicuesarro had to blink his eyes from watching it.

"Him bright devil," he said weakly.

Then there came a day when little Nicuesarro opened his eyes and saw a man all in white with a white moustache and white hair and shining gold on his shoulders, looking down at him and smiling.

It was the wizard, Kernergorg, himself!

And that is how it came to pass that the next day they put little Nicuesarro in a chair with wheels and placed a soft pillow behind his head and rolled him out to a spot under the cocoanut palms on the beautiful grounds of Ancon Hospital; and here he sat, languid and happy, taking in the wonders.

And that is how it fell out that the Zone boys, making a short-cut across the hospital grounds to gather fibre for cocoanut caps, loitered about the queer, inquisitive little fellow, and jollied the life out of him.

He was grateful and delighted, and said, "Gracia," which means, "Thank you."

It was easy because, you see, he was in the land of wonders and he would swallow anything.

AND that, in turn, is how it came about that LeRoy Clayton lay awake a good part of the night, thinking of this talk he had heard.

LeRoy's father was one of the "Old Man's"* engineers over at Culebra, and he had planned the emergency dam. He and Mrs. Clayton and LeRoy lived at the Tivoli, but the boy's parents had gone to the States and LeRoy was alone in his glory for the time being.

First and last, I am not so sure but what this whole story hinges on a "good turn" performed by Mrs. Clayton on the very day she sailed, and it simply shows the far-reaching effects of good turns, for here was one performed on the Atlantic shore one afternoon, and what did it do but pop up like a Jack-in-the-box on the Pacific side the very next day, producing another good turn which in turn produced a stunt and—oh, well, there is no telling where a good turn will lead.

Mrs. Clayton stopped in Colon and asked Warren Archer if he didn't want to "go across" and keep LeRoy company for a few days, and so the next morning Warren came over with a suit-case and a broad smile and twenty dollars "Spiggoty" for the grand celebration.

"It's going to be some show," said he.

LeRoy was silent.

"What's the matter, you old grouch?" said Warren; "lonely without papa and mamma? I suppose your father was disappointed that he couldn't stay for it."

"He isn't the only one that'll be disappointed," said LeRoy.

"Don't you fool yourself," said Warren, "if you had come across on the train this morning you wouldn't have seen much room for disappointment. Why, my fraptious boy, everything between here and Colon is red, white and blue. The Administration Building has a hundred flags on it. Empire, Culebra—every station is decorated. Why, Uncle Sam——"

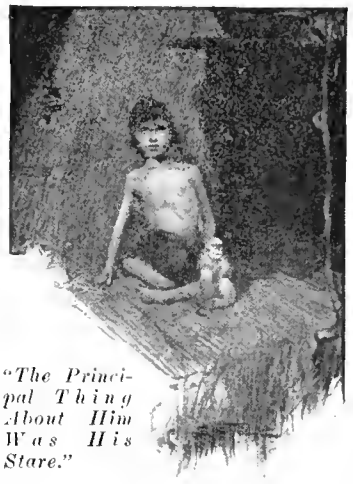
"Unele Sam is going to be made out to be a bluff and a liar," interrupted LeRoy.

"Dear, dear! Who was telling you that?"

"Listen, Worry. This bunch (Van Auken and those fellows) they've been jollying the life out of that little Chagres Fever kid from up Mendoza Trail. They told him Uncle Sam would give out souvenirs to everybody—motion picture machines (the poor little chap must have seen one of those) and a box with a bright devil in it——"

"What'd they mean by that?"

"Don't know; they promised him everything that happened to come into their heads; plates and cups that talk and sing; and the poor little kid has gone back home counting on having those things. You see how it was with him, Worry; he thinks the Zone is a sort of fairyland, and I hate to think of the kid's being disappointed. I was thinking last night—I suppose you'll think I'm crazy—but I was thinking I'd just like to take my celebration money and buy a lot of stuff and go up there with it. It would be a good turn," he added, half shamefacedly.



*"The Principal Thing About Him Was His Stare."*

"It would be a fool thing to do, though," said Warren, "and you'd miss the celebration."

"I wouldn't mind missing that so much," said LeRoy, "but I don't know how I could make good all the crazy promises those fellows made to little What's-his-name."

"You don't mean you're actually thinking of *doing* such an idiotic thing!"

"I'd like to," said LeRoy, doubtfully. "I could almost do it, too; but a 'box with a bright devil in it'—I don't know what that could be——"

"Why, sure! A pocket flashlight!" cried Warren.

LeRoy nearly jumped out of his chair.

"Keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen," said Warren. "It *would* be a great stunt, wouldn't it?" he added, thoughtfully.

"It would give us a Scout smile as broad as Culebra Cut," suggested LeRoy.

"You bet! Suppose we do it. Come on, I'm with you!"

"But how about the dishes that talk and sing?" LeRoy asked, and at this poser Warren shook his head ruefully.

Nevertheless, they resolved to make the trip for "the honor of Uncle Sam," as LeRoy said, so they made one fund of their celebration savings and with this they spent a good part of the day along the *Avenada de Centralle*, purchasing a motion-picture machine, an American flag, a sumptuous pocket flashlight with two extra batteries and other odds and ends in the way of toys.

And yet, somehow, both felt that there was something lacking and LeRoy thought ruefully of the words of Fred: *Will he be expecting the plates and cups that can talk and sing?*

In the middle of the night Warren was roused out of his peaceful slumber by a terrific slap between his shoulders, immediately followed by a vigorous towsling of his head.

"I've got it! I've got it!" shouted LeRoy, sitting up and bringing the pillow like a ghostly cudgel down upon his companion's head.

The victim, rubbing his eyes, drowsily attempted to stem the fusillade of blows.

"Got what? Wasmatterthyou? *Let up!*"

"A Scout is thoughtful," shouted LeRoy.

"*Let up!* W-who said he w-wasn't?"

"A Scout is thoughtful; he uses his brains——"

"A Scout uses his fists in a minute if you don't——"

"What is a plate that talks and sings?" demanded LeRoy, waving the pillow.

"'S that a con-undrum?"

"A phonograph record, you gump!" shouted LeRoy. "Can you beat that?"

In less than half a minute Warren was up fumbling in his trousers' pocket. "Four dollars Spiggoty for donkey hire," said he, "that leaves two—four—five—seven. Can we get a phonograph for fifteen dollars?"

"Can we! *Can* we!" mocked LeRoy, rising menacingly to his full weight upon the bed. "*Can* we? Didn't I see a second-hand one at Maduro's for eight?"

"I didn't see it."

"A scout is observant," said LeRoy grimly. And he let fly the pillow, which went to its mark with deadly precision.

For a scout is a good shot.

THE old Mendoza Trail was about as tangible as the equator. It was like the Fountain of Perpetual Youth—there wasn't any. The old Mendoza Trail was a myth. Once upon a time an old Spaniard named Mendoza had hewed his way with a machette up toward the headwaters of the Chagres River. But hewing your way through the jungle is like breathing on a pane of glass—you've got to keep hewing or the trail will disappear; the jungle will close in about it. That is why the isolated shacks far up in the jungle have no paths leading to their doors.

Yet by virtue of an extra sense which scouts and woodmen possess, it *is* possible, if one be keen and observant, to trace a former pathway through the dense, tangled wilderness of the tropics. The Zone Sanitary Inspector who does this is pretty certain, after a day's or a week's journey, to come upon some little shack cut off for many years from any visible avenue of communication with the outside world.

When the first Zone Inspectors appeared out of the trackless jungle before these remote dwellings, the natives thought they were supernatural beings and treated them accordingly.

We hear a great deal about the famous scouts of pioneer days and their triumphs in tracking and trailing, but the most amazing feats of this art have been performed by the United States Sanitary Inspectors on the Isthmus of Panama;

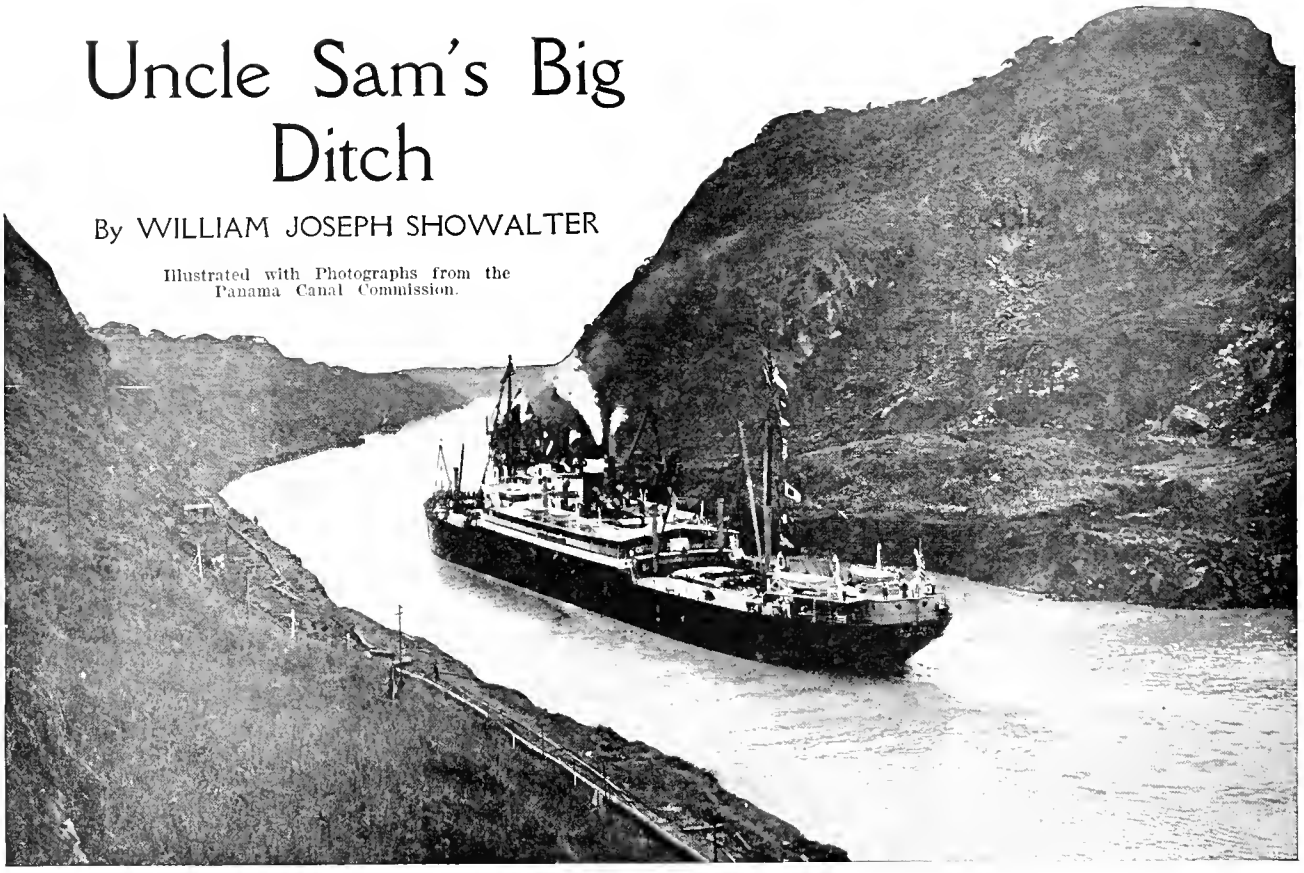
(*Continued on page* 33.)

*Col. Goethals.

# Uncle Sam's Big Ditch

By WILLIAM JOSEPH SHOWALTER

Illustrated with Photographs from the Panama Canal Commission.



*—A Steamship Passing the Cucaracha Slide.*

IN July the American people will celebrate officially the completion of the greatest engineering undertaking in the whole history of the world—the Panama Canal.

It was an undertaking so vast that it is hard for anyone to comprehend its magnitude. Think of the task of digging a ditch sixty miles long, forty feet deep and as wide as a city block; or a wall nine feet high, six feet thick, and stretching around the earth at the equator; or of a train of cars belting the earth four times around its greatest diameter, and requiring a string of engines reaching from New York to Honolulu to haul it. Those figures give some idea of the amount of material that came out of the ditch or went into the controlling works.

Or take the average monthly pay day. It was my good fortune to see the force paid off in 1908 and again in 1912. It took twenty-four tons of silver and sixteen hundred pounds of gold to pay off the men behind the shovels.

Or again, take the commissary—9,000,000 pounds of meat and 5,000,000 loaves of bread, with other things in proportion, were required annually to provender the canal army. The commissary ice cream plant annually froze nearly 150,000 gallons of ice cream, and nearly 5,000,000 pieces of linen went through the commission laundry.

TO see and know the canal and what it means, let us take an imaginary trip through it. I'll be the guide.

Sailing down the Spanish main, where Morgan and his buccaneers lived their pirate lives, let us first examine our maps to see just where the canal is located. The first surprise is that it is due south of Pittsburgh. The second surprise is that a line drawn north and south through it would leave all of South America to the east except a very small portion of Ecuador and Peru. The third surprise is that, paradoxical as it may sound, the Atlantic end is twenty-three miles West of the Pacific end. When we arrive on the Isthmus we will find the sun rising in the Pacific and setting in the Atlantic. At the point, where the canal crosses the isthmus, the South American side is further north than the North American side. And here is another striking geographical fact: When you leave the Pacific end of the canal for San Franciseo you have to sail nearly a hundred and fifty miles almost due south before you can start northwestward toward 'Frisco.

ARRIVING at Panama we come first to the Port of Colon. On our starboard side we see a great breakwater built out from Toro Point. This breakwater is about two miles long, and on the seaward end there is a powerful lighthouse. Great stones weighing from eight to twenty tons are in place on the breakwater from end to end to keep the great sea gales from washing it away. On our port side there is another, but shorter breakwater. The opening between them of a thousand feet or so permits the passage of ships.

Near the other ends nf the two breakwaters are the fortifications of Toro Point and Margarita Island. The big 14-inch disappearing rifles, two at each place, will carry a shell weighing 1,400 pounds at a velocity that will drive it through five feet of wrought iron at point blank range.

The sixteen 12-inch mortars have a range of nearly four miles.

When we come inside of the breakwaters we are in the canal channel several miles before we come to the shore line, for the bay was shallow and an underwater channel had to be dredged for some distance. This work was done by a giant seagoing suction dredge, with great twenty-inch pipes that sucked up mud as readily as a vacuum cleaner sucks up dust. The pipes were let down at a gentle angle, and a great comb on the end raked loose the soft earth. The giant centrifugal pumps sneked the mud-laden water up into the hold of the ship, the water draining off again and leaving the mud behind. The dredge traveled back and forth until it was full of mud to the scuppers, and then steamed out to sea and dumped its load through doors in the bottoms of the mud bins. The wonderful suction force of these dredges is shown by the fact that they would pick up pieces of anchor chain, cannon-balls, or anything that came their way.

We now drop anchor at the port works at the Atlantic side. Here is a third breakwater, or mole, made to afford a safe roadstead for ships calling at the Atlantic side. There is a great coaling plant soon to be put into operation, with a capacity of 150,000 two-horse loads of coal. Allowing thirty feet to the team, it would take a procession of coal wagons nearly 900 miles long to fill the plant. It can put 1,000 wagonloads of coal in a ship in an hour, or take 500 wagonloads out.

Here, also, is a great bakery, a laundry that can do a ship's family wash and have it waiting at the other end of the canal before the ship gets through. Then there are great storehouses where anything from a paper of pins to an anchor or a propeller shaft may be furnished.

After we have paid our toll, which is $1.20 for every hundred cubic feet of freight and passenger carrying space in our ship, we are ready to proceed through the canal. They call a hundred cubic feet of space a net register ton. If it be filled with baby carriages or sewing machines, it may not hold a ton in weight. On the other hand, if it is filled with wheat it will hold about two and a half tons. A 10,000-ton ship has to pay $12,000 for passing through the canal. Quite a little bit of toll? Yes, but if she had gone around Cape Horn she would have had $1,000 a day added to her expense account for the thirty-odd days extra it takes to sail the around-South-America route. Figure it out yourself. It costs about ten cents a ton per day to keep a ship on the sea, and the distance saved between New York and San Francisco is around 7,000 knots, which the ship covers at the rate of from ten to twelve knots an hour.

PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS—HERE, BY TURNING A SWITCH, THE OPERATOR CAN SEND WATER TO THE PACIFIC OR THE ATLANTIC.

WITH our tolls paid, our bunkers filled with coal, our laundry put off, etc., we are now ready for our trip through the canal itself. We find ourselves starting inland through a channel 500 feet wide, dug out so that the sea could find its way in to Gatun. It is only a few miles up to Gatun—and by the way, you pronounce it Gattoon.

When we get there we find ourselves at the bottom of a great stairs. They are only three in number, but those three steps lift us up a distance of eighty-five feet, out of the sea into Gatun Lake. The steps are divided so that you go up on one side and come down on the other.

When we come to the lower step we find a great chain stretched across our path to make sure that we do not go too far. If our ship does not stop it will ram its nose into the chain, which will slowly yield through an automatic paying-out arrangement, until it brings us to a dead stop. The links of this chain are made of 3-inch iron.

Once we are stopped an officer of the canal comes aboard and locks every lever in the engine-room of our ship. Then four towing locomotives take hold of us with their long hawsers, two on either wall of the lock, one of them before and the other aft. While they are getting ready the man who operates the locks sits up in his little tower and moves lever after lever. He has a little lock model before him and it does exactly like the big locks. If he opens a gate in the big lock the same gate in his little lock goes open, and so on. And he cannot move the wrong lever, for they are so constructed that each one can be moved only in its turn.

He now opens the two lower gates. Each gate is made up of two great structural steel doors, which close across the canal in the shape of a flattened V, whose apex points in the direction that pressure is to be encountered. Each of these great doors is 65 feet wide, 7 feet thick and from 47 to 82 feet long. They weigh from 300 to 600 tons each, and are opened and closed entirely by electrical machinery.

We pass through the lower gates and they are closed behind us. Great valves are then opened in the huge culverts that lead down through the lock walls, which are large enough to admit an express train. From these great culverts others large enough to accommodate a dray wagon run under the floor of the lock. Connected with these are dozens of vast openings in the floor, each large enough to pass a sugar barrel through. The water is admitted into the big culverts and from them into the smaller ones, out of which it rises into the lock through the openings in the floor. Put a chip in a tin can in whose bottom you have made a lot of holes. Set it in the bath tub and draw water into the tub. As the water runs into the can the chip rises up. The lifting of a ship at Panama involves the same general principle.

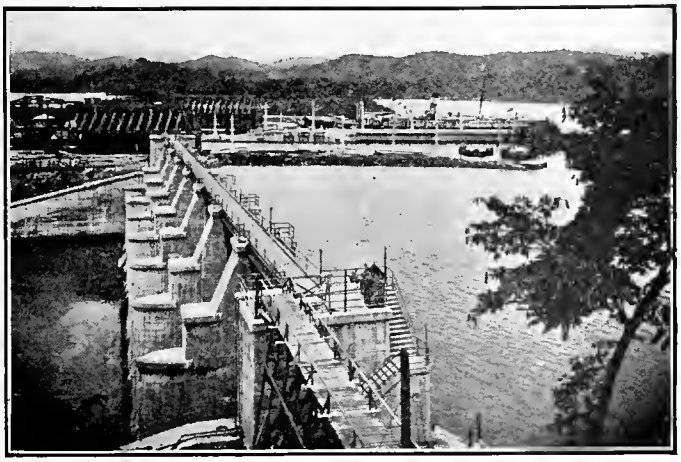
After the lifting process goes on until we are on the level of the water in the next lock above, the gates ahead of us are opened, and we are towed into that lock. Again the gates behind us are closed, more water is let down from the lake above, and we get another boost of 28⅓ feet upward. Once more the operation is repeated, and we now find ourselves on the level of the lake. We are towed out into the forebay, the towing engines take loose their hawsers, the canal official unlocks the levers in the engine room, and we are ready for our sail across Gatun Lake and through Culebra Cut.

BUT before we start across the lake, let us look around a little. The locks we have passed through, together with their companions on the two sides of the Isthmus, required enough cement in their construction to build a row of houses half way from New York to Chicago. They have room in them to accommodate a ship nearly a fifth of a mile long and 110 feet in the waistline.

It was a sight to see them under construction. Great structural steel towers were erected on the two sides of the lock site, and they were connected by heavy cables. A battery of giant concrete mixers were fed by a little circular-track electric railroad. It had a twenty-four-inch gauge, and its little electric cars ran without motormen, each car being stopped or started by a switch. Whether going up hill or down, running under load or empty, they automatically regulated their speed so that they didn't vary more than ten per cent. What boy could tell within ten per cent. how fast he was running? The cars ran into a little tunnel where they got their properly proportioned loads of stone, sand and cement, and then ran to the mixer house where they dumped their burdens into the mixer.

After the mixer had rolled its portion of stone, cement and sand, with a proper amount of water added, around in its maw for a sufficient time, another little train pulled up alongside, bearing two big buckets. Into these two buckets two mixers deposited their "mixins," which was now concrete.

This little train had a tiny electric engine, run with a third rail hitched to it. As soon as the two big buckets were full, off it ran to a point under the great cableways which stretched between the big towers. From this cableway came down two empty buckets, which were set in their places on the car. The loaded buckets were then taken up and carried across on the cable to the part of the lock which it was to be put into.



THE MIRAFLORES LOCKS—"WHERE WE ARE GIVEN TWO LIFTS DOWNWARD THAT BRING US TO SEA LEVEL AGAIN."

WONDERFUL Gatun Dam! We must not fail to inspect it. It is a great artificial hill thrown across the Chagres River Valley so as to dam back the waters of the Chagres and to convert that river into a lake through its middle course, and so as to make it carry ships across the continental divide. This dam covers about 288 acres, and its height is 108 feet. Its slope, however, is so gentle that if you take a yardstick and elevate one end four inches higher than the other you will have a greater slope than the average of Gatun Dam.

The waters it impounds have a surface of 164 square miles. The lake thus formed reminds one somewhat of a kidney bean with a sprout, Culebra Cut representing the sprout. Sailing up through this greatest artificial lake in the world we see here and there islands, and finally we come to Gamboa. The barnacles that had caught onto our ship in its thousands of miles of ski-hooting through the brine do not like the fresh water a bit, and so, one by one, they sicken, loosen their hold, and drop off to die on the floor of the lake.

When we reach Gamboa, which is about twenty-three miles above Gatun, we get to the starting point of Culebra Cut. Ahead of us lies the most wonderful ditch ever dug. At places it is a third of a mile wide at the top. It is nine miles long, and at places its sides tower five hundred feet above us.

Out of this great cut there came 105,000,000 cubic yards of material. Try your arithmetic and figure out what that means. A ditch deep enough to float the *Mauretania* would probably need to be 13 yards deep and 40 yards wide. That would be 520 cubic yards for every linear yard. Divide that into 105,000,000 yards and reduce it to miles, and you will find that it would make a ditch reaching from Washington, D. C., to Richmond, Va.

THE way they broke that old backbone of the vast mountain chain that stretches from the Arctic Ocean to the Straits of Magellan was a wonder. They used well drills of the largest type to drill the holes for the big blasts, while hundreds of tripod drills were continually in operation. They drilled nearly a thousand miles of holes annually and fired about six hundred holes a day. When the work was at its height they used nearly 10,000 two-horse wagonloads of dynamite in three years, with a loss of only eight men in all that time.

There were seventy-five trains constantly engaged in hauling away the spoil, and about 3,700 carloads of dirt and rock went out of the cut every day. One of the big shovels could pick up ten tons of rock at a single mouthful and keep that up all day long. There were unloaders that could unload a twenty-one car train, containing some eight hundred tons of spoil, in ten minutes; spreaders that could take the place of a hundred men in pushing the spoil down the bank after it was unloaded and track shifters with which a dozen men could do the work of several hundred.

The slides in Culebra Cut were a terrible obstacle. In the evening you might ride through it and think it was almost ready for the water to be turned in; next morning a great avalanche of earth would be found down in the cut, covering steam shovels, hiding railroad tracks and breaking up plans in general. About 250 acres of land, with its trees and rocks and buildings slid or broke loose into the cut, and if it had not been for them Colonel Goethals would have let me take you on this in fancy trip through the canal in 1912 instead of 1915.

ONCE we get through the great canyon which we call Culebra Cut we come, still sailing on the waters of the Chagres River impounded in Gatun Lake, to Pedro Miguel—Father Micheal, we would call it in English. Here, by the turning of a single switch, the lock operator can determine whether the water of the Chagres may flow into the Pacific or whether it will have to look to the Atlantic for an outlet. As we look back over our lake journey we will understand that the builders of the canal raised the waters up to meet the ditch half way; the ditch would have had to be eighty-five feet deeper if the waters of the Chagres had not been dammed back to that height. Therefore, Gatun Lake is, figuratively speaking, a great water trestle that gives ships a level ride across the continental divide.

Arriving at Pedro Miguel — Padro Megeel you should call it—we are ready to be lifted down to ocean level again. The locks there lift us down one step. A chain duplicating the one we met at Gatun stretches across our pathway. A canal official comes aboard and locks our engine levers again, the towing engines make fast to us, the chain goes down, the gates go open, and we are towed into the lock. Then the gates are closed behind us.

Now the water operation is reversed. Instead of flowing into the lock from the lake above, the culverts to the lake are closed and the valves to the forebay below are opened. This permits the water to run down through the floor of the lock and out through the culverts until it reaches the level of the water outside the gates. Then the gates are opened, and we are towed out into Miraflores Lake. This is a small body of water, and leads to the Miraflores Locks, where we are given two lifts downward that bring us to sea level again.

A few miles through a low marshy plain, with a channel five hundred feet wide, brings us down to a point where Ancon Hill, the beautiful Hotel Tivoli, the large Administration Building, and the superbly situated Ancon Hospital look down upon us. A little further and we come to what was once the floor of the great Ancon Rock quarry but which is now a parade ground for the military. And nearby are the new towns that house the employees of the permanent works and the great machine shops and drydocks and freight terminals. A little further on we see the great peninsula made with material from Culebra Cut, now built up with houses for the common labor at the one side and barracks for some of the military at the other.

A long embankment stretches out into the bay for a distance of nearly four miles, and unites Pericio, Flamenco and Naos Islands with the mainland. On these islands are the great fortifications that protect the Pacific entrance to the canal. One of the guns is the huge sixteen-inch rifle built at Watervliet Arsenal. It hurls a projectile weighing more than a ton a distance of seventeen miles.

WE HAVE now passed hurriedly through the canal. Let us go back a little while I tell you something of the great men who built it. First and foremost of them all is Colonel George W. Goethals, the master builder.

Boys, let me tell you he certainly is a good scout.

I have visited him on the Isthmus upon four different occasions, and go to see him every time he comes to Washington, and, believe me, if there ever was a great man who didn't have a single frill or furbelow, his name is Goethals. He doesn't have time to put on any lugs. And he is as backward as a schoolboy when it comes to public speaking. I have seen him almost forget his piece. But when it came to work, let me tell you that he was there with all four feet. He had over 40,000 men under him, and he did not ask a single one of them to work as hard as he did.

When a man worked hard he hadn't a better friend in the world than "The Colonel." If he was inclined to shirk he would be told about it and given a chance to pull himself together, but if he did not improve his chance that was the end of him. Col. Goethals loved justice so strongly that he spent every Sunday morning hearing the complaints of his men and trying to see that justice was done to every man on the Isthmus, white or black, high or low. He believed that he was in duty bound to spend Uncle Sam's money just as carefully as he would his own, and his doctrine always was that you save dollars by looking after cents.

It did a fellow a lot of good to see this giant among men at his work. No man ever faced a sterner task or a greater undertaking. Yet through it all he worked along with an air of ease and lack of exertion that astounded the men who knew of the magnitude of his job. Where two of America's greatest engineers failed, he succeeded. Yet he was always the soul of generosity and the in-

(*Continued on page 36*)

*Culebra Cut, Looking South, Showing Dredges Operating in Cucaracha Slide.*

# A Treasure Hunt for Real Gold

By HERBERT HUNGERFORD

Valuable Prizes for Readers of This Story—See Next Page

IT was a sure sign that Mr. Henry Wilcox was strongly moved when he indulged in the rather odd and often uncouth phrases picked up from the farm hands during his boyhood. So the Stowe family realized that Uncle Henry meant business when he exclaimed:

"Ding bust it, Martha! it plum kerfoggles me to see the boy go moping around this way, when he always has been so full of life and fun. I'd be willing to give a hundred dollars to cure him of that grouch."

The boy to whom he referred was his nephew and namesake, Henry Stowe, who had been sent after the mail in order to give the family a chance to take council together regarding his case. Uncle Henry had motored from Buffalo that afternoon to pay his first visit to the Wilcox Corners creamery since his brother-in-law had moved there to take charge of it.

"Do you really mean that, Uncle Hank?" eagerly questioned Buddie Stowe, Henky's thirteen-year-old brother. "Would you really pay a hundred dollars to cure Henky's grouch?"

"You bet I would, and I'd pay it in real gold, too. Just see here." Taking a handful of coins from his purse, he picked out several large gold pieces. "Old Danny Peters handed me these five twenty-dollar gold pieces to-day to pay back a loan I made him when he built his new barn. Of course, you know about the old fellow's cranky notion against touching paper money."

"Gracious, how I wish I had them," exclaimed Ruth, the young lady of the family. "Maybe if you gave them to Henky, he would cure himself. I'm sure I'd be as cheerful as a Cheshire cat for half that money."

"You don't need cheering up, my dear, any more than you really need more money," smiled her father. "And it isn't money or anything that money can buy that Henky needs. The plain fact is that his being born and brought up in the city has so prejudiced him against the country that he simply won't see anything pleasant here."

"Perhaps a trip back to Buffalo for a little outing would make him feel better," suggested Mrs. Stowe. She had no hesitancy in allowing her wealthy brother to spend money on Henky, because Mr. Wilcox was a bachelor and Henky was his favorite nephew.

"He would be worse than ever when he got back from the city," argued Mr. Stowe. "I tell you what he needs is something to jar him loose from himself and make him sit up and take notice of things around him. Money won't do it and scolding won't, but sometimes he makes me so exasperated with his pig-headed moping around that I almost feel like taking him out in the woodshed and giving him a dose of strap oil, even if he is sixteen years old."

"There now, father, that's no way to talk," rejoined Mrs. Stowe anxiously. "You know we've got to be patient with him. Henky is a good boy, even if he is sometimes a little headstrong and stubborn. But so was his Uncle Henry when he was a boy, too. Our Henky has a good deal of Wilcox in his disposition."

"That's right, sis," grinned her brother. "Blame it all on your poor innocent brother. But, never you mind; in spite of his Wilcox disposition, Henky is going to come out all right. We'll find some way to cheer him up."

"I've got an idea, uncle," exclaimed Ruth. "Just hide your sack of gold somewhere and give it to the one of us who finds it. This would make Henky take notice because he's always crazy over any kind of a game. And besides, *I* really need that money."

"You do, eh!" laughed her uncle. "But don't be too sure *you* would be the one to find it if I should hide it. Henky is no slouch at any game. Then there's Buddie, our eagle-eyed Scout, and you know there's a bunch of pretty live youngsters over town.

"You bet, we'd be there," chimed in Buddie. "But honest, uncle, I'll bet you could make that scheme work. You could make it like the regular treasure hunt games that we play at the scout camp, where two or three bunches of fellows hunt from one place to another for slips of paper or signs which the camp leaders have hidden all around the country. Each slip or sign tells about where the next slip is hidden, and the bunch finding the last one and getting back to camp in the quickest time gets the treasure which is a watermelon or a freezer of cream or something."

"Jumping crickets, Buddie!" exclaimed Uncle Henry, slapping his thigh. "I believe at last we've got a real idea by the tail. A game of hunting treasure for a real gold prize. Jolly wads, but there really is something in that, I do believe."

"Sure there is," shouted the delighted Buddie. "Only you'd have to hide the money in an awful hard place to find if you're going to make it real exciting."

"Trust your uncle for that!"

"Now see here, Henry," remonstrated Mrs. Stowe. "You are surely not going to take the children's nonsense seriously, I hope?"

"Never more serious in my life," her brother chuckled. "Just let me think this idea all out and I'll fix up a scheme that'll drive away more glooms than Henky could find in a dozen years."

PRESENTLY Henky returned from the postoffice and willingly, but rather listlessly responded to his uncle's suggestion that they take a little sail on the lake before supper. As soon as Henky's little catboat was well out from the shore, Uncle Henry in seeming innocence inquired:

"Well, Henky, how do you like Wilcox Corners?"

"Like it!" Henky fairly exploded. "Like this old hole, Uncle Hank! All I can say is that if hating a place could wipe it off the map, Wilcox Corners would have been missing for some time. Only," he added bitterly, "I don't suppose it ever was on any decent map. Why, just look at it yourself, uncle," pointing to the village as it lay before them, huddled at the outlet of the pond. "There's the *old* creamery, and the *old* mill, and the *old* blacksmith shop, and the *old* school, and the *old* hotel, and the two *old* churches and the four *old* stores and the dozen or so other *old* shacks which all the *old* fossils live in. Why, they haven't built a new building here since Noah let them out of the ark, and yet they call that a town and expect live folks to try to live in it."

"Whew!" exclaimed his uncle, as Henky paused for breath. "Aside from all that I suppose it's a pretty nice *old* place. By the way, young fellow, has it ever occurred

to you that this is my native town that you are running down—the place where your great, great grandfather Wilcox settled when he came to this country and the place where I got my start in busines, right there in that old creamery you so greatly despise?"

"Oh, I didn't think about that!" was Henky's contrite reply. "Of course, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Uncle Hank. Still," he continued more defiantly, "you really couldn't accuse me of *running down* the place, because, it seems to me, it ran itself down a hundred years ago and nobody has ever tried to wind it up again."

"Good joke, ha, ha! But, if the town needs winding up and setting going again, why wouldn't that be a good job for a husky lad like you to tackle?"

"No, thank you, nothing doing on that line for yours truly. Just as soon as dad gets things running a little better in the creamery I am going back to Buffalo to work. Why, I thought, Uncle Hank, that you might have a job for me!"

"Oh, y-e-s," rather dubiously. "I reckon I might find something for you to do around our place, but I might as well warn you now that all of our really good positions are given to fellows who've got real backbones."

"Why—wha—what do you mean, regular backbones?" stammered the boy, flushing with surprise, which turned to anger. "So that's the way you feel about me, is it? And I always thought you liked me! Well, I guess I can find a job, even if the Wilcox Produce Company doesn't want me. If you think a fellow who has always had all the advantages of the city is going to bury himself in this old burg where there's nothing to see, nothing to do and nobody but a lot of country rubes to talk to, then I can tell you you've got your wires crossed."

"Gee whillikens, Henky," exclaimed his uncle. "Don't fly off the handle that way. Just hold your ponies a bit and listen to a little horse sense. If you haven't been so kiln-dried, warped and spoiled by your city life, so that you are unable to tell an advantage from a disadvantage, just listen to a few plain facts. Don't you know for instance, that your father and your mother and myself and practically every man holding a responsible position with the Wilcox Produce Company were once 'country rubes,' as you call us?"

"Well, I notice that you and dad and the others got away and went to the city about as soon as you got a chance."

"I suppose you think you've scored with that hit," grimly replied the uncle. "Well, you're still mistaken, because neither I nor your father went to Buffalo until we had made good right in the old creamery there. And you can bet we were mighty glad we had hung on to the old concern when your father's health began to fail and the doctor ordered him to quit office work."

He went on more mildly, "Now, you mustn't think that I don't see your point of view, my boy, for I fully realize that life here must seem slow and dull to you, compared with all the activities you have been used to; but at the same time, let me tell you that the country can match every advantage of the city and then have some big advantages left over. Of course, some of us are obliged to go to the cities to find larger commercial advantages; but I can tell you that not many of us could stand the strain and stress of business in the city if we hadn't been well prepared in mind and body during our early days in the country."

The dinner bell rang and, the conversation interrupted, they sailed back to the creamery. Henky still was inclined to sulk, but his uncle was satisfied that the boy was beginning to do a little thinking.

THAT night after the young folks had retired, Mr. Wilcox announced that he was going to start back to the city before sunrise next day. Also he procured a lantern, inquired if the door leading to the cupola of the creamery was unlocked, and told his sister and brother-in-law not to worry if he worked a while in the shop where the butter tubs were marked. He added that he was likely to take a stroll in the moonlight.

Realizing, of course, that he was "up to something" the Stowes bade him goodnight and left him to his devices.

When the boys came down to breakfast next morning their father called out:

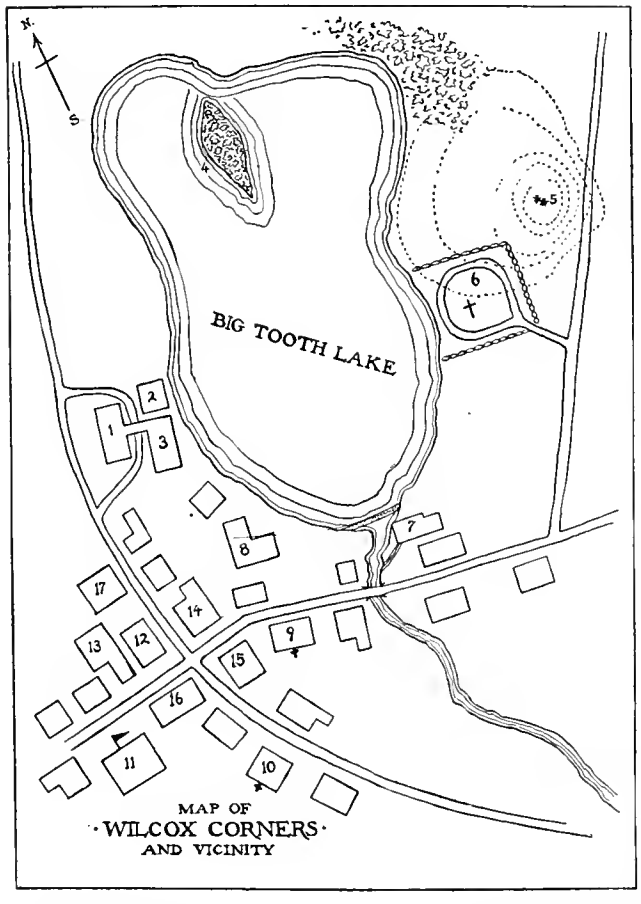
"Just come out here, boys, and see what's on the east end of the creamery."

Henky and Buddie hurried out, and there, tacked upon the building, where the patrons would see it as they drove in with their milk, was a great, flaring poster, crudely lettered in black paint upon a double sheet of heavy wrapping paper. It read:

"ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
IN REAL GOLD
FOR YOU
IF YOU CAN FIND IT WITHIN
FIVE DAYS.

*The undersigned has hidden a sack containing $100 in gold in a certain place within one mile of this creamery. The person finding this may keep it, but if it is not found at the end of five days, I shall return and reclaim it for myself.*

(*Signed*) "HENRY K. WILCOX."




1. *The Creamery*
2. *Old Ice House*
3. *New Ice House*
4. *Pumpkin Seed Island*
5. *Hill with Great Twin Pines*
6. *Cemetery*
7. *Mill*
8. *Blacksmith Shop*
9. *Methodist Church*
10. *Baptist Church*
11. *School House*
12. *Hotel*
13. *Livery Barn*

14-15-16-17. *Stores.*

# They Found the Bag of Gold—

## But How Did They Do It?

### A Real Scout Test, with Prizes

SUPPOSE you had read the sign which Mr. Wilcox posted on the creamery—how would you have gone about it to find the bag of gold?

We want you to find this treasure, and to tell how you did it in a story not less than 300 and not more than 1,000 words long, written according to the rules given below.

The map easily places you at Wilcox Corners. With its aid you can search for the gold almost as well as though you were there.

Any Scout may go over the story and the map with other members of his troop, and with them develop the hunt plan together. The story may be submitted in your own name or in the name of your troop.

The judges will be Mr. Hungerford, the author; the Cave Scout, and the Editor of BOYS' LIFE.

The stories submitted will be judged on the following basis:

Sixty-five points for the good Scouting qualities shown in planning and conducting the hunt in a manner consistent with the facts stated by Mr. Hungerford in his story, and with physical features indicated by the map; it is understood that features not inconsistent with the general lay of the land may be introduced by the writers:

Ten points for grammar, spelling and punctuation;

Ten points on neatness of manuscript;

(*Concluded on Page 37.*)

# With the Aid of the Wood-Pile

## Another Dan of the Mountain Story

By F. MOULTON McLANE

Author of "Dan of the Mountain"

DAN and Bob made their first trip together to their traps several weeks after that memorable Christmas eve when Dan learned there was such a day as Christmas. Dan wore the gay red cap, muffler and mittens he had found in his stocking; and every now and then his hand sought to feel the hard smoothness of the knife that had tumbled out of its toe.

"It's a grand one," he said shyly. "Cuts jes' like cheese."

"Have you tried Black Arrow yet?" asked Bob.

*"How the Chips Flew and the Axes Flashed in the Air!"*

Bob was particularly interested in how Dan liked that book. He himself had enjoyed it so thoroughly that he had bought that copy for a friend at school; but it had gone into Dan's stocking instead.

Dan polished the knife-handle vigorously. "No," he said constrainedly. "Look! Thar's a brown creeper! Quick! On the trunk. See him?"

The next time Bob remembered to ask about it Dan answered:

"We've looked at th' pictures, pap an' I. They're fine. Ain't th' air clear to-day!"

It was on the day of their third tramp that Bob found out why Dan was so shy about it. Dan came, for the first time, to Bob's home to call for Bob. Much to Dan's relief, it was Bob himself who opened the door.

"Got to stop for a new boot-lace," apologized Bob. "Come along in. There's no one in the study."

"Gracious! Whatever do ye do with such a *pile* o' books!" exclaimed Dan, as he gazed at the four book-cases full and overflowing.

"This corner's dad's. Mine are over here. Look at 'em while you're waiting. Here's my new bird-book. Beauty, isn't it?"

Dan looked about uncomfortably as Bob left him. But there was no one there, and after a moment, he sat down in the huge soft chair and opened the book, which immediately amazed him with the wonderful colored pictures.

"There's all the woodpeckers, jes' as I know 'em—Mr. Redhead, an' Mr. Hairy, an' Mr. Downy. There's readin' beside 'em. I wish——"

"O, Bob," came a soft little voice at his elbow.

Dan started; but he saw only a little girl about eight, with tumbled yellow hair and big blue eyes.

"Oh, I thought you were Bob," she exclaimed.

"I'm Dan," he explained.

The girl nodded wisely.

"I know. Bob's best chum."

Dan's cheek reddened with pleasure.

"But you'll do just as well for what I want. I came over to ask him to help me with my lesson. Will you tell me what that word is?" She pulled a book from under her arm and pointed to the middle of the page.

Dan drew back uneasily.

"Better wait till Bob comes, hadn't you?" he muttered.

"He's always so long. *Please.*"

Dan's eyes wandered to his boots.

"I—I cayn't——"

"You *can't!* Why? What——"

"I cayn't read," his voice sank to a low whisper.

"*You can't read!*" Her voice was shrill with surprise. "Why, how funny! *You* can't *read!*"

"Dan!" Bob stood in the doorway, eyes wide open with surprise and accusation. "Run away, Dolly." Then, when she had gone—"Dan!" he repeated, "an' here I've been askin'—say, why *didn't* you *tell* a feller——"

"Didn't want to," Dan mumbled. "Didn't think I'd haf' to."

Bob walked to the window, hands in pockets, whistling softly. He always did this when he was moved, or puzzled, or thinking hard. And he was all three just now. He looked out a full minute before he spoke.

"Would you—like to?" he blurted awkwardly, without turning.

"You bet," answered Dan earnestly.

There was a long pause. Bob broke it.

"I wish—I say, *would* you mind if I helped—sort of boosted you along till you could?"

"Mind!" echoed Dan, softly. "Le's do it to-day, 'stead o' goin' to the traps. I know all my letters. Learned 'em from—'fore I was six. That'll help, won't it?"

"Lots," answered Bob, cheerfully, beginning to clear the table. He borrowed Dolly's word-book; then, in the quiet, pleasant study, which somehow seemed just the place to do it, they began to make their way over the, to Dan, unblazed trail of *Cat, rat, mat,* and *man, pan, Dan,*—— "Why, that's me!" laughed Dan. It was a harder trail than any he had ever tried to follow before

They kept at it steadily, till Bob's father came home—a small, slender man. "Pap could fling him over his head with one arm," thought Dan, as they shook hands. But there was a quiet strength in his eyes and voice that made itself felt, so that Dan didn't wonder any more why Bob had been able to face Old Joe so quietly and yet so fearlessly. When Dan went home he carried the precious "Word-Book" in his pocket.

"DADDY," said Bob meditatively, as they talked before the fire that night, "I believe I never 'preciated what bein' able to read meant to a chap before, nor how much a feller can learn all at once if he really wants to. Makes me feel cheap the way I've slid over my lessons sometimes. Why, we did all the words of one syllable in the book. What do you think of that?"

"I guess he had a good teacher."

"Fiddlesticks!" grunted Bob impatiently. "I wasn't fishin' that time, honest."

The minister placed the tips of his fingers together and studied them intently.

"If he really wants to learn," he said at last—and Bob had felt that something splendid was coming, but what, he could not guess—"teach him all you can—reading, writing, arithmetic, geography. I'll find the books. Bring him up to where he can enter Rockville when you go back next year, without being hopelessly ashamed of himself, and I'll see if I can't get him the Bell Scholarship."

Bob sprang to his feet. "O, *dad!*" was all he could say.

"Don't tell him till we're sure. He may not keep it up; or we may not get the scholarship. And you'll have to be very careful not to let it slip out unintentionally. Remember that, Bob."

"Dad," responded Bob, warmly, "you've told me lots of secrets. Have you ever been sorry you did it, *once?*"

"No. Nor I shan't be this time, I'm sure."

BOB was a bit afraid at first that Dan would tire of the hard task he had ahead of him. And when Dan now and then stuck in some bog, Bob thought he would fairly burst with the tremendous secret. Yet he was not half so eager to teach as Dan was to learn.

"'Twas that book ye give me," Dan confessed after a while. "It made me mad t' see all the pictures, an' know there was a gran' story there that *I* was shet out of." He raced through Dolly's Word-Book. Then they tried a First Reader, Bob with pride, Dan with disgust. "I'm 'shamed to be readin' this baby stuff, an' me fourteen," he blurted out one day. A reader which combined reading and geography went better. Geography was so new to him in some ways, and so familiar in others, that he seemed to remember it as fast as he could read it.

Dan always stayed a bit shy of asking Bob about his studies, but Bob never forgot to ask him if there were any questions. Dan never failed to have some. And every time they tackled things anew, Bob was amazed to find out how far Dan had progressed, and yet to hear the simple questions he asked, which proved to Bob more than anything else, how he was helping him.

It was about a year after Bob began his "boosting" that Mr. Wallace sent to the school for some specimen question papers for entrance to the "Upper School." Then, as he and Bob planned together, Bob cornered Dan one day and made him answer them "just for fun." Although he didn't get amazing per cents, yet—he passed them! And Bob was a proud boy!

BOB was sauntering up the garden path one day in February when a sound from the rear of the house made him prick up his ears and make for the wood-shed.

"Now, dad," he shouted, warningly.

"So I'm caught again, am I?" answered the little minister, with a faint smile. "If a man can't chop his own wood, I'd like to know the reason why!"

"*I'm* the reason why," replied Bob promptly; and by this time he had taken the ax from his father's hand. "There's no sense in your wearing yourself out over *wood* when you've got the souls of this whole place on your mind, and *me* to chop the wood."

"What a husky fellow you are, Bob." The minister sat down with relief; for he had made an exhausting and discouraging visit that morning.

"Lick my weight in wood-piles," laughed Bob, lifting a new stick with the speed of the lightning express. "Don't forget I won the wood-chopping race at Rockville." He saw, half unconsciously, that his father was tired and down-hearted, and he kept talking in an effort to cheer him up.

"Don't see why some fellers always fight shy of the wood-pile. To me it's better than a punching-bag, because you've got something useful to show for it besides muscle. Funny, Dan just hates it, though."

"You and he are just as good chums as ever?" asked Mr. Wallace.

"Of course. He's a fine chap."

"And so are you. That's the secret, I suppose."

Bob took off his cap and made a low bow. "I hope a compliment doesn't mean you're going to ask me to be pastor's assistant again?" he murmured anxiously.

"It does," admitted the minister promptly.

Bob folded his arms.

"If it means holding a relationless, sleepless, foodless—everything but *voiceless*—infant in my arms for an hour—a full hour!—as it did last time, I'm ready to resign."

"Poor, abused fellow," laughed the minister. "Not as bad as that. Have you seen Old Joe much lately?"

"Change ears for a new subject!" shouted Bob. "Hardly any, sir—thank goodness! When I think of the way I tackled him a year ago!" And Bob demolished a huge stick to demonstrate his feelings.

"How many times, lately?" persisted Mr. Wallace.

"Just—let me see—twice. Once we met on the path, and he nodded and went on; the other time he was in the cabin when I stopped for Dan, but he didn't come out."

"That's a pity," mused the other, half to himself.

"I didn't think so. Why?"

"Because I want you to 'tackle him' again."

"Dad," answered Bob, leaning on his ax, "I'd rather you asked me to chop this whole shed of wood this afternoon!"

"I'm afraid that wouldn't help Dan as much. A letter came from Rockville today."

Bob drew near. He had long been waiting for that letter from Rockville.

"Dan can have the Bell Scholarship." ("Hurrah!" interjected Bob.) "I thought that could be managed. But more—they've just been given a large tract of forest land—they need some one for a sort of warden, and in the summer a practical director for the boys' camp there."

"O, bully!" cried Bob. "Old Joe, of course. If he'll only take it! But he *must!* When shall you tell him?"

"I shall not tell him," said Mr. Wallace, with a quiet smile. Bob understood.

"O, dad! You're never goin' to ask *me* to do it."

"You're the best one—in fact, the only one. The chance may come about, naturally, with you, most any day. He's never talked with me yet; and you're such chums with Dan, and have helped him so much, it seems to me he'd listen more to you than to anyone else." Now the minister appeared the vigorous one, and Bob the one who drooped.

"As if you haven't been the one behind it all, if I've done anything for Dan! I'm sure it's hopeless, if it depends on me," sighed Bob.

Mr. Wallace looked up with one of his gentle smiles that, Bob always said, made you think you could tip the world off its axis if he just asked you to."

"Nevertheless, we'll try?"

"O, yes—I'll *try.*"

"But, Bob, it isn't really *trying* when you go into it beaten."

Bob squared his shoulders.

"I'll *do* it, dad."

FOR the first time since they got acquainted—and feeling mean that he could possibly feel that way—Bob dreaded to call for Dan at the cabin. The sound of the ax echoing down to him as he climbed the narrow trail recalled, too, the talk in the wood-shed.

"Can't go till I finish this," shouted Dan, as Bob drew near.

"All *that!*" cried Bob in dismay. Then his heart did a double somersault, for there on the top step he saw Old Joe, sitting lazily, watching Dan.

"Morning, Mr. Bracket," said Bob, cheerfully, though his thoughts were far from cheery. Old Joe in the actuality, six feet of woodland brawn, seemed about ten times as formidable a person as he had seemed to talk about in the parsonage wood-shed.

"Yes; Dan's got to chop that 'fore he gits off. Left it las' night when he should a' done it. He ain't wuth his salt at the wood-pile—boys ain't, nowadays. Look at him now. Anyone 'ud know he hated it! Him a woodsman!"

Old Joe certainly was not in a mood that might be called genial. But the sight of an extra ax standing against the door-sill gave Bob an inspiration.

"Would you mind if I helped? If you've got another ax——"

"Thar's one," said Old Joe gruffly, with a jerk of his thumb.

"Thank you, sir," said Bob. But, as he took up the ax he said to himself, "Boys ain't, nowadays, hey? *Now* he'll sit up and take notice! *Now* he'll see some tall chopping!" And he started off at his best speed.

"Showin' off, eh?" Old Joe commented audibly. "Ye won't keep that up long." But Bob did keep it up, much to Old Joe's surprise. Bob, as he got into the swing of it, and felt the heavy ax swing just as his muscles directed it, was thankful for all the winter's drudgery at the wood-pile. He had done that to save his father, but he saw now it was also getting him in training to help Dan. "Dad would make a sermon out of that," he thought; and then laughed at himself.

"Guess ye're in a hurry t' go," chuckled Old Joe. "Say, young feller, you can sure 'nough chop some. If ye'd only larn Dan some o' *that,* 'stead o' book-larnin'."

"We had a wood-chopping race at school. I won this," Bob pulled off a tiny silver scarf-pin in the shape of an ax, and handed it to Old Joe.

"M-m. Must be somethin' of a school, that! What's th' letters for?"

"R. A.—Rockville Academy." Bob sent up a wordless thanksgiving that they were talking so easily and so naturally, so near that dangerous topic.

"Why ain't ye thar now?"

"Dad needed me when we first came here. I've been studyin' with him so I haven't lost any time."

Old Joe held out the pin. Bob reached for it.

"What ye 'fraid o' me for, now?" demanded Old Joe.

"I—what—?" stammered Bob.

"Your han' shook."

"I didn't know it—it's because I've got something to say to you, then—and I don't know how to begin," answered Bob, honestly. "And you may not like it—"

"It's about Dan, I'll wager?" asked Old Joe, suspiciously.

"Yes, sir."

"Sunthin' ye want to persuade *me* t' do, eh?"

(*Continued on Page* 41)

# The Moonshiners in the Jungle

By WALTER WALDEN

*"That dream gave me the inspiration for my plans, which I worked out in my mind as my pony carried me and Joseph DeLong's letter through the freshness of the early morning to the postoffice."*

*ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN P. ROCKWELL*

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

*HOW THE STORY BEGAN.—Though Uncle Billy had always been friends with Nat, who relates the story, his manner changed completely after the boy helped the government officials capture some smugglers. The old man was too simple to conceal his hostility towards the law, and Nat noticed that he had also formed a strange intimacy with one "Bat" Mason, a good-for-nothing fellow, new to the town. One day Nat followed the two, when they drove to a lonely swamp, with a carefully covered load. He learned that "moonshining"—the illegal making of liquor—was going on.*

*The minister promised Nat that he would try to influence the men, and Nat also wrote to Joseph DeLong, his revenue officer friend. Meantime, the boy has become intimate with James Howatt, a neighbor boy of a mechanical turn of mind, and has told him the story. The two boys follow the moonshiners' trail, overhear an argument between them and finally discover the hidden "still." Bat comes unexpectedly, but they hide and when he falls into a drunken sleep, they find a letter which incriminates him with some even more serious escapades.*

*The minister's sermon stirs Uncle Billy, but Bat induces him to make "just one more batch" of moonshine. Meantime, Nat receives a letter from Joseph DeLong, asking especially about Uncle Billy's confederate. Nat is loath to hurt his old friend, but wants the evil influence removed.*

BUT here was a task to be performed at once. How was I to describe Bat Mason so he would not be confused with many another of the same ilk?

It was then I thought of that photograph I had handled down in the thicket by the still. I would get that to send with my description of Bat. And since Joseph DeLong pressed for an immediate reply, I must go at once.

It was barely after an hour's ride that I tethered my pony in the hummock and made my way into that dark place of the still. I quickly had out Bat's bundle of papers from the box in the thicket, and pocketed the photograph. I had bethought me of that letter signed T., that Bat had got yesterday in the mail, and had provided myself before leaving the house with some paper on which I made a copy of the letter to send to Joseph DeLong. It might mean more than it seemed. (As it did, we'll see.)

I put all else carefully back, leaving no signs of disturbance, and made off with the purloined photo. I had no qualms; for the law, I knew, would seize anything it required for evidence, and I, in some sense, represented the law through Joseph DeLong.

When I got home I prepared my letter, describing Bat Mason as well as I could, but depended much on the photograph to satisfy my friend's requirements. I inclosed also the copy of that letter, made down at the still, and was ready to get it into the mail before the departure of the mail-carrier in the morning, whose route carried him to the terminus of the railroad, sixty miles up-country.

I began to be more and more disturbed over the prospects. Here was the chance of Joseph DeLong coming in a week; and no knowing whether Uncle Bill's last batch of moonshine should be finished and he free of that bad business before then. I did not feel that I could go to Uncle Bill and let him know how I'd been spying on him, even though I could say it was with motives only for his own good; and I was in two minds about laying the whole case before the minister, for his advice and further help. This last would have proven vain; for he went off with the mail in the morning and was gone the whole week.

I went over to counsel with James Howatt, but found he was gone off to the river with his father. So I had finally to take my problem to bed, which puzzle, together with a heavy sultriness in the air, kept me tossing from side to side for hours.

I could hear the rumbling of a wagon on the road—James Howatt was calling to me to keep far away from the stumps. The rumbling came nearer, and I saw Uncle Bill in his wagon playing on his Jew's harp. No, it was not a wagon, it was a vessel on the bay—all sails set. Uncle Bill sat on a hatch, picking the Jew's harp; and before him was the moonshine still, a fire under the boiler.

Boom! a terrific crash! The copper coils of the still flew aloft, over the water. I sat, rigid. Rain pattered on the roof over my head, and I could hear the rumble of thunder outside.

I put my head on the pillow again, conscious that I had been dreaming. I must have fallen asleep again, the hazy details of my dream sticking fast in my memory, for it all came back to me while I dressed in the morning.

That dream gave me the inspiration for my plans, which I worked out in my mind as my pony carried me and Joseph De Long's letter through the freshness of the early morning to the post office. The rain was over and the sun was drying the tops of the pines.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Our Secret Path—Moonshining—Preparations.

I RODE back around by way of the Howatt homestead, but James had gone off to hunt up myself and I found him at my own door. It was then I took him into the hammock by the branch and laid open my plans. He was aroused with interest—said he knew just how to manage his share of our enterprise.

My purpose was nothing less than the destruction of the moonshine still, so that Uncle Bill should have very material reason to discontinue at once an occupation which I'd heard him express a purpose to give up—when it should be a bit more convenient than now. And, also, it would be destroying any tell-tale evidence of Uncle Bill's errors, against the probable coming of the revenue officer.

"Father will help me get things ready," said James, "and he'll tell me just how to set the charge."

"Have you got some more of those electric lamps and plenty of wire?" I asked.

"Lots!" he answered. "But what do you want electric lamps for?" he added.

"Oh, I'll show you when I get it ready," I answered him. I had an idea that grew out of the minister's sermon and Uncle Bill's superstitions, but I was not ready to disclose it as yet. James was the mechanical expert, but I had a little mechanical conceit of my own that I meant to work out and keep as a surprise.

"Well," said James, "when are we going to start gettin r ready—when is the big show to come off?"

"We'll go down in the morning," I said. "We'll be able to work each day till near sundown—they won't go to the still any more till after dark; I know from what Uncle Bill said."

In the morning we put an ax, a grubbing hoe, and James's canoe into the Howatts' wagon and set off for Prairie Creek. We discussed plans as we went.

"Where do you intend to make the path?" asked James.

"From some place up the little creek," I said. "I think it isn't so far in from there."

We drove the pony into the hammock, bordering Prairie Creek, some hundreds of yards below the still, and there sought out a well-sheltered spot and cleared a place for our headquarters camp.

After relieving the pony of his harness and properly tethering him to graze, we set the canoe into the water and put aboard the grubbing-hoe and ax. Then, James with his paddle and I with a pole, we moved on up Prairie Creek, under the overhanging boughs.

When we got near to the mouth of the little creek I had James set me ashore on the south bank and I went off to reconnoitre. It would not do to begin chopping and slashing into the thicket if Bat Mason and Uncle Bill should chance to be within hearing. I passed through the hammock to the south of the grotto of the still, crossing the little creek on one of the many fallen logs, till I got to the little open space where we had discovered Uncle Bill and Bat on the Saturday before. I then followed cautiously down the imperfect trail to the water, by the thicket, and waded down stream and into the grotto. I crept forward very carefully, but found the place without any living thing visible except the birds and a gray squirrel. But there stood the screen-covered still that caused me so much disturbance of mind.

"Nobody around," I said to James, when I got back to the canoe.

We got the canoe up the little creek, about two hundred feet.

"I think this is a good place," I said.

In fact we couldn't have gone more than a few feet farther for a fallen tree and vines.

We set immediately to work to cut into that mass of jungle growth. A small dog would have found difficulty to get through that thicket.

By noon we had cut our way no more than twenty feet. We ate our lunch in the canoe, after a trip down to give the pony his oats, and it was midafternoon when we got to a point two feet from the higher ground and the inner edge of the thicket. Another hour was consumed in making a snug nest, well-screened from the grotto within. From here we had a good view of the still.

James was delighted over the prospect. He was taken up with the experiences in store, while I, as yet, was stirred chiefly by the results to be attained.

"Let's go in," said James.

So we pushed through the remaining two feet of thicket and stood within the open space, canopied in green and gray. A more ideal place to hide it would be hard to find. No way of entry except by the way of the waters of Prairie Creek, thus no tell-tale trail to point the way. We examined three barrels. Two contained fermenting corn meal, the third held dry meal.

"It will take them several nights to finish all this, I imagine," said I.

"I wonder how much they put in at once," said James. "Do you think they can make enough moonshine out of this to fill all those demijohns?"

"I don't know," I answered, "but I hope they'll never finish it."

"Well, I guess they won't when we get our works in shape," he said. But we'll get a chance to see how they work it." His mechanical mind ever craved mechanical entertainment.

I went over to the entrance which was to be the scene of much of our preparation. One large, live oak held some of its moss-hung branches over the inner end of the entering road. I picked out another moss-hung oak, halfway down to the water, on the other side of the lane. These two would suit my purposes.

It wanted but an hour of sun down when we went out by our own little path through the thicket to the canoe and moved down stream, back to the pony and wagon.

After pouring out oats for the pony we went out into the "piney" woods for pine-knots for a fire. It took us but a minute to gather all we required, and James got a handful of worms from under the bark of dead pine trunks. So, while I made a fire and set on rice to boil, he put a line into the creek, where perch were always plenty. Before the rice was done we had fish sissling in the pan.

"Do you think we'd better go up there before dark?" asked James.

"Yes," I said, "we want to see what time they come, so we'll know how to get ready for them."

The sun had gone down by the time we had set the canoe in the water again, and we hurried up the darkening stream, that seemed in the dusk like a wee river in a cave, so closely overhung was it with trees and vines.

We presently crawled by our path into the nest we had made close to the inner edge of the thicket and crouched to watch. The screen of palmetto still covered the boiler and worm barrel.

We must have lain in our hiding place about a quarter of an hour, and darkness had come on, when we heard the rattle of the light wagon coming from the lane through the thicket. Then a dark mass moved into the open space and toward the still, beside which it stopped.

We could hear them throwing wood to the ground and presently one of the two led the horse to one side and unhitched him, while the other kindled a fire under the boiler of the still. The blaze illumined the face of Bat Mason, and soon the other form approached the fire, whose light showed us Uncle Bill's long chin whiskers.

Uncle Bill took up a tin pail and approached one of the barrels.

"I reckon we'll take out o' this one first," he said.

(*Continued on page 44*)

*"When I got home I prepared my letter as well as I could."*

# Quarry Troop and the Circus

## Engineering Scouts Become Guardians of the Highways and Have a Thrilling Experience With an Elephant

By IRVING CRUMP

Author of "Jack Straw in Mexico," "The Boy Scout Smoke Eaters," etc.

TWELVE Scouts, nearly half of Quarry Troop No. 1, of Woodbridge, popularly known as the Boy Scout Engineers, were gathered in the meeting room at headquarters. In fact, they had been literally driven there when the Woodbridge Academy let out at half past two on Friday afternoon. You see, it was raining so hard that there was no other place to go. But, then, the old machine shop was the best place in the world for the boys, rain or shine, so *that* didn't make much difference. What really did matter was the monotony of it all. For five days now the region round about Woodbridge had been literally deluged with a spring downpour. Otter Creek had swollen to twice its normal size, springs were gushing from most unheard-of places and rivulets were racing down hillsides that usually were, to quote Nipper Knapp, "dry as a smoked herring."

"By George, I do wish this rain would let up. What we want is a chance to get out of doors a bit. I haven't stretched my legs in a week," said Romper Ryan glumly as he gazed out of the big front window.

"Well," said fat Babe Wilson with his usual sarcasm, "if it don't dry up soon the whole blamed world is liable to shrink." Then, as an after thought, he added, "That might bring St. Cloud City so near Woodbridge that we could at least see the circus parade."

"Aw-w, what'er you bringing up that circus subject for again," said Jiminy Gordon, who didn't like to be reminded of the pleasure he had decided to forego.

"Yes," chorused two others who were equally reluctant about facing the sacrifice they had voted themselves; "forget about that blooming circus."

"Say, you fellows needn't hop on me just because I want to have a little fun with you," protested Babe. "I'm as good a sport as any of you. Don't you suppose I agreed when you voted not to go to the circus. I know it would be foolish to spend most of the thirty dollars in the troop's treasury for a day's outing. You needn't talk, Jiminy Gordon; you were the first one to suggest the idea last week when you saw the man posting the bills."

"Yes, I know I was," said Jiminy, somewhat embarrassed, "but I said it without thinking. When we got to discussing it last night I saw how ridiculous it was. By Jiminy, I'd rather see the money go toward a new camping outfit, or the lumber for the troop's power boat. I wouldn't spend that thirty dollars to see three circuses, I wouldn't."

JUDGING from the conversation, the circus question referred to had died a hard death. To tell the truth, its demise had really been quite painful so far as most of the boys were concerned, for all of them had rather liked the idea of being able to enjoy "the World's Mightiest, Most Magnificent Combination of Clever Animals and Human Skill and Daring," etc., which was booked to show in St. Cloud City a few days hence.

For a week the temptation to spend the troop's thirty dollars had haunted the lads day and night, until finally with a great effort they had laid the ghost by a unanimous vote that the money must not be spent on the profitless amusement. It really was a sacrifice, for every Scout had set his heart on a hike to St. Cloud and a day crowded full of gaiety and glitter, not to mention a stomach crowded fuller with peanuts, popcorn and lemonade.

"Fellows, I am just as much disappointed as the rest," said Bruce Clifford, leader of the Owl patrol, "but I think we decided wisely last night. We can all do without going to the circus, even if it is the biggest one that has visited this neck of the woods in years. The possibility of a new set of tents or the lumber for a motorboat appeals to me more than blowing the money in on a show; that is, it does when I stop and think soberly about it."

"Right-o!" said Romper.

"That's what I call common sense," asserted Nipper Knapp.

"Just the way we all should look at it," insisted Bud Weir, leader of the Blue Heron patrol.

"And if we were to—sh! Listen, fellows! Some one's calling!" In an instant everybody was silent.

BRUCE inclined his head toward the wire room at the other end of the building where the headquarters telegraph key and the instruments connected with the wireless aerials on the roof were located. Out of the doorway seemed to tumble a confusion of dots and dashes quite unintelligible to anyone not familiar with the Morse International Code.

.... —.— , .... —.— , .. —. — .. —.—. .—.. — —.

"Headquarters, Ford calling," read Bruce. "Fellows, Mr. Ford is trying to raise us. Wonder what he wants!"

He hurried into the wire room with the rest at his heels, and taking the low operator's chair opened the key and answered the call. Then he closed it again and waited. The boys were all attention, for most of them were second-class scouts and could "read" Morse well.

"Mayor — Worthington — just —'phoned —me," clicked the instrument. "Wants— to — see — Scouts —at—Town—Hall—at— four —I—would—like—to—have—you—go. — Ford — Asst —S'c't—M's't'r—3:10—p— m."

"All—right—Shall—we—wear—uniforms —Bruce — L'd'r — Owl—P't'r'l—3:12—p— m," Bruce flashed back over the wire.

"Yes—careful—don't—get—too — wet — G'd—by — Ford — 3:14—p—m," came the answer.

"Crackey! Something interesting! Wonder what's up!" said Bruce excitedly, as he began calling on the loop telegraph wire that was connected to an instrument in every Scout's home.

THE three patrols of Quarry Troop stood at attention in the broad corridor of the Woodbridge Town Hall, awaiting the coming of Mayor Worthington. Their campaign hats were water-soaked, and rain dripped from the edge of their slickers and gathered in little pools about their feet. They must have been uncomfortable. But if they were, they gave no signs of it. All their attention was riveted on the doors that led the way into the Mayor's private office.

Presently these doors swung open, and the tall, broad-shouldered figure of the town's chief executive strode forth, followed by his secretary and Timothy Cockran, the Commissioner of Streets and Highways. Every back stiffened and every hand went up in salute as these men advanced and took their position in front of Bruce, the recognized spokesman of the troop. The Mayor acknowledged the salute in quite the proper manner, as did the

others; then, clearing his throat, he spoke.

"Scouts, I have asked you here because you can be of service to Woodbridge. The town needs you. Are you willing to do a good turn for the welfare of us all?"

"We're ready for anything, sir. We try to do a good turn daily, rain or shine," said Bruce, once more saluting.

And his answer was echoed by the score or more of brown-clad youths ranged in line beside him.

"Thank you, Scouts," said Mr. Worthington, crisply. "Now to business. The rains of the last few days have raised havoc in this end of Champlain Valley. So much water has fallen that the high roads leading north and south on either side of the valley have been made dangerous by washouts and landslides. In several places the banks have slipped down from above, but the most dangerous sections are those where the roads have been washed away almost entirely. Vehicles traveling at night are very apt to have serious upsets and the life and limb of the occupants are endangered, in spite of the fact that we have marked the washouts with red lanterns hung on short posts.

"What I would like to have you boys do is to organize a road patrol to keep a careful watch over these red lamps and see that they are all lighted between the hours of nightfall and midnight at least. After twelve o'clock there is hardly enough traffic to make the patrolling worth while. The first patrol can light the lamps at a given hour and thereafter at certain intervals Scout patrols can visit each lamp and see that it is in good working order. How would you like the job, boys?"

"Fine!" shouted some.

"Just the kind of work we like," cried others.

"All right," said the Mayor, shortly. "Scouts, you are hereby appointed Guardians of the Highways by order of the Mayor and the Commissioner of Streets and Highways. Each morning at half past eight one of your number will be expected to make a report at the Town Hall of the night's work.

"The Commissioner here has a map of these thoroughfares showing each washout and just where each lamp is located. You can organize your patrols this afternoon and start tonight. I think the storm will be somewhat abated by that time. It is letting up a little now. Good-day and good luck."

THOUGH the rain had decreased considerably the Scouts lost little time in getting from the Town Hall to Scout headquarters, where the details of organizing the road patrols were worked out. It required the rest of the afternoon to do this, and the dinner hour arrived almost before the boys were aware of the time.

"Say, fellows, this is going to be fine," said Bud Weir. Then, glancing out of the window, he exclaimed: "By Jove, the storm's nearly over; the clouds are breaking out there beyond the mountains. This will be a fine night for—— Crackey, fellows, I almost forgot; the circus comes through town tonight. It will come down the valley from Collinsville and take the north road to St. Cloud."

"By George, you're right," exclaimed Bruce. "Say, fellows, that makes our work doubly important. These heavy circus vans may get into trouble if all the lamps aren't in good order. You fellows be sure and report for duty, will you?"

"Don't worry; there'll be enough of us to patrol tonight. I guess we're all going to stay up and see the circus go through town, if it isn't raining, aren't we fellows?" asked Bud. And from the chorus of affirmatives it was evident that few of the troop would be abed when the "World's Mightiest, Most Magnificent Combination of Clever Animals and Human Skill and Daring" rumbled through town.

BY seven o'clock the rain had stopped entirely and, when the lamp-lighting patrols started out in the gloaming, the storm clouds were fast disappearing in the southwest, their edges splashed with the gold and vermillion fire of the setting sun.

Indeed, by the time the second patrol had reported back at headquarters and the third group of night watchers had started out, a big yellow moon had appeared and the stars were twinkling merrily up above.

After the last patrol had been gone an hour the Scouts who, when their duties were finished, had gathered in headquarters, moved on to the top of Otter Creek hill. They had decided that this would be the best place to watch the coming of the circus cavalcade.

The valley presented a queer appearance at that hour. Here and there were red lights standing out against the darkness, while from various points along the highway came the glow of tiny battery lamps as the Scouts signaled to each other.

"They look like a lot of fireflies," said Bruce, after he had watched the series of dots and dashes that the boys were flashing back and forth.

"Yes," said Bud, "just like mighty big fli——. Hi, fellows, here comes the circus! See 'em—that string of lights coming down Willow street—hear that rumble of the wagons?"

"Sure enough!" exclaimed Bruce, who was as enthusiastic as the rest.

Up the long hill, in view of the group of wide-eyed and thoroughly interested boys, came the phantom-like caravan. A string of swinging lanterns fastened to the centre pole of each wagon marked its course.

First in line were the grumbling and rumbling red and blue animal vans, followed by two rattling canvas wagons. Then a troop of little black and white ponies appeared hitched in fours to light gilt and red vehicles that held all sorts of odds and ends. In the rear of the ponies

*"Come On, Toby; Come On. Yuh Gotta Come Out T' Get This Meal"*

followed the camels; great, long-legged creatures that grunted at every stride as if they were indignant at being kept up so late. Gaudy band wagons, the cook's outfit and a heterogeneous assortment of vehicles came next, all of them moving slowly up the hill while the drivers dozed in their seats.

"Say, isn't it great?" cried Romper Ryan as he took in every little detail.

"You bet it is!" returned Babe Wilson, breathlessly. "I wonder where the elephants are. Oh, here they come!"

THE clank of chains could be heard above the grumble of the wagons, and a moment later five huge elephants appeared out of the darkness. They lumbered along sleepily, their massive heads and long trunks swaying from side to side at every stride. The forelegs of each beast were chained together with stout links of iron, but there was little need of fetters, for the animals were apparently so docile that the idea of running away seemed farthest from their minds. The leader of the drove was, of course, the largest and apparently the meekest, for as he scuffled by the Scouts the boys saw that he walked with his tiny eyes closed exactly as if he were asleep.

A string of a dozen red vans followed the elephants, and at the very rear of the line was the big steam caliope. It was muffled and silent now, but its driver was snoring lustily as if to keep its reputation.

"Gee, but that was worth staying up to see," said Ray Martin, the first to find his tongue after the cavalcade had passed on down the valley.

"You bet it was," said Bruce. "Jove, I'm almost sorry we decided—— Say! Look! Something has happened! See the lights down there by the old quarry hole? The circus has stopped! Look, there are some signals! It's the patrol! Can you read them?"

"'We—need—help.—Elephant—in—in—' What the dickens is he talking about? I couldn't get that last, could you, Bruce?" asked Bud Weir.

"Yes; he said that an elephant is in the quarry hole. By George, one of those big beasts has fallen down into Tollen's old quarry. There was a washout down there. Come on, fellows!"

And the Scouts started at top speed down the North Valley road toward the scene of trouble.

BEDLAM reigned at the quarry hole. A score of frantic circus men were shouting orders at each other, lanterns were bobbing about among the wagons,

and everyone was beside himself with excitement. One little gray-haired man seemed almost distraught over the situation. He was storming up and down the road, alternately roaring commands and delivering tirades against everything in general. It was quite evident that he was the manager of the outfit.

"Now we're in a fine mess," he thundered as he strode to the edge of the quarry and peered down into the darkness. "It's so dogon dark down there we can't even see th' brute. How'll we ever get him out? That's what I want to know. Hang the man who's responsible for this mess! Gol-ding t'—*wush—phew.*"

HIS soliloquy on the brink of the quarry hole ended abruptly when with a snort the elephant shot a trunk full of water out of the darkness, bowling the little man over and drenching everything and everybody.

"Kill t' beast! Kill him, Gol—ding his hide!" screamed the dripping manager as he picked himself up out of the mud. But he was such a comical figure that everyone shouted with laughter.

To Bruce and the Scouts the whole situation was extremely humorous. Evidently the lead elephant had wandered into the washout and lost his footing. The next thing he knew he had slid with a big splash into the quarry hole. And then, having a fondness for water and seeing no way to climb up the twenty-foot wall of rocks, he had decided to stay there and have a thoroughly good time.

But Bruce realized that they could not indulge their humor long, for as guardians of the road it was their duty to give all the assistance they could. Hastily the patrol leader made an inspection of the pit by the light of his pocket flash. He remembered a derrick on one side of the cut, and he hastened to look that over, for already he was beginning to form plans for getting the beast out of trouble.

He noted with satisfaction that the derrick had been only partly dismantled and that the rusty steel cable was coiled up in a pile beside the heavy upright. Then he returned to the roadside and approached the agitated little manager.

"We are the Guardians of the Highways for Woodbridge, sir," he said, "and we would——"

"You are the WHAT!" roared the manager.

"The Guardians of the Highways and——"

"Well, why in tarnation didn't yuh guard 'em then? I—I—I——"

Bruce interrupted the sputtering manager by pointing to the red light.

"There's our light. We did our part. It must have been your fault. But no matter; we'll help you get the animal out of the quarry if you'll let us."

"How'll yuh do it? Haven't got a thing in my outfit t' pull him out with."

"Oh, we'll do it all right," said Bruce. Then briefly he outlined his plan to the skeptical circus manager. And when he had finished talking the old man looked at him in amazement.

"Can you do all that?" he demanded.

"Sure we can," said Bruce. "We're the Boy Scout Engineers. Just loan me some of your canvas men who know how to rig a block and tackle and we'll have the elephant on his way to St. Cloud by daylight at the latest."

"All right, I'll go you," said the manager.

Bruce gathered about him all the Scouts not doing patrol duty.

"Fellows," he said, "we can get the elephant out of the hole all right, but it will mean some hard work. I want you, Romper, to go back to Woodbridge and tell the parents of every fellow here that we have serious work to do. Tell them not to worry if we don't get back until late. Then I want the Owl Patrol to go to headquarters and get all the No. 10 wire we have on hand, load it on a couple of wheelbarrows and start stringing a line from our switchboard in the machine shop down to the quarry hole here.

"String it along the fences and where you have to cross Druery road put it overhead from tree to tree. Remember, no monkeying with the telegraph or telephone poles! We can be arrested for anything like that. Romper, you can stop in and ask Mr. Ford if he won't go up to Headquarters and connect up the new line. I don't think we should fuss with the switchboard at night.

"Now, I want the Blue Herons to go to headquarters and disconnect the big five-horsepower motor on the lathe. Load it aboard Old Nanc and bring it down here as fast as you can. On your way turn in at Druery road and run up to the Baldwin quarries. Ask Dave Porter, the night foreman there, if you can borrow the largest and heaviest blasting mat he has. We'll need that. Now hurry, fellows."

The Scouts started off immediately, and Bruce turned to the circus manager.

"Now, if you'll bring your canvas men along, I'll give them a good, hard job. It's one we boys couldn't handle. Are you ready?"

"Sure!" said the manager. Then to his men, "Come on, boys!"

Bruce led the group around the quarry hole to the north side and pointed out the derrick and the coil of rusted steel cable.

"Here's what we'll lift the elephant out with, providing the boom will hold and your men can string the heavy cable through the pulleys at night."

"Huh! our end of it is no trick for a bunch of canvasbacks," said the foreman of the gang. "Get busy, boys;; quick now! Some of you bring some gasoline torches so's we kin see! Move now, you fellers!"

IN five minutes the circus men were working like beavers, weaving the cable through the pulleys, placing the heavy boom and getting the derrick fitted up for service. The system and speed with which the trained tent riggers went about their task was nothing short of marvelous to Bruce. He watched them almost fascinated until the little manager came up and claimed his attention.

"Look here you feller, I ain't sure your scheme is goin' t' work out," said he, skeptically. "How'er we goin' t' get some light into t' hole t' see the brute? These gasoline torches can't be lowered down there. The elephant would go wild and probably drowned hisself, an' if——"

"I'm figuring on using the headlights of Old Nanc (that's the troop's automobile we built last winter) for searchlights. They are powerful enough and can be turned anywhere we need 'em. There, you can get a look at them now. That's Old Nanc on her way here."

Up the road sounded a siren, and the little manager turned to see two headlights bowling toward him. It was Old Nanc loaded down with the heavy motor, blasting mat and tools.

"Fine, Bud; you made a fast trip. How are the wire stringers getting along?" shouted Bruce to the Scout who was driving the machine.

"We passed them about a hundred and fifty yards from here. They are coming along in fine shape."

"Good," said Bruce. "Now bring Old Nanc right up to the edge of the quarry hole. We want to shine her headlights down into there and see what it looks like below. Some of the circus men can unload the motor, and Nipper, you can show them how to set it up on the derrick platform. And while all this is going on, Babe, you take charge of making a sling. Take this blasting mat and get a couple of circus men to help you bend a section of cable to each of the four corners. Fasten the ends together around that rusty derrick hook attached to the end of the cable. Hurry it, will you, fellows?"

With the help of some of the "canvasbacks," the automobile was worked off of the road and into the field on the north side of the quarry hole near the derrick. Then it was pushed cautiously toward the edge of the pit and its wheels blocked by some big pieces of marble so that it would not roll into the hole. The rays of the headlights dispelled the darkness below immediately and there was His Highness the Elephant, almost submerged, looking up at them with his ridiculously small eyes.

"Huh! Consarn it! I *knew* you kids was playin' me fer a fool," roared the circus manager when he looked into the cut. "How'er you're goin' to hitch anything around *that* animal, I'd like to know?"

"We don't intend to hitch anything around him. We're going to make a sling of that big blasting mat and raise him out that way."

"Yes!" roared the furious manager, "but how in tarnation are you going to get it *under* his belly? Think some one is going down there and dive between his legs with your blooming old sling, do yuh? That animal is nearly all under water, remember."

TO tell the truth, that question *had* been bothering Bruce from the first. He had hoped that the water was only two or three feet deep. But there was at least ten feet of drainage in the quarry hole! He stood beside Old Nanc and bit his lips in his embarrassment. Luck seemed against him. Was everything going to fall through at the last moment?

He did not answer the irate manager, but began to turn one of the headlights slowly so its rays illuminated the west wall of the hole. Then suddenly the light paused, and a smile crept over the boy's face. The white beams had revealed to him a shelf of marble two feet above the water-line and at least ten feet across, skirting the lower edge of the west wall. He saw defeat turned into victory!

"Will that elephant mind his trainer?" Bruce demanded of the manager.

"Huh! Will he? Well, you'd better guess he will!" stormed the man.

"Then everything is simple. You lower the trainer in a bo'son's chair over the west wall there and down to that ledge of marble. He can coax the animal out of the water and up on the rocks, and after that we can send a couple more men down with the sling and they can do the rest. See the plan?"

"Well, I'll be hanged! You win, young feller," said the manager, smiling for the first time since the accident.

At this point the lads of the Owl Patrol reached the quarry hole trundling several empty wheelbarrows. Jimmy Gordon was

(*Continued on page 46*)

# The Cave Scout

## What's the Troop to Do When a Member Breaks the Boy Scout Law?

Scouts from Kansas,
Scouts from Utah,
Scouts from Tennessee;
Scouts from Boston,
Scouts from Frisco,
Scouts from Kankakee.

Here comes one who's short and fat,
Here comes one with a freckled nose,
Here comes one in his Sunday hat,
Here comes one with blistered toes.

BY GEORGE, Scouts, I am glad you're back! To tell the truth, the Cave Scout gets kind of lonesome sometimes between your visits. If it wasn't for the letters you write I don't know what I'd do. Sometimes, though, these letters come so thick that I find it hard to answer them all.

Are you all in? No, there's somebody else coming. Gee, what a racket he's making! Listen to him!

"Arkansas may be all right,
Alabama's out of sight,
Old Kentuck's a bully state,
Arizona's simply great!
Old Missouri's not so slow,
Oklahoma's full of 'go,'
But there's never a state like TEXAS! !
Whoop—e—e—e!"

Gosh, fellows, I hope he doesn't shoot the place up!

Come in here, "Tex," and state your case.

"Well, Mr. Cave Scout, here's the trouble. Some of the Scouts in my troop are not living up to the Scout Law. Some of them are not obedient, and some of them are not trustworthy. Sometimes they do things that get the whole bunch in bad. What do you think we ought to do about it? Kick them out?

"And here's another question, too. Personally I'm getting kind of sick of having it everlastingly rubbed into me that 'A Scout wouldn't do that,' and 'A Scout wouldn't do this!' Some folks seem to think that no Scout should do what *they* think no Scout should do. Sometimes it gets me so mad it is hard for me to be cheerful. What should a fellow do in such cases?"

Well, Texas, you certainly have a couple of good questions there. What's your name and what town do you live in?

"If it's all the same to you, Mr. Cave Scout, I'd rather not tell. It kind of looks like 'squealing' on some fellows in my troop to say that some of them do not live up to the Scout Law."

All right, if that's the way you feel about it, have it your own way. I guess most of us don't care a rap what town you come from anyway.

---

Let's talk these questions over. Should a boy be kicked out of a troop for failure to observe every point of the Scout Law?

Before we make up our minds definitely on this question, maybe we'd better think it over pretty carefully. Now, then, will every Scout in this cave who has never broken one of the Scout Laws since he joined the organization please stand up? Don't be bashful, get up so I can count you! What's that? Not a single one in the whole bunch? Well, I'm not surprised.

What's the matter, anyway? Does this mean that nobody in this whole crowd is a good Scout? Not at all. It simply means that a Scout is a human being, and that he makes a mistake once in awhile just like other human beings do.

So you see, Scouts, if we kicked out of the organization every boy who breaks the Scout Law, everybody would be kicked out and there wouldn't be any Scouts left.

This brings up the question as to how serious an offense must be before a troop is justified in dropping a member. This is a question which the Cave Scout cannot answer, for no two cases are ever exactly alike, and each must be considered strictly on its own merits. But there are a few general rules to apply.

First of all, the members of the troop should make sure that all the circumstances bearing on each case are carefully considered before definite action is taken. Some boys, you know, have not had the same advantages of home training that other members of the troop have had, and it is hardly fair to judge such boys by the same standards that other members of the troop are judged by. Some boys, for instance, have been "habied" at home until they are selfish and thoughtless and far from courteous. Sometimes boys are born with a natural fear of water or the sight of blood, and it is hard for them to be brave under all circumstances.

It should be remembered, too, that a great many boys become Scouts before they really know what Scouting is. They have an idea that all there is to it is hiking and camping and having a bully good time. They don't realize how sacred a thing the Scout Law is to a real Scout. Sometimes it takes these boys several months to get a genuine understanding of the Scout movement.

Furthermore, we should never forget the duty of the troop to the Scout. Isn't it the duty of the troop to do something for the boy, as well as the duty of the boy to do something for the troop? Isn't it up to the members of a troop to help a fellow member all they can?

Let's suppose, for instance, that all a boy needs in order to become a good Scout is a little help and encouragement from his comrades, and that instead of giving him such help and encouragement his comrades kick him out. He feels that the Scouts are against him. Being unable to associate with his scout companions he gets in with a bad bunch and winds up in the juvenile court. Wouldn't the troop be partly responsible for that boy's failure?

And so I guess the only fair thing for us to do is to give the law-breaker every chance we possibly can before we kick him out.

---

But in doing this we mustn't go too far in the other direction. Sometimes a Scout will do things which discredit the whole troop. If he persists in his actions and nothing is done about it, other Scouts will say: "Aw, shucks, what's the use of my living up to this Law all the time. Bill don't, and he gets away with it!" And the first thing you know the troop discipline is shot to pieces, and people lose respect for the troop and the whole scout organization. No troop should be allowed to break up just because one member refuses to be the kind of a Scout he ought to be.

In some extreme cases, then, the only thing to do is to give the trouble-raiser his walking papers. But even then it should be made plain to the boy that he will be given a chance to make good, and that just as soon as he has proved that he is worthy of a place in the ranks of scoutcraft he may apply for readmission. If a boy has any real stuff in him this should help to rouse his pride and help him to make a man of himself.

---

But what are we going to do when we think the offense committed is hardly serious enough to warrant expulsion from the troop? We can get some help here from the criminal law. The criminal law, you know, provides different penalties in proportion to the seriousness of the offense. For instance, there is one penalty for murder in the first degree, another penalty for murder in the second degree, another for manslaughter, etc. Well, then, why can't we have different penalties for Scouts who break the Scout Law?

It might be a good scheme for each troop to figure out some penalties of its own. For the more trivial offenses, the culprits might be made to run the gauntlet, or be assigned to some "fatigue" duty, such as sweeping troop headquarters for a month. In some troops that the Cave Scout knows of, the boys have adopted the old-fashioned method of spanking.

The guilty party is forced to stoop over and place his head on a table and every member of the troop is permitted to take one swat. What's that, you ask? Do they swat him on the head? Oh, no.

For still more serious offenses a Scout might be forbidden to accompany the troop on a certain hike or camping trip. For an even more serious offeuse the penalty might be suspension from the troop for a definite length of time.

---

And now for the second question our Texas friend has asked. Let's repeat his question:

"Personally I'm getting kind of sick of having it everlastingly rubbed into me that 'A Scout wouldn't do that,' and 'a Scout wouldn't do this!' Some folks seem to think that no Scout should do what *they* think no Scout should do. Sometimes it gets me so mad it is hard for me to be cheerful. What should a fellow do in such cases?"

Don't you think, fellows, that "Texas" has a pretty good license to raise a kick? Just as soon as a boy becomes a Scout, a great many people seem to think he's going to grow a pair of wings and do things just the way *they* think things ought to be done. Scout oJnes, for instance, will happen to be a little noisier around the house than usual, and somebody will say, "I didn't think a *Scout* would be so noisy!" Then he comes home with his feet soaking wet after enjoying a good snowball fight, and his mother says, "I thought a *Scout* had sense enough to keep his feet dry!" Scout Jones' big sister will loaf around the house all day and keep him chasing all over on a lot of foolish errands that she ought to do herself, then when he kicks about it she says: "Why, Willie, you haven't forgotten that you're a *Scout,* have you! Don't you know that 'A Scout is Helpful?'" Then Scout Jones says, "Aw, bugs!" And I don't know that I blame him much, either, even if "A Scout is Courteous."

The whole trouble is that in these cases somebody else is trying to tell the Scout what the Scout Law means.

Most of us, no doubt, have read the old fable about the man and his son who were going to town with a donkey. One person they met suggested that the man ride and the boy walk; another believed it would be better for the boy to ride and the man to walk; still another suggested that they both walk and carry the donkey on a pole.

Do you get it, fellows?

The Cave Scout believes that a Scout should work out as far as possible his own conception of the Scout Law. The proper understanding of the Scout Law comes from inside the Scout instead of from the outside.

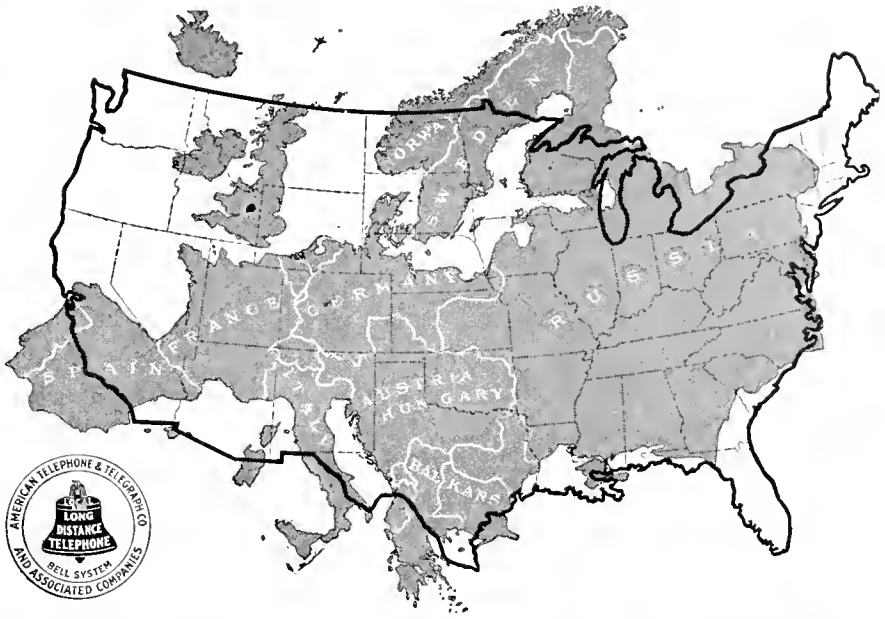
But, of course, we must try never to forget, even if we are very much provoked at times, that it is our duty as Scouts to be cheerful and courteous. And the best part of it is that if we are always cheerful and courteous, it is very likely that the people we associate with will be the same way. Cheerfulness and courtesy are just as contagious as grouchiness and bad manners.

And so this problem of "overworking the Scout Law" will gradually solve itself if we all try hard to be the kind of Scouts we ought to be.

---

What time's it getting to be? When it comes to talking I'm almost as good as a ladies' sewing society. Half past five? Jimminy Christmas, if you fellows don't hustle you'll all be late for supper!

So long, bunch, until May!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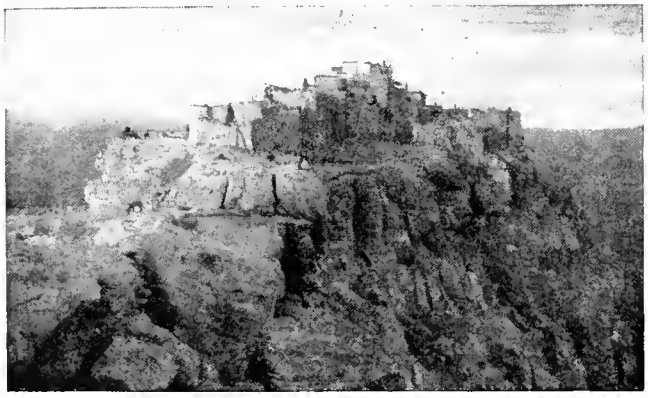

*A Pueblo on a Mesa Top.*

*A Pueblo Kiva.*

# AROVND THE CAMP FIRE

At an Indian Rock Village

A Visit Which Was Called Impossible

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

*Ho, Scouts:—*

EARLY in December last, I took a trip into the far Southwest to visit some of my old Indian friends, and make the acquaintance of others. I wanted to see the famous rock village of Acoma. It is placed on the top of a remarkable plateau, that rises abruptly out of the plains some twenty miles southwest of Laguna in New Mexico. At the railroad station I was able to hire a good natured Apache Indian boy named Sarasino. He interested me because he was so very unlike all printed descriptions of the Indian that are current. He was full of fun, laughing and joking good naturedly all the time. I cannot think of him now excepting as "the merry Indian boy," and he was not by any means an unusual type among his people.

I told him that I wanted to go first to Laguna Pueblo or Indian Village, and after that to Acoma.

He said, "Laguna, yes; Acoma, no. No white man for three days, for now they dance."

I said, "If they are dancing that is just the time I want to be there."

He shook his head and said, "No white man."

HOWEVER Laguna, only three miles away, was on the road, and so thither I went. As we drew near across the plain I could not help thinking of pictures in our Sunday School books of Jerusalem. The style of the houses, their grouping and all made a very complete reproduction of a city in Palestine.

I had neglected to bring with me my usual letters from the Indian Commissioner at Washington and I found that the Indian agent at Laguna was not inclined to help me in any way. He merely offered me one piece of advice, namely: "Don't go to Acoma unless you want to waste your time."

I said, "I have come here to see Acoma and I mean to see it."

He said, "Well, they won't admit any white man, for they are having a religious festival."

I replied, "That is just what I want to see; I have seen them before, and I guess I can get into Acoma to see that."

He said, "I don't know how."

I replied, "Sometimes a silver key will help when other means fail."

He answered, "I don't care if you were the President of the United States and went there with $500 in your hand, you couldn't get up on that rock till after their dance is done next week."

Then he left me, but the trader, the one other white man there and more friendly, now joined in. He said, "If I were you I would wait for three days and then maybe you can get up, but they won't admit any white men now."

I said, "In three days I shall have to be back East. It is now or never, besides I am not so easily killed. When I set out to get something I expect to make a good fight before I give up, and I am going to go to Acoma."

THE merry Sarasino with me looked very grave when I told him to drive on to the forbidden Mesa, but shook his head and said, "No white man."

"Well, I am going to try," said I, and away we went for our twenty-mile drive across the snow-speckled prairie in the face of a cold wind. It was noon when we got there. The great rock towered out of the plain like a wonderful natural fortress. The houses on its summit were set close together on the outside so that they formed a solid wall, even if one were already on the rock itself.

As we approached an Indian came to us, looked at me closely, shook his head and motioned me to go away. My Apache explained that I wanted to see the village and the dance. He said, "No white man."

I said to him, "Will you please tell the Chief or Governante to come down?" In about twenty minutes the chief came down. He was a nice, gentle old Indian with a benign face, but he came shaking his head at me and said, "No white man."

I explained to him that I had come a long way to see the village and I did not want to go back without having done so. He shook his head and firmly said, "No white man." I then asked him if he knew certain persons, mentioning the President of the United States, Commander and Chief of the Army, the Indian Commissioner, etc., but he shook his head and said he never heard of any of them.

I tried people living nearer with the same result and finally found we had a mutual "*amigo*" in Chas. F. Lummis of Los Angeles, California. Lummis I knew was a good friend of these Indians, as he was a good friend of mine, and for the first time the old man showed interest at mention of a name.

But again when I told him I wanted to go up and see the village he said, "No white man." He seemed quite distressed at having to take this position. He would smile at me, look at the sky and draw pictures in the sand with his moccasin toe and look much embarrassed.

At length he said, "Come back three sleeps from now and you will see."

"No," I said, "I must see now, because I am going back to Washington." He shook his head and continued drawing in the sand with his toe. Then he got out a cigarette and smoked it nervously, which, by the way, was the only time I saw any of these Indians smoke. They do not seem to be using it as does the white man or the northern Indian. That is, as a habitual indulgence.

HE was still drawing pictures with his toe, so I smoothed the sand and drew different tracks. He named the animals readily as fast as I made the track, except on one occasion when the track was too big for the animal intended. He shook his head. Then I smoothed the dust and drew it proper size, whereupon he at once said "Coyote."

By using little things that were about, such as desert plants, bones and feathers, I established a sort of friendly woodcraft footing with the chief. Then I said, "I have to go back to Washington. I must leave this afternoon. Do you want me to go back and tell the Great Father that you would not even let me go to see your village?" Again he looked distressed and said, "After three days, yes."

"I said, "No! now!" He looked at the sky and said nothing. Then I said, "Hear me, chief. Take me up to see the Mission Church. If you do, I will give you this."

*Copyright 1915 by E. T. Seton.*

I offered him two silver dollars. He took them and began to climb up while I followed in silence.

When we got up, we had a wonderful view of the great adobe church, while I photographed it with the chief in the foreground. On the other side was the village, so I went a little nearer and photographed that. Women and children came running to see who the stranger was. I told the chief I wanted to buy some pottery, then somebody, it seems, told the people there was an "easy mark" in town, and in a few minutes I had all the pottery I could carry, and for very reasonable prices. Then a woman came up a ladder carrying on her head a vase full of water. The vessel was so beautiful that I bought that also. I took photographs as much as I wished of the street, the crowd, the views about, and promised to send the old man such of the photographs as he appeared in, if they came out well, which promise I duly carried out.

Thus I did see Acoma, although everyone said it was impossible at that time.

THE next day I was close to Laguna, which, though on a rocky hill, is not a rock-fortress like Acoma. So I put in a day there and had one or two interesting experiences which I shall always remember.

A lot of little boys were on the square tumbling about, wrestling or shooting with their bows and arrows. I had brought a pound of mixed sweets for just such an occasion and gave some to the children. Then I put up the sweets one at a time for the archers to shoot at, allowing each one to keep what he knocked over. As it was near noon, their parents called them to come home for the noon meal, but they evidently said they would rather be in the caramel fight, and we had a wild time together while the sweets held out. They were so reckless that I half expected someone would get hurt. I know that when I put up a fresh caramel they would not wait for me to get out of the way but started to shoot before my fingers were fairly off the prize.

I noticed also that they were perfectly honorable in their dealings with each other. They knew exactly whose arrow knocked the sweet off the wall, and no matter who picked it up it was handed to the one who had hit it. One chubby little archer knocked over a caramel but did not knock it off the wall. He looked at me saying, "Eh?" I shook my head no and said, "You must knock it clear off." He understood my meaning, very obediently set the caramel up again, and was happy in knocking it off next time. When the sweets were all gone the oldest boy called to me, "You know more?"

I said, "Yes, I'll teach you a game." So I taught them a game which I often played as a child, the one you see in the Scout Manual as "Step on the Rattler" or "Stung." The boys played it with volleys of war whoops and laughter until everybody but the biggest boy had been stung.

That game being over, they came again and said, "You know more?" Then I taught them the old-fashioned game of hat ball, and although they did not understand English, it was a surprise how fast they learned. In the first game I was the one who first got five chips in my hat, so I had to hold my hand up against the wall while the dozen little boys threw at it. The first one skinned most of my knuckles,

(*Continued on page 32*)

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We are going to tell you here in BOYS' LIFE from month to month about a new plan by which you can get many things which you have wanted for a long time. The little pictures around this letter show some of the things—but there are dozens of other things. Next month we will show you some more.
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We haven't room to tell you any more this month, except how to begin to get the particular thing you want. Ask your father if he has any United Cigar Store Coupons—(He knows about them.) Ask your mother if she has any United Profit-Sharing Coupons. (They come in packages of foods and soaps and gum, etc., and they help just the same as father's Coupons do.) Ask cook to save all those she gets. Ask them ALL every day for "United" Coupons. That is all you have to do.
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# True Stories of Courageous Scouts

## How Boys Did Their Duty When Lives Were In Danger —Other Boy Scout News

JACKSON'S MILL DAM—sounds just like a swimming hole, doesn't it? The oldest Scout in Montgomery County, Maryland, cannot remember when boys began to use it for that purpose. On the 25th of August, 1914, a party of boys went there, as usual. The one who could swim the least proved to be the swiftest in shedding his clothes and he was in the water before the rest. He made the mistake of going in too far, and before he realized it he was beyond his depth, frightened, strangling and sinking. Several boys saw him go down—only one grasped the desperate seriousness of the situation. Scout Howard S. Gatley dove, broke the strangle hold which the drowning boy secured the instant he felt his rescuer, and brought him safely to shore. The Scout and his chums kept the affair quiet, but it leaked out in December, and a bronze medal has been awarded.

*Scouts Whom President Wilson Honored at the White House (See Story on This Page).*

### Caught in the Undertow

SURF and undertow—Scouts should remember that always when the waves come tumbling in, the water must go sliding out again somewhere down below their foaming crests. The Scout who went wading and swimming out into the icy surf of Lake Michigan on Sept. 6—out toward Merritt Lamb, his Scout Commissioner—had no thought of endangering his own life or that of his leader. One outstanding fault of boyhood is its failure to stop, think and consider before rushing into its pleasures. Only when the great waves engulfed him and the fierce current wrenched his feet from under him did this Scout see the danger. Heroic work on the part of the man and the coolness of both in the presence of death won against crushing odds. It was the desire of the troop that the bravery of their leader should be recognized and thus it happened that the matter was placed before the Court of Honor and a bronze medal awarded.

### Where Brains and Training Counted

"WE tried to reach her in the canoe, but utterly failed. I dove in and reached her when she came up to the surface. I held her head above water until help arrived," said Ernest Leech, of Milford, Conn., when asked about the rescue which he made on August 19, 1914. Exactly the right thing done at the right time. He might have overturned the canoe, or it might have drifted him too far away to be of service if he had continued his strenuous effort to bring it up against the strong wind. He might have exhausted his strength by a vain attempt to reach the shore, an eighth of a mile away, with the girl who was doubled up with a numbing cramp. Being a Scout, he did the right thing—took a safe hold and just kept her head above water until the girls in a passing boat could reach them. The right thing was not so hard to do as the wrong thing—making the decision was where his brains and training counted. Bronze medal.

### Saved By His Legs

THIS Scout could not swim because the boy whom he was trying to rescue grabbed him by the hair, pushed his head under the muddy water of the Des Moines River and held him down. However, this is not an obituary notice. The Scout, not being in a position to swim, fly or motor, made use of the oldest form of human locomotion and just walked. It was a short walk, fortunately, and his breath held out until he deposited his companion on the bank. This happened in Story City, Iowa, and it is a true story, backed up by the affidavits of eye witnesses. Scout Luther Hansen now modestly wears a bronze medal.

### An Accident with a Moral

THE moral of this story is to listen to advice even if it does come from your brother. Bass Pond is just about the right distance for a Saturday hike from Springfield, Mass. The bunch which went out there last June found an old boat, half full of water, just waiting to be used to dive from. As sometimes happens, the brother who could swim only a little insisted on going out to the old boat even though the one who could swim well advised him to stay nearer shore. A poor swimmer plus deep water equals a funeral—except when there is somebody around who has a Scout's courage and a Scout's training. Scout Robert A. Baldwin, Jr., was the one who robbed the undertaker. The fellow whom the drowning boy grabbed at first knew enough of life-saving to break the grip and save himself, or Robert might have made a double play. The bronze medal will be proudly shown to his grandchildren, perhaps, in after years.

### Pluck and Persistence Won

WHEN the Court of Honor saw the words "Pork Barrel" in the affidavit of Avil J. Houser, and others, they paused in alarm. These words always suggest a certain well-known method of handing fat "plums" to politicians, but in this case it was only the name of the old swimming hole in the Tioughnioge River near Courtland, N. Y., where Scouts Houser and S. Jackson Lyman pluckily and persistently kept after a drowning friend until they saved his life. He was learning to swim by lying on a plank and paddling, but he slipped off. They pushed the plank toward him but he was too far gone to grasp it. Houser swam to him then and his arm was caught in a vice-like grip. He struggled out of it but lost hold of his unconscious friend, who immediately sank. He dove once but could not find him—tried again and brought him to the surface, only to have the limp form slip again from his hands. The third time, with the help of Lyman, he succeeded in bringing the unconscious boy to the shore. Then came a heart-breaking struggle to revive him by means of artificial respiration. Neither of the rescuers was as large or as strong as the rescued, but after half an hour they succeeded so well that all three walked home together.

### "I Think He is a Hero—"

"THE rescue took place on a beach. The party was floating and could not swim. She stopped to get her breath on a water-soaked log. The log went under and so did she. I was pulled under the water by her once, but succeeded in getting her to safety." One more young lady has learned that the very best thing in the world to lean upon under almost any circumstances is a truthworthy, loyal, helpful, brave, clean and reverent Scout. As Boys' LIFE is read mostly by boys, it will be safe to give his name, even though he is "sweet sixteen" and all that. Bryan Francis, Kansas City, Mo. "I think he is a hero and is deserving of any medal you might see fit to give him." Guess who said that!

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## Honored by President Wilson

This is a picture of the boys who received badges in the White House from President Wilson on February 11. The Scout on the extreme left is Howard Gatley, who was given a bronze medal for life-saving. The other boys received Eagle badges. Their names are as follows, reading from left to right: Edward Pardoe, Samuel Hardy, Edward Sheiry, Clinton Allard, Frank Watson.

Another Washington Scout, Lawrence T. Prentice, was eligible for an Eagle Scout badge at the same time, but his work made it impossible to attend the White House meeting. The President sent his badge to him, with his congratulations.

# Plucky Scouts

Little Stories Which Show the Meaning of the Motto "Be Prepared"

RICHMOND, VA.—The explosion of a dynamite plant in the suburbs of this city was probably prevented recently by the work of the Boy Scouts of Troop 8 assisted by members of Troop 31. The boys were on a hike under the leadership of Scoutmaster Crenshaw, when they discovered a serious brush and rubbish fire. It was spreading rapidly in the direction of the dynamite plant when the Scouts appeared on the scene. They realized the danger and set to work immediately. After fighting desperately for an hour and a half, they got the fire under control and avoided any possibility of its spreading to the dynamite house.

UTICA, N. Y.—A member of Troop 12, of this city, recently fell on the ice and sustained a serious wound just below the knee. Other Scouts carried the boy to his home, where the doctor was called. The doctor found that it would be necessary to take fourteen stitches in the cut and he wondered whether or not the boy could stand the strain. "Well," said the doctor, "you are a Scout, are you?" "Yes, sir," answered the lad, saluting. "I am glad to hear it," said the doctor, "because Scouts have such splendid courage. I never dread sewing up cuts for them; they are all such brave fellows." That was enough. In went the fourteen stitches with never a whimper.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Scout Leroy Haynes saved the life of John Strawbridge, on Washington's birthday. The Strawbridge boy was out on a camping trip with the Scouts of Troop 70, when he fell into a deep pool in Herring Run. Scout Haynes heard the splash and running to the edge of the pool he saw the boy struggling in the icy water. Without hesitating he plunged into the water and swam to the spot where the boy had gone down. On his second dive from the surface he caught the drowning lad by the hair and managed to drag him to the shore where other members of the troop assisted in applying artificial respiration.

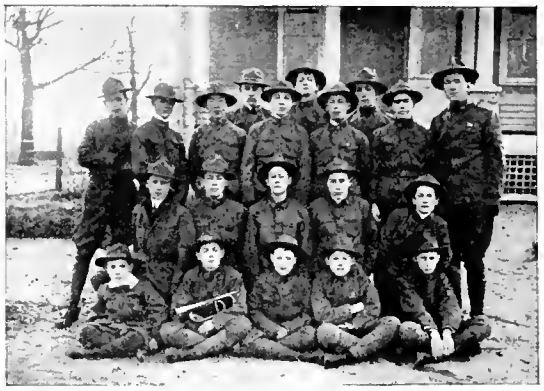
CLEVELAND, O.—A troop of Boy Scouts recently saved the lives of two boys, Thomas Lutheran and Edward Hodina, who broke through the ice on Shakees Lake. The Scouts twisted their coats into an improvised rope which they threw to the drowning boys and succeeded in drawing them out safely.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Scout Arthur Barnett recently rescued five-year-old Charles Underwood, who had broken through the ice on a pond near his home and who was unable to extricate himself. Scout Barnett pulled the boy from the water and carried him to his home where he assisted Mrs. Underwood in rendering first aid treatment. The little boy suffered no ill effects from his "bath."

BRUNSWICK, GA.—Scouts Thorvaled Winter and L' Eagle Lomm recently found a small boy, named Billy Laird, wandering around the docks where he was in constant danger of falling into the water and being drowned. They picked up Billy and carried him into his father's office in spite of the fact that the little chap howled and fought like a wild cat. They received the warm thanks of Mr. Laird.

## Born in the Flag House

If early associations count for anything, Scout Charles V. Weisgerber of Philadelphia should be the most patriotic Scout in the country, for he has the distinction of being the only living person born in the Flag House. Scout Weisgerber was born on April 14, 1902, in the house where Betsy Ross made the first American flag. His Scout companions call him "Vexil," which is an abbreviation of his middle name, Vexildomus. This word was made to order for Scout Weisgerber from two Latin words, meaning "flag" and "house." He is an enthusiastic member of Troop 7.



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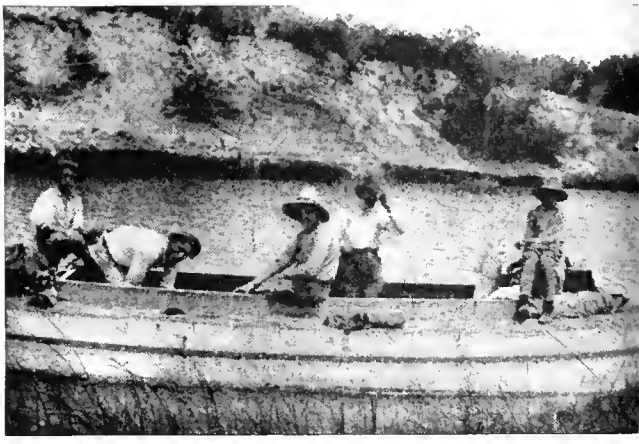
# Snap-shots of

Scouts of Crow Patrol, Portland, Me., Preparing Dinner.
FROM SCOUTMASTER W. F. LIBBY.

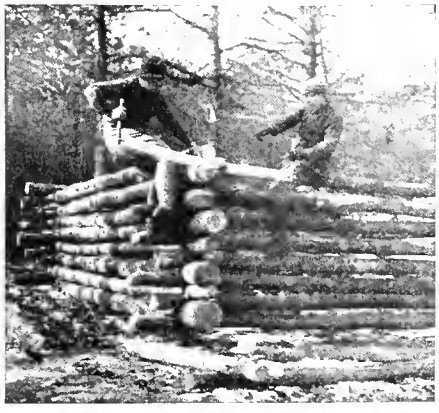
Mineral, Ill., Scouts Climbing Cliffs in Starved R
State Park.
FROM SCOUTMASTER W. G. BIRD.

Vermilion, O., Scouts Building Walk Across Vermilion River.
FROM SCOUTMASTER W. E. CHILDS.



Boy Scouts of San Benito, Texas, on the Arroyo River w
Motor-boat, the "Queen B."
FROM SCOUT DONALD MARTIN.

Signal and First Aid Practice by Troop 1, Inglewood, California.
FROM SCOUT CLARENCE VAN WINKLE.

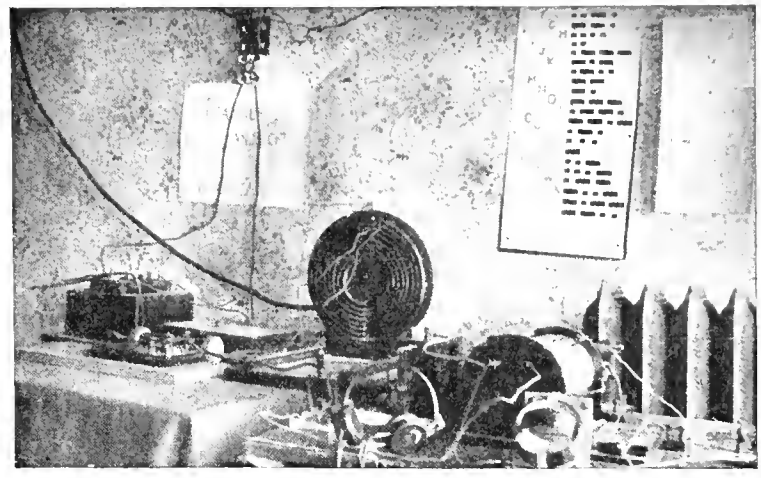


Scouts of Troop 48, Washington, D. C.,
Working on Their Log-cabin.
FROM S. S. APLIN, FIELD SECRETARY.

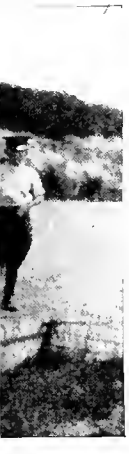
Prize-w

# Active Scouts

Indian Mill and Rubbing Stone Near Yorkville, Ill.
From Mr. E. A. Davey, Joliet, Ill.



Wireless Outfit of Troop 1, Hazelton, Pa.
From Scoutmaster Leon G. Mane.



Their Scout

Walter Walden, Author of "The Moonshiners in the Jungle," Camping on Red Eagle Lake, in the Rocky Mountains.

A Big Rattlesnake Captured by Scouts of Beaumont, Tex.
From Scoutmaster Thomas Holland

s in Bird-house Contest Recently Held in Pittsburgh, Pa.
From Scout Commissioner John M. Phillips

A Crack Worcester, Mass., Scout Baking a "Twist."
From Commissioner Arthur R. Forbush.

# With the Boy Scouts Afield

## Interesting Activities of Troops and Patrols in All Parts of the United States

HOUSTON, TEX. — The Boy Scouts had a prominent part in the dedication of the new triangular bridge in this city on February 6. A picked detail of four Scouts raised Old Glory on a flag pole which had been set in a circular plot where it is proposed to erect a memorial in honor of General Samuel Houston. The Scouts all attended the dedication in uniform.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The only permit to build fires in Rock Creek Park, which has been granted by the Secretary of the Board of Control, was granted recently to the Boy Scouts of Washington. This permit will enable the Scouts to enjoy outings in this beautiful place. The Scouts, of course, are placed on their honor not to destroy trees or other property.

DETROIT, MICH.—There was a monster Scout rally in the Light Guard Armory on Feb. 5. An unusually elaborate program was given and the work of the Scouts was very well received. The most striking thing about the exhibition was the clock-like regularity with which the various events were run off.

PETERBOROUGH, N. H.—The local Scout troop is already making plans for gardening activities during the coming season. This has been a special feature of the troop in the past and some very good results have been accomplished. Last year the troop entered the state potato contest and won five out of seven county prizes offered. Most of these boys had never had any experience in gardening before. One of them even brought a coal shovel to the potato field on planting day, thinking that it would be of use in digging holes for potatoes. The Scouts intend to go into this work more extensively this season than they did last.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Two thousand Boy Scouts of this city attended a service conducted by Billy Sunday, the evangelist, on the afternoon of Feb. 20. They all went in uniform, accompanied by their bands and bugle corps.

NEW YORK CITY.—One of the features of a performance given recently by blind children, was a demonstration by the Boy Scouts of Troop 115, of which Grant H. Longenecker is Scoutmaster. Every member of this troop of Scouts is blind, but this did not prevent the lads from putting on a fine exhibition. They formed pyramids, stood on one another's heads, did elephant walks, drilled and turned cart wheels. These boys frequently take long hikes under the direction of their Scoutmaster. They are getting a great deal of fun out of Boy Scout work. Most of them entered their names in the BOY'S LIFE Lonesome Corner last month.

DUPONT, PA.—The first public reading room ever established in this city has recently been opened by the Local Troop of Scouts.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Books and magazines are being distributed to the inmates of hospitals and sanitariums of this city by local troops of Boy Scouts.

ST. MICHAELS, MD.—Scoutmaster N. E. Smith reports the Boy Scouts are regularly doing good turns for five old ladies who are living all alone, and who have no one to help them with such tasks as chopping wood, running on errands, and so forth. The Scouts have also been doing a community good turn by keeping certain drains clean and by helping to keep rubbish off the streets. "It has recently been admitted by some citizens of the town," reports Mr. Smith, "that my Scouts saved the business section of the town from destruction by fire, by prompt action, while the population slept."

PARIS, TEX.—Assistant Scoutmaster, Noble Van Burkleo, reports that the Boy Scouts of that city are making rapid progress. The troop has forty-four members, thirteen of which are first-class scouts. These thirteen have a total of forty-four merit badges. The troop has a library of 175 volumes and also a troop museum. Thirty-one of the forty-four Scouts are subscribers to BOYS' LIFE. "This," says Mr. Burkleo, "is one reason why they are all live ones."

POMONA, CAL.—One hundred and sixty Scouts of this city attended a rally recently at which they were addressed by National Field Scout Commissioner, H. B. Cross, who was recently appointed to supervise the work of the movement on the Pacific Coast, reports Scout Paul H. Pfeiffer.

## Distinguished Scouts

### HONOR MEDALS ISSUED.
(Bronze.)

| | |
|---|---|
| Howard Gatley, | Washington, D. C. |
| Ernest Leech, | Bridgeport, Conn. |
| Luther M. Hansen, | Story City, Iowa |
| Merritt Lamb, | Muskegon, Mich. |
| Robert A. Baldwin, | Springfield, Mass. |
| Avie Houser, | Cortland, New York |
| Bryon Francis, | Kansas City, Missouri |

### LETTERS OF COMMENDATION.

| | |
|---|---|
| Jackson Lyman, | Cortland, New York |
| Charles Davies, | Scranton, Pa. |
| Arnold Knott, | Scranton, Pa. |

### EAGLE SCOUTS.

To win the Silver Eagle these First Class Scouts must have qualified for 21 Merit Badges. It is the highest honor given for winning Merit Badges.

| | |
|---|---|
| Victor Miller, | Denver, Colorado |
| Burnet Moses, | Timpson, Texas |
| Lawrence Prentice, | Washington, D. C. |
| J. Boyd Paul, | Harrisburg, Pa. |
| Francis W. Watson, | Washington, D. C. |
| Edward Pardoe, | Washington, D. C. |
| James Prescott, | Jenkintown, Pa. |
| Daniel C. Beard, | Flushing, Long Island |
| Samuel W. Hardy, | Washington, D. C. |
| W. Clinton Allard, | Washington, D. C. |
| Edward Sheiry, | Washington, D. C. |
| Ralph Frank, | Kansas City, Missouri |
| Clifford Appleton, | Bridgeport, Conn. |
| Max A. vonder Hayden, | Elizabeth, N. J. |

### LIFE AND STAR SCOUTS.

Life Scouts hold Merit Badges in first aid, athletics, life saving, personal health and public health. Star Scouts have five badges in addition to these.

| | |
|---|---|
| Victor Miller, | Denver, Colorado |
| C. McMillan, | Detroit, Michigan |
| J. E. Williams, | Rochester, New York |
| J. B. Paul, | Harrisburg, Pa. |
| Otto Spies, | Washington, D. C. |

### LIFE SCOUTS.

Life Scouts hold Merit Badges in first aid, athletics, life saving, personal health and public health.

| | |
|---|---|
| R. Hayes, | Josephine, Pa. |
| William Smith, | Josephine, Pa. |
| Earl Wright, | Cortland, New York |

**Total number of Merit Badges issued, 861.**

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COVINGTON, KY.—Several winter over-night camps have been held recently by the Boy Scouts of this city. The boys have spent a good deal of time in the open air and have learned to make themselves comfortable in the woods, even when the thermometer is considerably below the freezing point. The troop is now making plans for a new headquarters building for which the land has already been donated. Two members of the troop, Scouts Russell Sanders and Ralph Gilhams, recently showed great presence of mind in extinguishing a fire in a house which they were passing. The fire was started by a gasoline explosion, but the boys put it out before very much damage was done, reports Assistant Scoutmaster Harry W. Young, Jr.

FALMOUTH, IND.—About a year ago the local troop of Scouts realized that they had no funds with which to purchase equipment for a summer camp, so they began laying their plans for some means of earning money. Early in June they rigged up a refreshment booth at which they sold lemonade, popcorn and candy. Their trade increased so rapidly that by the end of the month they were able to purchase a large refreshment tent. This tent they also used when they went camping. During the summer the Scouts paid for the tent, paid the registration fees of all the Scouts, paid the registration fees for the Assistant Scoutmaster, and went on a two days' hike. They still have some money in their treasury. This summer, reports Scout Scribe Lavell Collyer, the boys expect to earn funds to purchase the books of "Every Boy's Library," wireless outfits and other equipment.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—The annual report of Troop 3, of this city, A. J. Jonrdenis, Scoutmaster, shows an unusual record of Scout activity. In the past year the troop has been presented with a log cabin by the City of Schenectady. Out of a total of $90 received by the troop, nearly half has come in as the result of the Curtis troop finance plan which the troop has adopted. During the past year the boys have covered approximately 500 miles on their various hikes.

CHICAGO.—An unusually complete and interesting report of Scout progress has been received from the Scribe of Hyde Park Troop No. 1. These Scouts have been unusually active ever since the troop was formed in April, 1910, and hardly an important Scout event has been held in Chicago in which they have not participated. A feature of their work is two mounted patrols. They also have one Life Saving Scout in the person of Daniel Greenberg, who saved the life of a servant girl, who was overcome by escaping gas in the kitchen of his home. Scout Greenberg opened the windows and rendered artificial respiration and succeeded in bringing the girl back to consciousness before the physician arrived.

UNIONPORT, N. Y.—An entertainment was given by the Boy Scouts of Troop 21, on the evening of Lincoln's birthday, at which the mothers of the Scouts were guests of honor. The program included recitations and songs by the Boy Scouts, an address by the Rev. Merrill Clark, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and talks by Scoutmaster E. B. Burchell and others. An impressive feature of the entertainment was the presentation of an American flag to the troop, the gift of the mothers of the Scouts.

TRENTON, N. J.—Two hundred Boy Scouts of Trenton, N. J., enjoyed an outdoor rally on February 12th. The Trenton Scouts also participated in a Lincoln memorial meeting on that evening.

MCLEANSBORO, ILL. — Scoutmaster R. L. Vance reports that his troop is busy erecting headquarters building 32 feet wide by 60 feet long. The funds for this building were subscribed by citizens of McLeansboro, who had been brought to a belief in the work of the Boy Scout through the actual evidences of its value as exemplified in the lives of the boys of that city.

COHOES, N. Y.—Troop 2 recently gave a most successful play entitled "The Boy Scout Camp."

ATLANTIC, IA.—The Boy Scouts of this city were hosts recently at a chicken pie supper, at which their guests of honor were prominent and professional business men who are interested in the work of the Scouts.

MOOSIC, PA.—The local troop of Scouts attended a scout banquet held renectly in Scranton for the Boy Scouts of Lackawana County. Troops from Peckville, Scranton, Dunmore and Old Forge were also present. Robert Graham, Scout Scribe, reports that the Moosic troops are doing fine work. They have telegraph lines, troop libraries and a great deal of other scout equipment.

ORANGE, N. J.—More than four hundred Scouts and Scout officials attended an Anniversary rally held in this city on February 8. The principal feature of the rally was an address by Mr. W. A. Perry, of the Scoutmasters' Department of National Headquarters.

SUFFERN, N. Y.—The second annual rally of the Rockland County, N. Y.-Bergen County, N. J., Scouts, was held in Suffern, N. Y., Washington's Birthday. Fifteen troops numbering over 350

Scouts and Scoutmasters were present. The troops attending were Sloatsburg, 1 and 2; Hillburn 1, Ramsey 1, Ridgewood 1 and 2, Spring Valley 1 and 2, Sparkill, Nannet, Monsey, New City, Pearl River and Suffern 1 and 2. Scout Commissioner Dillon Wallace was present and presented the scout work in an interesting and able manner to a large audience in the High School. Scout contests were a feature of the morning, and the competition was keen. Last year 125 Scouts attended the rally. This year's gain of 225 is significant of the growth of the work in this section.

PROVO, UTAH.—One of the Assistant Scoutmasters of the Boy Scouts, of this city, is a native of Hawaii, who is teaching the Scouts the dances of his country.

ROSENDALE, N. Y.—A recent winter camp of the local troop of Scouts was named "Nick o' the Woods," in honor of a famous American Scout, who operated in this vicinity during the Revolutionary War.

DETROIT, MICH.—Senior Patrol eLader LeRoy Wing, of Troop 59, reports that his troop is now completely organized. A special feature of their work is a large bugle and drum corps.

PUEBLO, COLO.—Scoutmaster Arthur W. Hall, reports that his troop includes boys of foreign parentage representing six nationalities, but that the Scout work has made them forget all national prejudices and work together as Brother Scouts.

BEDFORD, VA.—Troop 1, of this city, has increased its membership from sixteen to thirty-two. The City Library Association has presented the troop with a handsome club room with six lockers. Nearly every member of the troop is at least of second class rank.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Rapid progress in the development of the Boy Scout movement in this city is being made. There are now more than four hundred boys enrolled in the various troops. They receutly enjoyed a big scout field day at their camping grounds, at Trout Creek. The work is in charge of Scout Commissioner Friend E. Hoyt.

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLO.—Scout M. W. Leckenby reports a ski hike taken recently to a deserted mine some distance out in the mountains.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Washington's birthday was celebrated in this city by an all-day Scout rally. The feature was an aquatic meet in the afternoon at the public baths. Nearly two hundred Scouts were in atendance.

SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.—Nearly one hundred Scouts, gathered from all parts of Chippewa County, attended a Scout rally held at the Y. M. C. A. in this city recently.

TACOMA, WASH.—One of the features of the Sportsmans' Show held here recently was an exhibition of Boy Scout work.

MOIRA, N. Y.—Scout Scribe Hawison Hull reports that his troop is making rapid progress, and that they expect to increase their membership very soon.

PEARLVILLE, N. Y.—The business men of this city have offered a prize for the best all-around Scout in town. The prize is a trip to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and will be awarded to the first Scout who attains First Class rank.

ANDALUSA, ALA.—Scout Scribe George Whaley reported that his troop recently performed a community good turn by tearing down a number of old circus signs that detracted from the neat appearance of several streets.

CAMDEN, N. J.—The local Boy Scouts rendered invaluable service during the recent "Self-Sacrifice Day Campaign," which was held on behalf of the poor and unemployed of this city. The Scouts assisted in collecting conributions and in all ways made themselves helpful. The Camden newspapers were unanimous in their commendation of the work which the boys did.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—The Boy Scouts of this city rendered valuable assistance to the delegates at the State Sunday School convention recently held here. The Scouts were granted a two days' vacation from school to enable them to be of service to the delegates.

SPRING VALLEY, N. Y.—More than one hundred Boy Scouts participated in a big rally recently in this city. Members from Sparkhill, Nannet, New City, Monsey, Suffern and Hillburn took part in the various activities. A feature of the rally was the lunch served for the boys by the ladies of the Reformed Church.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Troop 15 is the proud possessor of a real Indian Totem pole, a present from Mr. Harry W. Dunlap, a member of their troop committee.

MOUNTAIN VIEW, OKLA.—The local Boy Scouts recently found a large quantity of watches, guns, knives and some money cached under the railroad bridge, just outside of the city. The Scouts had noticed a suspicious-looking stranger in town and they trailed him to this bridge, where the plunder was discovered. It is believed that the jewlery was stolen from the local depot.

# Every Boy Scout Needs Good Tools

You scouts must have good tools for all woodcraft—for trail or camp; building shacks, rafts, bridges or boats; and making box-traps, live-fish-boxes and a lot of other things that you'll always find to do every time you go outdooring.

## KEEN KUTTER

tools do *more* work, *better* work, *easier* work, because they are *all* quality, and made with just the right "hang." You can work a long time with Keen Kutter tools and not get tired. Besides, you work faster with them and *do* more in a *short* time. Best of all, Keen Kutter tools are *guaranteed* and that means the dealer is authorized to return the price of any unsatisfactory Keen Kutter tool.

**Send for our Tool Cabinet Booklet No. G 597. Furniture Booklet No. G 976.**

*"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."*
Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. SIMMONS.

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St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia
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E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER CUTLERY TOOLS

**TRIMBLE'S Knife and Repair KIT**

## "BE PREPARED"

Every Scout should and will eventually have a

**Trimble's Scout Knife & Tool Kit.**

It is superior to anything of its kind ever introduced, designed and built with that idea. Fine for Automoblists, Motorcyclists, Campers, Hunters, etc.

Regular Price, $2.00. Post Prepaid.

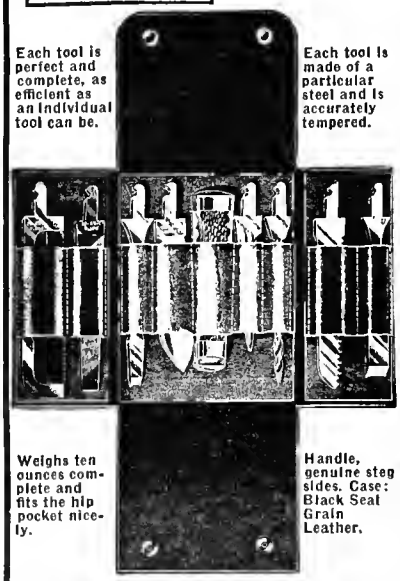
**OFFER TO BOY SCOUTS**

No. 1—Detach and fill out coupon and return with $2.00 bill attached.

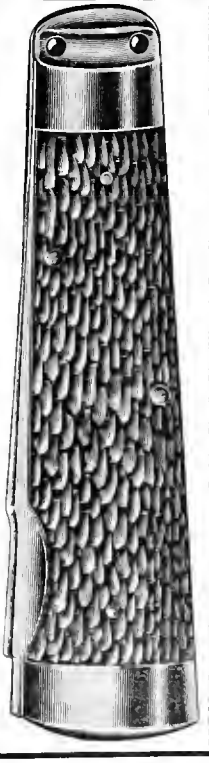
No. 2—Send names and addresses of your troup signed by Scout Master and $1.50 in cash.

No. 3—Kit given to every Scout selling twelve sets at regular price—cash with order.

**A. G. TRIMBLE**
**5084 Jenkins Arcade**
**Pittsburgh, Penn.**


Each tool is perfect and complete, as efficient as an individual tool can be.
Each tool is made of a particular steel and is accurately tempered.
Weighs ten ounces complete and fits the hip pocket nicely.
Handle, genuine steg sides. Case: Black Seal Grain Leather.

Eight Practical Tools—Hack Saw, Screw Driver, File, Leather Punch, Wood Saw, Knife Blade, Gimlet, Can Opener, Cap Remover and Handle.



A. G. TRIMBLE, 5084 Jenkins Arcade, Pittsburgh, Penna.
I accept your offer No. ..... and enclose $..... herewith, requirements as mentioned therein.
Name .....
Street and Number .....
City ..... State .....
Guarantee—If, for any reason, the KIT is not absolutely satisfactory in every respect, return it and money will be refunded at once.

# How to Make a Baseball Diamond

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Author of "Boy Scouts of Berkshire," "Boy Scouts in White Mountains," etc.

SPRING is coming! Soon you'll hear the peepers in the meadows, the frost will be out of the ground, and you'll get baseball itch in the palms of your hands. Baseball itch is a very common disease. No cure has yet been discovered. But it isn't dangerous unless it attacks you suddenly in the middle of a spelling lesson, so that you don't hear your name called.

*When Baseball Itch is Dangerous.*

I hope you put some sweet oil on your glove before you stored it away last winter. If you didn't, let some oil soak into it over night before you use it this spring. That will keep the leather from getting dry and cracking.

But what you ought to be thinking of at this spring season is your baseball diamond. If you haven't got a good one, which is kept rolled for you, how can you yourselves make it better?

It's not half so much fun to play on a diamond where the grounders don't roll true, and a bounce shoots off to the left just as you are going to nail it. You can't become so good a player, either, under these conditions.

What can a group of Scouts do to make their diamond better?

In the first place, if your diamond is turf, now is the time to roll it, just as soon as the frost is out and before the ground gets dry and hard. Borrow the heaviest roller you can find, a big horse roller if possible. If you cannot get this, get a hand roller, which you can haul by tying a rope to it and letting half a dozen boys pull. Roll the whole playing field twice—once from home to second, once across at right angles, from first to third. Roll the outfield, too. If your turf is very rough, criss-crossing it with a disc harrow before rolling will help smooth it.

But don't stop there. You can, with a little work, do a lot more than that.

Next get three or four wheelbarrows, shovels, and some wooden rakes. Find a spot near your diamond where you can dig up soil (without stones in it) and bring loads of this soil to the playing field. Then with the shovels scatter this soil in all the places where the turf is uneven, and spread it down into the hollows with the backs of the rakes. It would have been better to do this in the fall, but it's all right in spring, if you don't put on too much. The grass will come up through it, or you can scatter some seed.

Be sure, as I said, not to have any stones in the soil. If you haven't any soil nearby free of stones, borrow a gravel screen and screen the dirt before you cart it to the field.

When you've done this, go over the field once more with the roller, and don't play on it till this top dressing has had time to settle. Then you'll find your grounders will bounce far truer than they ever did before.

If you take some more soil, mixed with fine sand—don't be afraid to use plenty of sand, perhaps 2/3 of the mixture—and top-dress the turf next autumn, by another year you'll have a fine, true diamond.

Now, if your diamond is not turf, but dirt, what can you do?

In the first place, you can all line up near home plate, and go right across it, each boy picking up stones into a basket or pail, clearing a path say two feet wide. If there are ten boys, one trip will thus cover a twenty foot strip. By the time you've crossed the entire diamond and back again, you'll see a big difference, and when you play you'll notice a big difference in the trueness of the bounce.

But don't stop here.

Get a heavy beam or plank, the longer the better, and an old strip of carpet the same length. Tack this carpet firmly by one edge along the under side of the beam. Then fasten a rope to either end of the beam, and let two or three boys take each rope, and drag this scraper slowly back and forth across the field, first from home to second, and then from third to first. If your beam is ten feet long, you'll cover a ten-foot path, and it won't take long to smooth the whole diamond.

But you mustn't do this till the ground is dry. If you do it over wet ground you will spoil the surface.

You can keep this drag all summer, and by using it every now and then keep your dirt diamond almost as smooth as a tennis court. If you have some clean, fine sand nearby, put some of that on before you drag the field.

There is one thing more you can do—you ought to do, in fact, even if you do nothing else. That is, to see that all stones are picked out of the paths in front of first, second and third bases, and the home plate, too, so that nobody will be hurt sliding. After the stones are picked out,

*The Beam-and-Carpet Scraper*

get a few barrow loads of clean, fine sand, and fill up the approaches to the bases an inch deep with this sand. Then, when you slide, you'll find it much more pleasant than skinning your stomach on stones and mud.

Why play on an untrue field when you can have a true and good one? Spring is the time to begin this work. Do a good turn for baseball in your town!

## Scouts' Questions Answered

*Q. Can a Scout register at any other time except when the troop registration is made?—Scout S., Va.*

A. Yes, a boy may join at any time. He pays dues in proportion to the amount of time left before it becomes necessary to re-register the troop; for three months, ten cents; six months, fifteen cents; nine months, twenty cents; twelve months, twenty-five cents. Fractions of these periods are counted as whole quarters.

*Q. What are the customary forms of respect due to the flag?—Scout G., Moss.*

A. (1) The flag should not be hoisted before sunrise nor allowed to remain up after sunset. (2) At "retreat," sunset, civilian spectators should salute. (3) When the national colors are passing on parade or review the spectators should, if walking, halt, and if sitting, rise and stand at attention and uncover. (4) When the flag is flown at half staff as a sign of mourning it should be hoisted to full staff at the conclusion of the funeral. In placing the flag at half mast it should first be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position. Preliminary to lowering from half mast it should first be raised to the top. (5) On Memorial Day, May 30, the flag should fly at half mast from sunrise until noon, and full staff from noon to sunset.

*Q. Why is it necessary to hoist the flag at sunrise and lower it at sunset, and where did the custom originate?—Scout M., Mass.*

A. This question was submitted to the War Department at Washington, D. C., and the following information was given by that department:

"The raising of the United States flag over military posts and stations at sunrise and the lowering of the flag at sunset is a custom of the military service that has been observed for many years, and was probably established as a means of indicating the commencement and cessation of activities for the day at the place where displayed. As exhanstive a search of the official records as it is practicable to make has resulted in failure to discover any information showing where or how the custom originated."

*Q. Must a boy be a Scout to obtain a Handbook?—Frank G., Pa.*

A. No, the Handbook can be obtained by any person who desires it. It is on sale at nearly every bookstore in the country, or it can be had by applying direct to the Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

*Q. Is it necessary for a boy to be a Scout or a subscriber to* BOYS' LIFE *in order to correspond with other boys through the Lonesome Corner?—G. N., New York.*

A. No, any boy may take advantage of the opportunities offered through the "Lonesome Corner."

MEMBERSHIP CARDS NOT TRANSFERABLE.—In view of the fact that several requests have been made to have the name of some new boy substituted for an old one on membership cards which have been returned to National Headquarters, notice is given that membership cards are not transferable and that one boy may not be registered on the fee of another except when the error has been made by Headquarters. Lost or destroyed cards will be duplicated on payment of ten cents to cover cost of the new card and the necessary recording.

### A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"The baby's swallowed the penny you gave him to play with," wailed the little girl. "Whatever shall I do?"

"Oh, let him keep it," replied her elder brother. "It's his birthday to-morrow, and I should have given him something, anyhow."

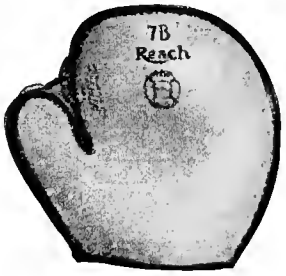

# Play Ball!

## Here are the Things to Do It With

## Any one of them *Given* With a Subscription to Boys' Life at $1.00

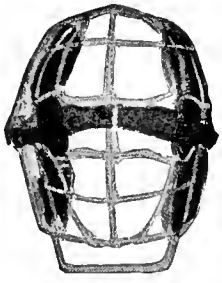
**"Reach" Scholastic League Baseball.** (Price 65c. postpaid.) An excellent ball for young men. Regulation size and weight. Horsehide cover, made of woolyarn, rubber center.

A **"Reach Professional" Bat,** spotted, extra quality white ash, burnt finish—full size. (Regular price 65c.) The Bat for the boy who is after the 400 average.




**"Reach" Catcher's Mitt,** made on the new Reach combination Basemen's and Fielders' model. One-piece face—a "pocket" is readily formed in a mitt of this kind.

**"Reach" Fielders' Glove.** (Regular price 65 cents.) Made of pearl colored leather welted, fully padded, leather pocket lining, deep pocket and web thumb. An excellent glove.



**"Reach" Catcher's Mask.** (Regular Price, 65c.) Young men's size. Made of heavy steel wire, well finished and padded. A fine mask for amateur players. Covered by Reach guarantee.

**PICK OUT THE ONE YOU WANT—USE THIS BLANK NOW**

BOYS' LIFE, the Boy Scouts' Magazine,
200 Fifth Avenue, New York.

I want the ..... as pictured in the April Boys' Life. Please send it to me right away. For it I enclose a year's subscription to Boys' Life, with $1 for same. I understand the premium will come with all charges prepaid.

Name .....

Address .....

# Our Lonesome Corner

## More and More Boys Exchanging Letters—Are You?

"I WOULD like to see all Scouts corresponding with one another, and especially with foreign Scouts," writes Lawrence Sacks, Assistant Scoutmaster of Troop 64, Philadelphia. "I think that the Lonesome Corner is one of the best features of BOYS' LIFE."

The number of boys who are taking advantage of the pleasant opportunity is growing fast, as you can tell by examining the names published this month. Join now, if you are not already a member. It costs nothing. The only requirement is that you observe the rules printed on this page. Tell your boy friends about it, too. That will be a sure-enough good turn.

### Is Your Hobby Here?

Boys are becoming more and more interested in each other's pastimes. An idea of the extent of this is shown by the number of boys who desire to correspond with other boys on different subjects. The list follows:

#### American.

Wayne M. Nelson, N. C.; wireless.
C. Edgar Bilton, Conn.; India, Japan and other Oriental countries.
H. Stuart Goldsmith, N. Y.; Foreign Scouts.
Marion Tomblin, Mo.; magic, model boats, aeroplanes; stamps and coins.
Ben L. Cash, Kas.; English Boy Scouts; farming.
Leslie Kniskern, Wash.; United States boys on birds; foreign boys on stamps.
Camant Higgins, Va.; exchange scenic views, postcards and wireless.
Milton J. Swift, Ky.; assistant Scoutmasters on their work.
Donnell D. Baldwin, Cal.; stamps, rabbits, birds, flags 6 x 6 inches.
Richard Crocker, Idaho; correspond about mechanical things.
Jay D. Warner, O.; athletics, camp building and outdoors.
Fred A. Plummer, Me.; exchange postcards with 16-year-old patrol leaders.
Walker R. Alexander, Okla.; electrical experiments.
Langdon Smith, Conn.; stamps.
Glen F. Hall, Mich.; athletics.
Leo Nassimbene, Wyo., outdoor life, hunting, trapping, Scout work.
Rodman Doremus, N. J.; foreign Scouts and Scouts in Maryland and Virginia, to exchange snapshots and postcards.
K. Zankel, Pa.; German Scouts.
Earle Buchanan, Wis.; New England Scouts.
Fridtjof Gilbert, S. D.; Scout work, stamps, foreign Scouts.
Edward Barce, Ind.; agriculture, athletics, Scoutcraft.
James Henningson, N. Y.; stamps.
Thomas M. Shelley, Mass.; Scouts in Edinburgh, Scotland.
Alfred Warshofsky, Pa.; twelve-year-old boys about Indian relics and Scout work.
Benjamin Carr, Mass.; thirteen-year-old Scouts in the west and in foreign countries on athletics, etc.
Myrl Patterson, Tex.; wireless, stamps, photography, electricity, foreign boys.
Howard P. Sharts, N. Y.; English boys.
Edward M. Warner, Ind.; correspond with Hawaiian Scouts near Honolulu or Schofield Barracks.
Robert E. Vining, Mass.; Scouts in Indiana.
Oliver Raymond, Mich.; correspond with stamp collectors in Germany, Alaska, Africa and Pacific Islands.
William R. Yorkston, S. I.; British boys interested in sea and navigation.
Elmore Smith, N. Y.; first aid.

### Any Boy Can Do It

**This is the way**

Pick out the name of a boy.

Write a letter to him.

Address an envelope with his name and the right postage.

Don't seal that envelope.

Enclose it in another, addressed to the boy, in care of BOYS' LIFE. Mail this to us and we will forward it.

If your letter is to a boy in North America or England, put on a two-cent stamp. If it is to go to any other country abroad, five cents.

Harold Sparks, Wash.; stamps.
Hugh Norris, O.; sixteen-year-old Scouts.
Carl Weaver, Ill.; English and American boys about poster stamps and birds.
Roland Tailby, N. J.; correspond with foreign boys, patrol leaders; exchange picture postals with Scouts in South and Central America.
John Cilley, N. C.; Indian and other relics.
James Shepherd, Mass.; signalling.
Fritz Mauritson, Minn.; stamps and foreign Scouts.
Nelson D. Montgomery, N. J.; foreign money.
Ward Pensyl, Pa.; electricity, wireless, telegraphy, birds and bicycle hiking.
Arthur Summer, Pa.; photography, birds, electricity, overnight camps and bicycle hiking.
Harry O. Riepen, Pa.; foreign Scouts.
Philip C. Rotherbusch, Cal.; stamps.
Louis Fergnson, Kas.; soil wanted from every State. Send in a tobacco can.
Robert Wilson, O.; stamps.
Karl B. Rugh, Kas.; baseball.

#### Foreign.

Clifford Bradfield, Canada; stamps.
Eric Brook, England; patrol leaders.

#### Live Correspondents.

Following is the list of boys who have written letters for the first time through the Lonesome Corner. Notice how this list is increasing every month. Any one of these boys will be glad to have a letter from you. Their names:

#### American.

Lee Nixon, O.
Geo. Burwood, Jr., Pa.
Nelson Hunter, Ind.
Howard Reed, Ind.
Hackett A. Peck, Ind.
James Jobes, Ind.
P. L. Sargent, Ind.
Arthur Gones, Ind.
G. T. Purves, S.M., Ind.
H. T. Edwards, Jr., Pa.
William Cassidy, Pa.
Nick Hamilton, La.
John A. Carney, Ind.
Robert Cummings, Ind.
Allan C. Krause, Ind.
Paul Withers, Ind.
Ralph Pierson, Ind.
Myron Bard, Ind.
Henry J. Meyer, Jr., N. Y.
I. Brownstein, Conn.
Robert T. Adams, Mass.
Leon Penniman, Ill.
A. O. Secord, N. J.
Carmino Paolucci, Colo.
Alden Arn, Kas.
Ed. E. Parsons, Md.
Howard Wilkins, Md.
W. L. Hastings, Md.
Buckney Sewell, Md.
Wm. K. Tenney, N. Y.
C. Duncan Clare, Ky.
Zerban Sutliff, Pa.
Joseph V. Barry, Ill.
M. W. Leckenby, Colo.
Chales J. Davis, O.
G. H. Gower, Minn.
Owen R. Garfield, N. H.
Sid Woodley, Ill.
Leo Wood, N. Y.
Geo. P. Mapes, Mass.
H. Ross Barrett, O.
Ernest Culberson, Ala.
R. G. Dow, N. J.
Robert D. Watt, Mo.
Neil Campbell, Tex.
Ivan Murrell, Ill.
G. F. Robinson, Conn.
Harry Rice, Pa.
Geo. S. Silliman, Ala.
Wm. J. Ludwig, Md.
Harry N. Luber, Md.
John Cameron, Mich.
Jos. Adelstein, N. Y.
Louis H. Allen, Ill.
Eugene Ferriss, Conn.
Fredericks White, N. Y.
Gould B. Martin, N. Y.
Thomas Ray, Me.
J. Parker Ewbank, Ark.
Walter Poor, Me.
Lloyd Jas. Powers, Kas.
Byron Knight, Ill.
Ralph Lichtenstein, Pa.
Wm. H. Wright, Ind.
M. G. Demongeot, Me.
J. R. Ewbank, Ark.
F. P. Squibb, Ind.
Thomas Henley, Tex.
Myron Kelly, Ill.
Conan A. Priest, Me.
R. B. Moore, Tenn.
Cyril Fraser, Iowa.
Lewis J. Powers, Ill., Mass.
Edward North, Mich.
Harold Jaynes, Conn.
Clarence Duke, Ill.
Walter Wilson, Minn.
Fred Lowcock, Mo.
Clem Bush, Okla.
Ward Buck, N. Y.
W. D. Meany, Mass.
Alvaro Dunn, Idaho.
Roland Scull, N. J.
R. Wright Finley, Conn.
Geo. T. Lewis, N. Y.
Robert R. Follis, N. Y.
Rublee Brown, Wis.
Geo. W. Bates, Mass.
Robert Sumner, Ind.
Orville Sampley, Ill.
Robert Flint, Me.
Leroy W. Luff, O.
Maxwell Evans, Me.
Dawson Stewart, Mo.
Edson W. Conger, N. Y.
Leonard Wilcox, Pa.
Vernon R. Selby, Md.
Owen S. Selby, Md.
Carl Apsley, Md.
John Galloway, Neb.
Tom Mullady, Neb.
Laurens Williams, Vt.
W. C. Watson, Mo.
Edward Poppele, N. J.
Virgil Wright, Okla.
J. Ammen Blake, S. C.
R. W. Howe, Mass.
Kenton T. McCurry, Pa.
Joseph L. Connolly, Pa.
Hallett Schenck, N. J.
Anton Snchan, Ill.
Raymond Walker, Conn.
M. G. Fanner, N. Y.
L. Dodson, Ala.
Gordon L. Hess, Wis.
Loyd Shore, Iowa.
Lyle F. Kirk, Neb.
Roger Booner, N. Y.
Francis Carlisle, Pa.
Robert Bly, Va.
Carl Davis, Tex.
Walter Gudlod, Mo.
William Peach, Va.
Reginald Sipfle, Ill.
Eli Dorsey, Colo.
George Robbins, Pa.
A. H. Stallman, Wis.
Casper Murphy, Mo.
Fred B. Walch, N. J.
Harold Connick, Me.
Harold J. Kalbas, Ill.
Loren Williams, Okla.
Oliver Gribble, Neb.
Bob Falagrady, Colo.
Harold Bulkley, N. J.
Geo. A. Wolgamott, Ia.
Harold Holub, Cal.
Edgar L. Lazier, Cal.
Earl R. Bloom, Minn.
Murray Snively, Ind.
Gibson Kincheloe, Va.
Dean Poisal, Kas.
George Shepphird, Cal.
Earl G. Ingraham, N. Mex.
Cecil Poor, Me.
Donald Mair, Neb.
Orange Lemon, Idaho.
John T. Browning, Ky.
Thos. Ray Gaither, Md.
Charles Keevil, Mo.
Roscoe T. Foust, N. H.
Otto F. Holden, W. Va.
Takashi Koga, Cal.
Fred P. Wilmer, Va.
J. H. Jung, Jr., N. Y.
Harold Ebert, Conn.
Eugene V. Barrone, O.
K. McCormac, Mich.
Arthur Horst, Neb.
Walter Asp, Minn.

#### Foreign.

Redford Stewart, Can.
W. A. Brookes, Eng.
Joseph C. Head, Eng.
Leonard Golding, Eng.
Murray Anderson, Can.
W. Taylor, Eng.
N. E. Denyer, Eng.

#### More Blind Boys.

Here are three more blind boys to be added to the list which we published in

the March Boys' Life. They would be glad to have a letter from you:

Charles Otten, N. Y. Warren Marshall, N. Y.
Alfred Cerimedo, N. Y.

THESE ASK FOR LETTERS.

Other boys who have asked especially to have their names inserted in this "Corner" follow. Take your pick, and write some interesting letters:

AMERICAN.

Winferd Robinson, N. Y.
J. Russell Cullage, Mass.
J. Blake Hillyer, N. Y.
James Frederickson, Mich.
Earl Smith, Pa.
Clifford L. Sayre, Pa.
Joseph Leonard, Pa.
Lyle C. Everett, Minn.
Arthur N. Johnson, Conn.
Harold Bowe, Ohio.
Billy Scott, Ga.
Arthur J. Thompson, Ga.
Ernest Hugvelet, N. C.
Proctor Nesbitt, Ky.
Robert Held, Wash.
Ray Powell, Okla.
Arthur E. Likins, Iowa.
Lester Kinnman, Md.
Leopold Goldstein, N. J.
Guy M. Hall, N. H.
Max Fritz, Wis.
Harold Lush, Cal.
Harold Free, O.
Harold F. Braman, Conn.
Hix Long, Jr., Del.
Russell H. Fisk, Pa.
George A. Harrison, Conn.
J. Ralph Stagg, Kas.
Leo Dickson, Ill.
Victor H. Brock, L. I.
Wilford Ellenberg, N. J.
Thomas Eastwood, Mass.
Marshall Roberts, Ill.
Forrest Kelley, Kas.

FOREIGN.

Nils Bostrom, Sweden. Harold Smiley, Canada

Mr. George T. Purves, Scoutmaster of a Troop of Boy Scouts in Indianapolis, Ind., has had twelve of his boys write letters to other boys through the Lonesome Corner of Boys' Life. He also sent a number of scenic views of Indianapolis to boys in England and Scotland. That's a fine idea.

## Clean-up Campaigns Started

Reports are already coming to Boys' Life about "Clean-up Campaigns" which are being started by Boy Scouts. This kind of community service is becoming increasingly popular among scout troops, and these early reports indicate that this year more Scouts than ever before will participate in such campaigns in all parts of the country.

The first report of this kind comes from Berkeley, Cal., where Boy Scouts put in a hard day's work on February 6 removing tin cans, refuse and unsightly garbage heaps from one section of the city. The Scouts were assisted by the Police and the Street Cleaning Departments. It is planned to tackle other sections of the city later.

"Clean-up Day" in Montgomery, Ala., was held on February 9. The work was mainly done by a large squad of Scouts in charge of Scoutmaster W. L. Pittman. A number of prizes were offered for the best work done and first place was won by Dan Speigner, who gathered a pile of trash 26 feet long, 24 feet wide and 5 feet high.

## Wireless Patrol In Buffalo

Seven members of Troop 29 have formed a wireless patrol. Every member of the patrol has obtained a preliminary operator's license from the government and has installed a sending and receiving station in his home. Each boy has constructed and erected his own outfit. The members of the patrol are Arthur H. Benzee, nineteen years old; Wesley E. Benzee, twenty-eight years old; Arthur J. Preston, sixteen; Harry L. Maxon, fifteen; Roland E. Hauck, sixteen; Raymond E. Corts, eighteen; Ralph J. Davis, eighteen, and Charles W. Davis, sixteen.

Fit Out Your Outfit With

# Shredded Wheat

A bowl filled full of milk and this delicious whole wheat food will make your camp-fire seem more cheerful at night and your body more rested after a vigorous day.

For the hungry Boy Scout there is no more suitable food than wholesome SHREDDED WHEAT. So simple and enjoyable and so easily digested is SHREDDED WHEAT that it does not tire or overtax the already tired system.

Athletic teams train on it; coaches endorse it by placing it on their training tables. SHREDDED WHEAT makes that muscle and stamina which spell success not only in athletics but in every walk of life.

Easily carried; easily served; its flavor is always fresh and sweet. Be sure it's a part of your outing outfit—"There's health and vigor in every shred."

**Made only by**

**The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, New York**

**Don't Spend Another Summer Canoe-less**

Get an "Old Town Canoe" for fishing and camping. It is easily paddled, easily carried, and its broad bottom makes it hard to upset. The "Old Town 'Sponson' Canoe" won't upset. An "Old Town Canoe" is such a beauty it will make you the envy of the crowd. Send for free catalog. 4000 low-priced canoes ready. Dealers everywhere.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 494 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U.S.A.

"Old Town Canoe"

In answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE

SUMMER CAMPS

**CAMP TIMAGAMI**

The pioneer boys' camp of Canada. Under present management for fifteen years. Situated in the real backwoods of the Timagami Forest Reserve, Ontario. Senior and Junior divisions. Separate accommodations for adult friends. Prospectus upon application to Scoutmaster G. O. Clarke, 81 W. Kingsbridge Rd., Bronx Borough, N. Y.; or to A. L. Cochrane, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.

**Boys, We Want You to Get Acquainted with CAMP GAHADA** ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

For boys of Christian parentage, ten to fifteen years of age, inclusive. Beautiful grounds. Lodge. Tent for each two boys. Every known camping attraction. Resident physician. Tutoring. Elaborate portfolio of views, also poster stamps on request. Terms, $150 a season.
William B. Efner, Dir., P.O.B. 223L, Schenectady, N. Y.

**MINNE-WAWA** SUMMER CAMP For Boys and Young Men

Located at Lake of Two Rivers, Algonquin Provincial Park, in the heart of Ontario Highlands. Unsurpassed for fishing, canoeing, observation of nature, and wild animal photography. Just the camp you have been looking for. Wholesome moral atmosphere. Highest references. Reasonable terms. Write for Booklet N. W. L. WISE, Ph. B., Bordentown, N. J.

**CAMP OXFORD** an Ideal Summer Camp for Boys

Oxford, Maine. Seven miles from Poland Springs. Land and water sports of every kind. Public Opinion Club. Mountain climbing. Deep-sea fishing. Tutoring, if desired. Library and Reading Room. Athletic prizes. Talks on Boy Problems. First aid to the injured, etc. A two months' summer vacation full of delight and instruction. "I recommend Camp Oxford without reserve as a healthful, happy, helpful summer place for boys."—Bishop E. H. Hughes. Booklet. Address A. F. Caldwell, A.M. Green Castle, Indiana.

**Camp Indianola** For Boys. On Lake Mendota, Wisconsin.

Beautiful Location. Unquestionably one of the best equipped, best conducted, and most reasonable camps in the country. We guarantee everything at the camp to be as represented in the catalog. We give boys a very pleasant and most profitable vacation—the kind they want, and the kind their parents wish them to have. Free booklet. Address Capt. F. G. Mueller, Dir., Madison, Wis. Chicago Office: 1515 Masonic Temple. Tel. Central 3902.

**CAMP TOPANEMUS** FOR BOYS SUNAPEE, N. H.

For boys 8 to 15. On Little Lake Sunapee at an elevation of 1200 feet. Tents and administration building. Boating and swimming under safe restrictions. All field and water sports. Fresh farm food. For booklet, address J. D. HOLLENBECK, Freehold Military School, Freehold, N. J.

**CAMP ALGONQUIN**
On Asquam Lake, N. H.

Would you like to have the best time this summer you have ever had, with baseball, buntball, tennis, swimming and rowing and at the same time learn about birds, trees, flowers, plants, the stars—all of nature's wonders? Come to Algonquin and improve physically and mentally. Tutoring for boys who want it. References required. Circular free. Address EDWIN DE MERITTE, 817 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

In answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE.

# Around the Campfire

(*Continued from page 21.*)

for he was a dead shot and hit my hand nearly every time. The others were not so good, and so I escaped further punishment. I now taught them the One-Legged Chicken Fight, and they were still at it when I left.

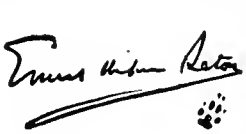
THERE was one other interesting episode. When I got out my camera an elderly Indian came up to me and said, "You make pictures?" I said, "Yes." He answered, "Fifty cents, please." I paid him the fifty cents and said, "You must show me about." This he did for a little while. Then I said, "I want to see one of the oldest houses in the village, a place with an old-fashioned fireplace."

He didn't seem to know what I meant, but he took me to the house of a woman who spoke English. Most of these dwellings now have cook stoves in them. I explained that I wanted to see an open fireplace. This woman said, "That woman down there has one." So I went down to the house she indicated. It was of the type that existed when Columbus landed and appeared to be hundreds of years old. Across the low wooden door was printed the words: "She never stays at home." I don't suppose the owner knew what it meant or she would have rubbed it off.

I knocked and went in, and there I found three Indian women in their ancient costumes sitting about a fine old-fashioned fireplace. They were talking softly and scarcely noticed me, but they gave me permission to make pictures. The house was of sun-dried bricks and stone mixed, with a heavy timber roof and some timber in the walls. All of it very ancient. The rafters were hung with dried squashes, dried meat and corn in the ear. There were one or two bins of corn and jars of smaller seeds, and everything from top to bottom was spotlessly clean. The household arrangements were primitive. Everything seemed to date back to pre-Columbian days.

The language the women talked evidently was antique, as was their dress; and I rejoiced to think that here I was four hundred years back in point of time, and seeing the life that these people lived before our people came to America.

As I sketched and enjoyed these reflections I was suddenly startled by the sounding of a "*b-rrrrr.*" I turned, and here on the wall was a telephone! It rang three times. The women listened. Then that not being their number, they turned again to their employment and took no further notice of me.



## For Wall Scalers

Scoutmaster E. M. Deering, Troop No. 3, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., is anxious to know whether or not any troop has ever excelled the record of his Scouts in the wall scaling event. The record of Mr. Deering's Troop is twenty-three seconds for an eight-man team over an eight-foot wall, starting fifty yards in front of the wall and ending fifty yards behind it.

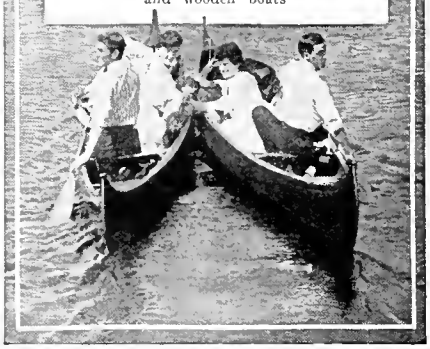
*A TREK CART FOR YOUR TROOP—How you can make one will be fully described in the May* BOYS' LIFE.

**Canoeing!**

How can you spend the summer without a canoe? There's nothing quite like canoeing—so exhilarating—so satisfying; nothing that will bring you quite so close to nature and force the daily grind of yesterday so far into the background.

**MULLINS CANOES**

possess every refinement that you will want in your canoe. Exquisite workmanship—beauty, grace and lightness, carefully matched cedar, canvas cover rubbed and polished to perfection—and the price will please you, too. Big, interesting, illustrated catalog on request. Wherever canoes are sold you will find a Mullins.
THE W. H. MULLINS COMPANY
77 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio
World's largest manufacturers of steel and wooden boats



**Best grade cedar canoe for $20**
Detroit canoes can't sink

All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world. (152)
Detroit Boat Co., 62 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

WRITE FOR OUR BOOK FREE **Kennebec**

Wonderful fun and health in paddling, sailing and motoring in a Kennebec. Write postal for new book FREE. Read why "Kennebec" means greatest beauty, strength, speed, lightness, steadiness and carrying capacity. Address Now. Kennebec Canoe Company, 8 R. R. Sq., Waterville, Maine.

**CAMP WYONEE** for BOYS

LONG LAKE, HARRISON, MAINE.

The best boys' camp in Maine. Very complete equipment for all sports. Just the life boys like. Scout Commissioner on the camp staff. Exactly 75% of the campers of 1913 came back last summer. Wyonee boys won 47 prizes, including ten silver cups, in 1914. Send for elaborate book of pictures, request for which must come from boy's parents. Early enrollment necessary.
Dr. Frederic A. Wilson, 400 Manhattan Ave., N. Y. C.

**CAMP CHAMPLAIN**

An Ideal Summer Camp for Boys on Lake Champlain. Twenty-first Year. Every convenience for safety and comfort. Waterproof tents with floors. All land and water sports. Leaders carefully chosen college men. Best of food. Camp physician. No mosquitoes or malaria. Long-distance phone. Number limited. Booklet upon application. Address Wm. H. Brown, 270 West 72nd St., New York.

**CAMP RUSHING WATERS—In the Catskills**

Open June 1st to Sept. 15. Ideal Summer Camp for boys and young men. Picturesque spots, hunting, mountain climbing, swimming, boating, trout fishing. Wall tents, wooden floors, army cots. Expense moderate for all or part of season. Write R. L. Marsans, SHANDAKEN, ULSTER CO. :-: NEW YORK

# IDEAL BOY SCOUT TENTS

**Every Scout Should Have One**

**Note:—In these Tents Scouts' Staffs are used for poles by tacking leather washer to staff which catches in 1½-inch rings sewed in top of tent.**

**Rings all hand-sewed. See tents rolled up on shoulders of two end Scouts, ready for a hike.**

Above cut shows part of Troop No. 1, Boy Scouts of America, Toledo, Ohio, with their No. 1 Army Khaki-Dyed Tents manufactured by us.

**No. 1**—Scout Tent—4x6 ft., center 3 ft., wall, 1 ft.; 8 oz. U. S. Army Kbaki-Dyed, double and twisted filling duck. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... $4.00

**No. 2**—Scout Tent. Same Size. 8 oz. double and twisted filling White Duck. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... 3.50

**No. 3**—Scout Tent. Same Size. 8 oz. Single Filling ordinary Khaki-Dyed. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... 3.25

**No. 4**—Scout Tents. Same Size. 8 oz. Single Filling White Duck. Complete with Poles, Stakes aud Ropes. Price ..... 3.00

Special Prices in lots of twenty-five. Terms net cash in advance unless otherwise arranged. Write for Special Tent Catalogue and Samples furnished.

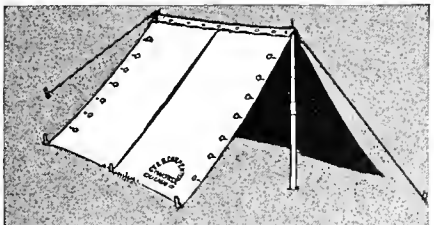
**OHIO CANVAS GOODS MFG. COMPANY**

**Dept. No. 10, TOLEDO, OHIO**

A SCOUT OFFICIAL'S ENDORSEMENT: "With the boy's welfare in mind, I most heartily endorse Tent No. 1."

(Signed) GEORGE M. PROCTOR,
Scoutmaster, B. S. of A., Decatur, Ill.





# This year's CAMP

YOU'LL find your official "dog tent" (shown above) and everything else you want in the big new Carpenter Catalog for 1915. (No. 516.)

Complete descriptions and pictures of all the best and latest things—it's the sure, reliable campers' guide.

You can't get along without the Carpenter Catalog. Send for it soon—the earlier the better; mailed free on request.

**GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.**

411-421 Wells Street, Chicago.


## Scouts Give Charity Benefit

One of the most important scout events ever held in Worcester, Massachusetts, was the "Good Turn" demonstration on March 2. At this demonstration a total of more than $700 was cleared, which will be divided between the Associated Charities, the District Nursing Society and the Temporary Home and Day Nursery.

The entertainment was given entirely by Scouts and every cent of profit was turned over to these charity organizations.

An especially interesting feature of the affair was the fact that of all the registered Scouts of the city only three were absent. The special speakers for the demonstration were National Field Scout Commissioner Dan Beard and Captain J. van Beuren Mitchell, Scout Commissioner of Morristown, New Jersey.

Worcester is making a specialty of city-wide "good turns." During the past winter the Scouts put out about 4,700 pounds of grain for the birds in the suburbs of the city. The Scouts also patrolled coasting hills to prevent accidents. At present they are working on plans for a campaign against the caterpillar and gypsy moths.

## For the Honor of Uncle Sam

(*Continued from page 5.*)

and many of the boys there, too, have acquired this strange extra sense.

For a mile or two the old Mendoza Trail is quite inviting and you jog along confidently. Then the trail becomes a quitter.

But the two treasure-laden boys who sat astride their little donkeys and looked into the rank, pathless jungle before them were not quitters.

They cast a wistful look back toward Las Cascadas Station. There above the barracks of Camp Otis waved the Stars and Stripes and the tower which rose among the palm trees at Gamboa was gay with bunting. Through the intervening solitude they could hear the tooting of the tug, *Gatun*, as she steamed about the Cut, busy in the festive business of preparation.

"The Commissary boys are going to send rockets up at night from Gold Hill," said LeRoy.

"It'll be some sight," observed Warren.

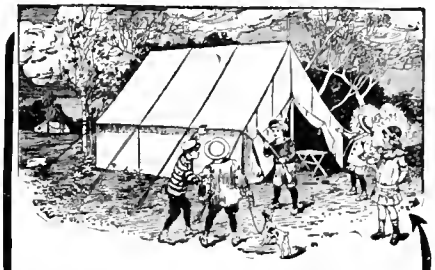
"There'll never be another celebration like this," LeRoy said, half regretfully.

"Well, there'll never be another good turn like this—nor another good laugh like it either if you come to that. Oh, just wait till I see Van Auken and that bunch! You'll need a yard-stick to measure my scout smile."

"Well, here's where we pick her up," said LeRoy. "Ever try Balboa's trick?" He looked cross-eyed into the denseness before him and sure enough there appeared to his strained vision the faintest suggestion of a path, hovering, as it were, between visibility and invisibility. Along this they jogged single file, Warren taking all the baggage while LeRoy went on ahead reaching forward and chopping away the growth with his machette.

Sometimes it was a veritable green tunnel through which they passed, the dank growth being as thick above them as on the sides, and it was necessary for one or other of the boys always to go ahead swinging his machette continually. Making fun out of the whole affair, as a Scout is pretty sure to do, they accommodated the


**Special Only** **$4.75** **Size 7x7 ft. Genuine Full Weight 8 oz. Duck**



Boys, here is the **greatest tent offer you ever saw.** This crackerjack 7x7 ft. 8 oz. duck wall tent, complete with tent poles, ropes, pins, etc., for only $4.75 while this offer lasts. This is a great special offer we are making for a short time **if you send for our free Camp Guide.** Fill in the coupon below and send to us today. Thousands of these tents are being sold. We are making this special offer to **you** if you will send your order in **now.** Big enough to hold four boys in great shape. If you have not enough money of your own, get two or three of your boy friends to chip in with you. Don't miss this opportunity to get this jim-dandy tent at a **rock-bottom price.**

# Fun and Health in a Tent

Ever sleep in a tent? Say, boys, it's bully! You feel great when you get up in the morning. And eat—well just try it once and see. Hungry as a bear every morning. Set this crackerjack tent up in the back yard or anywhere. You don't have to go to the mountains to have a good time. Camp out with your boy friends. Great fun to play soldier. You be the captain. Put your friends in the guardhouse. Sit around the camp fire at night. More fun than anything you ever owned. Don't wait and pay others nine to ten dollars for a tent like this one.

## Send for Free Book 1915 Camp Guide

Every boy ought to have one of these books. Tells you how to camp out; what to take along; what to do in case of accident. It tells you the kind of clothing to wear on a hunting or fishing trip. The best bait for fishing. It tells you all about your ammunition and fishing tackle. How to cook in camp right over your own camp fire. It also tells you of the many wonderful bargains we are offering in tent and camp supplies. You would not take anything for this book if you could not get another.

**MAIL THE FREE COUPON TODAY**

Don't wait another minute. Put your name on the coupon and mail it to us at once. We will send you postpaid our new 1915 Catalog and Camp Guide. Canadians must inclose 10c because of duty.

**FREE Camp Guide COUPON**

H.Channon Company
Dept. 1574
150 N. Market Street
Chicago, Ill.

H.Channon Company,
Dept. 1574
150 N. Market St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen;—Please send to me, postpaid, your Free Catalog and Camp Guide. Also your rock-bottom offer on camping supplies.

Name.....

Address.....

GIVEN TO SCOUTS!

SCOUT AXE

This Scout Axe with sheath —for two hours' work. All you have to do is sell (30) tins of WINONAH SHOE POLISH at ten cents each—when sold, send the three dollars to us and we will send you the Official Plumb Boy Scout Axe. Write us to-day and we will send you the WINONAH SHOE POLISH all charges paid. WINONAH SHOE POLISH is the best Shoe Polish made and sells all over the world for ten cents. Write us to-day, give the name of your Scout-Master and troop number.

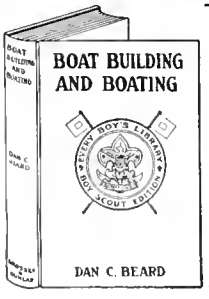
WINONAH PRODUCTS COMPANY
1967 LAVEER STREET PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MONEY FOR BOY SCOUTS

**Shining Machine Complete**

including a rag for 25 cents. Can shine all parts of shoe. *Terms to Scout agents*: $3.75 *for 2 dozen*, complete, prepaid, provided Scoutmaster's name is given as reference, and machines are sold in 30 days. Write today.

E-Z SHINER CO.
303 Fifth Ave. New York City




Boat-Building and Boating

By DAN C. BEARD
BOY SCOUT EDITION.

Fully Illustrated by Mr. Beard. Cloth Bound with Boy Scout Seal.

All that Dan Beard knows and has written about the building of every simple kind of a boat, from a raft to a cheap motor boat, is brought together in this book.

**SPECIAL:** This fine book by Dan Beard given with one yearly subscription to BOYS' LIFE at $1.00. ORDER NOW.

slashing motion of the machete to a singsong recital of the words, "For—the—*sake*—of—Un-cle-Sam!"

They had left the canal at sunrise and when they hewed out a little clearing and pitched their balloon-silk shelter at sunset, they had traveled for thirteen hours.

"And I'll be ever so provoked," said LeRoy, mincingly, "if it turns out that we've headed wrong."

The next day their progress was impeded by tropical showers and the sturdy little donkeys plodded along through green mush, whence arose the sickening odor of the jungle. The rains seemed to bring forth legions of gigantic spiders and hideous insects which dropped upon them from above and which they found on clothing, saddle and bridle, brushing them off with a shudder.

But before the brief, green twilight had changed to darkness they came out, bedraggled, torn and weary, into a little clearing where stood the most insignificant abode they had ever seen. It was made entirely of thatch and seemed rather the handiwork of nature than of man.

A little boy with very brown face and very white teeth was sitting on a reed mat carving a gourd, and the clothing which he wore would scarcely have sufficed to bandage a cut finger.

But the principal thing about him was his stare.

If Mrs. Clayton had been present she would have said that her son was a "sight." The slime of the morass was upon him; his blouse was bedraggled and in tatters. But whenever I think of him, I think of him as he looked to them, as he alighted from his donkey in the full gaiety of triumph with the spirit of the great celebration upon him.

He knew how he meant to do this thing and he was master of the situation.

"Don Nicuesarro?" said he in the broad "Spiggoty," "I make you greeting. We come the couriers to Don Nicuesarro. Uncle Sam and Don Nicuesarro much friends!"

He extended his hand with all the pomp and graciousness of a true Hidalgo and little Nicuesarro came forward hesitatingly and took it. His parents stood in the doorway amazed, but smiling at the unprecedented scene.

"Uncle Sam him make big promise. Him always speak truth. He send greeting and presents to Don Nicuesarro. Uncle Sam him feel much good and happy. He open him big Canal to-day and say him great waters flow together. Whatever Uncle Sam say, *he do!*"

Catching his companion's spirit, Warren hauled out from a duffle-bag the Stars and Stripes and formally tendered it to little Nicuesarro.

"Uncle Sam, him 'Merican—Nicuesarro, he San Blas. Uncle Sam he send his flag to Nicuesarro and the plates, just as it was said, the plates that will talk and sing his great song."

They brought out the motion-picture machine and the box with the "bright devil" in it, and a dozen other things and the phonograph whose magic "plate" sang the great song of Uncle Sam. Little Nic's monkey advanced cautiously and perched on his master's shoulder and listened to the *Star-Spangled Banner* and was greatly edified.

Far off along the line of the Canal the Bas Obispo Band was playing the *Star-Spangled Banner* to cheering throngs. But the *Star-Spangled Banner* is the *Star-Spangled Banner* no matter where you

## Built Especially for Boy Scouts

Haversack Fishing Rod and complete angling outfit. Sanctioned by the Committee on Scout Supplies, Boy Scouts of America.

Three piece black enamel, cork handled steel rod, with nickel-plated reel seat; nickel-plated multiplying reel with click and drag; 75 feet hard braided casting line; half dozen snelled spring steel hooks; one nickel-plated trolling spoon, half dozen assorted flies; assortment of sinkers; two-colored float—all in a neat carrying case, made to attach to Boy Scout Haversack . . . **$2.50**

Split Bamboo rod, with two tips, making a fly, bait or boat rod; quadruple multiplying, nickel-plated reel, sliding click and drag; 75 feet of pure braided silk line; half dozen hand tied selected flies; 1 dozen double snelled hooks; 2 three-foot double gut leaders; 2 nickel-plated trolling spoons; assortment of sinkers and two-color cork float; all in neat, leather bound carrying case. Made to attach to Boy Scout Haversack. (Steel rod if desired in place of split Bamboo) **$5.00**

Either outfit sent postage free.

**ABBEY & IMBRIE**

*Makers of "Fishing Tackle that's Fit for Fishing"*

**18 Vesey Street, New York City**

*Established 1820*



**THE PLUMB ANCHOR BRAND**

ANCHOR Plumb BRAND

"They're worth more."

Look for this Trademark on the Official Scout Axe.

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**FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc.**

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Makers of the Plumb Anchor Brand Tools

Hammers Hatchets **Quality First** Axes Sledges



**4** of Frederic Remington's Great Color Drawings of "Western Scouts," being four of his series of

## "A Bunch of Buckskins"

*"Sioux Chief"* *"Cowboy"*
*"Cheyenne Buck"* *"Cavalry Officer"*

Given with one yearly subscription to BOYS' LIFE at $1.00.

Order promptly while the supply lasts.


play it or listen to it, and if Uncle Sam felt joyous and triumphant that day and evening, he had good reason for it; for he was not discredited.

There was a movie show up Mendoza Trail that night, and other plates talked and sang, and Uncle Sam's good friend was entertained in royal fashion. And little Nicuesarro came to realize more fully what a marvelous wizard "Unclesam" was, and truthful (which all wizards are not), and rich and powerful beyond the dreams of avarice. Little Nicuesarro knew all this.

What he did not know was that these two strange, happy-faced couriers who disappeared into the jungle the next morning had not so much as fifty cents between them. He did not know that the savings which might have gone for pleasure and for the glory of the great wizard on his gala day, had been most gayly squandered for just plain, every-day phonograph records.

Yet who shall say that the money did not go for the glory of Uncle Sam?

Who shall say that it was not spent in pleasure?

The Scouts are queer fellows, from all I can see; they find pleasure where some find pain; and they have their own way of looking at things.

Another thing about them is that you can't always put your finger on a Scout's motive. Warren Archer always stoutly maintained that he did this thing just to have the laugh on "Van Auken and that bunch."

So there you are!

WARREN was not disappointed. The very next day he and LeRoy ran into the Van Auken crowd in Cathedral Plaza.

"That was a pretty good stunt," said Van Auken, "but little What's-his-name will be still waiting for the plates that talk and sing, I guess."

"No, we took him those," said LeRoy.

"Yes, you—didn't!"

"Sure. We took him some phonograph records," said Warren.

There was a moment's silence.

"Well—I'll—be——" began Fred. But out of the laughter which followed arose the voice of Harry Morse, who was a Scout and didn't know it.

"We're not going to let you fellows get away with that," said he. "This is on us. What do you say, fellows?"

The very next day they took up a collection and refunded to LeRoy and Warren forty-three dollars "Spiggoty," that being, as Van Auken cheerfully put it, "the high cost of jollying."

"How do you join the Scouts, anyway?" said he.

"Oh, that's easy," said LeRoy; "first you have to take off your shoe and kick a cocoanut across Culebra Cut. That makes you a tenderfoot. Then you have to track an extinct mosquito up Curuenchia Slide while it's in motion, and that lets you pass the tracking test. Then you have to roll a plate that can sing——"

"Tell me straight, will you?" laughed Van Auken. "I want to join."

LeRoy was not half bad as a jollier.

But just as I said, a Scout has his own ideas about jollying.

And there you are!

BEGIN THE WORK EARLY.

Scout troops in all parts of the country are making plans for "Swat the Fly" campaigns this season.

## What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year:

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of the Michigan State Medical Journal, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

**TANGLEFOOT**

**"The Sanitary Fly Destroyer"**

**Non-Poisonous**

*Catches the Germ With the Fly*

The new metal Tanglefoot Holder removes the last objection to the use of Tanglefoot. 10c at dealers or sent postpaid—two for 25c anywhere in United States.

**THE O. & W. THUM CO.**

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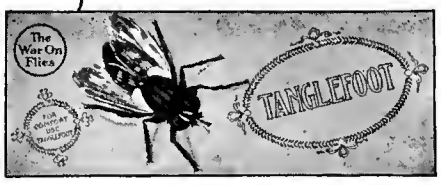





## Camp Outfits Given!

I'll supply the outfit if your Troop will do a little work. Wall tents, pouches, axes, compass watches, signal lamps, cook kits, signal flags, etc., for one afternoon's work. 125 Troops have secured outfits.

**It Costs You Nothing**

Just get your Scoutmaster to write and give me his number—the rest is easy.

**H. L. NEIDLINGER**

**180 N. Arlington Ave., East Orange, N. J.**



**In answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE**

See Editorial on First Page

# *On To Panama!*

NEXT July you can sail out of New York harbor on a palatial steamship with 200 Boy Scouts on the first lap of an eight thousand mile voyage.

You will sail from one side of the continent to the other—five thousand miles through beautiful tropical seas.

You will ride through the Panama Canal by daylight, and here everything will be pointed out to you which Mr. Showalter describes so well in his article ending on this page.

**Listen to Scout Philip Godfrey!**

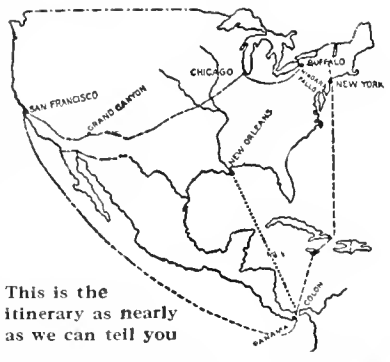
This Scout was one of the first twenty-five fellows to gain a place on the Panama boat. "If I could tell the other Scouts all the good things I know about the Panama Canal Club you'd have some job limiting the Panama Party to 400."

You will spend five of the biggest, livest and most educational days of your life at the San Francisco Fair.

You will enjoy a great sightseeing trip back home across the continent on board a special train.

And it won't cost you a red cent! Fill in the coupon below and mail to-night.

**PANAMA CANAL CLUB**
**381 Fourth Avenue, New York City**




**This is the itinerary as nearly as we can tell you**

**Mr. Scoutmaster:**

The Panama Canal Club is the outcome of a conscientious effort on the part of a New York business concern of splendid reputation. It offers a delegate from your troop an opportunity which, as Mr. Crackel, the leader of our party says is "one of a lifetime."

You couldn't do your troop a better turn today than ask for full information about this opportunity. Just put your name and address on the coupon below.

**Mr. F. M. GANNON, Secretary, Panama Canal Club, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York**

I am a.....class Scout. Tell me how I can represent my troop on your Boy Scouts' and Y. M. C. A. Boys' Panama Party without expense to me.

Write here name of Name .....

Scoutmaster ..... Street .....

Address ..... City .....

*Col. Goethals, the Canal Builder.*
© Harris & Ewing

## Uncle Sam's Big Ditch

(*Continued from Page* 8.)

carnation of liberality in giving them credit for what they did.

The American people can not overestimate their debt to Colonel Goethals. But for the wonderful efficiency he put into his canal army we might have spent twice as much for our canal as it cost, and we might have been operating it in 1925 instead of 1915. The canal he built is great, the greatest single piece of construction work in all history, and yet it is not one whit greater than this plain, easy-as-an-old-shoe, honest-to-the-core man who lives by his deeds and not by his words. Were I asked who, of all the men I have ever met, I would recommend as a model for Boy Scouts, I would say Colonel Goethals. And some time I may tell you further about him in Boys' Life.

ANOTHER great man was Colonel Gorgas. He's the man who fought the mosquito to a finish and pulled his teeth, so to speak.

You know for centuries people had been having yellow fever and they could not tell for the life of them how they got it. Finally three army surgeons, Reed, Carroll and Lazear, proved that Mrs. Stegomya Mosquito gave it to people. They first proved that you couldn't get it without her biting you. Then they proved that when she bites you after having bitten some one who had yellow fever, she gives it to you. It's a debatable question whether she gives people yellow fever or whether people give it to her. She can not get the yellow fever germ into her body without biting a yellow fever patient, and once she gets it down into her little "tummy" it begins to eat its way through her "innards" until it gets up to her bill; and when she bites somebody else, that germ is there right ready to hop out into that person's blood.

After all this was proved Colonel Gorgas was assigned to the task of applying the lesson learned in Cuba. He did so well that he was later given the task of getting the yellow fever out of the systems of the lady Stegomyas at Panama—for the gentlemen Stegomyis don't bite people and therefore don't get yellow fever germs.

He set to work, shut mosquitoes out of the houses with screens, killed them out everywhere by fumigation and oiling mosquito-bearing waters, forbade the people to leave anything set around the house that might catch rain water, began giving people quinine by the wholesale to protect them against malaria, and set up a quarantine at the ports that kept out everybody who had stood a chance of forming an unwilling acquaintance at any recent time with Mrs. Stegomya or any of her brood. It was not long until a

*Col. Gorgas, Who Drove Yellow Fever From the "Zone."*

(C) Harris & Ewing.

tropical pest hole was converted into a national park reaching across the Isthmus, and disease had to take to the jungle.

I could go on with this story by the page, telling you of the little naked negroes that played around the native villages, of the Martinique negroes who had never seen a wheelbarrow and carried it on their heads instead of wheeling it, of the old woman who got a letter from the post-office, laid it on her head, weighted it down with a stone, and then went her way, and a hundred other things. But you will want to see some of it yourselves in the days when your good records as Scouts may lead your path that way.

## Treasure Hunt

(*Continued from page* 10)

Ten points on the story-interest of the narrative:

Ten points on observance of the rules.

### THE RULES.

The statements made above are to be considered as definite rules.

Papers may be written with pen or with typewriter, not with lead pencil. Place your name, age and address in the upper right-hand corner of the first page, together with a statement of the exact number of words in your story. Write on only one side of the paper and number each page. You may send these pages folded; do not roll them.

Address your envelope to BOYS' LIFE, The Boy Scouts' Magazine, 200 5th Avenue, New York, and write in the lower left-hand corner of your envelope "Treasure Hunt Contest."

This contest is open to all boys not over eighteen years of age.

All answers must be in the office of BOYS' LIFE on or before May 12.

The prize winners will be announced in BOYS' LIFE as soon as the judges can finish their work. The continuation of the hunt story as written by Mr. Hungerford, will be published in the June number. It is expected that the story winning the first prize will be published in the following month.

The stories submitted by contestants will be judged entirely on the points mentioned above, and without relation to the description of the hunt which has been written by Mr. Hungerford.

No personal replies can be sent to inquiries of contestants regarding the contest.

### THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—Any fifteen (15) books picked by the winner of this contest from the list of 30 books in *Every Boy's Library*—Boy Scout Edition.

SECOND PRIZE—Any ten (10) books included in that library.

THIRD PRIZE—Any five (5) books picked from that library.

FIVE (5) HONORARY MENTIONS—The winner of each of these will receive any one book he may select from that library.

*Note.*—A list of the books included in *Every Boy's Library*, Boy Scout edition, will be sent to each prize winner, and to any boy who requests it.


# For 20 Cents a Day

## Own a *Real Brunswick* Home Billiard Table

Boys! Win friends—be the king of your neighborhood. Learn a *real* man's sport on a real man's table.

Our handsome billiard book—sent free—tells how you can pay while you play.

Shows how the grownups at home—all wild to use your table—will "chip in" a few cents a game.

Hundreds of boys have paid for their tables like this. And parents are glad these days to help the *boy* buy the table. Because they see how it keeps him home and brings out his many traits.

### Superb BRUNSWICK Home

# Billiard Tables

### The Choice of Experts

Famous Brunswick
"BABY GRAND"
Combination Carom and Pocket Billiard Table

Not toys—not shaky, collapsible contraptions made to look like billiard tables. But *real* regulation tables, modified only in size and design to harmonize with home surroundings.

The famous "GRAND" and "BABY GRAND" are made of magnificent San Domingo mahogany, richly inlaid.

"Convertible" styles can be changed in a moment from Dining or Library Tables to real billiard tables.

Billiard wizards—Hoppe, Sutton, Inman—perform their marvelous shots on these Brunswick Home Tables.

### 30 Days' Home Trial

You—*every one*—can learn to play. And our free trial offer lets you sample the raptures of these grand old games at home. Then billiards will win the whole family, as it is winning thousands everywhere.

### Playing Outfit FREE

Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, Brush, Table Cover, Tips, Cue-Clamps, expert book on "How to Play," etc., included complete without extra cost.

Full details, easy terms, low factory prices, and indorsements of parents and educators now given in our handsome book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet."

Sent FREE postpaid. Mail the coupon while the edition lasts.

## This Brings Billiard Book FREE

**The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.**
**Dept. 14-Y, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago**

Send me, free, your book in colors—

**"Billiards—The Home Magnet"**
and details of 30-day trial offer.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

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### If You Have a Dozen Boy Friends

Who would enjoy reading the stories in this magazine

### Send Us Their Names and Addresses

And we will send a sample copy to each. Let's let them know just what kind of a magazine this is.

**BOYS' LIFE**
*The Boy Scouts' Magazine*
**200 Fifth Avenue** **New York City**

### BOYS: DON'T PAY ANY MONEY

**for your baseball uniform this season.**

We are giving them away for only a few hours of your spare time. They are made by Spalding, too. Sell 36 shoe or silver polish outfits to your friends at 35 cents each. That is all we ask. Send 12 cents for postage and we will send you samples.

**STEWART BROTHERS, 715 Lexington Ave., N. Y.**

**$$$$ In Pigeons!** Start Raising Squabs for Market or Breeding Purposes. Make big profits with our Jumbo Pigeons. We teach you. Large, free, illustrated, instructive circulars.

**PROVIDENCE SQUAB CO., Dept. D., Providence, R. I.**

## A REAL POCKET TOOL KIT FOR SCOUTS

Want one? Of course you do! Get one NOW for that camping trip. Keep one in your pocket; it's the handiest article ever. A compact nickel case, contains 37 PRACTICAL TOOLS of High-Grade steel. Easily carried; the ideal kit for the "hike," in camp, or about the house. Especially designed for Scout use—it's

***Sanctioned by Committee of Scouts' Supply, Boy Scouts of America***

*Send just one dollar* ($1.) *and I will send YOUR KIT prepaid.*

### SPECIAL AGENT OFFER TO SCOUTS

Many Scouts have bought my PERFECT PRACTICAL TOOL KIT, and are so enthusiastic over it, that they have asked me to appoint them special agents. That's why I am now advertising in YOUR paper—to give every Scout a chance to make money.

When I was a Boy, I would have been a Scout, if there had been such an organization then. As it is, I have camped over a good portion of the American Continent, and I know from experience, what a wonderful Kit this is for Scouts. But to be sure, I submitted this Kit to the Committee on Scouts' Supplies and it was approved.

The regular price of my TOOL KIT is $1. each. Now, I am sure you can sell a great many if you try. Every Scout will want one, and there is not a real man or woman who will not buy when you show it.

I have decided to make this special offer to every Boy Scout, so you can make extra money for your camp, or for supplies or for any purpose a Scout needs money. Here are my prices to Scouts:—***You sell Kits at $1.00 each.***

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | Kits cost | $4.50. | Your profit | $1.50. |
| 12 | Kits cost | 8.40. | Your profit | 3.50. |
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*Please remit by Money Order, or cash in Registered Letter, or Check.*

Now, Boys, get BUSY. Here's a splendid opportunity for you to make a lot of extra money. Don't be afraid to order in quantities, for I will take back any Kits that you do not sell and refund what you paid. Send your order, today, so that I can start to help you. Please address me personally.

H. A. GRANT, Mgr.

**CHASE SPECIALTY CO.**

113-G Pearl Street Naw York, N. Y



## ALONG THE MOHAWK TRAIL

BY PERCY K. FITZHUGH

Author of **"For the Honor of Uncle Sam"** in this issue.

This story recounts the adventures of boy scout patrols around Lake Champlain. Cloth Bound.

**This Book Given** With one yearly subscription to BOYS' LIFE, at $1.00. Order to-day.

Boy Scout Edition.


# The Diary of a Boy Inventor

## Jimmy Writes Down His Big Ideas

By G. VERBEEK

MARCH 3.—Today I got an idea, and after I got it I tried to trace where it came from or how I happened to think of it, but as far as I can see it just seemed to come out of nothing. Ideas are funny things. I told pa I supposed they were around us all the time, and he said James supposed so, too. "James who?" I asked, and he told me William James, and got out his "Psychology" and read there: "Whether anywhere in the room there be a thought which is nobody's thought we have no means of ascertaining."

*In the Picture I Forgot to Hold My Nose.*

Funny thing about my ideas is they always come at a time when I can't try them, and when I am free to try them I seem to have forgotten them, or they don't seem good any more. The full appreciation of them seems to die away unless taken note of at the time they come. That is one reason I started this diary, so I could remind myself to experiment with them some time later on.

Now, this is spring, and the idea that came to me today is something to do in the summer time. It is a very simple thing, and I am surprised none of the boys have ever done it. All the apparatus needed is a rubber tube and a cork or a stick for a float. One end of the tube is attached to the float so when placed in the water it will always stick up into the air. The other end you hold in your mouth. Then by holding your nose you will be able to sink your head under water and remain down as long as you want to, breathing with no trouble at all. I'm going to draw a picture of it if I can.

I wonder if there is some little hitch to this plan so it won't work? I am just crazy to try it. What fun it will be to hide such a tube in my bathing suit and when the other fellows are not looking take it out, slip it into my mouth and duck under water.

"What's become of Jimmy?" one of them will ask.

"He went down and didn't come up again," another will say.

When I finally appear they will be comically puzzled to know how I stayed under water so long.

It will also be fun to crawl along the bottom in this way and look for clams and things. At night it would be great to sit still beneath the water like that and have an electric flashlight or bottle of phosphorous with me and watch the fishes and eels and other water creatures that would come to investigate the light.

But of course the thing may not work. I

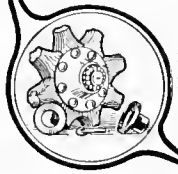
Boys, if you want to be first down the hill and first up again you must get the Auto-Wheel Coaster, the wagon with the **real** roller bearings and the **real** auto type wheels. With an

**AUTO-WHEEL COASTER WAGON**

you can be the speed king in your neighborhood. The Auto-Wheel Coaster has roller bearings of Bessemer steel and axles of steel—absolutely true, just like an automobile. The strong, substantial wheels with steel hubs and trim, dust-proof hub caps; the oval spokes and the solid steel tires make it different from all other boys' wagons.

It is strongly braced at **all** points and the handsome ash and maple body is finished wear-and-weather proof. Every boy who owns an Auto Wheel Coaster Wagon is the envy of his friends because it goes like the wind, is a real beauty and is as strong as can be and will stand the roughest usage.

It is easiest to pull and quickest to pick up speed on a hill. Boys can have bully fun with the Auto Wheel Coaster Wagon—and many earn spending money by carrying newspapers, groceries, and doing the errands for their mothers and friends.



*Roller Bearings with hub cap removed*

**Surely you want one. If you can't buy one right away let us tell you how we can help you earn a beautiful Auto-Wheel Coaster Wagon by forming a Boys' Coaster Club among your friends. Write today (or have your father write for you), and ask for our descriptive booklet in colors.**

**BUFFALO SLED COMPANY**

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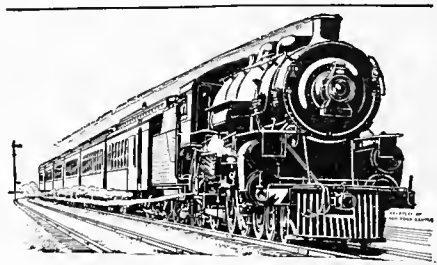
In Canada, Preston, Ont.





**This Train Will Take You to Camp**

Those camping days are the happiest in a Scout's life. They mean most to him; give him most. Teach him not only woodcraft and nature craft, but self reliance, in a thousand ways. How extra fit you are when you come back from these two or three weeks roughing it in the heart of the woods.

**We Will Pay Your Transportation**

Anywhere and for any distance. One Scout or a whole troop can avail themselves of our offer. In fact, in working out our plan it has been found that a troop, by co-operation, can easily obtain transportation for itself as a whole to camp anywhere. It is easy to get tens or hundreds of miles and it is

**Just Like Riding on a Pass**

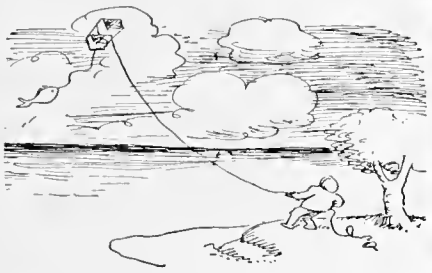
We want Scoutmasters and Scouts everywhere to write to us for our plan. It is not a contest and no one is disappointed. Send a postcard today with your name and address and get all the details of our offer and also our 10-mile Complimentary Free Certificate. Come for your transportation now. It will carry you anywhere you want to go.

**NORTH SOUTH EAST WEST**

**BOY SCOUT DEPARTMENT**

**The Housewife, 30 Irving Place, New York**

Boys, Genuine Remington Typewriters, $10.00 cost $97.50, guaranteed two years. Free, a course in speed typewriting. Send for proposition. Agents Wanted. Harlem Typewriter Exchange, Dept. B. L. No. 207 West 125th St., New York City.



*Think of having your fat fish come to you by the air route!*

guess I'll try it out in the bathtub tonight.

March 8.—Here is a thing I thought of that would be interesting to try as soon as the fish begin to bite:

1. Make a large kite (waterproof material if you can get it).
2. Attach a fishline to the tail.
3. Bait with minnow, live or artificial, for trolling.
4. With wind blowing off shore, send kite out to sea (over fishing banks preferred).
5. Let out string till kite drops enough to dip hook in water.
6. The fish, not seeing any boat, would be less scared than usual and the kite, swaying and sliding out on a slackened string, should give a good trolling motion to the bait.
7. When the kite shows signs of bobbing (like a cork) or laboring with a bite, haul in on the string, bracing it stiffly to the wind till it rises with the captured fish.

That is the whole process.

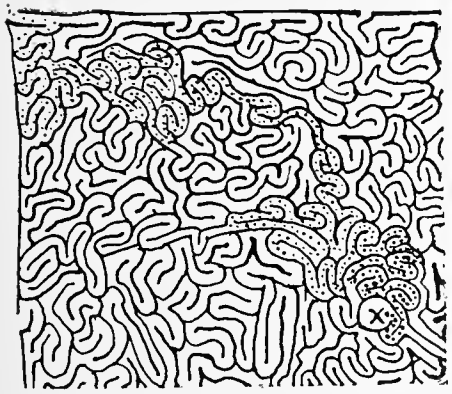
Of course, I don't pretend to suppose that this is superior in every way to the common method of fishing, but I claim two advantages for it which cannot be denied.

1. The lack of boat which always frightens the wary fish.

2. Ability to reach a point off shore without rowing, which makes a fellow tired—and then if the wind is strong you're liable to be blown out to sea.

And a third claim, which is something a fellow always likes—it is spectacular. Think of seeing your kite rise with a live thing that squirms and glitters far off in the sea, and having your fat fish come to you by the air route! Wouldn't that be great? I'm going to work this out as as I can. Of course, anybody can do it that wants to.

## Scouts Solve Puzzle



At the time Boys' Life went to press correct solutions to the Maze Puzzle published in the March number had been received from Guy Hawison, Brockston, Ind.; Seward S. Mercll, Syracuse, N. Y.; Adrian Chadwick, Paterson, N. J., and Earl Orr, Hepler, Kans. The "way out," as found by these boys, is shown in the illustration above.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# Open Your Stamp Game

## Let Other Boys In On It, and Especially the "Shut-ins"

By FRANK L. COES

LAST month we talked about "stamp menageries"—and lots of other things. A Scout living in my town came to my house soon after he received his BOYS' LIFE, and showed me what he called "the smallest zoo on earth." For a zoo it *was* small—but for a stamp collection it was big enough to make my eyes bulge out. This Scout had in it stamps bearing not only the pictures of animals, but of birds and reptiles, too—and he had them mounted by continents and all carefully lettered.

There are any number of groupings you can make with your stamps. Besides animals and birds and reptiles, you have—or can get—men and women of note, presidents, heroes, ships, trains and other means of transportation, and historical scenes.

But whatever odd line comes to mind, or is started—let me plead for completeness. Try to make it not only a finished whole, but each part finished to the limit of obtainable knowledge. It will take some thorough scouting to do this—but that's about the best fun in "stamping." There are the libraries, the encyclopedias, the dictionaries, the stamp catalogs—a veritable forest of facts in which you can either get lost like a Tenderfoot or pick up trails and follow them like an Eagle. Whatever you find, don't rest until you have put it into condensed good English.

### LET OTHER BOYS IN YOUR "GAME."

You will find that your fun with your stamps will be greater if you take other boys into your confidence. Show them your collection, explain it to them, tell them the interesting stories back of certain ones, recount your buying and trading experiences, let them know which stamps you especially want, and tell them why you want them. The boys you know may not be interested in stamps now, but it is safe to guess that nine out of ten of them will be if you let them in on your "game." And the more fellows playing that game, the easier and pleasanter game it is.

### REMEMBER THE "SHUT-INS"

There's a chance for you to do something pretty fine—something you will enjoy very much—if you don't forget the "shut-ins." They are the youngsters, either boys or girls, who are sick or crippled and can't run around like other folks. I expect you can find a boy of scout age right in your own neighborhood who is sick and hasn't been on a hike for a coon's age. You can't imagine how happy that boy would be if you would take your stamps or a collection of duplicates over to his home for him to study. Help him get "into" them—explain their arrangement in the album, what they mean, where they came from, and such things. Suggest that he pick out the birds and animals, the famous men and women, or other groups, and then study their colors.

### WATCH YOUR COLORS

The subject of color collections you (as well as your sick friend) will find of very great interest—and full of surprises. The stamps of the United States have many shades. For instance, the 2 cent of the last three issues runs from a lake to a most uncertain yellow-red. The current 10 cent Franklin has varied shades, and an extra color has appeared. Probably the greatest eye trainer is this shade hunt. The parcel post stamps were much shaded, the 3 cent and the $1.00 being more off shade in some sections than in others, due probably to shipments of a color going to offices in rotation as they were ordered. The current 3 cent is found in three shades, as is the 8 cent.

Now, the catalog will not agree in the names for these colors. It will be your task to grade, arrange and finally name them for yourself. Keeping in mind the fact that all colors come from a few primary ones, it becomes easy to call a green, yellow-green or blue-green. Carrying the colors in mind is more difficult, but it is worth learning. How many of you can look at mother's dress in the making and go to the store and come back with a spool of silk to match? How many of you can see a gentian spray out of reach across the brook and tell from color and shape if it is "blind" or the true bud? The color feature of your collection will teach you many other things. And your sick friend will find that the study of stamps is much easier for the eye than steady reading.

### ABOUT PRE-CANCELLED STAMPS

I have a letter from a Scout asking about pre-cancelled stamps. These are stamps which are cancelled in the sheet and used at the parcel post windows or sold in sheets so that time will be saved in handling the mail. They are used by most all of the big firms that do a heavy mail order business. Most of the cancellations consist of city and state in two lines of bold-faced type with a single or double line above or below. Contrary to Uncle Sam's usual custom, many of these pre-cancelled stamps are coming with the cancellation bottom side up. Boston, Chicago, and New York inverted cancellations seem to be most common. Parcel post stamps also bear the pre-cancel mark.

Some are getting very scarce, especially the ones from the small cities in the Middle West. Some that were stamped by hand are also scarce. No one can tell their value now, but it may be that the inverts and the ones from the cities and towns where only a few were used will be rare enough to be valuable. You can't lose if you save all you see. They have the further advantage of being cleaner than ordinary postally used specimens.

### "PERFORATED 10"

From the Lonesome Corner I have a request regarding the U. S. stamps "perforated 10." There have been many rumors concerning these, but I think you will do well to save for your collection at least one specimen of every value. It may be that there will be no return to "perforated 12" or the P. O. D. may wake up and use "11," which would be half way between and ought to be right if "10" and "12" are both wrong. Anyhow you can't go wrong by saving a used copy.

I have a set of the new Togo overprinted "Occupation Franco-Anglaise," and a few changed values. Maybe these will turn out to be as cheap as the German stamps overprinted "Belge" are, but it

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## With the Aid of the Woodpile

(*Continued from page 12*)

"Yes, sir, it is."

"H'm. Well, I reckon it wun't hurt me t' *hear.*" His face looked most unpromising, but Bob plunged in.

"Mr. Bracket, why don't you let Dan go to school?"

"Eh?" Old Joe seemed so startled that it disconcerted Bob, who stopped with open mouth. Old Joe rose, turned on his heel and in a moment the cabin door had banged behind him.

"O BOB," pleaded Dan, anxiously. "Ef ye get him mad, he might not let us be chums any more. Whatever did ye say?"

"Nothing," muttered Bob, bitterly disappointed. He seized the ax, and for the next five minutes he made even better time than he had when he knew Old Joe's eyes were upon him. They were upon him now—how long, he did not know—but suddenly, from the bank above them came a gruff command:

"Come hyar!" Then, as both boys started, "*No;* not you, Dan."

"Me?" queried Bob.

"Yon," said Old Joe, grimly.

Bob went up the steps.

Old Joe laid his two hands heavily on Bob's shoulders, and they gripped till they hurt. But Bob didn't think of that. He only felt that there was coming another chance to do what he had promised to do.

"I want to know why you arsked that question?" Old Joe's voice was so intense that it was unsteady, and his eyes blazed fiercely.

"Because—oughtn't he? Don't you think so yourself?" Again Bob had the feeling that he was doing this important mission of his very badly.

"S'pose I did think so? S'pose I'd been thinkin' 'bout it th' last six months? Whar'd he go? Nearest deestrict school's twenty mile away. S'pose ye think I ought t' send him t' some fine private school, t' send him t' some fine private school, almost as if he were defending himself against an accusation.

"That's where this comes in—what I'm goin' to say." Bob always lost his g's when he got excited. "It—it isn't just talkin', Mr. Bracket. There's a splendid way open. O, mayn't I tell about it, please?" He raised his eyes appealingly to Old Joe's.

"Nobody's henderin'," said Old Joe shortly.

"You see—Rockville has a lot of scholarships — free tuition, and expenses, you know. I'm a minister's son, so I have one; but there are others. My—my dad wrote—I—I hope you won't mind, sir—

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and—and there's one for Dan, if—if you'd let him go."

Now Bob was aware of Dan, with ax still, listening eagerly.

"It's a fine school," urged Bob. "Dan would like to go—wouldn't you, Dan?"

Dan flushed red.

"Ey?" questioned Old Joe, turning suddenly.

Dan's fingers fumbled with the ax handle.

"Ye-es, pap,—think I might," he muttered, unwillingly. "Dan and I'd have bully times together, just as we do now. We'd room together—"

But Old Joe interrupted.

"How long you two been cookin' this up between ye?"

"I've never mentioned it to Dan," protested Bob, earnestly. "My father found out he could get the scholarship only last week. Of course I couldn't tell Dan till I was sure—and I didn't want to tell him till I was sure you'd say yes. I knew my father was tryin', but I *didn't* tell Dan. Did I?" he demanded.

"No; I never knew a thing about it. Wisht I had. I'd 'a' worked twice as hard."

"So ye think ye're sure o' goin'! Plannin' 'bout roomin' with Bob. What about leavin' *me* t' room *alone!*"

Bob broke in before Dan could say a word and told all about the school's new woodland. Then he asked the final question: "What do you say, Mr. Bracket, about letting Dan go?"

Old Joe's gaze rested on Dan, biting his lips and fumbling with the ax; then to Bob's eyes, pleading with him. Then it wandered to the distant mountains. At last he spoke:

"How long will it take ye both t' finish th' wood?"

The boys gazed blankly at each other. This was so different from anything they had expected.

"Well?" said Old Joe, impatiently.

"Twenty minutes, maybe," hazarded Bob, seeing that Dan would not speak.

"Do it in *ten*, an' I'll let Dan go."

"What?" exclaimed both boys.

Old Joe planted himself on the top step.

"I want t' see Dan hustle, once in his life, at the wood-pile," he explained elaborately. "An' I want t' see how fast *you* can go when you really want to. That's fair, ain't it? Take it or leave it."

"Do you mean—that's the only chance of his going?" asked Bob.

"That's what I mean."

Bob's eye measured the pile more carefully.

"Let's try it, Dan," he said.

"O' course!" Dan gazed at him wonderingly, as if it had never entered his head not to try.

"May we sharpen the axes first?" asked Bob.

"Use 'em jest as they be. Take it or leave it!" repeated Old Joe. "I'll git th' watch to time ye by; Dan's watch ye give him Chirstmas," he chuckled, as he left them.

"I'll never want to see that watch again if we lose!" muttered Dan, pushing up his sleeves.

"We're not goin' to lose," said Bob, stoutly, flinging off his coat. But he wished in his heart he was as sure as his words sounded. "Here! This isn't unfair." And he slipped off his own watch, and stood it upright in a little hollow in the turf bank, where they could see it as they worked, but Old Joe couldn't. "Buck up, old pal. We're goin' to *win!*"

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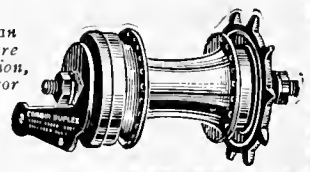

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**THOMAS E. BEMIS,** **Indianapolis, Ind.**

"I wish—" began Dan, uneasily.

"What?" asked Bob.

"Wisht pap wasn't on the other side," murmured Dan.

Old Joe soon came back, watch in hand. He was smiling to himself, such a queer smile that Bob thought he would almost rather see him frown. You knew what he meant then, at any rate.

"Ready, ey?" he asked, as he saw them waiting. "Ready! *Go,* then!"

*BANG, bang! Thump, thump, thump!* They began as if with one stroke, but Bob soon was going a faster stroke than Dan. How the chips flew, and the axes flashed in the air! *Thud, thud,*—regular as the clock—as two clocks, rather. Old Joe was having the time of his life, apparently, for he roared with laughter.

"Ha! Ha! Good boy, Dan! Didn't know ye had it in ye, t' chop so fast! Bob's walkin' all round ye as 'tis. Greased lightning couldn't beat *him!* Go it, sonny! Wow! *Go it!*"

It seemed as if they had been chopping for hours when Old Joe called—"One minute more!" With a hasty glance they asked themselves—*could* they *ever* make it?

"Most done—don't give up," panted Bob.

"Nope," puffed Dan.

What a long minute! Stick after stick they snatched, chopped, and flung away—twice as fast as ever before—yet how that minute spun out. What! Only six more sticks left? Four? Three! One! Bob snatched the last one. The ground was cleared.

They straightened up, stiffly, and looked at Old Joe.

He considered the watch long and carefully; he looked at their red faces; he took a casual glance at the sky—perhaps to look for weather signs,—then he cleared his throat.

"You win," he said, carelessly, pocketing the watch. "Never had so much fun in all my life!" he chuckled, rising.

Bob sank onto a log and wiped his face.

"What *I* want to know," he said cautiously, as soon as the cabin door banged. "See here." He beckoned Dan to his side.

"What?" asked Dan.

Bob pointed to his watch. He was so anxious to talk that he couldn't wait for breath.

"It was—*five* minutes past—when we started—and 'twas *eighteen* minutes past—when we stopped. I *thought*—that last minute—was a pretty long one!"

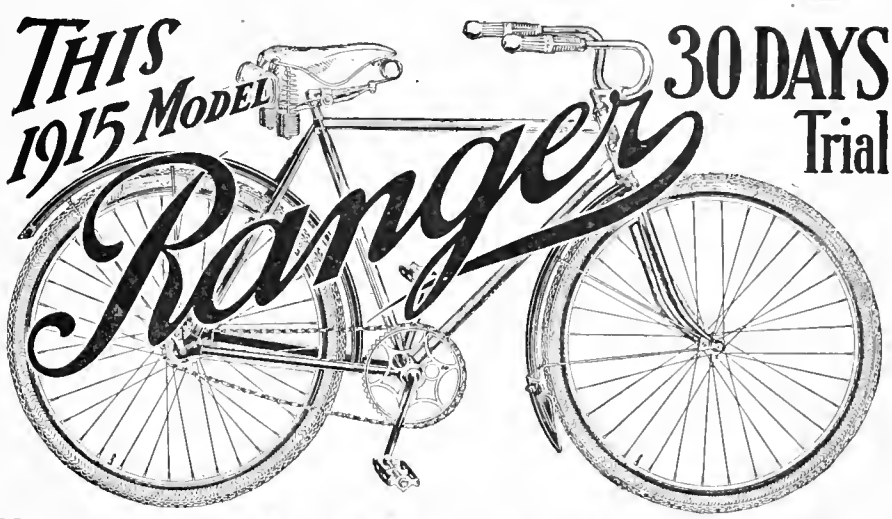
A flash of joyous understanding illumined Dan's face.

"I'm glad—pap *was*—on our side!" he whispered. "And—I'll never hate a woodpile again. Now tell me *all* about Rockville Academy and what we'll do there."

*Another story, by the author of this one, will appear in an early issue of* Boys' Life. *It will tell of Dan's strange experiences at Rockville.*

## Judges Still Working

Boys' Life regrets that it is impossible for the judges of the Daniel Boone essay contest to announce the names of the prize winners in this issue. Every essay is being given the most careful consideration by the judges in order that the decision may be entirely fair, and so many essays have been received that the judging of them is a long task. It is believed, however, that the announcement of prize winners will be made in the May number.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**In the May BOYS' LIFE**

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## Moonshiners in the Jungle

*(Continued from page 14)*

"Yeh-a," agreed Bat. "Hit's the first one we set."

Uncle Bill thereupon dipped his pail into the corn-meal "mash" and transferred it to the boiler, having removed the spout-fitted top. When he had dumped a goodly number of pails of mash into the boiler he set the cover on again, and looked after the junction of the spout with the copper worm. Then he squatted before Bat's now briskly burning fire, and got out his Jew's harp. "Old Dan Tucker" was his favorite air and he beat time in the air with his toe as he played.

Bat Mason put a bottle to the end of the copper coil, protruding under the barrel and added a few buckets of fresh water to the barrel, and then took his place on the ground beside Uncle Bill.

Uncle Bill kept his eyes on the still with its brightening flames under the boiler, while he picked the Jew's harp with his middle finger. I noted that he didn't play with the same old vigor, his toe beating time with a hesitating movement. He very soon took the Jew's harp from his teeth, so that he might give vent to his feelings in speech.

"They ain't no use—I ain't so right smart perked up 'bout this 'ere biz-ness as I has been," he said.

"You shore ain't never got no money easier," said Bat Mason.

"Wall, I ain't ever got ary money a-moonshinin' as ever done me ary good," said Uncle Bill.

"Oh, Nick an' blazes! Ye've been gettin' too much church," said Bat.

"They ain't nobody ever git's half enough church," said Uncle Bill. "An' ef I'd thought God-a-mighty war agin moonshin' I'd a been done with hit long 'fore this. But I knowed preachers is *sometimes* mistook, an' argues wrong; but this 'ere preacher yesterday—I jest cain't git them things he sayed out o' my haid. An' thet there haind" (he held up his hand in the menacing attitude of the preacher) "an' thet there haind—an' he sayed, 'let him beware lest the mighty, re'butlve haind o' righteousness come down on him an' crush him!' Them was his words."

"Sure," said the ungodly Bat, "all preachers preach that-a-way."

Uncle Bill then gazed silently into the fire till it came time to add more fuel and refresh the worm-barrel.

I whispered to James:

"Let's go."

We crawled, very carefully, back to the canoe, and pushed on down the creek in the dark. I remember the bull-like bellowing of an alligator came rumbling up the stream and ceased only when we approached our place of landing. We found the pony trembling in fear, and a pine-knot torch revealed the marks of the alligator on the bank.

We gave the pony the reins and he picked the way through the open pine woods, getting us home by ten. On our way we talked over our plans for the morrow. James said he wanted the whole of the morning to get materials for his apparatus together.

"Then I'll work on mine, too," I said.

"I'd like to know what it is?" he queried.

"You'll see," was all the satisfaction I gave him.

In fact I thought my plan was quite a prime one, and something Uncle Bill had said down there in the moonshine grotto

had convinced me that it should be successful if there was no hitch in matters as planned. There seemed to me now some chance that Uncle Bill might give up his moonshining at once, for his talk had shown that, influenced by the sermon, he had lost much of his confidence in his position. He was not altogether sure that he would not be damned in this occupation that he had always considered morally right, in spite of the law.

"Uncle Bill may give up the moonshining before we are ready," I said to James.

"I don't think so," he answered. "Bat will talk him over."

I realized that probability; and, too, that the influence of the sermon would tend to wear away as time went on. It might have been well could Uncle Bill have experienced another such sermon in midweek.

When we had unhitched the pony in the Howatt's yard, we parted with the understanding that we were to meet after noon of the next day, Tuesday.

In the morning I fished out some lumber and made me a box about two feet wide, two feet high, and two feet from front to back, leaving the front open, except for six inches at the bottom. By means of small wires running from the four corners and drawn taut, I suspended a wee metal ring at a point in the open side of the box, a few inches below the middle. Then a small gimlet-hole was bored through the back of the box, just opposite the suspended ring, and through the two I passed the rib of an old umbrella. Shoulders bent in the rib, both within and without the backboards of the box, kept the umbrella rib from slipping forward or back.

Then I made my central works. I took a large piece of stout cardboard, laid my forearm on it, and with a pencil outlined the arm and hand and cut it out. To one side of the cardboard arm and hand I glued a strip of wood for strength. At a point, one-third of the way from the elbow end, I made a hole in the wood for the umbrella rib axis; and then, on tacks, near the elbow, I fastened small fish-line leads, in such a way as to hold the arm on its axis a little off the perpendicular. I cut some white tissue paper to fit the open side of the box and was ready for James's help.

I made quick work of my dinner and went after James, who brought with him three of his glass bulbs of incandescent electric lamps and some of his silk-wound copper wire.

When he saw my box his eyes opened wide.

"Whatever is that thing?" he said.

But when I directed him to set the three lamps in a cluster about the umbrella-rib axis at the back he gave a knowing twist to his head.

"Oh, I think I see now what it is. It's going to be that hand Uncle Bill talked about last night—'the mighty re'butive hand o' righteousness.' By whackey! That'll be great; he's so superstitious, too."

James had little difficulty to fasten the three lamps in the back of the box, using wire and tacks, and he ran the lamp-wire down through the bottom of the box and stapled them to a front corner.

"I'm mighty curious to see how you're going to work it," he said.

When we got to his home, James showed me some of the results of his morning's work. He held up an inch-long cylinder


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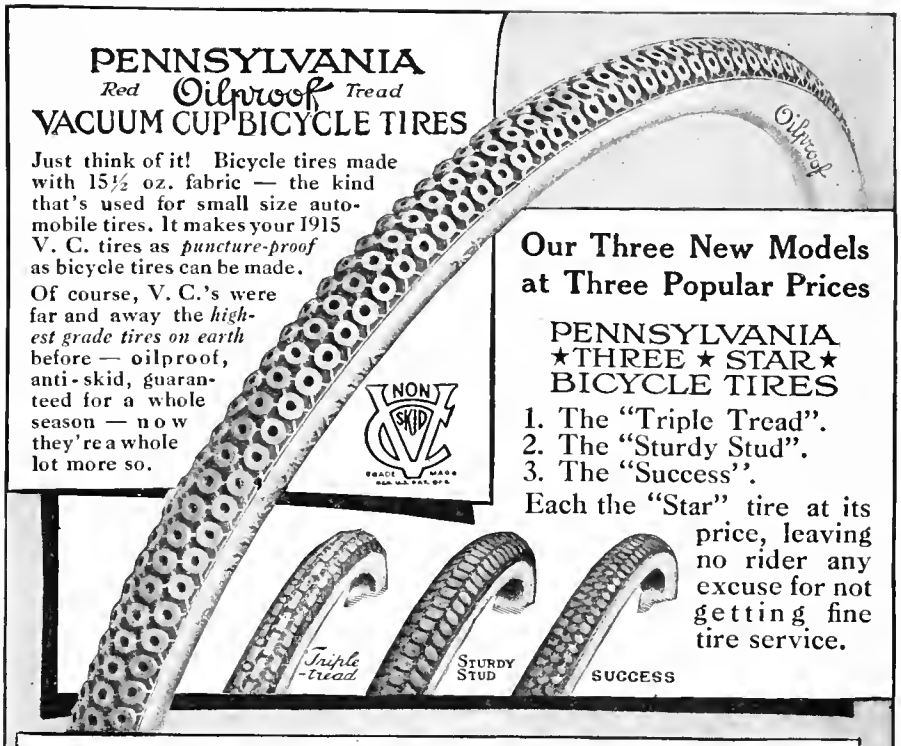


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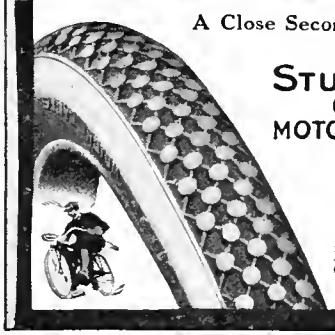

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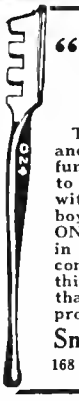


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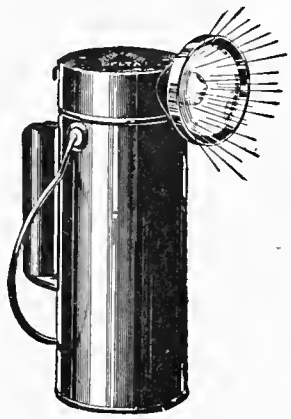

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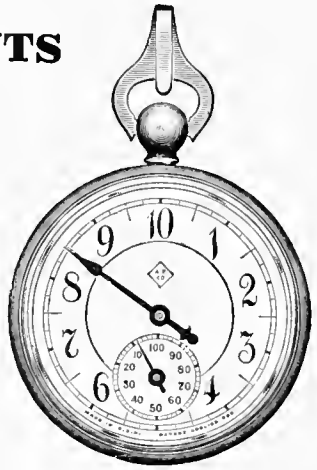

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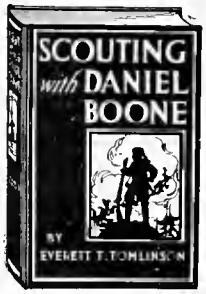


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of wood, through which passed two separated silk-wound, copper wires, the bared ends sticking out of one end of the wood. These ends were joined by a bit of fine platinum wire, coiled. He explained that when an electric current would pass through this fine wire it would become red hot and set fire to a combustible like gun-cotton. Then he showed me a stout tube of paper, into which the wired cylinder of wood fitted perfectly.

"And now," he said, "you push some gun-cotton into the open end against the fine wire, stick it into some powder, connect up the wires with an electric battery —Boom!—and there you are."

## Quarry Troop and the Circus

(*Cont. from Page* 17)

carrying the remains of the last roll of wire.

"Here we are, Bruce, ready to connect up, but you'd better believe building a line at night is no easy job, by Jiminy."

"Guess it isn't," said Bruce in a businesslike tone. "Is Mr. Ford at headquarters?"

"Yes, he's waiting to turn on the current whenever he gets your signal."

"Great!" said Bruce. "I was a little worried about that. There isn't any real danger, but you might have made a ground or a short circuit and upset everything." Then turning to Nipper Knapp, he shouted, "How about the motor, Nipper?"

"Set and ready for connections," shouted the Scout.

"Right-o! Then we'll have Mr. Elephant out of the hole in a jiffy," shouted Bruce, as he seized the two ends of the wires and began to bend them about the terminals of the motor. He worked with speed and accuracy and the little circus manager could not help commenting on his skill as an electrician.

"Hum! I guess you lads know what you're doin', all right," he said.

"Well, we hope our efforts are successful," said Bruce. Then he added, "It's time you sent your trainer down there on the ledge to get the elephant out of the water."

"Don't worry, son; we ain't losin' no time on our end of this game. He's down there now an'——"

SHOUTS of laughter from the crowd assembled around the edge of the hole interrupted the little manager.

He and Bruce both looked up involuntarily. Then they, too, burst into uproarious laughter at the spectacle.

The trainer had gone down onto the ledge with an armful of bread loaves to tempt the elephant out of the water. There he stood holding out a loaf invitingly while the elephant, still half submerged, held his great mouth open and his trunk aloft expecting the man to toss the bread toward him. But this was not the trainer's intention.

"Come on, Toby; come on. Yuh gotta come out t' git this meal," he called.

The elephant moved a little closer and waved his trunk aloft impatiently as if beckoning the trainer to toss the loaf.

"Oh, no, yuh don't. Come on out, Toby; come on—— Hi! Gol ding yuh, leggo!— Hi! *Help!* HELP!"

Toby had refused to be tempted any longer. The waving trunk descended and wrapped quickly about the trainer's leg.

Then slowly the animal began to pull the man toward the water. The trainer was startled half to death. He dropped the bread and began to struggle mightily, for the black water looked cold to him even though the elephant did seem to enjoy it. He clutched at the smooth marble floor and tried to brace himself with his unincumbered leg, shouting lustily all the time.

"Hi! help me! Help! Kill th' beast! I don' wanna git a duckin'! I—I—got a cold in—my——" *Splash—blub—blub—blub——*

Toby's black little eyes seemed to twinkle with mischief as he gave a final tug and plunged the trainer into the water. Then while the man floundered about, the animal deliberately put his two front feet onto the edge of the shelf and reached out toward the pile of loaves. One by one he picked them up and deftly slipped them into his mouth, disregarding the shouts of the trainer.

But once in the water the man decided that he would stay in and drive the elephant out.

"Hi, Jerry," he shouted. "Throw me down the pike. I'll git the blasted critter out o' here if it takes me all night!"

Jerry tossed the short pike pole down onto the shelf and the trainer climbed out to get it. When the elephant saw the pole he immediately began to wade across the quarry hole.

"Oh, no, yuh don't, Toby. I'll git yuh, now," shouted the man, as he plunged back into the water and began to swim toward the beast.

"Git outa here, grr, yuh brute," he thundered, when he came alongside the huge bulk. And he accentuated his command by jabbing the pike deep into the beast's hide. As meekly as a lamb the elephant turned around, and after allowing the trainer to climb onto the top of his head, he waded toward the shelf and climbed out of the water without the slightest sign of rebellion.

"There, consarn his pesky hide, he's out now," said the little manager to Bruce, who was still laughing over the comical antics of the big beast.

"Good," said the lad. Then, turning, he called to Babe, "Hi! how about the blasting mat sling—is it finished?"

"Yes, it's ready," shouted the fat Scout.

"Well, then, we're all in good shape," said the patrol leader, inspecting the outfit. "Now for business. Ho, Jiminy, flash Mr. Ford the signal."

Instantly Gordon bounded out of the circle of light and climbed the nearest stone pile. Then with his battery he began to flash the Morse code toward headquarters where Mr. Ford was waiting. The circus manager took the whole performance in with wide eyes.

"Say, hang it all, you Scouts know a thing or two, don't yuh?"

"Yes, we know enough to be fairly helpful," said Bruce modestly. Then, as he saw Mr. Ford flash back his O. K., he said, "Now we'll let 'er go."

HE seized the reverse lever on the motor and threw it over. The derrick drums squeaked a moment before settling down to a business-like grumble. Then the rusted steel cable, with the improvised blasting mat sling dangling at its end, was played out swiftly until the mass of woven rope settled down on the ledge beside the circus men, who were hard at work putting chains about the elephant's feet and trunk so that he could not squirm about in the sling. The ad-


THE BEST SCOUT SERIAL EVER

# The Great Heyliger Says:

"It's been bully fun writing about Don."

## Here's His Letter to You:

Ridgefield Park, N. J., Mar. 12, 1915.
Say, Fellows:

For years I have helped coach football and baseball teams, but lately I have stumbled across the greatest game of all—Scouting. It laughs at seasons; it's bigger than seasons. It's played all the year round—on the hike, at the troop meeting, in the hearts of clean, manly boys.

And so I have written the story of Donald Strong, and of how he came to be a Boy Scout, and what it did to him. It's been bully fun writing about Don. He's had his ups and downs. At times he has even found it hard to live up to those wonderful Scout laws. But when he raised his right hand to his forehead in the Scout salute—just as you did—and said, "On my honor I will do my best"—well, when Don Strong said that, he meant it.

I want you to meet Don Strong in BOYS' LIFE next month. Somehow I feel sure you will like him.

(Signed) WILLIAM HEYLIGER.

**And Here's a Boy's Letter to Mr. Heyliger**

Sioux City, Iowa.
Dear Mr. Heyliger:

*I enjoy your stories very much. I have no faults to find with them except, perhaps, that you haven't written enough to satisfy our hunger for them.*

*My younger brother, to use his own words, says that all of your stories are "just swell."*

*Respectfully yours,*
*LEO THIELE.*

# It Starts Next Month (April) in BOYS' LIFE

*The Boy Scouts' Magazine*

This Greatest of all Boy Scout Serial Stories | It's only one of many Fine New Features

## Subscribe Now and Get This Flashlight

Vest-pocket Flashlight for One Subscription to Boys' Life at One Dollar. Almost everyone is carrying one of these—they're so convenient. Take up no room in your pocket, yet throw a bright light at night or in a dark room. Heavily nickel-plated over brass. Tungsten battery, guaranteed to give 400 per cent. longer service than any other similar flashlight battery made. 2½ volts Mazda lamp, 3 x 1¼ x ¾ inches. Slide contact button. Send to-day and get this flashlight and Boys' Life one year. Both for $1.00. The supply is limited. Send order promptly. 200 5th Ave., New York.

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You may send Boys' Life, one year, beginning....., for which I enclose One Dollar.

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Address.....
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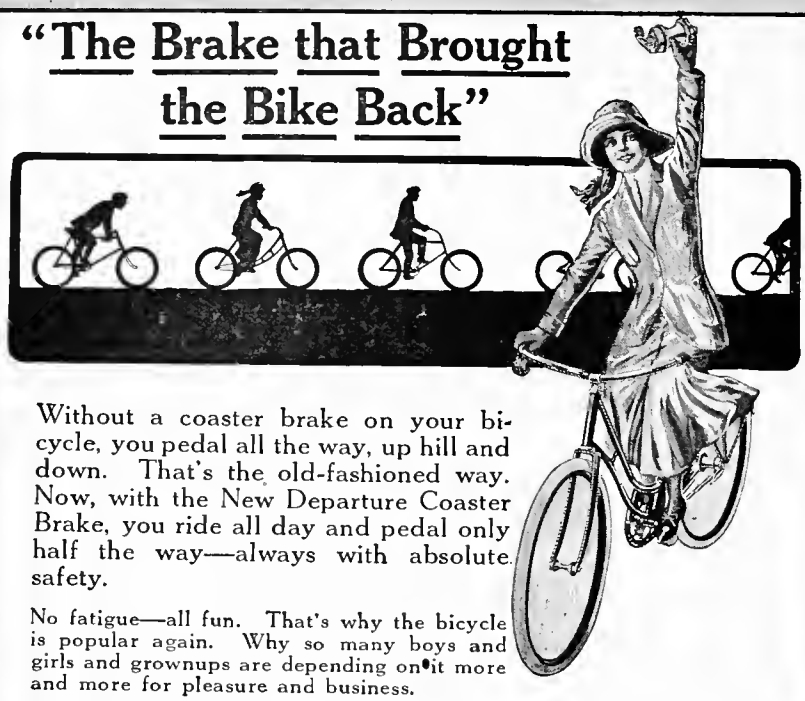
# "The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"

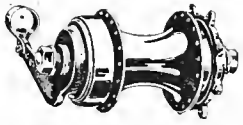


Without a coaster brake on your bicycle, you pedal all the way, up hill and down. That's the old-fashioned way. Now, with the New Departure Coaster Brake, you ride all day and pedal only half the way—always with absolute safety.

No fatigue—all fun. That's why the bicycle is popular again. Why so many boys and girls and grownups are depending on it more and more for pleasure and business.

Riding a bike is healthful, invigorating exercise. It takes us out on the open road where good air and refreshing outlooks abound. It makes the miles short, whether you roll along gently or hit up a "motor jog." You get speed without exertion when your wheel is equipped with the ball bearing

## NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE



The brake that cannot slip, bind, or lock, works smoothly and never fails, is indestructible, cannot get out of order, heavily nickel plated, and cannot rust.

Boys and girls, write us today and ask us to tell you how to win a gold watch, chain, stick pin, and cuff links. A postal will do.

**The New Departure Manufacturing Co.**

101 North Main Street, BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT

*The Brake that Brought the Bike Back*



## If You're a LIVE BOY or a LIVE WORKER

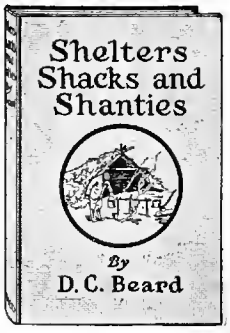
**Among Boys You'll Want**

DAN BEARD'S New Book, Just Published

## "SHELTERS, SHACKS AND SHANTIES"

**With more than 300 illustrations by the Author**

In answer to many requests from Boy Scouts themselves and others interested in the movement, *Mr. Beard*, the greatest authority on boys' interests, has prepared his new book. Boys will find it an invaluable guide in constructing temporary or permanent shelters on their hikes or encampments. It contains easily workable directions accompanied by very full illustrations for over fifty shelters, shacks and shanties, ranging from the most primitive shelter to the fully equipped log cabin.




**HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY**

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BOYS' LIFE for one year - - - - - 1.00
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**Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York**


justing of the heavy affair was no easy task, but the men worked with a will and a few moments later Bruce caught their signal that all was ready.

For a moment he paused with his hand on the starting switch. He was almost afraid to throw it into position. "Oh, if the boom will only hold," he whispered to himself, for to have his plans fail now would have been more than he could endure.

He moved the switch. There was a slight arc as contact was made. Then slowly the motor began to turn. The boom stiffened and creaked ominously as the cable tightened. He pushed the switch over another notch. The big animal was lifted off its feet!

Would the boom hold? Bruce and every member of the troop stood tense and silent, as they saw the big body of the elephant dangling over the pit. He was lifted a foot, two feet, *five* feet! He was snorting and squirming in protest, and Bruce's heart almost stopped when he saw the boom give under his weight.

"Oh, if he would only hold still!" muttered the boy. "He'll smash the timber, sure."

The patrol leader pushed the switch over still another notch and the motor began to hum and sputter. The beast was raised ten feet, fifteen feet, eighteen, twenty. Now he was on the level with the top of the quarry!

Slowly the boom began to work in, creaking and snapping under the strain. Splinters were raising here and there on the timber. Bruce knew it was only a matter of seconds now before the great stick would be shattered. The elephant was but a few feet from safety. Canvas men were reaching out over the quarry's edge to seize the side of the sling. They gripped it! They pulled and tugged, and with a prodigious squeak the boom swung over. Then with a crash it buckled, dropping the elephant on the very brink of the hole!

FORTUNATELY, the timber did not part entirely or someone would have been killed. The lacing of steel derrick cable held it in place, and everything was safe.

It took the Scouts and the circus men a brief instant to realize this, and when they did a cheer went up that must have waked the villagers in Woodbridge.

The little circus manager was delighted. He rushed up and grasped Bruce's hand.

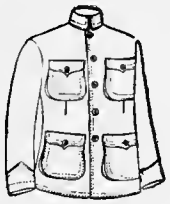
"Fine work, young feller! Fine work, I say! Now you Scouts all git home and tumble into bed. My men will clean things up here in fine shape. It's half-past three. Sleep 'til ten o'clock and by that time a couple of my best vans will be at that buildin' yuh call headquarters waitin' t' take yuh t' St. Cloud. Yer goin' t' be my guests at t' circus er I'll know the reason why."

"Gee, that's mighty good," said Bruce, excitedly. "How about it, fellows? We don't mind taking *that* sort of pay for a good turn, do we?"

"You bet we don't," shouted the Scouts, enthusiastically. And a few moments later they fell in line and started off toward Woodbridge.

---

*ANOTHER SCOUT STORY by Mr. Crump will appear in the next number of* BOYS' LIFE. *The title is, "Quarry Troop and the Movies." In it the Woodbridge Scouts, by a strange chance, get INSIDE a movie play in the making. DON'T MISS IT!*



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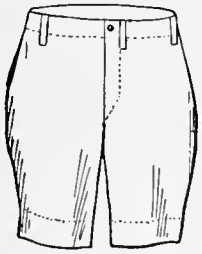

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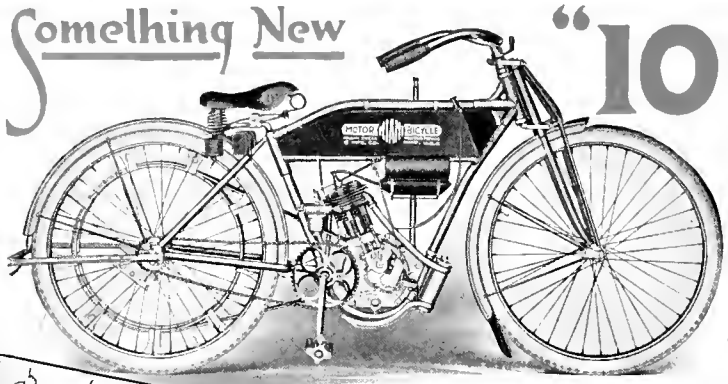

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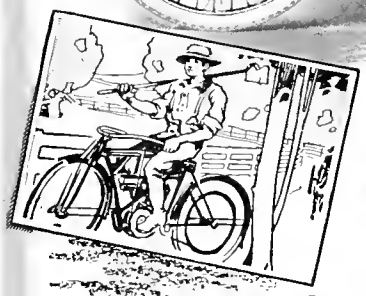

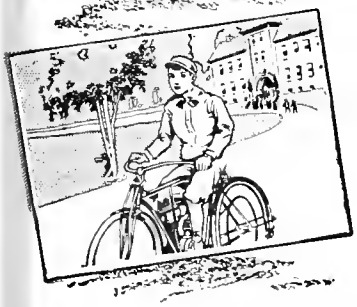

## Hello Boy Scouts!

JUST IMAGINE a self-propelling machine much stronger than a pedal-driven bicycle and almost as easy to operate; much lighter than a motorcycle and without its mechanical complications; as safe to run as a bicycle, but without the exertion required to run either kind of machine—then you have a good idea of

**THE MIAMI MOTOR BICYCLE**
**SAFE - SILENT - CLEAN**
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Except for high speed it can do everything that a heavy weight, high-powered motorcycle can do, and with much less expense and trouble. It will take you from four to twenty-five miles an hour—which is fast enough for business or pleasure with due regard for safety.

Think of the summer days to come—those long, long vacation days! On a Miami Motor Bicycle you can make the whole out-of-doors your neighbor. Think how quickly you can get there and back with no more effort than if you were coasting down some breezy, sunny hillside out in the open country through which you will be spinning.

You can go up hill and down dale, to and from school, and it costs only ten cents a hundred miles—one-tenth of a cent per mile—to keep it going. You have always wanted something like the Miami Motor Bicycle, something that you could run with safety to yourself and peace of mind to your parents—something Safe, Silent, Clean.

**Tell Your Parents You Want a Miami Motor Bicycle**

Write at once for Illustrated Free Booklet describing the Miami Motor Bicycle and showing how easy it is to take care of, and how safe to run. You can buy one from your Dealer or direct from our factory.

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# BOYS' LIFE

THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

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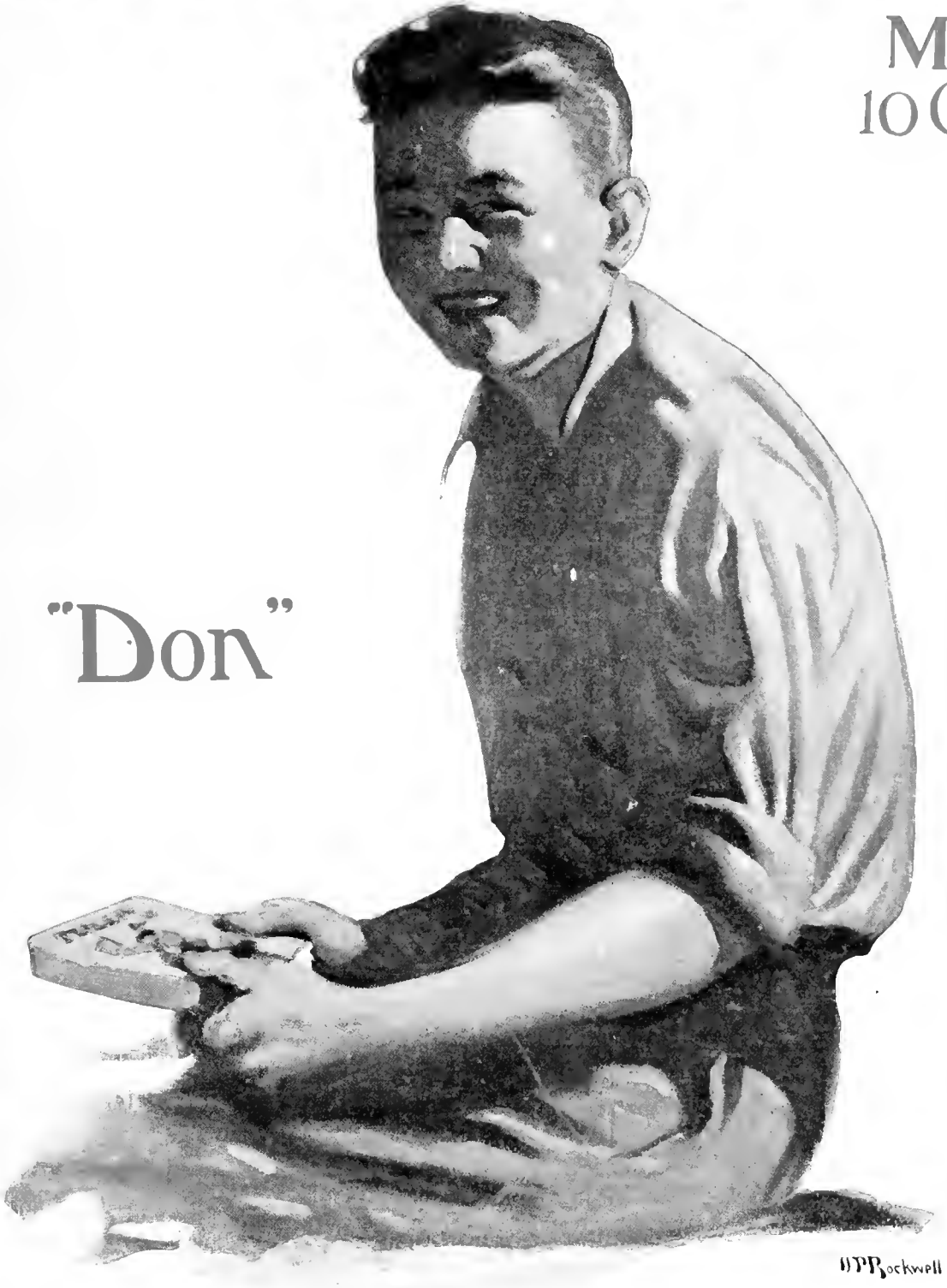
"Don"




The Hero of William Heyliger's
Great Scout Serial Story In This Issue

*The* UMPIRE

*The* OSTEND

# SHIRTS for BOYS

## Made by the makers of the one and only Standard Blouse of the World and these Shirts are the World's Standard, also

Illustrated are two practical and very popular models for Summer—*The* Umpire—convertible in-or-out collar, sport sleeves—*The* Ostend, hi-or-lo collar, sport sleeves.

For all wide-awake boys there are Shirts of the right sort. There is perfect fit, man-like styles, clean finish, hand tailoring, exclusive patterns. Leading Retail Stores almost everywhere will show the line. Prices begin at fifty cents. The One Dollar grade gives you the very greatest in value.

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# BOYS' LIFE

## THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

WALTER P. McGUIRE, *Editor*

Associate Editors:
DAN BEARD and ERNEST THOMPSON SETON


## $300.00 to Boys

Prize Winners Chosen in Our Great "Scouting with Daniel Boone" Contest

BOYS' LIFE announces, on page 19 of this issue, the boys who won the fifty-seven cash prizes, totaling $300.00, offered by this magazine, in co-operation with Doubleday, Page & Company, for the best essays on the subject:

*"The qualities of Daniel Boone which made him a good scout and a valuable citizen, and why those qualities are important in life to-day."*

The contest, as our readers know, was based on Mr. Everett T. Tomlinson's great serial story, "Scouting With Daniel Boone," which ran in BOYS' LIFE from June, 1914, to January, 1915, and which has been published in book form by Doubleday, Page & Company.

The judges were Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. Daniel Carter Beard, the National Scout Commissioner; Mr. Franklin K. Mathiews, the Chief Scout Librarian; and the Editor of BOYS' LIFE.

ESSAYS were received from boys in all parts of the country—hundreds and hundreds of them. It took a long time even to read them. It took a much longer time to pick the winners, for nearly all of the essays were good, and many had elements of peculiar interest and value. It was pleasant work, but the greatest pleasure of all comes now when the winners are informed of their success. It is a success of which their parents and friends may justly feel proud.

IT is evident from the essays written in this great contest that no boy can read Mr. Tomlinson's fascinating story of the eventful life of the brave pathfinder without keenly appreciating the qualities which sustained him in his hard and dangerous work, which endeared him to his frontier companions and which brought him that best of all rewards—success achieved in service to his fellow men.

All of the boys who competed for these prizes, whether they won in cash or not, are richer than they were before, for they will never forget, nor fail to desire for themselves, the qualities which distinguished the great pioneer.

They know better than other boys—because they have thought more carefully about it—what makes one successful in life, whether it be in such wilds as Daniel Boone explored and opened to settlement and civilization, or in school, or at home, or in employment at the world's work.

HAROLD McMURRY'S essay, which won the first prize, will be published in the June BOYS' LIFE, together with further information about those who stood highest in the contest.


Published by the Boy Scouts of America
*At National Headquarters,*
*200 Fifth Ave., New York City*

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VOL. V MAY, 1915 No. 3


## Leading Features


**Cover design, "Don Strong"**
By Norman P. Rockwell

**Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol** ..... 3
By William Heyliger

**Quarry Troop and the Movies** ..... 6
By Irving Crump

**The Man In the Box** ..... 8
By M. Elwell

**How to Make a Trek Cart** ..... 10
By Alfred H. Loeb

**Moonshiners In the Jungle** ..... 12
By Walter Walden

**The Duffel Bag** ..... 14
By Dan Beard

**The Merit Badge of Photography** ..... 15
By Julian A. Dimock

**Around the Campfire** ..... 17
By Ernest Thompson Seton

**Dan Beard Tells You How** ..... 18
By Dan Beard

**Winners of the Boone Contest** ..... 19

**Do You Want to Be a Pitcher?** ..... 20
By W. J. Clarke and F. T. Dawson

**In the Scout Cave** ..... 22
By The Cave Scout

**Two Pages of Scout Pictures** ..... 24-25

**Distinguished Boy Scouts** ..... 26

**Scouts' Questions Answered** ..... 27

**Stories About Stamps** ..... 28
By Frank L. Coes

**Diary of a Boy Inventor** ..... 30
By Gustave Verbeek

**Everywhere and Everything** ..... 32

**Our Lonesome Corner** ..... 34

**With the Scouts Afield** ..... 37

**Boy Scouts Brave Firefighters** ..... 40



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## Here's How!

Dan Beard to Tell Bully Stories Every Month on "Making Things"

DAN BEARD has been called "the man who has done more than any other person that ever lived to show the boys of America how to have fun."

Mr. Beard's "Duffle Bag" stories in BOYS' LIFE have been among the most popular departments ever run in any magazine for boys. In them this great Scout has been telling tales about animals, snakes, birds, insects, the woods, trailing, mountain climbing, and about being true Americans.

But his great work is to show *what a boy can make and do.* And now he is going to tell you each month in BOYS' LIFE how to make things—this *in addition* to his "Duffle Bag" stories. The first "HOW" article is on page 18.

YOU ought to know more than you do about your good friend, Mr. Beard, and about what he does. Of course, any man or boy can be a follower; the one we take our hats off to is the one who leads, the one who does things nobody else ever did before.

Mr. Beard produced the first working drawings ever published of a houseboat, of the building of a paper balloon, of the building of a birch-bark canoe, of a log house, of backyard switchbacks, of treetop houses, of underground clubhouses, of a house built on the water, of the backyard toboggan slide, and many other things which boys have enjoyed for years.

NOW, only a regular boy could have grown up to be this kind of a man. Dan Beard *was* a regular boy. He began going to school in a little red schoolhouse in Painesville, Ohio. When eight years old he drew so well that the teacher in his public school—he then lived in Cincinnati—used to get him to teach the drawing class.

He was eleven when the Civil War started and he saw the war at close range. During the conflict he went to Worrall's Academy and was graduated at nineteen as a civil engineer and surveyor. He entered Ernshaw's surveying office in Cincinnati at nothing a week; his tools were a bundle of stakes and a sledge hammer. But three years later he was

*Dan Beard Making the Pictures For His "How to Make" Articles.*

earning $125.00 a month in the City Civil Engineer's office.

Then Mr. Beard began making maps for insurance companies, and mapped scores of cities, towns and villages east of the Mississippi. All the time he was making sketches of wild animals in the woods for his own amusement, and once when he was in New York, Mr. A. W. Drake, Art Editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, asked if he might have one for publication. Mr. Beard said yes, and received a check for $50.00.

SINCE then, thinking out new things for boys to do has been the main part of his life work. His success has been enormous, for throughout the country boys are eager to do the original things Mr. Beard has thought out. They have learned these things mainly from his books. First, there was the "American Boy's Handy Book," of instant popularity. Then came "The Outdoor Handy Book," telling about kites, hoops and wheels, a raft that will sail, points on camping out, Indian games adapted for boys, etc. Next Mr. Beard got together new information about tree-top houses, backyard work shops, how to put on a homemade circus, how to have fun with scissors, pasteboard and paper, etc., and called this book "The Jack of All Trades." Then he took up more outdoor stunts in a book called "The Field and Forest Handy Book."

"The Boy Pioneers" was another of his very popular books. Following its suggestions, thousands of boys enrolled themselves in a society called "The Sons of Daniel Boone." Most of them wrote letters to Mr. Beard and he wrote letters to them—and from this delightful and always helpful correspondence a multitude of boys, many of whom are men now, have a pleasant recollection which they never will forget, and for which their thanks can never be adequately spoken.

His very latest books are "Boats and Boat Building" and "Shacks, Shelters and Shanties."

THIS is the man who is the National Scout Commissioner, and the Associate Editor of BOYS' LIFE.

This is the man who has been opening his wonderful "Duffle Bag" for you every month—the man who is going to tell you in every issue of BOYS' LIFE just what you want to know about making things. Follow his trail!

# Selling Things

## Something You Probably Never Thought of About Earning Money

THERE is only one way to earn money and that is to sell something. The business of the world is simply a series of buying and selling operations. Take those shoes you are wearing, for instance; a storekeeper sold them to you; a wholesaler sold them to the storekeeper; a manufacturer sold them to the wholesaler; a tanner sold the manufacturer the leather; a packing-house company sold the tanner the hide; a cattle buyer sold the packing-house man the steer on which the hide grew; a rancher sold the cattle buyer the steer, and a land company sold the rancher the land on which the steer was fattened. The other materials in the shoes, such as thread and pegs, could be traced through an equally complex series of selling transactions.

This custom of buying and selling has developed out of the needs of mankind. Did you ever stop to think what would be the condition of life if nobody could buy anything and nobody ever offered anything for sale?

THERE are four ways in which the average boy can earn money. He can be a laborer, a manufacturer, a retailer, an agent, but not without selling something.

When you get a job mowing a lawn, or splitting wood, or spading a garden, you sell your labor. The money you earn in this way is usually called pay or wages.

When you sell vegetables which you have raised in your own garden, or birdhouses you have built in your own workshop, or any other articles or products of your own efforts, you are a manufacturer. In most such cases, boys sell their own labor to themselves and their products direct to the consumers.

When you set up a refreshment stand and sell pop and peanuts and crackerjack and ice cream cones, you are in the retail business. You sell things for more than they cost you, and the difference between these two prices is your "profit."

Suppose a man says to you, "Here are two dozen packages of coffee. Sell these for me for thirty cents a package and keep five cents out of each sale to pay you for your trouble." In this case, you are an agent and the money you earn is your commission.

These are simple illustrations of the most common means by which scouts can earn money.

THERE is one vital rule that every honest man adopts in business, and it is a mighty good rule for scouts: "Whenever you sell anything, be sure that the buyer gets a reasonable amount of value for his money."

This means that no boy should sell his labor for the purpose of piling up wood and then do such a careless job that the pile falls down as soon as he is safely out of sight with his pay.

It means also that no boy should sell potatoes and put a lot of worthless little "spuds" in the bottom of the measure.

It means that a boy who runs a lemonade stand should sell lemonade and not an acid imitation with a few lemon peels floating in it.

It means that no boy should sell an inferior article for more than he knows it to be worth.

WHEN ads are submitted offering boys opportunities to sell things, BOYS' LIFE not only makes certain that the articles to be sold are all right, but that the boy who acts as agent shall receive a fair commission for his services.

You'd be surprised if you knew how many selling propositions of this kind fail to pass the test applied by the Editorial Board.

There are a number of reasons why BOYS' LIFE brings these opportunities to the attention of its readers. But the most important one is that it is thoroughly in accord with the principles of the Boy Scout Movement. Training boys for life is one of the purposes of Scouting, and the business training received in this way will be valuable in later life.

Here's another reason: "A Scout is Thrifty." This means that a Scout should not only *save* but *earn*. The rules of the organization prohibit him from "soliciting" funds for his Scout uniform and supplies. The Handbook recommends that Scouts pay for their Scout supplies by their own efforts, and even discourages their receiving gifts of money from their parents for these expenses. And so, since Scouts are required to pay their own way, it is the duty of the organization, and of its official magazine, to show them some ways of doing so.

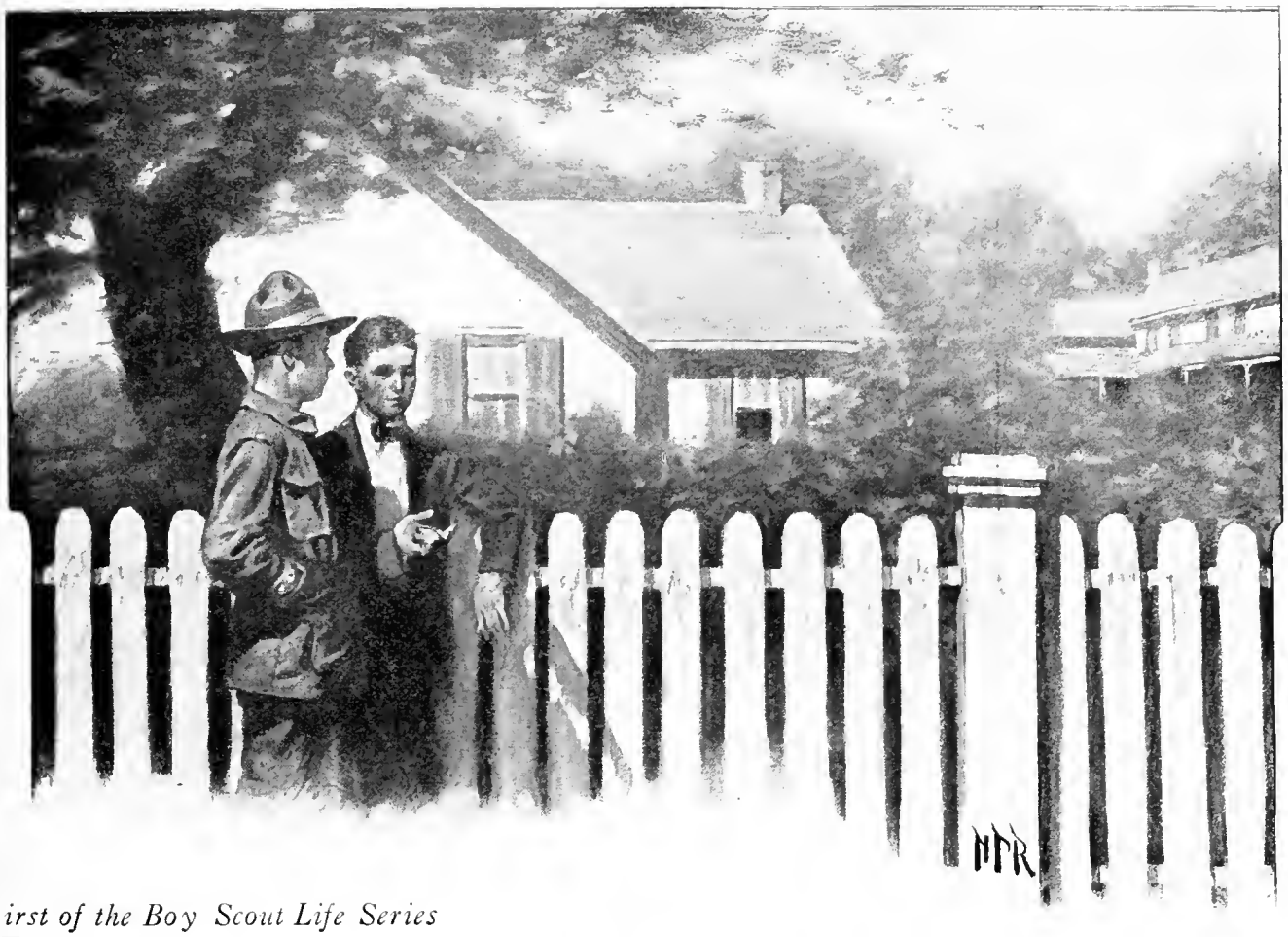
WHEN you do act as a salesman, you should always remember that no self-respecting boy will sell anything on sympathy.

If you have something to sell, dispose of it on its own merits.

Do not go teasing around for favors because you are a Scout; such soliciting as that comes a whole lot nearer to begging than it does to selling.

The selling of honest goods at an honest price is a dignified, legitimate business, and no boy need apologize for engaging in it.

THE EDITOR.



*First of the Boy Scout Life Series*

# Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

Author of "The Winning Hit," "Off Side," "Quarterback Reckless," etc., etc.

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

## CHAPTER I

### *Donald Receives a Jolt*

MRS. STRONG called from the hot kitchen:

"Donald!"

The boy, poring over a baseball score-book in the cool dining-room, arose from his chair, rebelliously.

"Yes, mother?"

"Call father to supper, please."

"Gosh!" the boy said to himself. "A fellow can't sit down a minute."

In the carpenter shop in the basement of the house his father was working at a bench.

"Supper is ready, dad," said Donald.

Mr. Strong sighed and straightened his back. The August day had been hot and he was tired. He looked about the shop in a discouraged sort of way.

"This floor ought to be swept," he said.

Donald nodded his head as though he agreed. The floor was thick with wood-shavings. A broom stood in one corner. But Donald, after kicking one foot back and forth through the shavings, turned his back and went upstairs.

"Hurry, Donald!" said his mother. "You just have time enough to wash."

"Always making a fellow do something," Donald grumbled. He was the last of the family to come to the table.

"Late again, Don," said his sister Barbara.

"You forgot to comb your hair, Don," smiled his sister Beth.

Donald scowled. His sisters, he thought, were always picking at him. He took little part in the talk that ran around the supper table. Barbara had spent the afternoon mending, and Beth had brought a slight addition to the family treasury by waiting on customers at the village bakery.

"Where were you all afternoon, Don?" his father asked.

"Oh, around," Donald answered vaguely.

"What doing?"

"Playing ball."

"That's all he's ever doing," said Barbara.

Donald bristled. "What do you want me to do, sew buttonholes?"

"No," said Barbara; "but you might help fa——"

"Barbara!" cried Mrs. Strong.

Beth, the peacemaker, smiled at her brother. "Who won, Don?"

"We did," the boy answered. "The other side wouldn't have scored a run if Alex Davidson had been catching me. But Alex's never around any more."

"Maybe he helps his mother," said Barbara.

Donald scowled again. He wondered if Barbara was encouraging his father to keep him out of high school. That would be just like Barbara, he thought—spoiling a fellow's fun.

In truth, it was only as fun that the Chester High School appealed to Donald. He was thinking of the fact that Mr. Wall, the Latin teacher, was a corking good coach, and that all high school teams were uniformed. He wanted to play end on the football team; he wanted to pitch for the nine.

AFTER supper, while his sisters helped with the dishes, he wandered forth with his hands in his pockets. On one of the village roads he met Ted Carter, the high school first-baseman.

"How about it?" Ted asked.

Donald shook his head. "Don't know yet."

"Davidson's coming," Ted announced.

"Davidson?" Donald was astonished. "Why, everybody says what a hard time he and his mother have and——"

"He's coming just the same," Ted insisted. "He told me himself. Gee, if he can come, you ought to be able to make it."

That was what Donald thought, too. He had a father and Davidson hadn't. He walked home grumpy and out of sorts. He wondered if Barbara *was* advising that he be sent to work in the mill.

"She'd better mind her own business," he muttered.

When he reached home he went in through the rear entrance. In the kitchen his mother was mixing bread for the next day's baking. Barbara, busy as usual, was mending an apron.

"It wouldn't hurt you to fill the wood-box," she said.

"Barbara!" warned Mrs. Strong. She turned to the boy. "Father's on the porch. He wants to see you, Donald."

Donald went out to the porch. His father sat in the darkest place.

"Sit down, Don," he said.

The boy dropped into the nearest chair. He noticed that his father looked more tired than usual, and had an uncomfortable feeling that this interview wasn't going to be pleasant.

"We're going to let you enter high school," said his father.

Donald gave the chair a sudden tilt that almost upset it. "O Dad!" he cried in glee. Now he *could* pitch for the nine!

The man nodded. "Yes; you can go." He was silent a moment. "I wonder if you understand what this means?" he asked. "I don't suppose you do."

Donald scraped one foot along the porch floor and said nothing.

"I may be making a mistake," his father went on. "You've never shown much liking for books. In fact, you haven't shown much liking for anything—except play. But mother and I feel that there may be something in you that hasn't shown itself yet. We feel that you ought to get your chance in life. So we are going to let you enter for a year."

"Only one year?" said Donald.

"We can hardly afford that," said his father. "As it is, there will be many a tight squeeze. I understand that high school has its social side, class societies and class dances. I'm afraid you'll have to keep all that out of your head. I don't think you'll find Alex at dances, for he won't have any money to throw away. He's paying his way through."

"Where—where did Alex get the money?" Donald asked.

"Working for farmers, hoeing the fields and cutting brush. You said at supper you didn't see him around any more. That's the reason he hasn't been on the ball field recently. He's been working.

"He couldn't earn much working for farmers," Donald argued.

"He has twenty dollars in the bank," Mr. Strong said. "Twenty dollars for his summer, Don—and how much for yours?"

Donald sank low in his chair. Twenty dollars! He had always felt a bit superior to Alex—and now Alex had twenty whole dollars and he had nothing. Oh, if he only could have the summer again! Why hadn't somebody told him to get out and hustle?

"Now, that you know the conditions," his father said, "if you do not care to go——"

"Oh, I'll go," said Donald.

TURNING, he entered the house and went upstairs. His hand was on the doorknob of his room when a voice halted him.

"Don!"

It was Barbara. She came along the landing and put a hand on his shoulder.

"You'll study, won't you?" she pleaded.

"At me again, aren't you?" he asked.

"You make me so angry," she stormed, breathlessly. "I've been begging father to send you to high school and——"

"*You've* been begging father to send me?" he gasped.

"Of course, I have. You're the only boy. Oh, Don, I want to see you make something of yourself."

"I'm going to," he mumbled. He could think of nothing else to say.

"If you only would," cried Barbara. Suddenly she stooped and kissed him on the cheek, turned and fled down the hall.

Donald went into his room. He had thought that Alex Davidson's twenty dollars was the greatest surprise that could come to him. But here was a greater—Barbara pleading for him, Barbara ambitious for him to be somebody. Think of that! And he had told her that he was going to. He drew a deep breath. Well, he meant it.

*"Wasn't Mr. Wall the Good Fellow!"*

## Chapter II

### *Donald's Good Turn*

NEXT morning, to the wonder of the family, Donald was downstairs long before breakfast was ready.

"Couldn't you sleep, Don?" Beth teased.

"Let Don alone," said Barbara.

It was curiosity that had brought Donald from bed so early. He had never seen a boy who owned twenty dollars. He had heard of boys who had one dollar, and once he had heard a rumor that Ted Carter had three dollars. But twenty dollars—— Donald held his breath. He wanted to see just how Alex Davidson looked now that he was so rich.

After breakfast he walked off. Barbara was disappointed. She had hoped that he would sweep his father's shop.

But Donald's thoughts were not about sweeping. Twenty dollars! Didn't it beat everything how lucky some fellows were? He was beginning to resent the fact that Alex had so much money.

When he came to the Davidson cottage he loitered outside the fence. The garden was fragrant with late summer flowers. He thought it was a shame there were so few flowers in his yard. Barbara and Beth could easily find time to fuss with a little garden. He reached through the fence and plucked a poppy blossom. He heard footsteps coming down the path. He looked up. The poppy fell from his hands.

"Hello, Don!" cried Alex.

Donald stared. Alex was clothed completely in khaki—shirt, coat, breeches and leggings. His jaunty felt hat was of olive drab. Somehow, he looked very smart and alert, very bright and eager, very much like a boy who could put his mind to the business of saving twenty dollars.

Donald found his voice. "Gosh! A boy scout. When did you join those kids?"

"Three weeks ago," Alex answered. "Our troop has just been organized. They're not kids, Don."

"Oh, no!" Donald's laugh was mocking. He was sore about that twenty dollars. "I've seen pictures of them being watched by a man—just as though they were babies."

"That's the Scoutmaster," said Alex.

"I'd call him a nurse," Donald retorted. "You couldn't get me to be a boy scout."

"Maybe you couldn't be a scout," Alex said, quietly.

Donald's eyes opened wide. "Couldn't be? Why not?"

"Do you know the history of the flag?" Alex asked. "Do you know how to tie a square knot or a reef knot, or a sheepshank, or a clove hitch, or a——"

"You don't know all that, either," Donald broke in.

"Oh, yes, I do," said Alex. "I had to know all that before they'd let me become a scout."

"I could learn it if I wanted to," Donald declared. He wasn't going to show how dumfounded he was. Alex walked on down the road. Donald turned toward the baseball grounds. He wondered if Alex really could tie all those knots.

However, by the time the noon whistle blew at the sash mill he had once more become a scoffer. Knots or no knots, it must be a kids' organization, else why did a man go along to watch them.

THAT afternoon he went to the ball grounds again. To his delight, Mr. Wall, the Latin teacher, was batting to an eager crowd of infielders. It was the first time in many months that the high school coach had appeared on the green. Donald edged close to the plate. He liked to be near Mr. Wall.

"Hello, Don," the man called. He chopped the ball toward first base. "Will you be with us when school opens next week?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! I had my eye on you when you were pitching for the grammar school. Wait around. I want to look you over."

"Yes, sir," said Donald. He would have waited all night. Mr. Wall had been watching him! Wasn't that fine?

Afterwards, in a quiet corner of the green, he pitched to the man. Wasn't Mr. Wall the good fellow! He knew just how to help you out, and just how to steady your control, and just what to say to make you do your best. As Donald walked home, slapping his glove against his thigh, he was quite sure that he and Mr. Wall were going to get on famously.

SCHOOL opened the following Monday. Donald left home that morning full of eager interest. On the way he met Alex. Alex was not in khaki to-day, but on the left breast pocket of his coat was a metal badge. It was curved like a smiling lip, and on it were the words, "BE PREPARED."

When they came to the high school, Mr. Wall stood in the wide doorway.

"Good morning," Donald said, brightly.

"Good morning," said Mr. Wall. He raised his right hand to his forehead as though in salute. Donald blinked. Was that for him? He glanced back. Alex's hand was raised just as Mr. Wall's had been.

Donald gave a low whistle. In the cloakroom he swung around.

"What was that?" he demanded.

"The scout salute," said Alex. "Mr. Wall is our Scoutmaster."

"Oh!" Donald exclaimed in surprise. "I didn't know that."

"Sure," said Alex. He walked right up to Mr. Wall and said: "I think Don ought to be in our troop, don't you?"

Donald gasped in confusion. This was rushing things. "I—I didn't say so," he stammered.

Alex grinned. "Well, you want to, don't you?"

"Y—yes," said Donald; "I guess so."

Mr. Wall said, "That's fine."

Ten minutes later Don sat in assembly and didn't hear a word that Mr. Radcliffe, the principal, said. He had jeered at the boy scouts as a bunch of kids, and now he was going to be one of them!

A WEEK later he had passed his tenderfoot requirements. Then, one day, he stood stiffly at attention and took the oath:

"On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the scout law; to help other people

at all times; to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

The words thrilled him. What a lot they meant. His head went higher.

"I'm glad you're with us, Don," said Mr. Wall.

"I'm glad, too," said Donald.

He had become a member of Chester Troop, Wolf Patrol. For the present, the troop met at Mr. Wall's library. And when Donald left he was wearing the tenderfoot badge pinned proudly to the lapel of his coat.

Reaching home, he sat on the porch and told Barbara all about the ceremony, and about that wonderful scout oath, and about Mr. Wall, and about the twelve scout laws.

"And what did you say the third law was?" Barbara asked.

"A scout is helpful," Donald answered. "It means—— Oh, you know; it means that a scout must do a good turn every day."

"Oh!" said Barbara. "Every day?"

"Every day," said Donald. He sat, thinking, for a while, and then went indoors.

Barbara waited for him to come out. When he failed to reappear, she followed him in. Beth met her in the hall.

"S-sh!" Beth whispered. "He's downstairs sweeping father's shop."

Barbara went back to the kitchen. After a while, when the boy had carried out the last of the shavings, she called from the kitchen doorway:

"Don! Have some lemonade?"

"You bet!" he said. "I was wishing for lemonade."

Next day he swept the shop again. He heard his father whistling at his bench. He could not remember when he had heard his father whistle before. And that night, at supper, there was a book lying alongside his plate.

"I thought you might like to have it, Don," said his father.

He read the title slowly: "Boy Scouts of America, Handbook for Boys."

Opening the book, he rapidly turned the pages, talking excitedly:

"Gee, here's animals—and animal tracks—and birds and birdhouses—and snakes—and fish—and bugs—and trees—and scout stunts—and scout badges—and campfires—and poison ivy—and swimming dope—and life-saving—and signal codes—and wireless outfits—and log cabins to make—and games to play—and——"

"And," his mother interrupted, smiling, "here's your supper to eat."

He had forgotten all about his supper.

SUNDAY, after church, Mr. Strong started off for the little walk he always took before Sunday's dinner. Donald had never been much interested in these walks. But lately—

"Can I go, Dad?" he asked.

"Go where?"

"With you."

"You surely can, Don."

So they swung off side by side. His father began to tell him about the trees and the birds, and how the trees grew and how the birds lived. He had never realized that his father knew so much.

And after a while Donald began to talk about the hikes boy scouts took, and about the other Wolves.

"Wolves?" said his father.

"Yes, ours is the Wolf Patrol."

Alex, he said, was a second-class scout, and soon he wanted to be a second-class scout, too.

"But I must wait thirty days," he said.

"Is that all?" his father asked. "Is that the only requirement?"

"Oh, no. I must be able to use a knife or a hatchet—"

"I can teach you that, Don."

"Oh! Will you, Dad? And I must know about signalling, and first aid to the injured, and I must have some money in the bank that I have earned, and—"

"How much money?" his father asked.

"One dollar."

"We can fix that," said his father. He held out his hand. "Here's your dollar, Don."

"Thank you," cried the boy. He reached eagerly for the money, paused, reached again, and finally pulled his hand away.

"I—I can't take it," he said.

"Why not?"

"I must earn my dollar."

"But you have earned it. This is for sweeping the shop."

"That—that was my good turn, Dad. A scout won't take money for doing a good turn. A dollar's a lot of money, but I'll find a way to earn it somehow."

### CHAPTER III

*Donald Makes His Choice.*

THAT night Donald sat in his room and gave serious thought as to how he could earn money. Twist the problem as he would, there did not seem to be anything that he could do for which anybody would pay him. But next day, as he walked home from school, he noticed a lawn that looked sad and neglected.

(*Continued on page* 41)

# Quarry Troop and the Movies

By IRVING CRUMP

Author of "The Boy Scout Smoke-Eaters," "Quarry Troop and the Circus," etc.

Illustrated by WILLIAM J. SHETTSLINE, JR.

"WH-E-E-O-O-O! whe-e-e-o-o-o! whe-e-e-o-o-o!" screamed the siren as Bruce Clifford's motor cycle came to a halt in front of the Weir cottage on Willow Street. Then:

"Hi, Bud—Bud-d-de! Hello-o-o, Bud! Come on, wake up!" shouted the leader of the Owl Patrol, cupping his hands about his mouth and directing his voice toward an upstairs window. A moment later the window in question opened and Bud in his undershirt, with a towel in one hand and a cake of soap in the other, appeared.

"What're you making such a row for? I'm awake," he shouted rather irritably, for Bud really never became thoroughly cheerful until after he had had his breakfast.

"Say, Bud, the highway bridge over Muddy Brook—the one just below the railroad tracks on Lake road, has gone down under a big motor truck full of scenery and things belonging to the Historical Motion Picture Company, the outfit that has been taking Revolutionary War pictures over near Ticonderoga. The machine's half under water and the men need help. There's a chance for the scouts to get busy. Are you with us?"

"You bet I am. I'll be up to headquarters in three winks," said the leader of the Blue Heron Patrol, considerably better natured.

"Fine! Hurry now! I'm off to headquarters to call the rest of the fellows together," said Bruce, as he started his motor cycle and shot up the long incline that lead to the machine-shop headquarters of Quarry Troop No. 1, of Woodbridge, popularly known as the Boy Scout Engineers.

THE leader of the Owls had left home a little after daylight that morning with fishing pole and creel strapped to his machine, for he intended trying the brown trout in Concord valley. But when he reached the little highway bridge where the Lake road crossed a shallow brook near the Rutland Railroad tracks, a situation presented itself that banished all thought of trout fishing.

The ends of the bridge timbers had rotted away from dampness and under the weight of a big motor truck had parted from their stone pier. Their collapse had projected the heavy vehicle front first into the stream, so that its hood was jammed against the abutment, while its hind wheels still remained on the sloping bridge floor. The chauffeur and his two assistants stood surveying the scene in a most dejected attitude.

Of course Bruce stopped at the stream and looked over the situation, asking innumerable questions. But the men were not in a pleasant frame of mind and gave him only disagreeable answers, which nettled the scout to the point of exclaiming:

"Huh, if you weren't so grouchy about it, I'd like to try to help you get out of the mess you are in. Maybe we could help a great deal. I'm a member of the Boy Scout Engineers, and it is just our fun to lend a hand in a fix like this."

The chauffeur looked at the lad in amazement for a moment. Then he spoke in milder tones.

"Excuse me, son. I didn't mean t' be so nasty. If you fellows will give us a hand, we'd be mighty much obliged. I know what the scouts are. I've met 'em before."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Bruce. "We'll be here with block and tackle in less than an hour. In the meantime, get your truck unloaded," and, turning about, he raced back to town, stopping only to awaken Bud Weir before reaching headquarters.

ENTERING the home of the troop, he hurried to the wire-room on the second floor and began calling the scouts from breakfast. The telegraph line leading from headquarters was a big loop that extended through the town and connected with an instrument in the home of every second-class scout, and all the boys could be called to headquarters in a jiffy.

When his summons had been answered by most of the boys, Bruce hurried down stairs and proceeded to get "old Nanc," the troop's home-made automobile, ready for service. Into it he loaded all the manila rope he could lay hands on, as well as blocks and pulleys, chains, crowbars, axes, sledges and everything else that might come in handy.

By the time this work was well under way the scouts began to arrive and lend a hand. They came on motor cycle and on foot until there were twenty-odd gathered at headquarters. And when they were all assembled, Bruce outlined briefly the situation at the Lake road bridge and gave them his idea of how the task should be handled. Of course, they were all eager to undertake the work, and in a few minutes they were on their way to the scene of trouble.

The chauffeur and his men had done as Bruce suggested, and when the lads arrived they found two great stacks of canvas scenery by the roadside. They gave this only a moment's inspection, however, for they had work before them. With as much system as a trained army corps they began to unload the coils of rope and the pulleys. Then, under Bruce's direction, several wove the cordage into a block and tackle arrangement. This done, a group headed by Romper Ryan removed shoes and stockings and began to ford the shallow stream, carrying the block and tackle with them. In no time they had one of the pulleys lashed to a substantial maple tree

by the roadside. The other pulley was fastened to the back end of the automobile truck, which was still on the sloping floor of the bridge.

When this was completed the single strand of rope on which they were to haul was passed back across the stream and attached to the rear axle of "old Nanc."

Then came the test of the boys' engineering skill. At the request of Bruce the scouts all seized the rope to assist "old Nanc" in hauling the big machine backward up the grade. Bud, the official driver of the troop's automobile, climbed to his place and everything was ready.

"Now, all together! PULL!" shouted Bruce, and at the command every scout arched his shoulders and hauled his hardest, while old Nanc's engine began to cough and grumble furiously.

The tackle grew taut. The pulleys squeaked and groaned and the bridge timbers protested in like manner as the big truck began to move. Up it crawled, inch by inch. Now the hood was out of water! A moment later the rear wheels were on to the road! Slowly but surely it was lifted out of the brook until, finally, with a mighty tug, the lads backed it clear off the bridge and safely on to the highway.

"Fine!" shouted the chauffeur. "I knew you scouts were the bully boys. But, say, fellows, how's the machine going to get across the stream? We are bound for Woodbridge, you know, and we're on the wrong side of the busted bridge now."

"Oh, maybe we can work that out some way," said Bruce. "I guess we'll try to make a pair of shears out of a couple of fence rails, then hitch the block and tackle to the bridge floor and hoist it back to its proper level again. The rest of the fellows will get all of the discarded railroad ties they can find along the tracks over yonder and build a square crib under the bridge. They can lay the ties on top of each other in log cabin fashion and I guess that will hold up the bridge under your machine. It will make the crossing safe until the town authorities can put new bridge timber in place, too."

"Sounds mighty sensible," said the chauffeur. "Will it take long?"

"I don't think so. It's only half past ten now. Here comes the ten thirty Montreal Special," said Bruce, as the Canadian flyer shot around a bend in the railroad tracks, her whistle screaming her approach to the Woodbridge station.

"Come on, then, let's get busy right away. Perhaps we can have the machine into Woodbridge by noon," said the chauffeur. Then, to his assistants, he called. "Hi, you fellows, git over there to the railroad tracks and pick up some o' those old ties. Go along with the scouts. They know old ones from new ones."

All the lads, except two or three of the older boys, waded the brook and started out after crib building material. The others remained to help Bruce rig up the shears and put the block and tackle into place.

Fortunately section gangs had been working on the railroad recently putting in new ties, and there were any number of discarded timbers along the embankment. These the lads appropriated, for they knew that the railroad men no longer wanted them and that sooner or later a bonfire would be made of them. The heavy timbers were piled up on the bank of the brook as fast as the scouts could find them, and by the time Bruce and his helpers had hitched the block and tackle to the sagging bridge the crib builders were ready to begin work.

Raising the bridge floor was accomplished quickly, for the wooden structure was nowhere near as heavy as the auto truck. Indeed, "old Nanc" managed to haul it up all alone. This accomplished, the scouts waded into the water again, and, working in pairs, carried the railroad ties to a point just under the broken structure. The first two ties were put up and down stream and weighted with stones to keep them from floating away. Two more were then placed across the stream on top of the first set, exactly like logs in a cabin. Then, like bees, the boys traveled back and forth to the bank, carrying the heavy ties, until finally the crib was constructed snugly under the bridge flooring with two heavy cross timbers resting safely on top.

When the tackle was finally removed and the bridge platform settled into place and gave every indication of being safely propped up by the crib, the scouts gave a ringing cheer, for their efforts had been successful.

And, as if in answer to the cheer, the loud honking of a motor horn was heard and a big red motor car containing one man and the driver came tearing down the road.

"Gee, here comes our manager, Mr. Dickle!" exclaimed the chauffeur when he saw the machine.

MR. DICKLE proved to be a very businesslike and hustling individual. He bounded from the car before it stopped, demanding at the same time to know all the particulars of what had happened. It seems that he had seen the stalled motor truck from the window of the ten thirty train and had hired the first automobile he could find at the Woodbridge station and rushed to the scene of trouble.

Briefly Bruce and the chauffeur told him all that had happened and all that had been done.

"Rebuilt the bridge, eh? Looks as if it would hold a steam engine now. That's bully," exclaimed Mr. Dickle. "Now, if you fellows can tell me of a building equipped with electricity that I can rent for a studio for a couple of days, you will have done me another great favor. We are going to make some historical films of Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys. Say, by the way, you fellows look intelligent. How would you like to be my supes? I'll pay you fifty cents a day. How about it?"

"What's a supe?" asked Bruce and Bud together.

"Why, a supernumerary. I want a number of people to take part in the production, as Green Mountain Boys or British soldiers or the mob, or roles like that, where good actors are not needed. I have a big battle scene as a climax. I'll need you in that surely."

"In the movies, eh? Whoope-e-e-e! Fine!" exclaimed several, and the manager knew immediately that he would not have to look further for additional members for his cast.

"And, say, about a studio; perhaps you could use the meeting room on the top floor of our headquarters building. We have all the electricity you want, only there isn't much daylight for taking pictures. There are only three windows, and——"

"Tut, tut, never mind the daylight. We don't need it in modern photography. We'll go up and look at the place," said the manager. Then to the chauffeur he shouted: "Here, Jim, fasten a rope to the truck and I'll have this machine of mine tow you up to the scouts' headquarters."

*Mr. Dickle Explains to the Scouts the Mystery of Making the "Movies"*

FOR the next few days the troop's headquarters on Otter Hill was the strangest place imaginable. Passers by were surprised to find groups of real Indians in war paint, Colonial soldiers, British troopers and Green Mountain Boys in buckskin garments walking up and down in front of the building or sitting in the sun waiting for their turn to "go on" in the studio room upstairs. These were the regular actors of the Historical Motion Picture Company, who had come to Woodbridge by train to take part in

the Ethan Allen film which Mr. Dickle was making.

To be sure, all this fascinated the scouts. It was a decided pleasure to be allowed to circulate among such famous people. Ethan Allen was a big, broad-shouldered actor whose name was known from coast to coast. So was the individual who took the part of Captain Rember Baker, Captain Warner and Captain Warrington. Anne Story was a girl whose face the boys had seen on a dozen different billboards, and there were any number of other well-known individuals in the troupe. And there were real live Indians, too, who afforded the boys no end of interest. Altogether, the advent of the motion picture company was a liberal education for the lads.

But for knowledge of the technical nature, which the boys liked best, the interior of headquarters presented a world of opportunity. When the company's electricians and stage carpenters had finished with their work in the big meeting room Bruce and his chums scarcely recognized it as the same place. Two banks of a dozen electric lights as big as street arc lamps, and just as powerful, had been strung across the ceiling. These, by means of reflectors, were made to flood the far end of the room, "the stage," with a steady white light.

Behind the light was the camera man, grinding away steadily, taking sixteen pictures a second, while before the light were the actors playing their parts, now in a log cabin, now in a Colonial mansion and again in a courtroom at Albany, according to the way the scene shifters arranged the portable canvas scenery.

Between the camera man and the actors, to the left of the stage, sat Mr. Dickle in his shirt sleeves, clutching a bundle of manuscript in one hand and a megaphone in the other. Through this effective mouthpiece he directed each of the actors. The members of the cast did their work entirely in pantomime, except when Mr. Dickle bawled a few lines at them, which they repeated so that the camera could register the action of their lips.

It was all so perfectly wonderful to the scouts that they stood for hours watching the making of the film; that is, they stood still and watched while the actors and photographers were at work, but the moment business was suspended, while scenes were changed, they began to ask questions of every one in sight.

They learned that the big lights were a new type of tungsten lamp filled with nitrogen gas which made them burn three times as bright as other lamps. They discovered that the original photographs were only three-quarters of an inch long and they were magnified from thirty to fifty thousand times when they were projected on to a movie screen by the machine in the theatre. They found out also that raw film cost four cents a foot, that "movie" actors were paid as high as $20,000 a year, that there were nearly four hundred American firms making movies, that most of the films of the world were made in this country, that American "movies" were being shown in China, Australia, India and all sorts of far-off corners of the world and that in one American city alone the "movie" theatres took in more than $40,000 a day in admission fees.

All this and a great deal more did the inquisitive youngsters gather, until they became veritable motion picture encyclopedæ. Of course, chief among the men whom they questioned was Mr. Dickle. In fact, every time the manager finished directing a scene, Bruce and several other scouts pounced upon him and began plying him with questions concerning the film industry, all of which he answered in great detail, for he appreciated the fact that they were boys who wanted to learn and understand.

It was during one of these periods of catechising that he finally explained the big film he was making at the time.

"This photoplay," he said, "is to be a feature production; five reels of 1,000 feet each. I'm going to give all the details of the troubles Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys had with the authorities of New York State over the New Hampshire Grants. Of course, you boys know the story. It's history."

"You bet we do," said Bruce; "find a Vermont boy who hasn't read about the Green Mountain Boys."

"Well, I'm glad you are so well informed. It will help a little when you take your parts tomorrow afternoon. I've finished the studio work on the film now, and all that remains are some exteriors in the vicinity of Lake Dugmoor. The film will wind up with a big battle between Allen and his Green Mountain Boys against the Sheriff of Albany, assisted by some Indians and Red Coats.

"I want you fellows to be the original Green Mountain Scouts. Your buckskins are all downstairs in the trunks. They came by express this morning. I'll expect you all to report here tomorrow at two thirty. Get into the duds and come up to the lake. You'll find us all ready for you up there with an automobile full of flintlock rifles and things. The stage will all be set for the big battle around the mouth of the real Ethan Allen cave. How does that suit you?" It was a thrilling idea.

"How does it suit? Gee, whizz; were there ever fellows as lucky as we are? Just think of being in a real movie film; I tell you——

"Jiminy crickets, we'll have the time of our life, Mr. Dickle. Why, we'll do it for nothing, just for the fun of the thing," exclaimed Gordon generously.

"Oh, no, you won't; you'll get fifty cents each, and, besides, I'm paying you ten dollars a day for the use of this building. Forty dollars is due you so far. That should help the troop's treasury a little, eh, boys?"

"You bet it will," said Bruce. "Only we don't like——"

"Tut, tut; that'll do. I owe you money, and I'm going to pay it. If you don't take it I'll mail it to your Assistant Scout master, Mr. Ford. I met him yesterday," said Mr. Dickle. Then, to the actors, he called: "Next scene, gentlemen! Ring the bell, Benny!" And Bruce and the scouts realized that it was time for them to leave.

THE following day Woodbridge witnessed the strangest scene in its history. It was that of a score of Green Mountain Scouts, in buckskins and coon caps, traveling up the dusty road toward Lake Dugmoor. Some were astride motor cycles, a half-dozen were crowded into "old Nanc" and the rest were walking.

An hour after leaving headquarters they reached the lake shore. Ethan Allen's cave was up a very steep grade from the water and the boys could see as they rounded the bend in the road dozens of Red Coats and Indians waiting for them. Bruce and the lads on the motor cycles put on high speed and took the grade in whirlwind fashion but "old Nanc" was not equal to

(*Continued on page* 46)

# The Man in the Box

By M. ELWELL

Illustrated by C. R. Chickering.

THE little station on the edge of the wood had never seemed more lonely to young Jack Thornton, station master, freight agent and telegraph operator, than when he entered it at the end of a certain dreary day in late November.

Outside, all was dark with the heavy darkness that belongs to a cloudy night in the country. The only sound to break the silence was the moaning of the wind through the trees. Within, the room was brightly lighted, but had the bare, ugly furnishings usually found in a small country station, and Jack was conscious of an unusual wave of homesickness as he looked about him and thought of the lonely hours ahead, unrelieved by human companionship, except when a train came and went.

Although it seemed quite out of the world, the station was really an important one and several trains stopped there between 6 in the evening and 6 in the morning. Not that there were many passengers either going or coming at those hours, but there was often considerable freight to be handled because of certain construction work in the near neighborhood.

Tonight only two pieces of freight were taken off when the 7:30 drew up with the usual cheerful noise and bustle. One, a square box, small but very heavy, was ex-

pected. It contained money, silver and gold, to pay the men on the construction work. The paymaster usually came with the money, but at this particular time he would arrive from a different direction and was not expected until the following morning.

This box was put on the floor of the waiting-room.

The other piece of freight, also a box, but larger and quite different in shape, was unexpected. It was long and narrow, in short, just such a box as coffins are sent in, and it was heavy. It was consigned to some person unknown to Jack but "in care of station master," with directions that it be kept in the station until called for.

After placing this box on the floor, not very far from the other, the trainmen hurried out. The bell sounded, the whistle blew and the trainmen swung aboard, a brakeman calling back through the darkness: "Pleasant company for a dark night, Thornton!"

Jack stood alone on the platform until the tail-lights disappeared in the distance. Then he turned slowly, adjusted the station signal and re-entered the little room.

He locked the door. That was an unusual precaution and, though he wouldn't have said it aloud, he knew in his heart that the cause was the presence of the square box. "Guess I'd better quit thinking about it," he muttered, and busied himself with various matters connected with his work. When they were finished, he settled down with a book to await the arrival of the next train, due at 2:45.

A little after midnight, when his attention had wandered slightly from the book before him, Jack's trained ear caught the click of the telegraph instrument and he was instantly alive.

*"Watch the box,"* came the message, clear and distinct.

"Watch the box, indeed!" muttered Jack as he turned just enough to look over his shoulder to where the box stood behind him. "So they think I am going to keep my eyes on that precious box all night?"

*"Watch the box!"* came a second message, louder and more imperative than the first and Jack, turning squarely about, saw what made his heart almost stop beating. Not the square money box, but the long one, needed watching, for here before his eyes the top was rising slowly, as though pushed cautiously from within.

All that this meant, or might mean, rushed through Jack's mind and for a few seconds, which seemed like ages, he remained as though frozen to the place. Then, by a mighty effort of will, he threw off the horror that threatened to overwhelm him, and springing forward seized upon the smaller box and by might and main succeeded in lifting it and placing it upon the other. Down went the rising cover and down went Jack, resting for a brief space upon the box itself.

In a second he recovered himself and faced the situation.

"Of course," he thought, "it was a plot by some one who knew about the money. Well, he's got it all right, but not where he wanted it. And, of course, the man in the box was armed and desperate, ready to commit murder if opposed, and I would have been surprised all right but for the timely warning. Who sent that warning?

"I wonder if I can think it out here alone. Seems like no one would attempt to get that money away alone. Therefore there must be an accomplice, or several of them. Maybe they're outside and may appear at any moment. Where is that old revolver anyway?" and Jack hastened to open his desk drawer and take out the weapon which his friends had forced him to provide, but which in his fancied security, he seldom thought of.

Yes, it was loaded.

Then came the waiting, for there was nothing to do but to hold his ground alone until the next train came in.

The time seemed interminable and at every sound Jack was sure that accomplices were near. Then he imagined he heard the man in the box stirring.

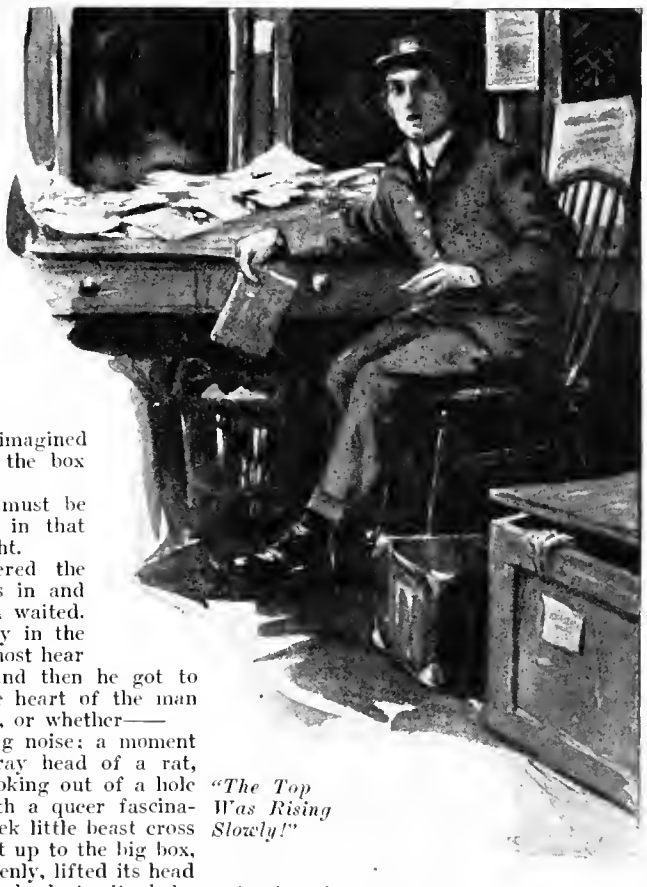
"Poor fellow! He must be mighty uncomfortable in that small space," he thought.

But Jack remembered the danger he himself was in and set his jaw firmly, and waited. The clock ticked loudly in the stillness. He could almost hear his own heart beat—and then he got to wondering whether the heart of the man in the box was beating, or whether——

There came a grating noise; a moment later Jack saw the gray head of a rat, with glistening eyes, poking out of a hole in the baseboard. With a queer fascination he watched the sleek little beast cross the floor. It came right up to the big box, then stopped very suddenly, lifted its head in alarm and scurried back to its hole. *Tick-tock, tick-tock.* How slow the clock was going now! Could it be running down? Or was it just that Jack was nervous. It was nervous business, waiting there alone with that unknown prisoner.

Never were sounds more welcome than those that heralded the arrival of the 2:45 train. It didn't take long for Jack to tell his story and enlist the willing service of several men.

The box was soon opened and the inmate assisted to his feet. He was fully armed, but seemed exhausted by his long confinement and the failure of his plans.



*"The Top Was Rising Slowly!"*

At first he was sullen and refused to talk, but finally he admitted that he was after the box of money and that a confederate with a team was in hiding near the grove of trees beyond the station. This confederate was to wait for an agreed-upon signal; none having been given before the arrival of the train he had probably driven away. The men searched for him but, though the tracks of wagon and horses were found, the accomplice and his outfit had disappeared.

And Jack never learned who sent over the wire the timely warning which served him so well.

# Half Bird—Half Fish

## A Queer Denizen of the Antarctic

Penguins of many varieties are the principal inhabitants of the Antarctic, and they are one of the queerest of all the multitudinous life found in the frozen polar regions.

VICTORIA PENGUIN
*(c) Sir Douglas Mawson*

They are half fish and half bird; their bodies are clothed in a covering like that of a fish, and their "wings" are really flippers, with which they propel themselves through the water with wonderful speed.

Unlike most of the fish-eating birds, the penguin goes under the water after its food and makes a catch through its ability to swim faster than the fish it has selected for its meal.

When the more severe weather of winter settles over the polar regions, they go straight out to sea and apparently remain at sea until summer brings them back to their rookeries.

Where they go to is a deep mystery, even to scientists.

In the nesting season they are found in great quantities, and Sir Douglas Mawson, the distinguished explorer, whose article, "Scouting in the Antarctic," appeared in the March BOYS' LIFE, secured wonderfully intimate views of them; in several scenes his films show flocks that contain close to a million birds.

The Emperor Penguin is plainly colored in black and white; the Victoria Penguin is a gorgeous bird with a wonderful headdress, and is beautifully colored in blue, red, and orange tints.

# How to Make a Trek Cart

By ALFRED H. LOEB
Assistant Scoutmaster, Troop 95, Philadelphia, Pa
Photographs by Alfred H. and Harold S. Loeb

*Troop 95's Trek Cart Fully Equipped*

*The Cart Used for Hauling a Heavy Load*

HAVE you a trek cart?

Every troop ought to have one, and every troop can have one. All you've got to do is to make it. Our troop made one and we like it so well we are glad to pass the information on for the benefit of other troops which have not yet added a trek cart to their regular equipment.

One of the best things about our cart is the fun we had making it. Every bolt and nut and board and screw is an old friend, and every scout in the troop knows what every part of the wagon is for and just how it works, for we put them together ourselves.

Judging from our own experience, we believe that a troop can easily build a trek cart for less than $15. The most expensive parts are the wheels and springs, but, in many cases, troops will be able to obtain these articles second-hand, and thus save considerable money.

To help you in making a cart for your troop, here are the details of the one which we built, every bit of which was made by the boys themselves, with the exception of the wheels and the springs.

This is a two-wheeled cart, and, when fully equipped, has ladders lashed to each side and a Baker tent for the waterproof covering. A rope attached to a hook on each wheel and a long shaft make it easy to pull a heavy load of camp equipment.

Of course, it is essentially a transport wagon, but when we reach camp, by removing all the extra equipment, we have a cart which is ideal for hauling firewood and provisions, or which can be used as an ambulance, if necessary.

By removing the body from the wheels and turning it upside down, we have a table ready for use. The ladders may be used for scaling walls, climbing trees to study birds' nests or for reconnoitering purposes, and when lashed to the shaft of the cart the whole thing makes an efficient bridge to cross an eight-foot stream.

The whole cart can be easily and quickly assembled and taken apart, so that not only is it convenient to transport by rail, but, when desirable, it can be stored away without taking up much space.

Our headquarters is located in the center of the city, far away from the open country, so that on the car ride necessary before starting to hike, each scout can easily care for his assigned part of the cart equipment.

The best place to build a trek cart is in a shop where you can have the use of whatever tools you will need. Nearly every troop has among its members some boy who has a well-equipped work shop either in the basement of his home or out in the barn, and in most cases this boy will be glad to have the troop build the cart there.

When you have decided where the cart is to be built, the next thing to do is to collect all the materials which you will need in constructing it. Probably there is some one scout in the troop who has had more carpenter experience than any other member and who knows just how to go about such a job. It would be a good idea to elect this boy "boss" and have him direct the work.

When you have your materials all collected and your "boss" elected, you will be ready to begin work. But you will need a plan to go by—carpenters must have plans before they can build houses and scouts must have plans before they can build trek carts. Detailed diagrams of the cart which our troop built will be found on the opposite page. By comparing these diagrams with the following specifications, you should have no trouble in building your hike wagon.

*They Can Use It as a First Aid Ambulance*

### The Specifications

Here are the specifications of our cart:

The size of the body is 2 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., but when the board ends are let down, the cart becomes 1½ ft. longer, or 6 ft. in all. The other dimensions you can obtain from the plans. The base of the body is composed of three 10-inch boards fastened together at each end by a cross-board 5 in. in width, and several bolts. L-shaped brackets and screws hold the sides rigidly to the base of the body while the ends are hinged to the base and provided with chains, so that they can be held at any convenient slope.

The body of the cart is mounted on leaf springs and the wheels are fastened to a 1-inch axle by means of washers and keep pins. The shaft is bolted under the body with three 1-inch bolts with "butterfly nuts," and is, therefore, easily detachable. Supports for the canvas covers are inserted into slots cut in the 5-inch cross-boards, and are held firm by being screwed to the side-boards. These supports also serve as legs when the body is used as a table. The ladders may be lashed to these supports or fastened to the sides or slung under the wagon. An extra leg hinged to the shaft supports the cart when not in motion. The wheels have extra wide rims which prevent the cart from sinking in the mud.

The wagon is constructed of ash and is painted with the city's colors, blue on the outside of the body and yellow on the inside. On the sides we have placed the words, "Boy Scouts, Troop 95," and on the back the word, "Philadelphia."

Among the advantages of this cart are the small number of tools required —only a screw-driver and

a small wrench being needed for assembling and taking it apart—the ease with which it may be carried, the simplicity of construction, and its durability. It will safely bear 600 pounds. If bolts with "butterfly nuts" are used throughout, no tools are required.

You can see by the photographs the many uses our scouts make of their cart. If you will follow these specifications carefully, you will be surprised to find how easy it is to make a trek cart, and after you have used it a few times, and have found out how much work it saves you will wonder why you didn't build a trek cart long ago.

## Police To Honor Scout Badge

Director Hubbard of the Department of Public Safety, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has issued an order to the Pittsburgh police, requiring them to recognize the badges of the Boy Scouts of America.

This order resulted from a complaint that a patrolman had interfered with Scout Harry Stein when he was administering first aid to a little girl, who had rushed from her home with her clothing in flames.

## Assist Humane Society

Plans for the co-operation of the Boy Scouts with the Evansville, Ind., Humane Society have been completed by the officers of the two organizations. The scouts will take a prominent part in the work of the society—will report any inhuman action to the proper authorities and will help to teach owners of dumb animals the proper care of them.

## Scouts Work In State Capitol

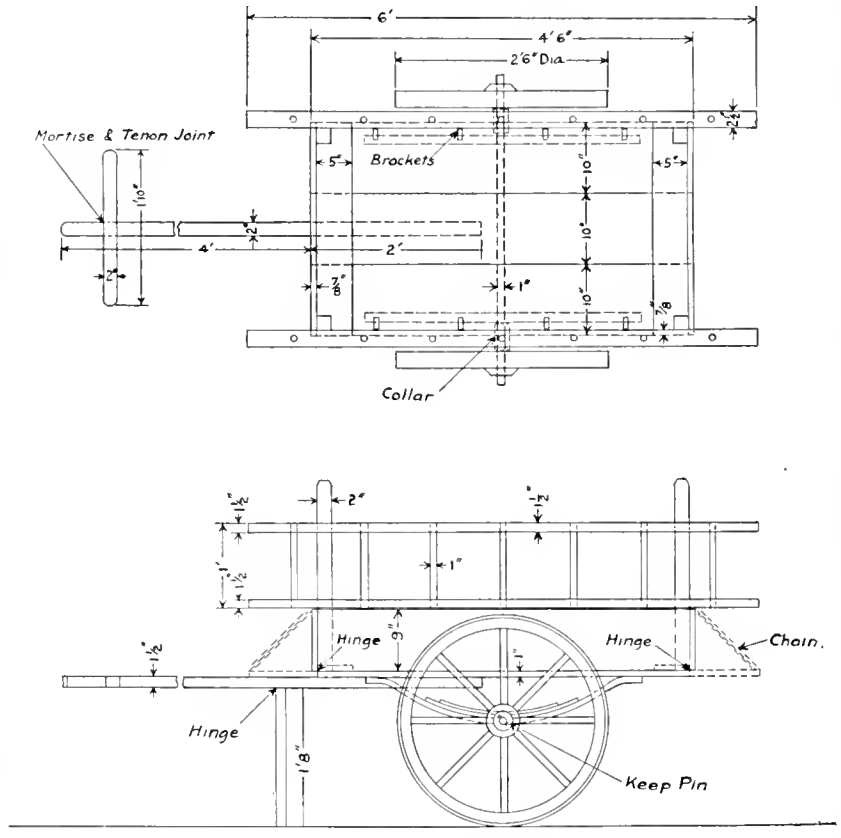
Governor Walsh of Massachusetts is such a firm believer in the value of the Boy Scout organization that he has made arrangements with the scout officials of Boston to have scouts on duty in the executive offices.

The plan is to have the boys work in relays so that a considerable number of scouts may obtain, at first hand, information about the way in which the state government is conducted.

The first three scouts selected for duty in the Governor's office were J. Edward Knott, Troop 2, of Jamaica Plains; Paul Stevenson, of Troop 245, Boston, and Scout Donald Alexander, Troop 39, of Boston. These scouts were selected for this duty on points of general effieiency and character. It is planned to change the scouts on this duty every two weeks.

The boys do general office work, such as keeping up the Governor's book of newspaper clippings, interviewing prospective callers, and attending to routine correspondence.

It is the hope of the Governor and the scout officials of Boston that this plan will give the boys a clear idea of the business of the State House and will develop in them a feeling of responsibility in public service for the good of the Commonwealth.




PLAN OF A TREK CART

*These Plans Are Reproduced from Those Made by Scout Samuel Schultz, 15 Years Old, Who Had Charge of the Construction of Troop 95's Cart*

## Conduct Sanitary Survey

Five hundred scouts of Toledo, Ohio, conducted a sanitary survey of the city during the first two weeks of April. The scouts kept a record of the condition of the front and back yards of every home in Toledo. Wherever insanitary conditions were found, they left instructions for cleaning up and notified the owners of the telephone numbers of trash haulers.

*The Box and Ladders Make a Little Bridge*

*When the Time Comes for the "Eats"*

# The Moonshiners in the Jungle

By WALTER WALDEN

*Illustrated by* NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

*HOW THE STORY BEGAN.—Though Uncle Billy had always been friends with Nat, who relates the story, his manner changed completely after the boy helped the government officials capture some smugglers. The old man was too simple to conceal his hostility towards the law, and Nat noticed that he had also formed a strange intimacy with one "Bat" Mason, a good-for-nothing fellow, new to the town. One day Nat followed the two, when they drove to a lonely swamp, with a carefully covered load. He learned that "moonshining"—the illegal making of liquor—was going on.*

*The minister promised Nat that he would try to influence the men, and Nat also wrote to Joseph DeLony, his revenue officer friend. Meantime, the boy has become intimate with James Howatt, a neighbor boy of a mechanical turn of mind, and has told him the story. The two boys follow the moonshiners' trail, overhear an argument between them and finally discover the hidden "still." Bat comes unexpectedly, but they hide and when he falls into a drunken sleep, they find a letter which incriminates him with some even more serious escapades.*

*The minister's sermon stirs Uncle Billy, but Bat induces him to make "just one more batch" of moonshine. Meantime, Nat receives word from Joseph DeLony, asking especially about Uncle Billy's confederate. Nat forwards a picture and a copy of the letter. Then the two boys secretly visit the still in the jungle, cut the underbrush to make a safe hiding place, and rig up an electrical apparatus to blow up the still (which means the destruction of the evidence against Uncle Billy). Nat adds a "spook" surprise to alarm the superstitious old man.*

## CHAPTER VII

*A Disappointment—The Explanation. More Moonshining.*

IT was near two o'clock when we set off to the southeast in the wagon. We had with us coils of insulated copper wire—and blankets, for we planned to camp on Prairie Creek that night, as well as those to follow.

When the pony had been made comfortable at the end of his tethering rope, we got the canoe out of its hiding-place and voyaged up to the wee branch and the beginning of our little secret path in through the thicket. Pressing into the grotto, we measured off a sufficient length of copper wire to reach from the still to our nest, and this portion we coiled and tied to a stem for future use. Then, working very slowly along the edge of the thicket, we uncoiled and laid the main portion of our wire, following down the moonshiners' entry-road, till we came to a very large, moss-hung live-oak on the left.

This oak, I told James, I had selected for our headquarters, from which we should operate our electrical apparatus.

"We've got to make a nest up there among the limbs and run our wires up there," I said.

"Let's climb up and find the place," said he.

His eyes and his manner told me that he was all in the spirit of the thing.

When I had climbed to a point twenty feet from the ground, I stopped.

"Here's the place," I said.

I threw one leg over a large horizontal branch and pointed up the lane to another large oak that sent branches out over the inner end of the roadway.

"I'm going to use that oak tree for *my* apparatus," I told James, who stood on a limb just below me.

"Oh, I see now what you're up to," he said. "That'll be scrumptious! Leave it to me; I'll fix it so it will work like a charm."

The Spanish moss hung all around us. We seized on some of it and disposed it so as to screen our nest from any who should pass along the lane below.

We descended to the ground, and James got out his staples and hammer and proceeded, with my help, to tack two pairs of strands of wire to the trunk of the oak up to our nest. Then we measured off enough to reach from one oak to the other and back, which was coiled and hid near the foot of our tree.

Though the sun was still near an hour above the horizon, we struck off work—we had done all we had come prepared to do that day—and crawled aboard the canoe well satisfied with our progress. We found the pony shaking his head for his oats; and we were soon seated under the palms discussing our work, over the evening meal. We had three days remaining in which to get ready for the final "touch-off"; and this we contemplated in some elation. It was to be a grand play! In imagination—I could see Uncle Bill's chin whiskers bristling forward in dumb bewilderment. I even forgot the purpose of it all in anticipation of the fun of the thing.

"Do you think you can make the light strong?" I asked James.

"Oh, yes, I know I can," he answered. "I'll take along two cells for it—they'll make a good light."

The sun had gone down when we started back toward the still. We crawled again into our place of hiding, and waited.

The screen-covered still showed only as a black mass in the rapidly increasing murk of the grotto, when something—not the wagon—came out of the moonshiners' lane and moved toward the still. It might have been a bear for all that we could see. But we heard Bat Mason's low-grumbling voice, as he puttered among the barrels holding the corn mash.

He was alone. We waited, expecting to see another form come into the place. But Uncle Bill didn't appear; and it was not many minutes till Bat Mason moved back into the lane.

"Uncle Bill is gathering wood, I guess," said James. But I had another idea that amounted to a fear. But we waited to see if the two would come in together and get at their moonshining. We waited in vain.

"Uncle Bill has quit," I whispered. I confess I felt disappointed at the time, though I should have been happy; for it was for just such a result that I had started to work.

"Oh, I don't think so," said James. But he expressed a wish rather than a conviction.

"Well, they're not coming," I said. "We might as well go."

So we crawled back to the canoe, both quiet with disappointment. We got back to our camp and crawled into our blankets. We said very little, both depressed in the thought that our plans seemed cut in the bud.

We were astir before daybreak, and set off in the canoe in the vain hope that the moonshiners had, anyway, got back to their work. But we found things as they were, and no sign of any fire under the boiler.

We broke camp and started for home. I should have been glad, and felt guilty to think I was not.

"I'm going up town and see if I can find out what's going on," I said, as the wagon bumped over the palmetto roots.

"I'll go with you if I can," said James. "I think they'll go down tonight," he added; but there was no conviction in his tones.

We stopped at James' home long enough to unhitch the pony and bolster ourselves with a breakfast on Mrs. Howatt's biscuits and syrup; then trudged on toward town.

We were moving along the Widow Simpson's fence; I was saying: "If they should go down, they won't start before four

o'clock," when we were startled by a voice right at our elbows, coming out of the bushes.

"Hello, boys! Aire ye havin' right smart luck huntin' o' late?"

Uncle Bill moved a step forward and leaned on the fence.

We were too startled to find a ready answer; but James voiced my second thought.

"Is Mrs. Simpson sick?" he asked.

"Yes, she's porely again," answered Uncle Bill.

As we moved off he called after us:

"Was you-all to church, Sunday?"

James called back:

"No, I didn't go."

It was evident that sermon was still on Uncle Bill's mind. Doubtless he suspected that all eyes were on him. And yet he didn't suspect quite how truly, nor in what way, he was the object of the sermon.

"That's the reason Uncle Bill didn't go down last night," said James. "I didn't think he'd let anything like that interfere."

"He'd stop his own affairs any time to go and help someone that needed it!" I declared. "He's that kind—and he doesn't think it's any credit, either."

"Well, he'll go down this evening, I guess," said the hopeful James.

I was not so sure. And since seeing Uncle Bill again—deep in his good works—I lost some of my enthusiasm for playing tricks on him.

We made a short visit to the stores; and then James must get back home to further preparations for his share in our enterprise, which I was not so sure had not come to an abortive end.

But we must make certain; so, after three, we started for town again to reconnoiter. We skirted the Widow Simpson's place and glimpsed Uncle Bill's wife; then went toward Uncle Bill's home. Uncle Bill and Bat Mason stood in the yard, talking as if in argument. Uncle Bill presently strode out of the gate, angrily, and Bat followed. They continued together till they got to the stores. From here Uncle Bill proceeded alone to the Widow Simpson's.

We two kept under cover of the palmetto bushes as we watched.

"Bat tried to get Uncle Bill to go back to their moonshining," I said, "but Uncle Bill refused."

"Yes, it looked like that to me," admitted the disappointed James. "But they *may* have agreed to go. Let's wait and see."

So we crawled as near to the widow's fence as we could, under cover, and waited.

Presently we heard a pounding, and raised our heads to see Uncle Bill on our side of the widow's shed. He was driving nails into a loosened hinge of the little square door. The pounding suddenly ceased, and Uncle Bill was shaking his left hand with a:

"Tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut!"

"He hit his finger," said James.

"Yes, and it hurt like, tut-tut-tut!"

Uncle Bill's wife called out from the back door to ask the cause of the commotion. Uncle Bill answered:

"Oh, I jest missed the goose an' hit the gander." And he got to his nailing again.

Finally it became evident that Uncle Bill was not going to the still this night, so home we went.

The next day was Thursday. James and I had agreed to continue our preparations, in case matters at the still should again take, what we were now disposed to call, a favorable turn. So we put into the wagon our whole outfit—four glass jars, with zincs and carbons for electric batteries; a bag of chloride of ammonium; two electric fuses; a keg nearly full of powder; my box with the cluster of electric lamps, and Japanese chimes from our porch; a couple of small boxes, containing provisions, blankets and tools.

It was about two when we arrived at our former camping-place among the palms and oaks, beside Prairie Creek. The canoe lay where we had hid it in the brush. We took very little time to put our camp to rights, but transferred most of our cargo from the wagon-bed to the canoe, hiding my precious box in a clump of saw-palmetto.

When we got our canoe load to the foot of our little secret path through the thicket, we first carried the four glass jars into the place of the moonshine still and down the lane to the foot of the oak that held our nest, and which we had already wired for our purposes. We set the jars on the ground and James connected one pair of cells with two of the wires coming down the tree, and as well with the pair of wires that were intended to connect with the fuse to be planted in the still. To the other two battery cells he connected the wires intended for the electric lamps in my box, one portion of which circuit of wires had already been run up to our nest in the oak.

He measured out and poured in a certain amount of chloride of ammonium for each cell; so it would be necessary only to add water to make the electrical batteries complete. He explained to me that the ammonium chloride solution would act on the zinc and the carbon in the jar so as to make an electric current, when the two ends of wires, one fastened to the zinc, the other to the carbon, were brought together.

"Bringing the two ends together is called 'closing the circuit,'" he said. "If a thin platinum filament is used anywhere to join the wires, the current has such a hard time to push through the fine wire that the fine wire gets red hot and makes a light. That's how the electric lamps are worked. Or, if some guncotton is touching the red hot wire, it catches fire. That shows you how the fuse is made to work when we blow up stumps—and other things, like moonshine stills," he added, giving me a suggestive grin.

*"He came up with two fish of good size, ready cleaned, on a palm fan"*

When we got all the evidences of our activities covered up, we paddled back to our camp. We set things to rights and gathered "lighter-wood" (as dead pine branches are termed) for a fire.

"Do you want to take my gun and hunt a squirrel for supper," said James, "while I try for some perch?"

For answer I got out the shotgun. It was a muzzle-loader, so I slung on the powder-horn and shot-bottle, and put the cap-box in my pocket.

"Use the right barrel," he said. "I keep buckshot in the left barrel."

I set off down the creek in the hammock. I soon saw two squirrels and missed one clean, as he leaped from the end of an oak branch onto a cabbage-palm fan. When skirting the hammock at the edge of the pine woods, I spied a rabbit, and got him as he jumped for cover.

When I got back to camp, James could only show a wee perch, too small to fry. But by the time I had cleaned my rabbit and got the fire started, he came up with two fish of good size, ready cleaned on a palm fan.

Lighter-wood, with its fat pine-knots, furnishes a hot blaze. Some oak chunks on this soon made hot ashes for sweet potatoes and glowing coals for the fry-

(*Continued on page* 44)

# From Dan Beard's Duffel Bag

## Studying the Habits of Flying Squirrels, Bald Eagles, Falcons and Other Wild Creatures in New York City.

By DANIEL CARTER BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.

WHEN you go out in the woods now you may still find the cocoons of the cecropia moth on the branches of the maple trees—bulging, brown sleeping bags where the moth is kept all winter, with a waterproof tenting on the outside.

You may also find hanging from the ends of twigs and branches of the ailanthus tree the pendant cocoons of the ailanthus miller. The nickname for this fellow is cynthia; some people call it the cynthia moth.

These are exceedingly interesting. The baby moth is a very beautiful caterpillar—neat and clean—and not only that but smells sweet. When this caterpillar feels something inside moving, which means that it is changing its form under its skin, it gets busy. It takes a leaf and binds it by a silken ribbon wrapped around the stem of the leaf, then around the twig and then makes its cocoon inside the leaf and binds the leaf firmly to the cocoon. By this method the leaf is so fastened to the twig that the severe storms of the winter cannot break it loose.

You can take these cocoons home with you, and in a few days or weeks you will have your room full of butterflies that will measure anywhere from four to six inches across the wings.

The cecropia moth is a native of America, but the ailanthus moth is a Chink. He was imported from China, but, like all the other immigrants, he has made himself at home here. The hairy woodpecker, however, sees to it that this moth doesn't get too numerous, for the woodpecker eats holes in his cocoons and sucks the juice out of him so that he can never hatch.

### Flying Squirrel Eats Standing on His Head.

The other night I came home late—it must have been after 12 o'clock. It was raining hard, and I and the gentleman who was with me stopped in front of my house and stood under the umbrella to finish our discussion.

While we were there I noticed a pair of little bright eyes peeping around the trunk of the oak tree. Then down came a little squirrel, and I remarked:

"Why, there is a flying squirrel." The gentleman said, "How do you know?"

"Because the flying squirrel is not as large as the gray squirrel, is it?"

"No, it is not." And I further remarked: "Did you ever see a gray squirrel out this time of the night? The gray squirrel is not a nocturnal animal. Now, watch this fellow."

The squirrel came down and got an acorn and began to eat it. But he did not sit with his head up the trunk, but sat with his tail up the trunk and his head turned down and then raised himself on his haunches and ate the acorn. That is so that at the first warning of danger he can sail off into space. I stood there for about half an hour, and in that time that squirrel ate about twenty acorns, and always in the same position, and yet in none of the books have I seen the flying squirrel pictured eating his food in that pose. These are facts which I want you scouts to notice—these are things to test your observation.

### Why Gray Squirrel and Starlings Scolded the Screech Owl

Going down Amity Street last night in Flushing, a dark object slid across the sky up against a maple shade tree. I called Mrs. Beard's attention to it and asked her if she saw that bird. She said she saw no bird, but a piece of paper or something flew down there. When we reached the tree there was a mamma screech owl sitting just outside a knot hole.

I then understood why both the gray squirrel and the starlings had been making such a fuss about that knot hole for a week. Every time they peeked into it they said things which could not be printed if translated—they were so angry. They scolded and used violent language at the something hidden in the knot hole.

When you know that screech owls will catch squirrels and feed upon them, you can understand why the squirrel scolded, and why the starlings scolded because, while the screech owl does not make a habit of preying upon birds, it will not object to feathered game if it is handy.

So when the screech owl builds its nest in the knot hole that has been frequented by starlings and squirrels, you must expect that they will enter a protest.

### Wild Life in a Big City

But the interesting thing about this, boys, is the fact that these gray squirrels and screech owls are all of them inhabitants of the city of New York, the biggest city in the United States. I have seen in this city a bald eagle perched upon a flagpole over a Broadway hotel; I have seen a great Virginia horned owl at the top of a bank on the corner of Dey and Broadway; I have seen a black-crested night heron sitting in a pool of water on a tin roof on the corner of Sixteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, with one leg up, watching for frogs. Night hawks lay their eggs and rear their young on the gravel roofs in New York City. The other day I saw a falcon dive down among the pigeons in front of the National Scout Headquarters, but he did not capture one. He is in the habit of visiting New York City and carrying pigeons to his home in the rocks over in Jersey.

### What Can You See?

If a poor, disconsolate scout who is compelled to stay in the big city all winter can find so many wild animals, you boys who have a chance of getting into the country ought at least to discover deer and buffalo and black heron in the pasture lots. Keep your eyes open and see what you can see.

Dan Beard

## To Award Forestry Badges

U. S. Forester Coert Dubois has decided to present badges to the Boy Scouts of this section who qualify next summer as National Forest Aids. To become eligible to receive a badge, the Scout is required to spend at least ten days in a National Forest performing useful service during the fire season under the direction of Federal forest officers. At the end of this period he has to pass an examination in elementary forestry.

The first Scout to receive the badge was a Mill Valley boy who worked in the Tahoe Forest last summer under Forest Supervisor R. L. P. Bigelow. He performed with credit the duties assigned to him, being specially complimented by Bigelow for his conduct at the Crystal Peak fire, and passed the examinations with a fair rating.

The badge is of bronze with the Forest Service pine tree in relief encircled by the words "National Forest Aide." The District Forester expects that a number of them will be earned by the Boy Scouts next season.

## Scouts Plan War On Flies

Scout troops in all parts of the country are making plans for "Swat the Fly" campaigns this season. Notice has been received from Toledo that the Scouts will make an unusually strenuous effort to diminish the fly pest in that city this summer. Other cities are making similar reports.

The time to begin an effective fly campaign is right now. Every possible breeding place for flies should be rendered harmless before the eggs have time to hatch. It is a whole lot better—and a whole lot easier—to prevent the hatching of a few flies in the early spring than it is to swat hundreds of millions of them later in the season. The secret of an effective fly campaign is to kill the pests before they have time to begin their marvelously rapid reproduction.

## A Scout is Kind

Humane persons inspect their stables, kennels; personally attend to their pets; pension off or mercifully destroy old horses; protect the birds; place bird basins and fountains for the thirsty creatures, and report ill-treatment of animals to the authorities.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

# The Merit Badge of Photography

## A Helpful Talk With Scouts and Others Who Use a Camera

By JULIAN A. DIMOCK

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

*Raccoon—The Pose Indicates its Apprehensive Fears.*

*To obtain a merit badge for photography, a scout must:*

1. *Have a knowledge of the use of lenses, of the construction of cameras, of the effect of light upon the sensitive film, and the action of developers.*
2. *Have a knowledge of several printing processes and their relative advantages.*
3. *Take, develop, and print twelve separate subjects — three interiors, three portraits, three landscapes, and three instantaneous "action photos."*
4. *Make a recognizable photograph of any wild bird larger than a robin, or a wild animal in its native haunts, or a fish in the water.*

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ONE of the good things about photography is that the study of it has no limit, for it passes directly into art. And whoever heard of a limit to art? The camera and the sensitive plate are merely the tools of the craft, much as the brush and the paint and the canvas are the tools of the painter. A good artist can paint a picture with the poorest brush and the cheapest canvas, while a good photographer can take a good photograph with the tiniest, most inexpensive camera. On the other hand a poor painter cannot make a good picture with the best tools in the world, nor can a poor photographer take a really good photograph with the finest camera in existence.

### It's Up to You.

It isn't the camera, it's the fellow who is using it that counts. Never think that the man who takes those pictures which you like so much is successful *because* he has a big camera and a high-priced lens. He could exchange with you, use your $5 outfit, give you his $250 camera and then beat you so badly that you would never want to see him again. He takes those lovely pictures because he has studied and thought and practiced for years and years. He has gone to sleep thinking of picture-taking and his first thought in the morning has been how to use his camera. He has looked out of the car window and wondered how the views would "take" in his camera. He has watched his mother pouring coffee and tried to decide just where his camera should be placed to make the best picture of her. Always, always, his thoughts were on his camera. That is why he takes better pictures than you.

### What a Country Clerk Did.

Not very many years ago a man sent some pictures to a little photographic show in Ohio. He was a clerk in a country store. You may guess his salary wasn't very big and he thought a long time before he spent even the $2 that his lens cost. I have never heard how much the camera cost, but it is safe to say that a man who could spend only $2 for a lens did not give more than $5 for his camera.

Some one who saw those pictures of his at once recognized that the man who took them was an artist and looked him up. Soon a few of his pictures were sent to a big show in New York City. From that day to this that man's name has been known all over the world to photographers, who were trying to do the very best that could be done in photography. Still he kept on working with his $7 outfit. Don't blame your camera if you cannot take good pictures. Learn how to use it before you find fault with it.

I have talked a good deal without saying a word about the technical side of photography (by this I mean telling how to use the lens, the camera, the plates, etc.), and the reason for it is that I want you, to know that the chief factor in the work is you, yourself. Train your faculties by reading, by using your eyes and by thinking, and you can accomplish almost anything with your camera.

I am not going to give developing formulas or directions for making prints. These you can find on every box of plates, roll of film and package of printing paper. They are worked out by skilled chemists to fit the particular emulsion and are better than any I could give.

### The Camera's Eye.

The lens is the eye of the camera. It captures the light rays that come to it and arranges them in order and passes them along through the camera to the ground glass or the sensitive plate. Your eye is a lens and when the rays of light from a scene come to you through your eye you see the picture as it is. If instead of an eye you had merely a hole in your forehead, you could not see anything, because the rays would not be arranged, only a lot of light would come in.

So it is with the camera. The lens excludes all light rays save those which come from the scene in front of it. Those it bends into proper shape and then passes them along.

To use the lens properly you must first learn the comparative amount of light which it throws on the plate. Some

*Seminole in Canoe—A Picture Which Indicates the Extent of the Everglades, and the Opportunity Used to Add the Effect of Reflections.*

*Tarpon Fishing—Note the Charm of Action in Contrast to the Usual Photograph of a Self-conscious Sportsman Displaying a Dead Fish.*

lenses are big and let in a lot of light; some let in very little. Some are made so as to bend the rays at such an angle as to make them come together very near the lens, while others throw them away back in the camera. If the lens throws the picture away back, a lot of light is lost on the way, and so a longer exposure is needed, but if the picture is thrown nearby it is much brighter.

*Navajos of Arizona and Hogan—How the Impressive Barrenness and Loneliness of the Plains Can Be Suggested.*

### The "Speed."

This comparative brightness is called the F value of the lens. It is the label of speed. If you have a lens labelled F8 and your friend has a much bigger one labelled F8, both lenses have the same speed, and plates exposed behind them require the same time to make a picture. The two elements which make up this factor are (1) the size of the opening in the lens and, (2) the distance back from the lens where the rays come together. Dry as dust, isn't it? Hard to understand, too. But when you have it fixed in your mind, once, you will always understand about the F value of the lens.

You can easily see how the size of the opening affects the amount of light, but the distance back at which the rays come together is harder. Try it with a candle. Hold a book, eight inches from the flames, and see how much light is thrown on the page. Then move it away to sixteen inches. Move it again to thirty-two inches. Almost hard to read, isn't it? So it is with the light in the camera.

If you are interested to learn the rules for working out the F value of a lens read about it in any book on lenses. For taking photographs remember that the light passed by different lenses or different stops in the same lens, varies as the square of the F number. F16 needs four times as much exposure as F8, because the square of sixteen is four times that of eight.

### The Camera Itself.

The camera is the box which holds the lens at one end and the sensitive plate at the other. It must be tight so as to keep out all rays except those which come through the lens. Cameras are of so many kinds and makes that it is hard to give any general description which will help, but perhaps I can give a few hints.

It is important to keep the camera level, for otherwise the horizon will tip or the lines of buildings will be askew. Have you ever looked up at a tall building from the sidewalk, or down a winding stairway? It had a queer appearance, didn't it? That was because the lens of your eye distorted the rays and threw the lines out of true. So the lens of your camera will do if it is not kept level.

### The Frontboard and Swingback.

Sometimes the view which you wish to take is not directly opposite to and level with the camera. To remedy this the lens is fastened to a board that will lift up or let down—rising and falling frontboard it is called. Place your camera level and raise the frontboard until the lens takes in the building that you want to photograph. Of course, the building may go up so high that this will not take it all in. Then you can use another device which is on most cameras—the swing-back. Point your camera up at the building, but swing the ground glass so that it is perpendicular, and swing the frontboard with the lens so that it, too, is perpendicular. Do you see that you then have the effect of a level camera? The ground glass and the lens are both perpendicular, only the bellows of the camera (which is merely to exclude the light) is on the slant.

### The Tripod.

Use a tripod whenever you can, for it holds the camera steady and allows you to study the picture before using a plate.

*A Typical Old-time Negro of Dignity and Simplicity.*

This will save lots of plates and make many a picture, for if you see just how the scene looks on the ground glass you will often want to change your position a little so as to get more of the pond, or the tree by its side, or of grandfather's house on the plate. A little shifting of the camera may make all the difference in the world.

### The Secret of the Plate.

It is important to know the theory of the sensitive plate so that you may understand the reason for the way it is treated. Light acts on the sensitive emulsion so as to make it opaque. Where the bright light from the sky hits the plate, the emulsion is acted upon until it becomes dense. A very little light comes from the dark shadows and that acts but little upon the emulsion, leaving it nearly or quite transparent. Between these extremes are produced various degrees of density.

Look at the developed negative and see how dark is the part which is sky and how thin is the emulsion where are the deep shadows. When you put a piece of printing paper under this negative the process is reversed. The light comes through the negative where it is thin and acts upon the paper, making the print of the shadow dark while very little light can get through the thick emulsion of the sky, and so the paper is left white for that. To understand this clearly you will have to look at your negative and look at your print, then while trying to make a print think it over. It will be clear as noonday to you.

### About the Developer.

You may ask why, if the light thus works upon the plate, you cannot take it out of the camera at once and print from it? For two reasons: the plate is yet sensitive to light and the stronger light outside the camera would blot out that which had worked in the camera. The light in the camera has not done its full work. We are in such a hurry, these days, that we cannot wait. So we expose a plate just long enough for the light to begin the work and then take it out and put it in a developer for that solution to complete the job which the light has begun.

This is the work of the developer—to carry on the effect produced by the light passing through the lens. As soon as the plate is sufficiently developed we take it out and put it in a fixing bath. This solution so acts upon the emulsion as to prevent further action by light and to clear up the parts of the plate not acted upon. Then the negative may be brought out of the dark.

I should like to talk to you further about plates for various purposes, orthochromatic plates for landscapes, high-speed ones for wild animal photography or horse racing, but all this you can

study up for yourself in catalogues, books, photographic magazines or by talking to dealers or other men who have worked at the business longer than you.

### To Make Artistic Pictures.

At the beginning of this paper I told you that there was no limit to photography, for it can be carried right up into the realm of art. Whether you carry it there or not depends wholly upon yourself. If you wish to take pictures that are really worth while and that your friends who know about such things will care to have, you must work over the laws of artistic composition as you worked over your multiplication tables.

Harmony and balance are the chief things to consider in composition. The beggar must not be clad in fine clothes, nor the society girls in rags. They are not in harmony. A standing ladder must lean against something, a landscape must have the objects so arranged that they balance each other. If you took a photograph of a teetering board with a boy on one end, it would not be balanced. You would wonder what was going to happen, it would not be a restful picture to look at.

The most solid form is that of a triangle. Imagine a boy standing with feet wide apart and looking directly at you. You would never be afraid of his falling over. His legs would brace his figure and give you a sense of security. But if he were standing on one leg with the other up in the air you would wonder how soon he would fall over. This is merely an illustration of balance.

Every picture should have the objects so arranged as to balance each other. The only way for you to learn about this is to study every good picture that you can get hold of. Pick up the best magazine that is in reach and look carefully at the illustrations. See which are the principal objects in them and draw these in outline so that you can see how they balance and support each other.

### How I Learned About Composition.

The way I learned about composition was to send to the Perry Picture Company for a collection of the pictures of the artists whose work I liked best. They cost only one cent each and soon I had a row of Millet's and Israel's pictures around the walls of my room. Whenever I took a photograph that I thought was good I hung it by the side of the picture that was nearest like it in subject. Then I looked at the two every time I went into the room and tried to see why mine was not so good as the other. It didn't take long to find out, and as soon as I found the difference I had to take mine right away, for it hurt my eyes to see such poor stuff by the side of the other. I kept working away at my pictures and finally I did get a very few that stood the test of comparison. I don't mean that they were as good, by any means, but that the composition was good and I enjoyed looking at them.

### Simplicity's the Thing.

Keep your pictures simple. Don't think that a lot of objects are necessary. The best pictures have very few things in them. Look up Millet's "Angelus," one of the best known pictures in the world. See how simple it is. Israel's "Sower" is another. Remember that the art which you put into your pictures is the thing

(*Continued on page 45*)

# AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

The Greenwich Scouts' Bird-Boxes

Some New Ways of Making Them

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

*Ho, Scouts—*

WHAT are you going to do for next summer? It is time that you were forming plans. We in Greenwich, Connecticut, are counting on a great time with our summer camp, but on a larger scale than usual.

Of course, each fellow is expected to pay his own expenses, and in order to do that we are going methodically about raising money, in a way that I hope will appeal to all of you. We have sent to the Department of Agriculture at Washington for Bulletin No. 609 which tells how to make bird boxes.

I suppose you all know that each bird requires its own style of box with the exact right size of entrance hole. All of these details are given in this Bulletin, so that they can be followed by those who would make successful nesting boxes. We are establishing a carpenter shop—one that has already been in service for us—and the boys are going to make hundreds of boxes. These will be put on sale at prices varying from fifty cents up, according to the amount of work required for the box. We have every reason to believe that the proceeds will make it easy for us to run the summer camp and even have a surplus afterwards.

Naturally one wonders how long this sort of thing may be continued. I should say until we have a million bird boxes in each State of the Union. That would be a safe guess, and not by any means too many to meet the needs of the birds. When we realize that half a billion acres of land have been denuded of forest in America by man, and every acre of it had at least ten hollow trees, or trees with holes in them that served as nesting boxes for birds and tree-climbing quadrupeds, I think you will readily see that forty-eight million boxes will fall a long way behind the number that might be used.

In order to insure good work and continued interest, I am going to suggest that each box be sold at a lower price than the schedule, but that a higher price than the schedule be received after the box has proven itself a success; that is, after it has been used as a nesting place by some desirable bird or animal. In other words, we give a guarantee with each box.

I have only one criticism of the little wooden box patterns offered by the Department of Agriculture. That is, they look so ugly and artificial. In order to meet this difficulty I have attempted two or three different styles of boxes made to resemble limbs of trees or hollow trunks. Whenever I find a hollow limb in the woods I try to utilize it in this way, by arranging a roof and entrance hole, being careful always to adhere to the dimensions given by the experts at Washington. If I canno' find a hollow limb I often make one by splitting or sawing four thin slabs of some big limb of easily worked wood. Then I cut out the middle part of the square core that is left, save the two ends, nail the whole thing together again, bore a hole of the dimensions prescribed by the Bulletin, and thus I get an artificial hollow limb which can be hidden in the foliage or nailed to the trunk of some tree.

I have also found it easy to build hollow limbs out of wire netting and plaster of Paris, which, when hard, is covered with some paint that will harmonize it with the trunk and help to shed the water.

One of my most interesting experiments along these lines was by building a hollow tree complete. It was seven feet through at the base and thirty-five feet high and was divided off in stories which were reached by ladders inside. There were many nesting boxes in the tree with different sized holes as well as different sized cavities for the nests. I had it arranged so that I could peep into these boxes without their occupants knowing that I was near. I had some delightful experiences with Flickers, Downy Woodpeckers, Owls, etc., besides Flying Squirrels, Gray Squirrels, Rats and Tree Mice. But that is a long story, and I shall have to leave it for another chapter.

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## A Troop With a Good Hike Record

Boys' Life has received from Scoutmaster Ashby Pyle, of Richmond, Va., an interesting account of a hike of 210 miles from Richmond to Luray Taverns and return. On this trip the boys hiked

210 miles in ten days. They had some unusually interesting experiences on their long trip, one of which was a climb to Stony Man's Mountain, one of the highest peaks in the Blue Ridge range, which reaches a height of 4,028 feet above sea level.

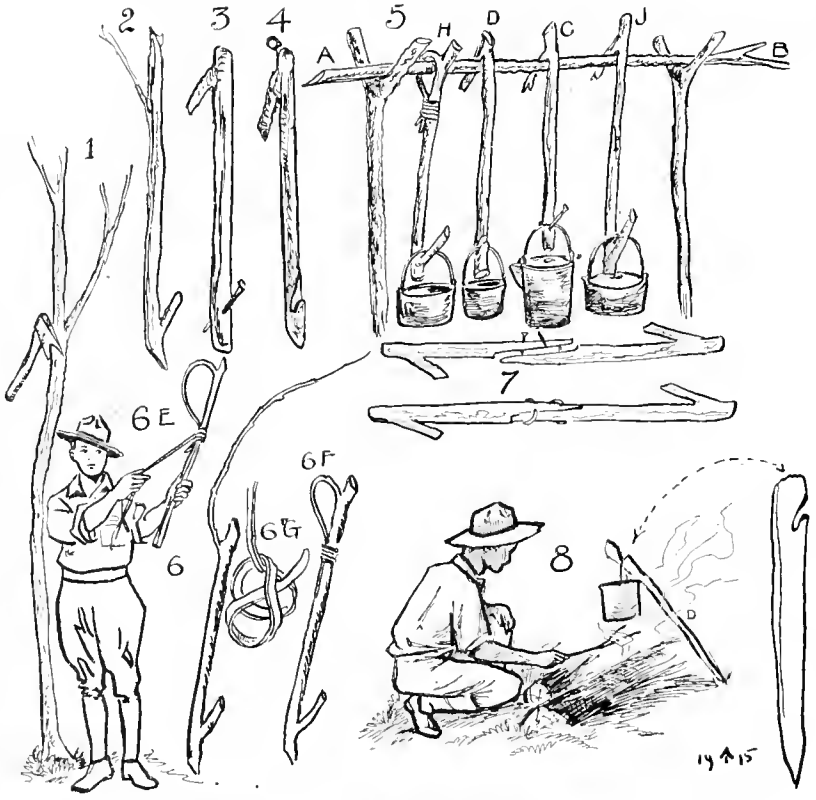
Mr. Pyle's scouts believe in keeping in first class physical condition so that they can take such trips without wearing their legs off. The photograph shows the boys in one of their typical setting-up exercises.

# Dan Beard Tells You How

## To Make Trammels for Campfire Uses.

By DAN BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.




*The Crane Trammels, Showing Construction and Use. Drawn for* Boys' Life *by Mr. Beard*

THE camping season is now opening for the Scouts, and it is time that we get busy and "bone up" on our camp knowledge, so that we shall be prepared. In order that you may do that, I have given you on this page all the ordinary rustic trammels and pot-hooks used in the camp.

The crane you all know how to make by placing a stick horizontally between the crotches of two upright sticks, as shown by AB in Fig. 5. The pothooks or trammels some of you know how to make; that is, some of you know how to make some of them, but I doubt if any of you know how to make all of them.

In the first place, we want a stick with a crotch to it, so we cut one as in Fig. 1. Trim it off as in Figures 2 and 3, turn it end for end as in Figure 3, drive a nail diagonally in the bottom end, use the nail on which to hang the kettle, and the crotch hook to hang over the crane AB (C, Fig. 5).

Possibly you may be out in the woods where there are no nails, and you have neglected to put some in your pocket. In that case, you can cut a notch as in Fig. 4 in which to hook the handle of your pot, and then hang it on your crane as shown in D, Fig. 5.

Or, you may cut a branch, with a long, pliable twig growing on it, as in Fig. 6; bend the twig back, as in Fig. 6, E & F, then with the green root of a tamarack, cedar, or some equally pliable tree, bind the twig to the main shaft of the twig, and fasten it with a hitch like that shown in G, Fig. 6. Green willow bark, green bark from a young chestnut, or various other things will do as substitutes for twine. You can then slip the crane through the loop and hang your pot on it as in H, Fig. 5.

Of course, if you have nails with you, it is not a difficult matter to make a number of pot hooks like the ones shown in Fig. 7, by nailing the two forked sticks together in the middle and clamping the nails end to end, and hanging these on the crane as in J, Fig. 5.

But it may be that you are building an individual fire all by your lonesome. In that case it is not necessary to go to the trouble of erecting a crane and making trammels and pot-hooks. You can combine them all in one notched stick, driven diagonally, or, as the boys would say, "slantingdickularwise," as in Fig. 8. The end of this stick may be up high, as it is in the diagram, where the boy is toasting his bacon on a green fork, or it may be so low that the pot rests directly over the coals.

None of these trammels have any names, and they are all used by campers. We should have some name by which to designate each one. You can call them the Boone, Kenton, Lincoln, Washington, Crockett, etc., or you can call them after the modern wooderafters in our own movement, like the Wilderness Men on the Scout Commissioner's staff, Vreeland, Gregor, Browne, etc. But we want to decide upon a name for each one of these sticks, and we are going to leave it to the readers of Boys' Life. Pick your stick, name it, and send the name to the magazine. Do it now. We want the Boys' Life readers to name these sticks, so all campers everywhere in the world will know them by the names you give them. You may call them The Boy Scout, The Boy Pioneer, The Girl Pioneer, if you choose; or Buffalo Jones, Captain Jack Crawford, Yellowstone Kelly, Theodore Roosevelt, or Gifford Pinchot. But I am not going to select a name for you. I merely suggest these.

The main point is to get a move on and send the name in right away. I am not talking now only to the Boy Scouts of America. I am talking to *any one* who happens to read this article. Send in a postal card with the names you want for each one of these sticks. Do it today.

It is supposed that you Scouts know better than to try to build a fire with green tamarack, for instance, and that you know that yellow birch burns nicely, even when it is cut green; that old, dry roots make the hottest fire and one of the best ones for broiling and toasting; that spruce makes a fire that sends sparks crackling out in every direction; that two flattened logs placed side by side, with two of the ends close together and the other two ends further apart, make the best kind of fireplace; over which you can cook by setting the smaller vessels at the narrow part, and the larger vessels at the wider part.

Probably you have read the Scout Commissioner's books, and so know how to build an altar fireplace for a permanent camp; that is, to lay up a little log cabin and fill it in with dirt and sod and stones until it reaches the height of a table, over which is spread a smooth surface of dirt for a fireplace. This will prevent backache and make the cook's work so easy and delightful that even an ordinary servant girl would not give you warning with such a stove to cook on.

It is also supposed that you have a plentiful supply of gumption, and that your gumption will tell you, if you have not the timber with which to build a log cabin altar stove, that you may substitute rocks and with them erect a fireplace after the manner described.

Also, having gumption, if your camp is on the plains and you must use buffalo chips for fuel, you will dig a trench in which to build the fire and make the trench long enough so that when part of it is covered again with the sod you have

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carefully removed for that purpose, it will make a chimney for a draft for your fire.

If you do not know how to do any of these things, try them all, for the best way to learn to do a thing is to do it. If I could do all the things which I have read about, I could do more than anybody else in the world—but I can't. I can only do those things which I have tried.

---

*ANOTHER "How to Make" article by Mr. Beard will appear in the June* Boys' Life. *Watch for it.*

---

## The Daniel Boone Contest Prize Winners

FOLLOWING are the names of the winners in the Daniel Boone essay contest recently concluded in Boys' Life. To each of these we have sent the amount of his prize, together with a letter of commendation and congratulation from the judges. It will be noted that twenty-three States are represented in this list, and that these States are in all parts of the Union:

**First Prize—$50.00.**

Harold McMurry, Calif., Age 16.

**Second Prize—$25.00.**

Raymond Clarke Ellis, N. Y., Age 17.

**Third Prize—Each $10.00.**

Harold A. Cory, Tex., Age 13 (Special honorable mention).
David Dean, Tex., Age 13 (Special honorable mention).
Robert T. Pollard, Ohio, Age 17.
Samuel Roth, Penn., Age 16.
Harold F. Stose, D. C., Age 16.
Christopher S. Tenley, D. C., Age 15.
Dwight L. McNulty, N. J., Age 17.
Wm. J. Hagney, Mo., Age 16.
Stewart F. Gelders, Ga., Age 14.
John P. Ruppert, D. C., Age 16.

**Fourth Prize—Each, $5.00.**

Lamar Swingley, Tenn., Age 15.
Myron H. Avery, Maine, Age 15.
Wilbur Andrews, Wis., Age 15.
Henry A. MacMullan, N. J., Age 15.
Harold Watson, Mont., Age 15.
Kenneth P. Masten, N. Y., Age 16.
Paschal Strong, Jr., Ga., Age 13.
William A. Firm, Penn., Age 13.
August T. Unfug, Jr., Col., Age 17.
Frank J. Parater, Jr., Va., Age 17.
Raymond Gleeson, Penn., Age 16.
John Calvin Tildon, N. J., Age 16.
Rodolph Valentine, Iowa, Age 16.
David Peterson, Mich., Age 16.
John Patterson, N.Y., Age 16.
Robert Hinkelman, N. Y., Age 12.
Warren Leonard Hanna, N. D., Age 16.
Harry Rowe, Ill., Age 17.
Gordon B. Ambler, N. C., Age 18.
Monroe Rathbone, W. Va., Age 14.

**Fifth Prize—Each, $1.00.**

John W. DeWitt, N. J., Age 16
David W. Bishop, Mass., Age 15.
Elsworth M. Schnebly, Col., Age 16.
William Carroll, Penn., Age 12.
J. Harold Graf, N. Y., Age 15.
Oscar L. Bard, Mich., Age 17.
Reginald Austin, N. Y., Age 15.
F. Leland Stowe, Conn., Age 15.
Reginald R. Zisette, N. J., Age 14.
Charles Ellis, Ill., Age 14.
Charles M. Stotz, Penn., Age 16.
Lowell Bryan, Iowa, Age 15.
Leopold Goldstein, N. J., Age 15.
J. L. Saville, N. J., Age 15.
William Z. Porter, Penn., Age 16.
George McLaren, Penn., Age 15.
Joseph H. Sanford, Conn., Age 14
George Borgman, Wis., Age 15.
Samuel Blumenthal, N. Y., Age 12.
Earle R. Pace, Iowa, Age 16.
Clarence J. Olson, Mich., Age 14.
George E. Duff, N. Y., Age 16.
George E. Clarke, N. Y., Age 18.
Hannibal L. Davis, N. Y., Age 16.
Ralph E. Zimmerman, Ill., Age 16.

# Neighborizing the Farmer

One of the most significant facts of our telephone progress is that one-fourth of the 9,000,000 telephones in the Bell System are rural.

In the days when the telephone was merely a "city convenience," the farms of the country were so many separated units, far removed from the centers of population, and isolated by distance and lack of facilities for communication.

But, as the telephone reached out beyond cities and towns, it completely transformed farm life. It created new rural neighborhoods here, there and everywhere.

Stretching to the farthest corners of the states, it brought the remotest villages and isolated places into direct contact with the larger communities.

Today, the American farmer enjoys the same facilities for instant, direct communication as the city dweller. Though distances between farms are reckoned in miles as the crow flies, the telephone brings every one as close as next door. Though it be half a day's journey to the village, the farmer is but a telephone call away.

Aside from its neighborhood value, the telephone keeps the farmer in touch with the city and abreast of the times.

The Bell System has always recognized rural telephone development as an essential factor of Universal Service. It has co-operated with the farmer to achieve this aim.

The result is that the Bell System reaches more places than there are post offices and includes as many rural telephones as there are telephones of all kinds in Great Britain, France and Germany combined.

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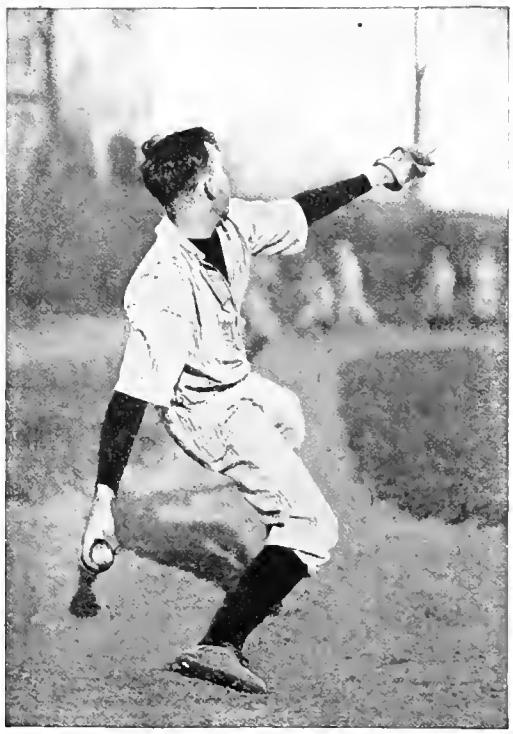


# Do You Want to Be a Pitcher?

## Here's How

By W. J. CLARKE and FREDRICK T. DAWSON

*MR. CLARKE is Head Coach of the Princeton University baseball team; formerly, he was a leading professional player and manager. Mr. Dawson is General Athletic Coach at Union College; in 1910 he was captain and catcher of the Princeton nine. These two authorities have written a fascinating and helpful book entitled "Baseball," published this month by Charles Scribner's Sons. The authors and publishers have kindly permitted* BOYS' LIFE *to give its readers in advance this "how to pitch" information, and also the illustrations, though the latter are smaller here than in the book. Throughout, as the authors tell how to play each position, this same simple yet detailed description, as of pitching, is followed. In the same telling way team-play is described.*

*The article and illustrations are copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE most successful curve is the out-drop, because it curves outward and downward, and therefore is difficult to hit squarely.

The slow ball is something every pitcher should have if he would be successful. Nothing worries a good batter so much as to face a pitcher who is known to have a good slow ball to mix with his fast one. Remember, however, to use the slow ball *very seldom against a weak hitter;* it is the good hitter against whom it works most successfully.

The slow ball is the most difficult of all deliveries to master, but its effectiveness is well worth any amount of time spent on it. This ball is most difficult to hit when thrown across the base in the neighborhood of the batter's knees; then there is a tendency for the batter to hit on top of it, driving it weakly on the ground. It is only after a careful study of the batters that the pitcher can know when to use the slow ball. Usually batters who take long swings at the ball have difficulty in hitting it.

Pitching, from beginning to end, involves the pitcher and the batter in a battle of wits.

The pitcher should hold and deliver all balls as nearly alike as possible, to prevent the batter from diagnosing the delivery. For instance, if the pitcher delivers the fast ball with an overhand motion, he should throw his curve and slow ball the same way. If he uses the overhand delivery for his fast ball, and a side-arm motion for the curve, it won't take an opposing team long to find it out; and then they can always tell ahead of time just what to expect.

### THE FAST BALL

In delivering the fast ball, grasp it firmly with the first two fingers and the thumb and let it go off the tip of the fingers. Some pitchers get the best results by placing the two fingers along the seams, each finger on a seam where they are closest together (see illustration A); others place the two fingers across the seams; while others have succeeded by grasping it with the fingers and thumb in almost any position. A pitcher should try these different methods and adapt the one that gives him the best results.

When delivered with a motion that is between straight overhand and side-arm, this ball, with all the power of arm back behind it, will break a little (that is, when thrown by a right-handed pitcher to a right-handed batter, the ball bores in toward the batter). If the required speed is present, the ball will seem to hop or rise.

Keep this fast ball shoulder-high and as near the corners of the plate as possible, never cutting the centre of the plate unless compelled to; occasionally throwing it low—at the batter's knees. This low fast ball is very effective when alternated with the low drop-ball—using the same general delivery in each case. A pitcher who has a good fast ball which he can control is not compelled to throw many curves—only enough to unsettle the batter by letting him know that he has a variety.

### THE OUT-CURVE

The preliminary motions of throwing the out-curve are the same as those of throwing the fast ball—the grip on the ball, the wind-up, and the back movement are identical in each case. But instead of letting the ball go off the tips of the fingers, as is done when throwing the fast ball, the out-curve is produced by a twist of the wrist bringing the hand across in front of the body nearly horizontally, with the back of the hand downward, spinning the ball with nearly a vertical axis, letting it go out between the thumb and the side of the index-finger. (See illustration B.)

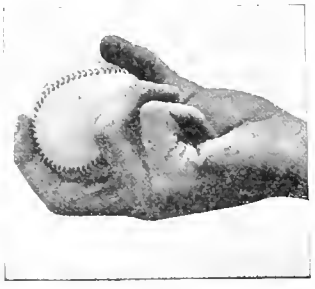
### THE DROP-CURVE

The preliminary motions of throwing this ball should be the same as those of throwing the fast ball and out-curve. There

*A—The Fast Ball*

*B—The Out-Curve*

*C—The Drop-Curve*



*D—Drop-Curve*

*E—The Out-Drop*

*F—Knuckle-Ball*

are two methods of producing this curve.

One is the following: The ball is sent spinning with a horizontal axis by a twist of the wrist, bringing the hand directly downward—the back of the hand vertical—letting the ball go out between the thumb and side of the index-finger. (See illustration C.)

Another method of throwing the drop-curve is that of twisting the wrist and bringing the hand directly downward with the palm up, letting the ball go out between the tips of the fingers and thumb, with a snap of the wrist. (See illustration D.)

### The Out-Drop

Use the same preliminary motions as in throwing the fast ball.

This curve should be thrown the same as the out-curve, except that instead of bringing the hand across in front horizontally, it should be swept diagonally outward and downward. (See illustration E.)

### The Change of Pace

All curve balls should not be thrown with the same speed. It is very effective to throw curves (especially drop-curves) occasionally with very little power behind them, thus producing a slow curve—or what is known as *a change of pace*. This also is true of the straight ball.

### The Slow Ball

This ball should be thrown with identically the same motion as the fast ball, the only difference being in the way the ball is held. There are several methods of producing the slow ball, among which the following are most common. (It is advisable to experiment with these various methods, and to adopt one only after being convinced that it will produce the best results.)

(*a*) Grasp the ball with the first two fingers and the thumb, pushing the ball well back into the hand against the base of the fingers and thumb. Then, in throwing the ball, remove the ends of the fingers from the ball, grasping it with the thumb and last joints of the fingers.

(*b*) Deliver the ball held by the thumb and last two fingers, removing the first two fingers entirely from the ball upon delivering it.

(*c*) Deliver the ball held in the palm of the hand by the thumb and little finger—the three middle fingers entirely removed from the ball.

In throwing the slow ball, the pitcher should avoid making a slow motion; the motion should be as rapid and vigorous as though producing the fast or curved ball. It is only in this way that the ball can be made deceptive.

### The Knuckle Ball

Hold the ball in the palm of the hand, grasped by the thumb and last two fingers, with the first two fingers bent in, pressing the knuckles against the ball, (See illustration F.) Some pitchers press the knuckles of the three middle fingers against the ball. The knuckle ball is curious in that it combines the effects of the slow ball with the drop-curve and the moist ball.

It is, however, a difficult ball to control, having been mastered by but few pitchers.

### The Moist Ball (Spit-Ball)

Hold the ball just as it is held when

(*Continued on page 44*)

# This Club House For Your Troop

## Without a Cent of Expense To Any of You

This ready-built Club House for your Troop headquarters is a handsome shingled bungalow with porch. Within is a club room 18 x 24 feet, with a large fireplace and hearth, a kitchen and a room for supplies.

Here your Scouts may gather on stormy afternoons and evenings, hold Troop meetings and enjoy Troop "spreads."

The Club House, cut to measure and ready to be assembled by your Scouts, will be delivered to your Troop entirely without charge, forwarding charges prepaid, *as stated in our offer.* To any Scoutmaster we will, upon request, send a copy of the offer and a complete description of the Club House.

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# The Cave Scout

Suppose a Boy You Don't Like Wants to Join Your Troop?

HOW do you like the picture of the Cave Scout playing leap-frog over Pike's Peak?

"Aw, you're crazy, Pike's Peak isn't as peaked as that!"

Who says so?

"I say so—a Denver scout!"

All right "Denver," I give up. I might have known that I couldn't put that kind of a story over on a bunch of scouts. I am glad you caught me up on it. Serves me right.

And now I will tell you the truth about that rock. It is a tent-shaped granite boulder about ten feet high, located in a cow pasture out in Minnesota.

It was Spring when that picture was taken and that's why the Cave Scout was acting so frisky. Golly, it used to be fun rolling around on the warm ground on the sunny side of a knoll in that old pasture! You know how it is when—

The air feels soft and warm and clear,
And the white clouds drift and the sky seems near,
And the creek flows shimmering in the sun
And the pickerel and red-horse start to run,
And the crocus blooms on the sunny hill
Where the robins and meadow-larks come to spill
Their flood of song on the vibrant air,
While down in the swampy low-lands, where
The fertile marsh-muck stirs and bubbles,
The blackbird sways on a reed and doubles
His efforts to drown, with his eager trill,
Those musical fakers on the hill.

Whee! How's that? Never stopped for breath, either. Here we go again—

The woodchuck grubs in the clover patch,
And the beetles and dragon flies start to hatch;
The crayfish crawls from his winter nest,
And the bumble bee starts on his honey-quest;
The bullfrog booms in the leafy mud
And the old briodle cow chews her first green cud,
The wympus whimpers his mourful lay,
And the whifflepoof slumbers the livelong day.
The "shiners" flash in the deep, still pool
And the scout hates like blazes to go to school!

O, I tell you, fellows, it's great to be a poet. Makes you feel kind of lofty and noble-like. Well, you can't all be Shakespeare's you know.

---

Let's get down to serious business and see what we can find in the question-hole.

Here's a good letter. Why, it's from Texas, and we had a Texas question last month! These "Lone Star" boys must be live wires.

Dear Cave Scout:

I would like to know what you would do in a case like this. If a boy in your town wanted to join the Boy Scouts and he had no really bad qualities, but had been in the 6th Grade in school for four years and was fifteen years old.

He hasn't any get-up about him. Will not play ball, or run, or take exercise, but just sits around and does nothing. I think if he did not have enough get-up about him to get his lessons and pass, he could not pass the Tenderfoot test. He is very lazy and always complains of being tired.

I know the scout movement is to make bad boys into better boys. We have a very active bunch of scouts here and some of the boys object to his coming in. I do not think that he would go on any of the hikes, but still we might make something out of him.

Please answer soon.

Yours truly,
Oscar ——

No, I guess I'd better not give the name, this lazy boy might get hold of a copy of Boys' Life and it might make him feel badly. A scout, you know, is always considerate of the feelings of others.

---

This is certainly a puzzling question, but we will do the best we can with it.

Of course the Cave Scout doesn't know all the particulars in this case, but it seems to him that this lazy boy ought to see a doctor. It isn't natural for a boy of that age to sit around all the time and never play ball, or take any interest in games. Maybe he's got the hook-worn disease or dropsy or something. But sometimes there is nothing really wrong with these lazy fellows—all they need is a dose of "pep" to wake them up a little, and I don't know of any bunch better qualified for the job of administering "pep" than the Boy Scouts.

Let's decide this particular case and then we will talk over the whole problem of admitting boys to troop membership.

---

Mr. Texas Scout, I like the spirit of your letter very much—it shows that you have a good conception of what Scouting really is—it shows that you are helpful and kind, and have a keen sense of duty.

If, as you say, you have a good live bunch of scouts, can't you afford to take in this slow boy and try to wake him up and make a real man of him? That certainly is a big enough job for any troop to tackle. Suppose you talk this matter over with the other members of your troop and explain to them that it's their duty to take in this boy and to give him a chance to make something of himself. Show them what a fine thing it will be for the troop to do. A scout is not a snob, you know, and he won't keep a boy out of the troop just because he doesn't seem to be as bright as the other members. But do not try to crowd this lazy boy down your comrades' throats, so to speak. Try to persuade the fellows to accept him willingly.

Then go to the boy with some such talk as this—"Now then, Bill, I've recommended to the troop that they take you

in, and the fellows have all voted in favor of you. These scouts are a live bunch and they all expect you to make good. They're friendly fellows and they'll do all they can to help you enjoy the pleasures and benefits of Scouteraft. But they can't do it all, so it's up to you to get busy and hustle."

Then you must take him in charge and try to keep him interested and busy. Keep punching him up whenever you see signs of his slowing down. And if you and your comrades do succeed in waking him up—well, there aren't many other ways in which you can do a greater service to God and your country.

If this advice to the Texas Scout is of any use to any other of you fellows, you're welcome to it. I am sure Oscar will be glad to share it with you.

---

Now, let's consider some other phases of this troop membership problem. Sometimes it seems mighty hard for a troop to live up to the Scout Oath and Law and be kind and friendly when boys apply for membership. But it seems to me that it is the duty of a troop to extend the fun and benefits of Scouting to just as many boys as it is safe to handle.

But how many boys is it safe to handle? This depends a good deal on the Scoutmaster. Some men have more time to give to the work than others have, and for that reason it is possible for them to have a large troop and to handle it well. Sometimes, too, a troop will have a number of older boys in it who will relieve the Scoutmaster of a great deal of work and in this way make it possible for the troop to have a large membership.

In other cases, where the Scoutmaster cannot give much time to the work, and where he has little help, it is dangerous to extend the membership too far.

The test should be the greatest good for the greatest number. Certainly no troop is justified in taking in so many members that the work of the whole bunch is broken up and nobody gets any good out of the scout activities.

---

Here's a little story. A year or so ago, the Cave Scout saw a bunch of scouts starting on a camping trip. They had a cart which was pretty heavily loaded down. Several boys were riding and it looked as though the vehicle had just about all it could stand. But one of the scouts took a notion that he would climb on and ride too. The cart struck a little rut in the road and the whole shebang fell to pieces.

Sometimes the same thing happens to a troop. The troop is loaded up with just as much membership as it can possibly stand—one or two boys are added and the whole troop goes bump as a result.

That is why the National Council has decided that a troop of three patrols of eight members each shall be the standard size for a troop. Experience has shown that it is difficult for the average Scoutmaster to direct the work of more than twenty-four boys and to give them their tests so that they can advance properly in scout work. Of course, there are many troops larger than this and many troops smaller but this is the standard size.

---

The problem of troop membership differs in different localities. In large cities and towns, it is a good plan to have a waiting list after the full membership

(*Continued on page* 33)

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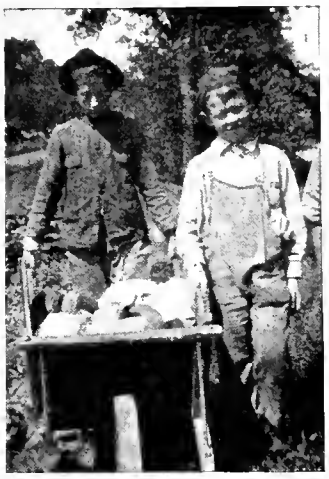
See the Scout on the Mountain?
FROM H. D. CROSS, NATIONAL FIELD COMMISSIONER, LOS ANGELES, CAL.



West Groton, Mass., Scouts Made Money Last Summer Raising Vegetables.
FROM SCOUTMASTER A. G. KILBOURN.

"When Women Vote!"
SCOUT E. LIFSHEY, TROOP 25, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Scoutmaster Richard T. Sweet, Concord, N. H., and His Kitchen on Wheels.

Corralled b

Philadelphia Naut
PHOTOGRAPH FROM CAPT. CHARLES LONGSTR

A Sample of B
PHOTOGRAPHED NEAR LAKE

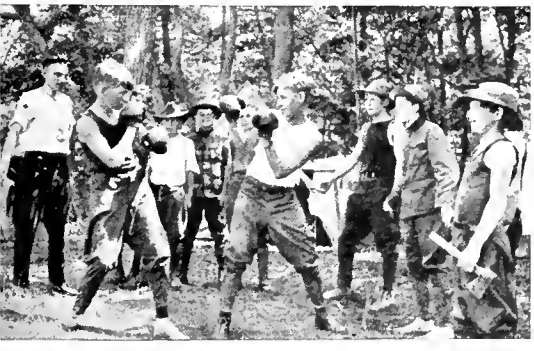
A Flock of "Eagles" on a Cinder-Car.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM SCOUT WM. EICHELBERGER, EAGLE PATROL, SAXTON, PA.

PHO

# the Camera

Scouts at Signal Drill.
CHAIRMAN OF NATIONAL COMMITTEE ON NAUTICAL
TING.

coout Wood Carving.
PLERS, MICH., BY C. E. BECKWITH.



A Friendly Bout in Camp.
APH FROM SCOUTMASTER JAMES N. ROBINSON, FULTON, N. Y.

The Start of a Hike at Fairbanks, Alaska
PHOTOGRAPH FROM SCOUTMASTER H. H. LUMPKIN.

Franklin, Ind., Scouts Find a New Use for Billboards.
FROM SCOUTMASTER O. H. BUTLER.

Boy Scout Statue by Dr. R. Tait Mackenzie.
USED BY COURTESY OF *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Nautical Scouts Serving Mess on Board Ship at Philadelphia, Pa.
PHOTOGRAPH FROM CAPT. CHARLES LONGSTRETH.

SUMMER CAMPS

**MINNE-WAWA** SUMMER CAMP For Boys and Young Men
Located at Lake of Two Rivers, Algonquin Provincial Park, in the heart of Ontario Highlands. Unsurpassed for fishing, canoeing, observation of nature, and wild animal photography. Just the camp you have been looking for. Wholesome moral atmosphere. Highest references. Reasonable terms. Write for Booklet N. W. L. WISE, Ph. B., Bordentown, N. J.

Boys, We Want You to Get Acquainted with
**CAMP GAHADA** ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS
For boys of Christian parentage, ten to fifteen years of age, inclusive. Beautiful grounds. Lodge. Tent for each two boys. Every known camping attraction. Resident physician. Tutoring. Elaborate portfolio of views, also poster stamps on request. Terms, $150 a season.
William B. Efner, Dir., P.O.B. 223L, Schenectady, N. Y.

**CAMP CHAMPLAIN**
An Ideal Summer Camp for Boys on Lake Champlain. Twenty-Second Year. Every convenience for safety and comfort. Waterproof tents with floors. All land and water sports. Leaders carefully chosen college men. Best of food. Camp physician. No mosquitoes or malaria. Long-distance phone. Number limited. Booklet upon application. Address Wm. H. Brown, 270 West 72nd St., New York.

**CAMP KINAPIK**—Lake Kezar, Maine
Unique combination of Maine woods, lakes and White Mountains. Woodcraft, fishing, canoeing, mountain climbing. Boys—8 to 15. Personal care. Prop. Dr. E. H. Arnold Yale University. Director endorsed by Ernest Thompson Seton. Address H. C. WENT, Director, Bridgeport, Conn.

**SCHOOL INFORMATION and FREE**
Catalogs of all Boarding Schools (or camps) in U. S. Expert Advice free. Want for girls or boys? Maintained for all schools. American Schools' Association Write, 1050 Times Building, New York, or 1550 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

*Last Invitation*
**Your chance TO WIN $10. Cash**
or some of the prizes in our contest. (from $10 to $ ) will soon be gone. This is your last invitation before contest closes.
Prizes for work done in glass with "RED DEVIL" Glass Cutters. It's easy and lots of fun.
We'll send you one for 10c, also enrollment blank and full particulars.
You'll be glad and proud you took part in it. Write today so you won't forget.
**SMITH & HEMENWAY CO. Inc.,** 168 Chambers St New York City

**BOYS!** You Can Earn $5. to $20. a Week GROW MUSHROOMS
at home in cellar, barns, sheds, etc. Small beds which cost little to start often produce $20 to $60. Webster Jones, Little Rock, writes: "I can make more money out of it than anything else." Herbert Fickenworth, Chicago, writes: "I am picking and selling mushrooms every day." Other boys are making money in this business—why shouldn't you? Get free information how to start. Write today. A. V. Jackson, FALMOUTH MUSHROOM CELLARS, Inc., 350 Gifford Street, Falmouth, Mass.
Only Scientific Mushroom Farm in U. S.

**AMAZING PROFITS**
IN MUSHROOMS. Anybody can add $8 to $10 per week to their income, in spare time, entire year growing mushrooms in cellars, sheds, barns, boxes, etc. I tell you where to sell at highest prices. Free Illustrated Instruction Booklet.
HIRAM BARTON, 373 W. 48th St., New York

# Distinguished Scouts

## The Lifesavers

By Armstrong Perry

LESLIE PETERSON—Boys often say that a "bluff" is all right if you can make it good. The reason is that a "bluff" made good ceases to be a "bluff." In the case of Leslie Peterson, of Muskegon, the "bluff" was unintentional. When, in July, 1914, some men in a boat trying to locate a swimmer who had gone down, asked him if he could dive, he said "yes" before he thought—in fact, he didn't stop to think it over until he had loosened the limp body from the weeds ten feet below the surface of the water, brought it to the shore, ascertained that the man was still breathing, and turned him over to the coroner, who had covered eight miles in twelve minutes, bringing a pulmotor. When at last he had time to think about it he remembered that he was not much of a diver, but it was too late—the deed was done. It's a good thing to have the kind of training which enables a fellow to act when thinking would only cool his courage, and to think when action should be delayed.

*Scout Maurer.*

LEE MAURER—Scout Maurer lives in St. Louis. On June 4, 1914, he saw a boy try a new "stunt"—diving in ten feet of water with water wings on. The wings stopped at the surface of the water, but the boy went ten feet further. When he came up he grabbed for the wings, but missed them and went down again. He was under for the third time when Scout Maurer caught him. The story of the rescue was told in fifty-one words in his affidavit. What is the difference between a Boy Scout and a pair of water wings? A Boy Scout is not a "hot air" proposition.

PAUL PADDOCK—A spectator at a game will sometimes see mistakes of which the players are not conscious. Lifesaving is more than a game, but the same principle applies. Paul Paddock, sitting on a spring-board at "Hauserman's Bend" in Beaver Creek, at Perry, Iowa, saw a boy who could not swim step from the shallow water near the opposite bank into the deep, swift current. Hearing him cry for help, Paul jumped in at once, but two Scouts who were nearer beat him to the spot. He saw them pulled under by the frightened boy—it was an object lesson on what not to do. Seizing the drowning boy from behind, under the arms, he turned him on his side. Watching out for the frantic grab which is always made in such cases, he kept his best arm free and quickly covered the ten feet which separated him and his charge from safety. The rescue was performed so promptly that the rescued was able to walk up the bank as soon as his feet touched bottom. Scout Paddock has a bronze honor medal and the other two Scouts—Barton Bills and Vere McDermott—received letters of commendation for their brave though unsuccessful effort.

JOHN ARNA GREGORY—Since Solomon himself gave up trying to explain the ways of a man with a maid, the National Court of Honor did not attempt to find out why the young man and the young woman—younger in judgment even than in years—started to swim across the Clover Fork of the Cumberland River at Harlan, Ky., on May 29, 1914, without making any provision for safety in case of accident. A boat, a log, a plank—any old thing which would float and bear the weight of a person would have made it safe, yet they started without putting anything of the kind where they could reach it. About thirty feet from shore the young lady became frightened and sank. Her escort tried to save her and failed—went under twice himself.

John Arna Gregory, a first-class Scout, grasped the seriousness of the situation. With a few sturdy strokes he brought the girl to safety. Her strangling companion, relieved of that responsibility, saved himself. A bronze medal was awarded to Scout Gregory. He made the rescue so neatly that the risk which he ran was scarcely apparent at the time, but the danger was there, nevertheless.

## Medals and Badges

Report of the National Court for March, 1915

### HONOR MEDALS
(Bronze.)

| | |
|---|---|
| Lee W. Maurer | St. Louis, Michigan |
| P. Paddock | Perry, Iowa |
| Leslie Peterson | Muskegon, Mich. |
| Arna Gregory | Harlan, Ky. |

### LETTERS OF COMMENDATION.

| | |
|---|---|
| John F. Fallon | Harlan, Kentucky |
| Jack Hurowitz | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Vere McDermott | Perry, Iowa |
| Barton Bills | Perry, Iowa |
| W. T. MacLeod | Sabulla, Iowa |

### EAGLE SCOUTS.

To win the Silver Eagle these First Class Scouts must have qualified for 21 Merit Badges. It is the highest honor given for winning Merit Badges.

| | |
|---|---|
| Herbert P. Page | St. Paul, Minn. |
| Donald Metcalf | Glenwood, Minn. |
| Louis Carnes | St. Paul, Minn. |
| Milton B. Sackett | River Edge, N. J. |

### LIFE AND STAR SCOUTS.

Life Scouts hold Merit Badges in first aid, athletics, life saving, personal health and public health. Star Scouts have five badges in addition to these.

| | |
|---|---|
| F. H. Livermore | Washington, D. C. |
| Gorman Mattison | Flat Rock, N. C. |
| Burdette Green | Flat Rock, N. C. |
| B. B. Wilson | Washington, D. C. |
| Daniel Carter Beard | Flushing, L. I. |
| James E. Roy | Buffalo, N. Y. |
| George T. Purves | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Cecil Pickard | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Lawrence T. Prentice | Washington, D. C. |
| Ralph W. Yaw | Flat Rock, N. C. |
| Frank B. Wilson | Washington, D. C. |

Total Number of Merit Badges Issued....1,297

Comparison of the Report of National Court of Honor for March, 1914, with that for March, 1915.

| | 1914 | 1915 |
|---|---|---|
| Merit Badges | 1,023 | 1,297 |
| Eagle Badges | 5 | 4 |
| Life Badges | 0 | 11 |
| Star Badges | 0 | 11 |
| Honor Medals | 0 | 4 |
| Letters of Commendation | 2 | 5 |

SUMMER CAMPS

**CAMP TIMAGAMI**

The pioneer boys' camp of Canada. Under present management for fifteen years. Situated in the real backwoods of the Timagami Forest Reserve, Ontario. Senior and Junior divisions. Separate accommodations for adult friends. Prospectus upon application to Scoutmaster G. D. Clarke, 81 W. Kingsbridge Rd., Bronx Borough, N. Y.; or to A. L. Cochrane, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.

**CAMP WYONEE for BOYS**

LONG LAKE, HARRISON, MAINE.

The best boys' camp in Maine. Very complete equipment for all sports. Just the life boys like. Scout Commissioner on the camp staff. Exactly 75% of the campers of 1913 came back last summer. Wyonee boys won 47 prizes, including ten silver cups, in 1914. Send for elaborate book of pictures, request for which must come from boy's parents. Early enrollment necessary. Dr. Frederic A. Wilson, 400 Manhattan Ave., N. Y. City.

**CAMP EVERGREEN**

Situated on the shore of Big Indian Pond, St. Albans, Maine. A well-planned camp for boys. Tutoring if desired. Terms $100 for July and August. For booklet apply to

MR. and MRS. B. D. WEEKS
48 Summer St. Hyde Park, Mass.

**CAMPING GROUND**

For rent for summer 1915—2 acres of land, part woods and part clear, on side of a mountain overlooking Hudson River, 37 miles from New York, on west shore of river. Magnificent site, in midst of most historical section, splendid walks, boating, bathing, sailing, etc. Adjoining property is simple three room cabin and ⅓ acre of ground also for rent. Inquire of Geo. I. Titus, 43 E. 19 St., N. Y. C.

**CAMP RUSHING WATERS—**

In the Catskills. Facing Double Top Mts. Open June 1st to Sept. 15th. For boys and young men. Wall tents, wooden floors, army cots, also large Administration Building with all improvements. Mountain climbing, fishing, swimming, baseball, tennis. All or part of season. Address R. L. Marsans. SHANDAKEN, ULSTER CO., N. Y.

**CAMP OXFORD** an Ideal Summer Camp for Boys

Oxford, Maine. Seven miles from Poland Springs. Land and water sports of every kind. Public Opinion Club. Mountain climbing. Deep-sea fishing. Tutoring, if desired. Library and Reading Room. Athletic prizes. Talks on Boy Problems. First aid to the injured, etc. A two months' summer vacation full of delight and instruction. "I recommend Camp Oxford without reserve as a healthful, happy, helpful summer place for boys."—Bishop E. H. Hughes. Booklet. Address A. F. Caldwell, A.M. Green Castle, Indiana.

**Camp Topanemus**

FOR BOYS SUNAPEE, N. H

For boys 8 to 15. On Little Lake Sunapee at an elevation of 1200 feet. Tents and administration building. Boating and swimming under safe restrictions. All field and water sports. Fresh farm food. For booklet, address

J. D. HOLLENBECK
Freehold Military School Box O Freehold, N. J.

**Watchmaking, Jewelry, Engraving and Optics**

Say, Boys! Have you made up your mind what you are going to be? Shall it be a trade, a profession, or something in the mercantile line? How would you like to become a Watchmaker and also take up Jewelry work and Engraving? It is a nice, clean business and a trade that pays good salaries.

Address HOROLOGICAL DEPARTMENT, Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill., asking for full particulars.

# Scouts' Questions Answered

*Q. Can a troop change the age limit of its joining members from twelve to fourteen and can a troop make a requirement that every boy admitted must be over 4 ft. 11 in. in height? —Scout D., Illinois.*

A. While the minimum age limit of twelve years of age may not be changed, a troop has the privilege of restricting its membership in any way that it desires, providing that such restrictions do not conflict with any of the regulations of the National organization and that they have the approval of the Scoutmaster and Troop Committee. It is doubtful if it is wise to make any physical qualification.

*Q. Is there any such thing as "Lone Scouts?" —Scout P., Washington.*

A. If a boy wants to join the Boy Scouts of America and he doesn't know of any troop near him, he should write to National Headquarters asking for the name of the nearest Scoutmaster. National Headquarters will ask the nearest Scoutmaster to let the boy join his troop, even though he can not attend the troop meetings more than once or twice a year. Of course, the "Lone Scout" will have to learn the work by himself from the Handbook, with the assistance of letters from the Scoutmaster and from National Headquarters. He will have to arrange with the Scoutmaster to take his examinations at such times as he can go to the headquarters of the troop.

*Q. What is meant by the word "billeted"?— Scout D., Illinois.*

A. Soldiers are often lodged in private homes in the districts in which they are mobilized. This practice is known as "billeting."

*Q. What kind of a bird is the road-runner? —Scout L. S., Oklahoma.*

A. The road-runner is a western bird sometimes called chaparral-cock, but in the West known as the road-runner because of its habit of running along in front of one on the road. In the times of hostile Indians, a road-runner was a good picket or advance guard, giving warning of concealed foes; sometimes called Paisno; belongs to the family of cuculidae. The American road-runner is the Geococyx Californius, or, in a language which everyone can understand, the ground cuckoo.—*Dan Beard.*

*Q. In time of war would a Boy Scout be called upon to enter the field and take part in the actual firing?—Scout H. J. F., Conn.*

A. No. The Boy Scouts of America is a non-military organization and its members are subject to no military duty except that which might be expected of any American citizen in a national emergency.

*Q. In some books I have read I have seen the statement that two smoke signals indicate distress. In the Handbook for Boys there is a statement that three smoke signals indicate distress. Which is correct?—Scout S. B., Maryland.*

A. According to the Ethnological Report of the United States Government, three smoke signals indicate distress, three gun shots in succession are a call for help, three whistles of a steamboat are serious cause for alarm. Three is almost invariably a call for help, a cry of distress, or a notice that something serious has happened, or is about to happen. Keep three in your mind for danger.—*Dan Beard.*

## Earn Money Shipping Paper

The Boy Scouts of Vermillion, O., W. E. Childs, Scoutmaster, recently shipped 4,360 pounds of old books, magazines, catalogues

and newspapers to the New London Waste Paper Company, of New London, Ohio. The picture shows the papers tied up ready for shipment. On this first order the scouts cleared $15, which will be used to help defray troop expenses.

SUMMER CAMPS

**CULVER Summer Schools**

Their catalogs have made many a father exclaim: "If I could only be a boy again and go to Culver this summer!" Without them you can't imagine what a summer can do for your son—what it is doing for other men's sons who will some day be your boy's competitors. Naval, Cavalry and Woodcraft Schools, latter open to boys as young as 12 years. Send for catalog of whichever school interests you. Address

SUPERINTENDENT'S AIDE
Culver Summer Schools
Culver, Indiana
(*On Lake Maxinkuckee*)

**SUMMER CAMP, New Bloomfield Academy**

Outdoor sports of all kinds, under care of resident master. Instruction if required. Healthful outdoor life among the hills of Sherman's Valley. Every boy taught to swim.

Eight weeks from July 5 to Aug. 30, $60; no extras. For full information or enrollment, address D. C. Willard, Headmaster, Box M, New Bloomfield Academy, New Bloomfield, Pa.

**Camp Indianola** For Boys. On Lake Mendota, Wisconsin.

Beautiful Location. Unquestionably one of the best equipped, best conducted, and most reasonable camps in the country. We guarantee everything at the camp to be as represented in the catalog. We give boys a very pleasant and most profitable vacation—the kind they want, and the kind their parents wish them to have. Free booklet. Address Capt. F. G. Mueller, Dir., Madison, Wis. Chicago Office: 1515 Masonic Temple. Tel. Central 3902.

**CAMP ALGONQUIN**

On Asquam Lake, N. H.

Would you like to have the best time this summer you have ever had, with baseball, buntball, tennis, swimming and rowing and at the same time learn about birds, trees, flowers, plants, the stars—all of nature's wonders? Come to Algonquin and improve physically and mentally. Tutoring for boys who want it. References required. Circular free. Address EDWIN DE MERITTE, 815 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

**Bear Mountain Camp**

Cranberry Lake, Adirondack M'ts.

This camp is snuggled among the trees on the shore of the lake, 1600 feet above sea level, surrounded by a picturesque game country. Fishing, hunting, canoeing, Swimming and all the delights of the health giving Adirondacks. Illustrated Booklet and full particulars by addressing J. M. Balderson, Prop'r, Wanakena, N. Y.

**TO HIRE**

Camp grounds, 2½ acres at Point Pleasant, N. J., Bathing, Boating, Fishing, etc. Fully equipped with army sleeping, cook and mess tents, with all necessary equipment, large enough for 75 people, surrounded by Pine and Cedar trees. Climate very healthful. Send for Literature. Reservation by week or month.

Serg't. L. W. Carkhuff, (Scout Master Troop 17)
Care of Battery B Field Artillery of
Elizabeth, N. J.

In answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE

STAMPS

[*No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.*]

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European War Packet; Belgium, Turkey, Germany, England, France, Russia, Bosnia, Japan, Servia and Austria-Hungary—50—all different, 25c. Approval sheets at 50% discount. Albums 30c to $55.00. List and monthly paper free. Scott's Catalogue, 1000 pages, paper covers, 85c; cloth $1.00 post free.

SCOTT STAMP AND COIN COMPANY
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C. Stegman, 5951 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

**ALL BARGAINS—Postage 2c. Extra** LOWEST PRICES LISTS FREE

| UNITED STATES | | FOREIGN | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 125 Varieties inc. Rev. | 50c | Collection of 510 Var. | $1. |
| 500 Mixed. Old & New | 10c | 100 Varieties, unused | 50c |
| 40 Varieties Cut sq. Env. | 19c | 30 Mexico | 25c |
| 10 Civil War Rev. Long | 10c | 4 Liberia | 10c |
| 10 Telegraph | 15c | 9 Chile (1911-12-13) | 11c |
| 17 Var. N. Y. State Rev. | 15c | 1000 Hinges | 6c |

Entire 12 Specials as above for $3.00. Please state if you do not desire approvals. GEO. E. HAYNES STAMP CO., 613 Caxton Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

**104** different STAMPS, including U. S. 1861 Civil War, Japan, Argentine, etc., large Price List and sample New England Stamp Monthly only 5c. Finest approval sheets. 50% discount.
NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.
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**ALL FOR 10c**
100 varieties used stamps.
1 packet stamp hinges.
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1 set Ecuador, 2 varieties.
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70 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS FROM 70 DIFFERENT FOREIGN COUNTRIES
Including Bolivia, Gold Coast, Guatemala, Hong Kong Mauritius, Monaco, Persia, Reunion, Tunis, Trinidad, Uruguay, etc., FOR ONLY 15 CENTS—A genuine Bargain. With each order we send our pamphlet, which tells all about "How to Make a Collection of Stamps Properly." QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., Room 35, 604 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

WE BUY STAMPS

STAMP ALBUM with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Old Mexico, Malay (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., 10c. 100 diff., Jap. N. Zld., etc., 5c. Big List, Coupons, etc., FREE! 1000 Fine Mixed 20c. 1000 Hinges 5c. Agents Wanted, 50%. WE BUY Stamps. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**ALL -- FOR -- 10c**
SPECIAL U. S. LOT
5 Spanish War Revenues.
10 U. S. Envelopes, cut sq., incl. War Dept.
8 Civil War Revenues.
6 New York State Revenues.
CROWELL STAMP CO., CLEVELAND, O.

**BE PREPARED**
To classify your stamps you need a Vest Pocket Watermark Detector..... 10c.
50 different stamps FREE if you mention "BOYS' LIFE."
Burt McCann, Kirksville, Missouri

**STAMPS FREE**—100 all diff. for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 5 Bosnia pictures 1906, 10c.; 30 Sweden, 10c.; 6 Roumania 1906 pictures and heads, 10c.; 20 diff. Foreign coins, 25c.; large U. S. cent, 5c. Lists free. We buy stamps and coins Buying list 10c.
TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

**ALL FOR 20c**
40 diff. U. S.—20 diff. India.
5 diff. N. Y. State Revenues.
4 diff. New Zealand.
3 diff. Salvador Unused.
FOYE STAMP COMPANY, 1098 Lafayette Blvd. W.
*Successors to Western Stamp Co.* Detroit, Mich.

**1000 Mixed for 12 Cents**
This is our regular 25 cent mixture containing about 200 varieties and is sold only to those applying for our approval sheets.
FAR WEST STAMP CO. TACOMA, WASH.

# Stories of Stamps

By FRANK L. COES

THERE seems to be a good deal of dissatisfaction among readers of this column because the current catalog has no currency table and because the headings of the various countries give no equivalent in United States money. I had a nice letter from a scout's father in Canada about this, and the same thing is referred to in other letters.

Now, I could get out of this by saying that 1915 is the first year the catalog has omitted the list (which is true). Better, perhaps, to suggest a way for the ones who can't get a 1914 catalog. The standard dictionaries (in your school or public library) have a table of some kind under "Coins" which will help. In fact, it ought to answer all questions, but there are some like the Swedish Rixdaler and krona that catch the unwary.

Now, a Rixdaler, when current, was equal to 54 cents (U. S.) and a krona is 27 cents (U. S.) or just half. It won't take very long to figure the "ore" or "skilling" from this. The "reis" of Brazil is another funny one. One thousand reis, which is 1 milreis, is 30 cents (U. S.), so that 1 reis is the great sum of three one-hundredths of a cent, and 100 reis is three cents. The boys in Brazil ought to be good at arithmetic.

### The Coins of the Countries at War

A little table of the coins of the war countries will help:

A Russian Rouble is 55 cents.
A German Mark is 24 cents.
An Austrian Krone is 20 cents.
An English Shilling is 24 cents.
The Franc, of France, Belgium, Bulgaria, Alsace, Luxembourg, Monaco and Switzerland, is 20 cents (or nearly so).

This makes all Europe that is in the war plain enough for you to figure out the rest for yourselves.

But, while I shall try to get the catalog man to listen to your pleading for the coin table in the catalog, I want you to listen to a word or two of caution. The catalog gives you a value for an exchange basis, and a price for used and unused specimens. You should remember two things: These prices are for fine copies. If unused, the stamp should be clean, have even margins and good gum. If used, the paper should be carefully removed, leaving no thin spots, the cancellation should be light, and the other things, like perforations, margins, color, etc., as good as possible. Stamps that don't come up to this are not usually worth as much as the catalog price.

### "Revenues" Are Very Interesting

My message about "finds" of stamps bears fruit in inquiries as to revenue stamps on old legal documents. If you find the stamp in place on the document, you may be sure that it is in its original condition. That is, if it is imperforate, or part perforate, or full perforate, it is as it was made. Some collectors insist on having imperforate revenues in pairs, to prove this. One stamp, on the document, is just as good. Only keep it as it is, and cut the document, leaving room enough to prove that paper and stamp came together; or, as one scout said, "grew that way."

Now revenues of all issues are very interesting. Match and medicine revenues are very pretty when mounted, and quite the best engraved series known in fiscals. They have some value, too, but "finds" are not so common now, except in the country, or in old stores.

A scout asks for the classes of U. S. fiscal (revenue) stamps. Here they are: Consulate, Documentary, Playing Cards, Proprietary, Stock Transfer Tax, Private Match and Medicine, Beer, Tobacco, Custom House and State Revenues. To these we can add several kinds for the Philippines. Probably I've skipped a few minor classes. The only revenue stamp catalog I know of is Forbin, printed in France.

### Another Wonderful Find

Another letter, the most interesting, tells of a real find. In lower Delaware, the writer tells me, he has found a box of old covers and has so far found a pair of 1851—Type I—1-cent and all other values of the imperforate issue up to 12c. He sent the pair for inspection. It was clean and whole, quite the best I have seen in any collection. It looks as if this scout would have enough to sell or trade to pay for his clothes and build his collection, too. A thrifty boy, and if he keeps on as he has started there won't be any doubt of his success.

### Two Scouts' Questions

A scout asked me why there were two bears on the St. Louis postmaster stamp of 1845. Some hunting has turned up the information that the Seal of the State of Missouri was used as a basis for the stamp. I confess it doesn't look much like it, but perhaps the engraver was not an artist also.

Another scout asks if I can tell him why the Columbian series does not show Columbus' life in proper order. This is a point where the critics of this beautiful issue have clear sailing. I don't know why Columbus asks aid on the 5c, and the queen hocks her jewels on the $1.00, with lots of mixed history before and after.. Probably the idea was to put the important things

STAMPS

*[No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.]*

**POSTER STAMPS** If you already have a collection why not add to it by means of our Poster Stamps? If you are not a collector why not start Now to collect these fascinating Stamps? Our price list and a sample will be sent upon receipt of a two cent stamp. **LONG-FOX POSTER STAMP COMPANY, 1339 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.**

**STAMP NEWS** Weekly information about all that is best in the Stamp World. Subscription $1.00 per year. 10 weeks trial 10c. Enter the subscription contest now. Philadelphia Stamp News, 1708 N 18th Street, Phila., Pa. Est. April 1, 1910. 5 medal awards.

**$$——OLD COINS WANTED——$$** $4.25 each paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. $2 to $500 each paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1895. Send 10c. at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. Get posted; it may mean your good fortune. C. F. CLARKE & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 10, Le Roy, N. Y.

**STAMPS FREE** 100 all different stamps from all countries, free. Postage 2c. Mention this paper. Large album, 15c. If possible send names 2 collectors. We buy stamps.
**QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio**

**FREE** Dandy Packet Stamps, Big Illustrated List, $1.15. Free Coupon. Sample Peelable Hinges, Etc., Etc. For name and address 2 active Stamp Collectors & 2c postage. **U. T. K. Stamp Co., Utica, N. Y.**

**STAMPS.** 105, China, &c., stamp dictionary and list 3,000 bargains 2c. Cata. stps. of world 12c. Agents, 50 per cent. **A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A9, Boston, Mass.**

**ATTENTION!** Illustrated Stamp Album, 560 spaces, 250 hinges and 100 varieties, 5c.
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**ANY BOY** who wants an Eastman Kodak, a Pocket Knife Tool Kit, a Spalding baseball glove, or who needs spending money, or wishes to earn a DOLLAR to pass his 2nd class SCOUT'S test, is asked to write us. Let us send you our list of BOYS' PREMIUMS and tell you how you can easily earn one or all of them in your spare time. Be one of the thousands of busy boys this spring.
**SATIN-SHEEN PRODUCTS CO.**
**Dept. A. New Britain, Conn.**

**BOYS: A SPALDING BASEBALL UNIFORM** and one year's subscription to Boys' Life will be given to you for a few hours of your spare time. Sell your friends only 36 shoe polish outfits at 35 cents. This is all we ask. If you sell 72 outfits, we also give you bat, ball and mit. Send 12 cents in stamps and we send you sample outfit, prepaid.

**STEWART BROTHERS, 715 Lexington Avenue, New York**

The Revised
**Handbook for Boys**
**The Manual for all Scouts —Fascinating to all Boys**

**BEST YET** Thirty-two more pages than were in the original edition. Some thirty additional illustrations. New Cover **In Six Colors.**

Some of the **NEW** Features in it:

New Merit Badges, illustrated; Merit Badge Requirements, changed and brought up to date; New Scout Regulations; How to Fell a Tree; How to Handle a Canoe; New Codes; Games to play; Indian, whistle and other signals, etc., etc.

**25 CENTS AT BOOKSTORES**
or sent postpaid for 30 cents.


on the most-used values. But then there is a great variety of opinion as to what were the most important things in his life, and so more discussion starts.

### Some Remarkable Collections

I told you about the Noak's Ark collection a scout showed me, but when I did so I had no idea I was to be told of more novelties in the collecting line. Up to date, I have had to comment on a picture gallery collection, with more or less history attached to each portrait; a map page as shown in stamps; a flower series; pages of railroad trains (or a transportation series) and several attempts at specializing a single issue, the best of these being a very clever set of pages on the "triangle," 1894, U. S. series. The scout here has transferred to his album, by means of careful sketches and hand-printed notes, the catalog information concerning the "triangles," and all the information in Mr. Power's book on U. S., as well as quantities printed, etc. If he keeps on, his U. S. collection will rival that of Lord Crawford. It is wonderful how these things, in company with specimens of the stamps they illustrate, have many times the interest they have when printed alone in a reference book. That is why I counsel your doing all that you can in one country or series, before leaving it for another.

### Pick the Best We Can Find

We can't, many of us, afford to collect perfect unused stamps. People who can afford to, can also afford to be fussy. We can simply pick the best we can, and, when opportunity offers, trade it for a better one. To my mind, the things to be learned are still in evidence in a used copy. Far better a used copy than no copy, and even a poor copy is more to the eye and mind than a blank space.

### What Is Needed to Begin

A teacher in a school in Louisiana asks what he needs to get his boys started right. This is such an important question to all beginners that I answer it in full. You need a catalog, an album (or loose sheets to make one), good hinges, some stamps and patience. Also, as the best way to handle stamps is "not to handle them," get a pair of stamp tongs or tweezers. They keep your stamps clean and you can work faster after you get used to handling them.

Don't forget that every stamp variety means something learned, something new to understand and perhaps an added date to help you in your other studies.

## These Cousins Don't Quarrel.

My cousin and I have a nice little trick of preventing disputes. For instance, it has happened that the two of us and my elder brother have gone bathing. My brother is through with his bathing and leaves his suit to be carried home. Other boys would start quarreling as to who should carry the suit, but we just settle it by "odds and evens." We first decide the number of times we have to win till it is decided. We are both glad to try it, since each one of us believes that he will outguess the other, and we have always abided by the result. I'm sure it has saved us many a quarrel.—*Harry Jaffe, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

**Boys, It's Your Ammunition!**

U. S. Cartridges (in the red, white and blue boxes) were first made for Boy Scouts. Their success was so striking that today thousands of the most experienced shooters in America use U. S. Ammunition.

**US .22 Calibre Short Cartridges for BOY SCOUTS**

are the most popular cartridges ever made because "they hit where you aim."

*A Book for Boy Scouts*

Write for our free book, "How to Use Firearms." We'll mail it without charge.

**UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.**
**2311 Trinity Building New York**
National Lead Company General Selling Agents.
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**BOYS! YOU CAN EARN MONEY** selling our rubber stamps, stamping devices and supplies. Used in every office, factory, store and home. Practical guaranteed products on which we pay liberal commissions. Send 25 cents today for sample stamp of your name with self-inking pad and our complete illustrated catalog with full particulars. If you want indelible outfit for marking Scout Uniform, etc., send 50 cents and state what wording you wish. You can become our representative in your locality.
**ECONOMY MFG. CO. Cincinnati, Ohio**

**Surprise Your Mother**
with a present of a package of beautiful Engravatone Calling Cards, an exquisite birthday present. 50 cards with beautiful leather card case, with initial in gold, 30c. Free samples submitted.
**FRANKLIN ART CO., Box 3, Little Falls, N. Y.**

**BOYS ATTENTION. A BUSHEL OF FUN.** For ten cents in coin we will send you prepaid. 1. Directions for making a kite. 2. Aerial railway attachment. It climbs the kite-cord to any height desired and releases a parachute or other aerial toy. Then returns for another trip. 3. Special Agency offer. All the boys will want one when they see yours. Be the first yourself.
**The Hammond Specialty Co., Dept. A., Trenton, N. J.**

**WANT A MERRY-GO-ROUND?** Bearings and parts for splendid Ball-Bearing Home Merry Go-Round. Almost runs itself. Great amusement. Full directions to make it in an hour. Sell to your friends. Write for particulars.
**Hub Specialty Mfg. Co., 394 Atlantic Ave., Boston**

**OFFICIAL** Scout Axe and Sheath or Scout Compass-Watch given with delivery charges paid, to any Boy Scout for selling 12 cans of Ashworth's Ivy Brand Baking Powder. Other premiums if desired. No money needed. Send post card now for particulars and order blank.
**Ashworth Chem. Co., Dept. B, Wappingers Falls, N. Y.**

**SAY BOYS !!! THE FASTEST LONGEST FLYING BUILD THIS WONDERFUL! 2 FOOT BLERIOT RACER**
Bleriot made. Only one guaranteed to fly 600 feet from ground. Can be built in a very short time. Building Plans and Instructions, 25c. Materials, Blueprint and Instructions for Building, $1.75. *Greatest* Handbook and Catalog, with FREE glider, 10c
**FLIES 600 FEET**
**THE MODEL SUPPLY HOUSE, Dept. S, 503 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City**

**37 Practical Tools**
Warranted Best Tool Steel
All For $1.00

**A Real Pocket Tool Kit for Scouts** $1.00

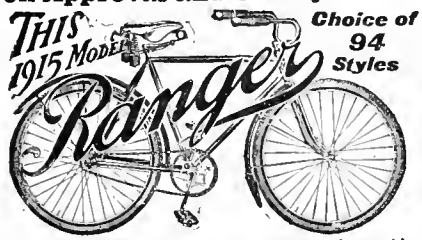
Get one NOW for that camping trip. A compact nickel case, contains 37 PRACTICAL TOOLS of High-Grade steel. The ideal KIT for the "hike," or in camp.

SEND $1.00 TODAY AND GET YOUR KIT PREPAID

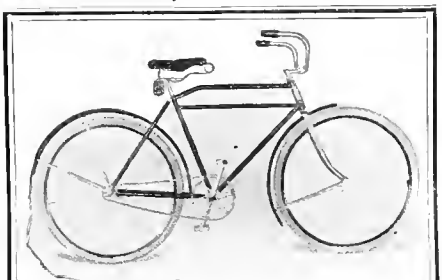
*SPECIAL TO SCOUTS*

Read again our offer to Scouts in April Boys' Life, page 38. Send $1.00 NOW for sample. At least write for special offer.
Sanctioned by Committee on Scout Supplies, Boy Scouts of America.
CHASE SPECIALTY CO.
113-G Pearl Street New York, N. Y.

**Delivered TO YOU FREE**
**on Approval and 30 days Trial**




**SEND NO MONEY** but write today for our big 1915 catalog of *"Ranger"* Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices *so low they will astonish you.* Also particulars of our great new offer to deliver you a *Ranger* Bicycle on one month's free trial without a cent expense to you.
**BOYS** you can make money taking orders for bicycles, tires, lamps, sundries, etc. from our big handsome catalog. It's free. It contains "combination offers" for re-fitting your old bicycle like new at very low cost. Also much useful bicycle information. Send for it.
**LOW FACTORY PRICES** direct to you. No one else can offer such values and such terms. You cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without *first learning what we can offer you.* Write now.
**MEAD CYCLE CO.,** Dept. C-17 **CHICAGO, ILL.**



EVERY Boy Scout should ride one of these fine bicycles. Just the thing for a long trip in the country.
EMBLEM MFG. COMPANY, Angola, N. Y.

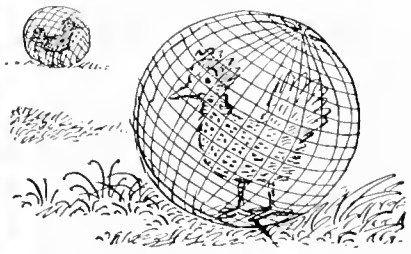
HURRAH FOR THE UNICYCLE
Boys run, then sit down and coast inside this single hoop. It's the latest and best health and fun producer invented. Boys, you don't know what real fun is until you ride in the Unicycle. The Season starts April 1 and ends Nov. 1. I give agents' prices to Boy Scouts so they can buy one and sell them after school hours at a good profit. Boys go wild over the Unicycle. Write me at once for circular and Agents' best prices.
Thomas E. Bemis, Indianapolis, Ind.

*THE HAW HAW CORNER*

# The Diary of a Boy Inventor

## More of Jimmy's Big Ideas

By GUSTAVE VERBEEK



APRIL 2—Hooray! I have invented a chicken—a new kind of hawkproof chicken! It came from my overhearing Uncle Henry telling another man that he lost over a hundred chickens one year when he let them run around in the fields.

"I keep them shut in now," said he. "They would do better if I could let them out, and cost less to feed, but as sure as I do, something seems to get them."

Right away my brain got to working. A hen could be made into a sort of hedgehog, I thought, if it could have an armor of spikes harnessed around its back. But imagine a chicken in a harness of any kind. It would flutter itself crazy in twenty minutes. Next I thought of snails and turtles. Couldn't a hen be made to drag along its own little house into which it could duck its nut whenever danger was nigh? Harness again! That wouldn't do.

Then it suddenly came to me like a flash! Every chicken its own chicken coop. Go in any direction. No harness. Safe from every side, hawk proof, rat proof, skunk proof, top, bottom and every side. All that is needed is a sphere of wire netting around the bird. Rolls wherever she wants to go. Is open so she can pick up worms and things. Plenty of fresh air, too.

Simple, isn't it?

But some of the world's greatest inventions have been of the simple sort.

APRIL 3—Uncle Henry doesn't think much of my patent poultry protector. He says I'll never get a merit badge on it unless for the drawing.

APRIL 4—Uncle Henry is right. It won't work, at least not on hens. I made the thing. I bent two pieces of chicken wire over a round stone, put the hen inside and joined the halves together. There was nothing the matter with the workmanship. The sphere was as true as the eye could make it.

But the hen!

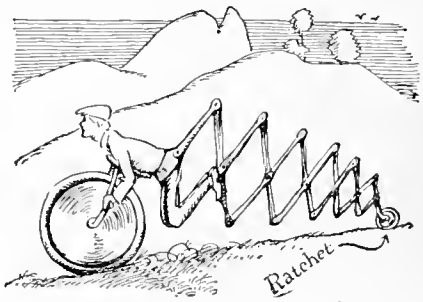
She just didn't seem to take to it. When she made a step the thing rolled too suddenly and bumped her from behind. This seemed to annoy her. She took a bigger step to escape it, she got a bigger bump; and then she got real peevish, and away she went! It was a caution the way that thing rolled till it seemed to be fairly buzzing around the yard. Finally the hen got her neck through one of the meshes and ran over her own head, and I caught her, squawking with her feet up in the air.

There's something wrong in the application of this principle to a hen. I guess I'll have to try it on a duck.

They are more calm.

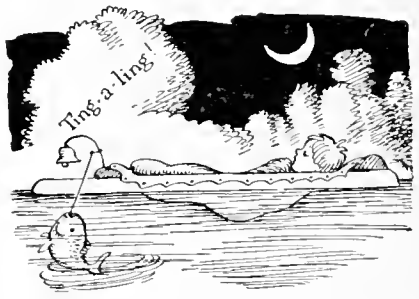
APRIL 10—It's fun sometimes to let the imagination play on the crazy possibilities of some of the funny things around us. A folding hat rack has always appealed to me with its peculiar extending propensities. I think all boys have at some time or other been fascinated with the way a slight scissors movement will send the long arm shooting out at lightning speed.

Therefore, Jules Verne fashion, I have composed out of dreams a direct-push, crankless, sprocketless bicycle. I should like to bet it can be done. Some day if




the boys see a human kangaroo shoot past, they will know it's Jimmy, the boy inventor.

APRIL 14—I took a stroll down to the river today and had a look at my Man Friday Catamaran, which I made last year from the directions in Dan Beard's book. This year I am going to try a new stunt




with it. In a square formed by the side logs and the end pieces I am going to tack a heavily painted piece of water-tight canvas. This will form a sort of floating pocket on which one could squat. At night it will be perfectly spiffy to sleep on it. Just like a floating sheet. There would be

*This Ad is Worth* **50c** *To You*

## Be a Booster

All true anglers are proud of their tackle, no matter whether man or boy. Every Boy Scout if he buys a

## Tripart Reel

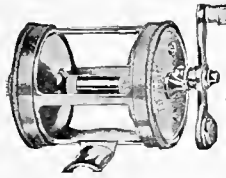
will be as proud of it as dad is of his reel, because the Tripart is as

**Swift and Silent**

as any reel in dad's outfit, no matter what it costs.

To the first thousand boys who send us within thirty days, $3.00 for the Tripart Reel, we will send FREE a Utility Pocket Scale, a "Good Luck" Scraper and a One Drop Oil Can—the total value of which is 50c. *This offer is good for 30 days only.*

Each reel is unreservedly guaranteed, or money back, if you want it.

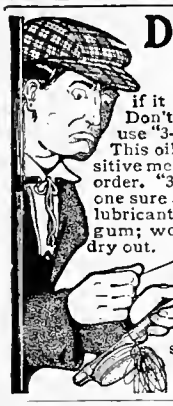


*Write for Catalog*

**A. F. Meisselbach & Bro.**

12 Congress St.
Newark, N. J.

## DON'T BLAME THE REEL



if it fails you at a critical moment. Don't give it a chance to fail you—use "3-in-One" and it *never* will! This oil keeps the reel's sensitive mechanism in perfect order. "3-in-One" is the one sure and safe reel lubricant. Won't gum; won't dry out. Contains no acid. It absolutely *prevents* rust. Apply it to rod joints, they will come apart easily. Use on rod,—it's good for wood—promotes pliability. Rub on line, prevents rotting. Trial bottle sent FREE by

**3 IN ONE OIL CO.**
**42 ELR. Broadway New York City**

## Rogers Silver State Seal Souvenir Spoon!

Get this genuine, guaranteed 1881 **Rogers A-1** State Seal Souvenir Spoon of your own state. They certainly are beauties. You never saw anything lovelier. The pattern is simply exquisite. They embody the new idea of smooth, large, bowl and the elaborately decorated handle. The kind women love. A heavy deep cut state seal design; noble, modern and elegant. The quality of the spoon is the very best, solid, substantial and rich. They are spoons you will be proud to own. The illustration gives you only a faint idea of the exquisite loveliness of the whole effect. These spoons are made and guaranteed by the time honored firm of Wm. A. Rogers, which stands for finest designing, highest grade of workmanship and longest wear. Every spoon is wrapped in the original guarantee certificate. These spoons retail from 50 to 75c each. Special introductory price 15 cents each, 3c additional for postage on one spoon and 1c for each additional spoon. We need ambitious, energetic and reliable men and women to represent us. Exclusive territory. This is a high grade clean proposition. Your opportunity; grasp it; address

Illustration ⅓ Actual Size.

**Rogers Souvenir Spoon Co.**
2252 S. Sacramento Ave., Chicago, Ill.

almost nothing between my skin and the rising and falling water. Talk about cradles of the deep—could you beat it?

Note—How about snapping turtles, etc? A fellow might feel a little nervous with so thin a protection between his hide and submarine attacks.

## A Crack Signaling Team

Troop 10, Richmond, Va., won the signaling championship of that city at the annual signaling contest held recently. These boys sent and received correctly the following message: "Ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk thereon," and their time was one minute and fifty

seconds. The scouts in the picture are: Samuel Anderson, Taylor Coleman, Frank McFaden, and De Witt Fanar. They are all first class scouts.

## From a Scoutmaster in India

From Damoh, India, a letter has come to Boys' Life telling of every-day incidents and activities of boys in that far-off country. This letter was written by Mr. Ray E. Rice, formerly Scoutmaster of Troop 19, Indianapolis, Ind. Mr. Rice's letter is as follows:

India has many boys. They are very fond of all kinds of sports and games. They are always eager to hear what the boys in America are doing. If they are given a chance they will make scouts who can contest with our scouts at home.

We always take boys with us for a hunt. They are barefooted. They can walk through the jungle very quietly. They seem to be able to see between the bush. The natives do not have guns and the deer do not fear them. When the guide sees the deer, he stops and gets under cover. We move slowly towards him and then try to stalk the deer. The black buck are the most common of the game.

These boys like to see new things from America. A boy was just here. We let him use our typewriter. He wrote the alphabet and his name. He took the paper with him. How proud he was of his new achievement. I am quite sure that these boys will take up the ideas of scouting in such a manner. So they are all possible scouts and India will profit by having such boys for the new India.

## Official Announcements

National headquarters has been put to considerable expense in returning to the senders small balances sent in excess of the amounts necessary to cover the membership dues. These excess remittances have, in a number of cases, been caused by the failure of scout officials to follow the directions for paying proportionate dues and making additional enrollments. Scout officials are earnestly requested to make sure that proper remittance is made. In future, no excess fees will be returned.

The Supply Department regrets to announce that the following items, contained in the current issue of the catalogue of Scout supplies, have been withdrawn, owing to the inability of the manufacturers to carry out their contract:

No. 542-549. Scout Neckerchiefs.
No. 5021. Trophy Shield.

## Built Especially for Boy Scouts

Haversack Fishing Rod and complete angling outfit. Sanctioned by the Committee on Scout Supplies, Boy Scouts of America.

Three piece black enamel, cork handled steel rod, with nickel-plated reel seat; nickel-plated multiplying reel with click and drag; 75 feet hard braided casting line; half dozen snelled spring steel hooks; one nickel-plated trolling spoon, half dozen assorted flies; assortment of sinkers; two-colored float—all in a neat carrying case, made to attach to Boy Scout Haversack . . . **$2.50**

Split Bamboo rod, with two tips, making a fly, bait or boat rod; quadruple multiplying, nickel-plated reel, sliding click and drag; 75 feet of pure braided silk line; half dozen hand tied selected flies; 1 dozen double snelled hooks; 2 three-foot double gut leaders; 2 nickel-plated trolling spoons; assortment of sinkers and two-color cork float; all in neat, leather bound carrying case. Made to attach to Boy Scout Haversack. (Steel rod if desired in place of split Bamboo) **$5.00**

Either outfit sent postage free.

**ABBEY & IMBRIE**
*Makers of "Fishing Tackle that's Fit for Fishing"*
**18 Vesey Street, New York City**
*Established 1820*

## Hurrah!

**The AUTO-WHEEL COASTER WAGON**
**Wins the Race Again**

It always wins the race in any fair test of speed—and that is what boys like. Goes past the others like a flash because it has roller bearings like a real auto. A beauty, too, every part well finished and strong—steel hub caps—oval spokes—steel tires that won't come off.

Boys, let us tell you how you can get an Auto-wheel Coaster Wagon FREE if you can't buy one now. Write today.

**BUFFALO SLED CO.**
**131 Schenck St., North Tonawanda, N.Y.**
*In Canada, Preston, Ont.*

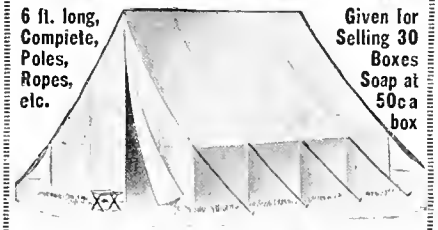
**PLAYS** for Parlor, School Room or Stage, Dialogues, Speakers, Comic Monologues, Minstrels, Jokes, **Operettas, Musical Pieces, Recitations, Tableaux, Games, Drills, etc.** Suitable for all ages. **Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON & Co., Dept. 18, CHICAGO, ILL.**

# SPECIAL OFFER FOR BOYS

## You Can Earn Any of these Fine Premiums in an Hour or Two

6 ft. long, Complete, Poles, Ropes, etc.

Given for Selling 30 Boxes Soap at 50c a box



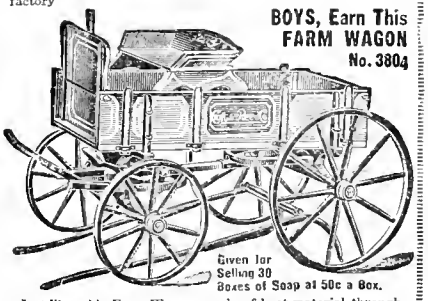
**Boys, Earn This Tent No. 45029**

We will send you this fine Tent, Wagon or Lawn Swing for selling a few of our fast-selling 7-bar boxes of Fine Toilet Soap. You do not need any money; just have your father or mother sign the Coupon in this advertisement, giving two satisfactory references, such as your banker, doctor, pastor or postmaster, and we will send the Premium you want and the soap. You sell the Soap at 50c a box—send us the money within 30 days and keep the Premium as your reward.

## C. & R. SOAP EASY TO SELL

Each fancy lace-trimmed box contains 7 assorted bars of our most popular Toilet Soap—sells at our low price of only 50c. Speak to your parents NOW—ask them to let you send for one of these fine Premiums—a few hours of pleasant work means a whole summer's sport for you. We agree to take entire shipment back at our expense, if you do not find everything satisfactory

BOYS, Earn This FARM WAGON No. 3804

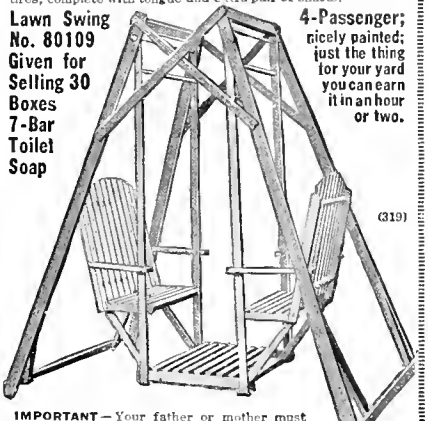


Given for Selling 30 Boxes of Soap at 50c a Box.

Just like a big Farm Wagon; made of best material throughout; body 18x36 inches; 14 and 20-inch wheels; heavy welded tires; complete with tongue and extra pair of shafts.

Lawn Swing No. 80109 Given for Selling 30 Boxes 7-Bar Toilet Soap

4-Passenger; nicely painted; just the thing for your yard you can earn it in an hour or two.



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IMPORTANT—Your father or mother must sign the coupon, giving two references, or we cannot ship the goods.

**CROFTS & REED CO.** Dept. B 234 CHICAGO

CROFTS & REED CO., Dept. B 234 CHICAGO

Send me ..... boxes of Soap and Premium No. ..... I agree to sell the Soap at 50c a box and send you the money within 30 days, providing the goods are as represented.

Name .....

P. O. .....

State .....

St. Add. or R. F. D. .....

Give References: Banker, Doctor or Pastor.

.....

.....


# Everywhere and Everything

*Birds in Motion Pictures—*

The moving picture men, says *Our Dumb Animals*, have invaded the federal reservations for birds and obtained some novel and interesting pictures. Permits to "hunt with the camera" were granted only after eggs had hatched, and the operators were allowed to work only when accompanied by a warden, in order that the birds might not be unduly disturbed.

*They are Saving the Bighorns—*

Carl Burke, a Colorado boy, has sent in a letter and a picture which will be of especial interest to Boys' Life readers who remember Paul Lee Ellerbe's story, "Saving the Bighorns," and Charles Livingston Bull's article, "The Bighorns Nearly Gone," which appeared in this magazine several months ago.

"We have here in Ouray something to be very proud of," Carl writes, "something which I think I am safe in saying no other community, perhaps in the world, can boast of having. Between sixty-five and seventy of the true mountain sheep, or Bighorn, feed, within sixty feet of the depot, upon hay provided for them by the citizens of Ouray. The hay is provided in winter because all of their tender food is hidden beneath the snows in the bleak mountains above.

"Seven years ago only an occasional glimpse of these wild denizens of the mountains could be got, far up the mountainside—and then only when the snow and cold drove them to seek food. Every year since then, through the care and kindness of the citizens, who have placed hay for them along the foot of the cliffs, they have become more and more tame, until now they have come to know and to place confidence in man—and they feed almost fearlessly within fifty feet of the noisy, narrow gauge engines.

"If other communities would recognize this custom which the Ouray people have been practicing, 'the few scattered remnants might be left in peace on their mountain slopes to make more interesting the grandest scenery in our land,' as Mr. Bull wrote in his interesting article in Boys' Life."

*What a Scout Would Do—*

When you go in a place and a dog comes around growling, don't pick up a fistful of stones. If you do, whatever be his nature, the dog will distrust you at once. Speak kindly, act as though you are not afraid of him, and he will reconsider and regard you as a possible friend, not as an enemy.—*Farm Journal.*

*The Mails Through the Sky—*

The Second Assistant Postmaster-General has stated that the United States Postoffice Department was considering, and desired to establish, postal service by aeroplanes. The district in which this means of carrying the mails would be of special value would be in the Rocky Mountain region, where some towns only a short distance apart by the air line now require a trip of some hundreds of miles by the only available surface routes. Another feature wherein aeroplane service has advantages over other methods is that the going is as good in winter as in summer, a fact that holds good in any part of the country; and the present-day aeroplane can be operated in any but the boisterous weather.

*To Talk Over the Oceon—*

Remember the story, and pictures, in last month's issue which recorded the great achievement of telephoning from New York to San Francisco? Even greater triumphs are in prospect. The human voice is already being transmitted over considerable distances without the use of wires. The feat was performed recently from a moving train over a space of twenty-six miles. It is predicted by scientists that it won't be long until we shall be talking clear across the Atlantic Ocean!

*Boone Inscription Found—*

A few months ago an old farmer living near Hazard, Ky., was following a small stream on a fishing expedition, when he was suddenly startled by the noise of a ground squirrel. He turned and looked in the direction from which the sound

came and noticed the letter "D" carved on a moss-grown rock. The farmer removed the moss from the inscription, and much to his surprise found carved in the rock the names of D. Boone and Simon Girty.

The picture was sent to Boys' Life by Lawrence Davis, Hazard, Ky.

## The Cave Scout

(*Continued from page* 23.)

has been reached and when there is some prospect of there being an opening in the troop, within a reasonable length of time. Of course, if there is no prospect of a vacancy in the troop, it is unfair to ask boys to stay on the waiting list. In such cases it is a good plan to encourage the development of a new troop from among the boys applying for membership. Your Scoutmaster or Scout Commissioner can usually help you in getting a new troop started.

In the smaller communities it sometimes happens that only one troop is organized when there is really material enough for two good troops. In such cases it is desirable to have two troops organized, since in this way a good deal of interest can be aroused by inter-troop contests and competitions of various kinds.

In other towns and communities there is only enough material for one good troop. In such places it is better to have one large troop well organized than to have two small ones poorly organized. Here, too, it is a good plan to have a waiting list. It doesn't hurt a boy to be required to wait a little while before obtaining troop membership. He will appreciate it all the more when he finally attains his ambition. When the waiting list gets large enough a new patrol should be organized. Meanwhile, members of the troop should see to it that the prospective candidates receive careful preparation for their future work as scouts.

These considerations cover in general the big problems of troop membership, but there will always be some difficulty in making individual applications, as in the case of the Texas troop which we talked about a little while ago. In these individual cases, you must always consider whether or not the possible good you may be able to do for the prospective member is greater than the amount of possible harm it will cause to the troop as a whole by receiving him into membership.

Sometimes it's a good plan to require prospective members to demonstrate, by their conduct and achievements, that they are worthy of a place in the troop. The troop can tell a boy that he will be admitted just as soon as he has proved that he can be a good scout. Then it's up to the boy. If he is really sincere in his desire to be a scout he will start right in to work for his membership.

---

Several other questions which have been asked by Scouts are answered in the Questions and Answers Department in another part of Boys' Life. Dan Beard has helped the Cave Scout with some of them, and so have other officers in the headquarters office. Don't miss this department, as you will find some very interesting things there.

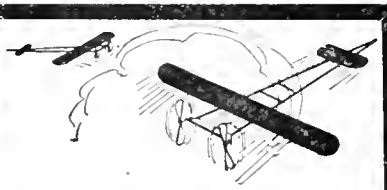
---

A number of you fellows have been sending in letters recently unsigned and, of course, it is out of the question for the Cave Scout to reply to anonymous messages of this kind. The Cave Scout requires that every letter submitted be signed plainly with the name of the writer. Of course, all letters received will be considered strictly confidential and no names will be used in discussing these questions, if the request is made that they be not divulged.

Well, come again in June, scouts.

F. J. P.


# BOYS!



CUT OUT THIS AD. AND SAVE 25c. ON THE NEW $2.50

## "IDEAL" 1915 Model THREE FOOT RACER AERO-PLANE

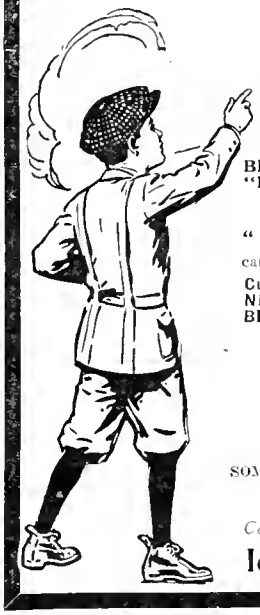
THE SWIFTEST, STRONGEST LONGEST FLIGHTED RACER MADE

## WILL FLY 500 FEET OR MORE

**Finest Sport on Earth. Safe, Healthful, Scientific.**

No Racer like this has ever been sold before for less than $3.50. It has every point that made our other Models famous--plus many new ideas that make this the swiftest, longest flying Racer made.

SO SIMPLE IT CAN BE PUT UP IN 15 MINUTES READY FOR FLIGHTS OF 500 FEET OR MORE



YOU WANT ONE OF THESE RACERS FOR YOUR VACATION

**Absolutely Guaranteed Price, $2.50**

*Cut out this ad and take it to your dealer and he will credit you with 25c., so that you will get this great Racer for only $2.25. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct of us.*

Other lower priced "IDEAL" FLYERS, ready for instant flights:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| BLUE BIRD Racing AEROPLANE, retails for | | $1.25 |
| "IDEAL" SPEED-O-FLYER, | " " | 1.75 |
| " SPEED-O-PLANE, | " " | .65 |
| " LOOP THE LOOP GLIDER | " " | .25 |

"IDEAL" SCALE DRAWINGS are accurate and will enable you to EASILY build exact duplicates of man-carrying machines. Price includes building and flying instructions for 3 ft. models:

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| Curtiss Flying Boat .....25c. | Wright Biplane .....25c. |
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| Bleriot Monoplane .....15c. | Cecil Peoli Racer .....25c. |

COMPLETE SET OF SIX $1.25 POSTPAID

**"IDEAL" MODELS AND FLYERS CAN BE HAD FROM YOUR DEALER**

**Ask Any Toy, Department or Sporting Goods Store or Write to Us.**

SOME "IDEAL" DEALERS: SCHMELZER ARMS CO., KANSAS CITY, MO. SPELGER & HURLBUT, Inc., SEATTLE, WASH. JORDAN MARSH COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS. KIMBALL-UPSON CO., SACRAMENTO, CAL.

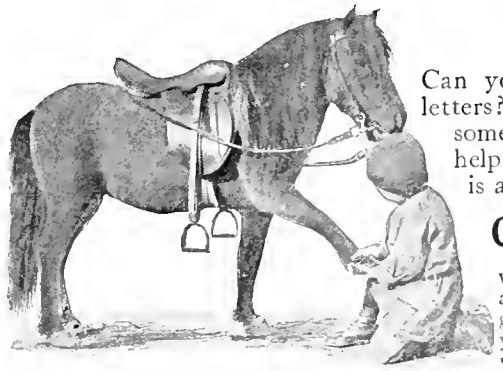
*Price List of Toys and Models FREE.*

*Complete 48 pp. Catalog of "Ideal" Model Aeroplanes and Supplies, 5c.*

**Ideal Aeroplane & Supply Co.,** Warren St. and West B'way NEW YORK



# Guess the Missing Letters—M–j–r Earn This Pony



Can you supply the two missing letters? Here is a hint: Perhaps some soldier friend of yours can help you because the pony's name is a military title.

## Cart and Harness Too

will be given with this pony. You are just as smart as the boys and girls who win Shetland ponies every year in the Pony Club. If you really want a Shetland pony for your very own, here is your chance. The Pony Man will send you pony pictures and tell you all about the other boys and girls who have won ponies in the past. But you must act quick.

***Clip this Coupon Now.***

**Pony Man, Farm and Fireside**
**Springfield, Ohio** G

I think the pony's name is _____ Send me his picture and give me 1,000 Votes, also a Certificate of Membership in your Pony Club. I want a Shetland Pony, so please tell me how to get one without spending a cent.

*My Name*_____ *R. D.*_____

*P. O.*_____ *State*_____

# IDEAL BOY SCOUT TENTS

**Every Scout Should Have One**

Note:—In these Tents Scouts' Staffs are used for poles by tacking leather washer to staff which catches in 1½-inch rings sewed in top of tent.

Rings all hand-sewed. See tents rolled up on shoulders of two end Scouts, ready for a hike.

Above cut shows part of Troop No. 1, Boy Scouts of America, Toledo, Ohio, with their No. 1 Army Khaki-Dyed Tents manufactured by us.

**No. 1**—Scout Tent—4x6 ft., center 3 ft., wall, 1 ft.; 8 oz. U. S. Army Khaki-Dyed, double and twisted filling duck. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... $4.00

**No. 2**—Scout Tent. Same Size. 8 oz. double and twisted filling White Duck. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... 3.50

**No. 3**—Scout Tent. Same Size. 8 oz. Single Filling ordinary Khaki-Dyed. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... 3.25

**No. 4**—Scout Tents. Same Size. 8 oz. Single Filling White Duck. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... 3.00

If poles are not wanted deduct 5%

Special Prices in lots of twenty-five. Terms net cash in advance unless otherwise arranged. Special Tent Catalogue and Samples furnished Free on request.

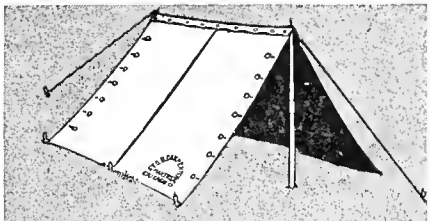
**THE OHIO CANVAS GOODS MFG. CO.**

**Dept. No. 10, TOLEDO, OHIO**

A SCOUT OFFICIAL'S ENDORSEMENT: "With the boy's welfare in mind, I most heartily endorse Tent No. 1."

(Signed) GEORGE M. PROCTOR,
Scoutmaster, B. S. of A., Decatur, Ill.





# This year's CAMP

YOU'LL find your official "dog tent" (shown above) and everything else you want in the big new Carpenter Catalog for 1915. (No. 516.)

Complete descriptions and pictures of all the best and latest things—it's the sure, reliable campers' guide.

You can't get along without the Carpenter Catalog. Send for it soon—the earlier the better; mailed free on request.

**GEO·B·CARPENTER & CO.**

411-421 Wells Street, Chicago.


# Our Lonesome Corner

## Buffalo Troop Forms an Overseas Correspondence Club—Other News About Letter Writers

FASTER and faster fly the Lonesome Corner letters—to and fro across the United States, over the line into Canada, over the oceans to other lands.

What stories these letters tell—about scout life, school studies, games, cities, tall buildings, stamps, rivers, steamships, camping plans, government, historic places, autographs, poultry, aviation, books, wireless, photography, coins, manual training, magic, railroading—*everything*, almost!

Aren't you in on this great sport? If not, get in now. The rules are simple; read them, and *write now*.

### Scouts in Holland Join

Scoutmaster Casper Denis, of Amsterdam, Holland, and several of his Scouts have become interested in exchanging letters with American Scouts, and has opened a fine opportunity for our boys. He writes:

Of Mr. Metelerkamp I got your letter of Dec. 5th, 1914. As I am a Scoutmaster of the 5th Amsterdam Troop (Carpenter Troop), I am going to give you some addresses of boys of my troop who are writing English; of course, not perfectly, but rather well.

They should like to have their names placed in BOYS' LIFE, and they will be very glad to receive some letters of American Boy Scouts, and start to correspond with them.

The names of the boys are the following: Herm Reynders, Hendrik Onclin, L. J. Jorissen, J. V. D. Berg, P. V. D. Braak.

### Buffalo Troop Forms an Overseas Correspondence Club

The Boy Scouts of Troop 24 of Buffalo have organized an "Overseas Correspondence Club," to exchange letters through the Lonesome Corner of BOYS' LIFE. Scout William E. Leidt, who is the president of the organization, writes: "All members are expected to write one letter per month until they have as large a list as they can conscientiously handle—that is, about three to five names, each in a different country."

Scout Leidt reports that the following other officers have been elected: Rev. Rolf P. Crum, Scoutmaster, Honorary President; Stephen Clark, Assistant Scoutmaster, Honorary Vice-President; Howard Bommer, Vice-President; John Ware, Secretary, and Henry Doleman, Treasurer.

The first batch of letters sent by the boys of this club, eight in number, have been forwarded to the Argentine Republic, Bahama Islands, Spain, France, Belgium, England, China, and Denmark.

Here's a fine idea for any troop. Take it up in yours now.

### These Told What They Want You to Write to Them About

Joe J. Upchurch, Tex.; correspond with United States and Foreign Scouts.

Maurice Munson, Ill.; correspond with Japanese Scouts in America or Japan who can talk and write English.

Harry Anderson, O.; stamps from North America.

Roy L. C. Hostetler, Ill.; hunting, trapping and overland hiking.

Donald J. Metcalf, Minn.; Scouts in Germany.

Thomas S. Timberman, N. J.; western boys on wireless telegraphy, trapping and scouting.

G. Clyde Garrett, Ga.; stamps, coins, athletics, signaling, foreign scouts and scouts in Georgia.

Forrest McCutcheon, Tex.; stamps, chemistry, debating, foreign scouts and photography.

J. R. Page, N. Y. (A. S. M.); correspond with assistant scoutmasters who have formerly been scouts.

William Engesser, N. Y.; foreign scouts.

Tiny Barglund, S. D.; American and foreign scouts on stamps.

Andrew McNally, Ill.; correspond with foreign scouts and exchange pictures and postcards with other scouts; first aid.

James Foster, Pa.; electricity, wireless.

Arthur E. Harding, Mass.; interested in architecture, first aid, hikes and signaling; patrol leaders in California.

Maxwell Haddox, Mich.; aviation, cycling, books and railroading.

John L. Holverson, Mass.; exchange postcards and stamps.

Frank Wood, Kan.; German, French and English boys.

Rodolph Valentine, Iowa; patrol leaders.

Claud Cross, Tex.; stamps, old coins and telegraphy.

Russell I. Peters, N. J.; foreign boys interested in shorthand and telegraphy.

Elmer Otis Bowyer, W. Va.; high school, second year work, and telegraphy.

Carl H. Morrow, Tex.; English, German and American scouts; signaling and merit badges.

Carl C. Wilhausen, Tex.; boys in Texas and other states who go camping and on overnight hikes.

Harold Freeman, Ind.; shanties, outdoor sports and electricity.

Percy Winchell, N. Y.; 17-year-old patrol leaders interested in scouting and athletics.

Lawrence Sacks, Pa. (A. S. M.); foreign scoutmasters and scouts on scout work.

Ray Dwyer, N. J.; magic, aviation.

Charles Saylor, Kan.; boys in Canada interested in trapping; scouts in Alaska and Colorado.

Lee Maurer, Mich.; scouts in Germany, Norway and Sweden.

Harold H. Behrend, Wis.; American and foreign scouts.

Elbert Brown, Va.; foreign postcards.

Charles Jenrich, N. Y.; canoe trip between New York and Albany; books, overnight hikes, woodcraft, campcraft, scoutcraft and free-hand drawing.

Edward Spoonhour, Kan.; books and collecting stamps and coins.

Frederic N. Arvin, Jr., Ind.; troop scribes and others on books, collecting great men's autographs, movies, and with English scouts.

Fred M. Waring, Pa.; telegraphy, manual training and drafting.

Julius Lippman, N. Y.; Texas, California, Washington State, foreign boys; wireless.

Lynn Miller, Okla.; wireless, poultry, art and manual training.

Norman Lynch, Wash.; photography and hunting; books.

Karl Cyrus Lambert, W. Va.; German scouts about war pictures and old and foreign money.

Charles Struckman, Idaho; exchange postcards, photographs of scenery; animals and other things in foreign lands, United States, Island Possessions, Panama and Alaska.

A. E. Johnson, Utah; bird nature study.

### Any Boy Can Do It

**This is the way**

Pick out the name of a boy.

Write a letter to him.

Address an envelope with his name and the right postage.

Don't seal that envelope.

Enclose it in another, addressed to the boy, in care of BOYS' LIFE. Mail this to us and we will forward it.

If your letter is to a boy in North America or England, put on a two-cent stamp. If it is to go to any other country abroad, five cents.

# KRE-MO-LA
FOR
## BOY SCOUT HOMES
*and Every Home*

KRE-MO-LA Renews, Cleans, Brightens Rugs, Carpets, upholstery, Clothing and Textiles.

A wonderful new material—brings out the colors—gets the dirt and germs without drudgery.

Put up in 10-25-50 cent packages. A 50c. package Renews 3 Rugs or Carpets, 9 x 12, or 108 square feet. Send 10c. in stamps for trial package.

Try it in your own home—then write for our liberal offer to

**The Boy Scout Troops of Your City**

**The Kremola Products Co.**
Cleveland, Ohio

**MONEY** LOTS OF IT

**87** Boy Scouts now know. More starting daily.

Send name of your Scoutmaster to PROVE you are a Boy Scout and we will send you 36 Sets Gliding Casters. Sell at 10c. set and earn $2.34 in a few hours. Sell more if you like and earn plenty more. Send no money till all are sold. We also send FREE 12 Demonstrating Sets. Any Boy Scout that could not earn $10 a week in spare time selling Gliding Casters could not sell bread in a famine.

S. MFG. CO., Desk 11, 20 Warren Street, N. Y.



**THE PLUMB ANCHOR BRAND**

ANCHOR Plumb BRAND

"They're worth more."

Look for this Trademark on the Official Scout Axe.
Designed and Furnished by
**FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc.**
PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.
Makers of the Plumb Anchor Brand Tools
Hammers Hatchets **Quality First** Axes Sledges



**Porto-PANAMA Hats**
**COOL AS A DROP OF DEW**

Hand-woven, soft, durable, comfortable. Good as the South American Panama but cooler, lighter, more dressy. Direct from maker to you $1.50 postpaid. State size and send money order. Money refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied. Very stylish for Ladies this year.

MARTIN LOPEZ & CO.,
P. O. Box 148. C-28, San German, Porto Rico.
Reference: Bank de Economías, San Germán.


In answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE

Francis E. Chrestien, N. Y.; French boys or American boys who write French.
William A. Niebuhr, Tex.; exchange coins and pictures with Philippine and Hawaiian boys.
Lloyd Petrie, Okla.; an English boy.
Gilman Redding, Minn.; movies.
Robert Selby, O ; exchange postcards.
Walter Wilson, Minn.; exchange snapshots with boys in Florida.
Leslie Sewell, Md.; boys in India.
E. J. Bisack, N. Y.; stamps.
Don M. Six, Ind.; automobiling.

### New Members—Write to Them

The list which follows contains the names of boys who have specifically requested to have their names entered in the Lonesome Corner. Write to them:

#### Foreign

P. V. D. Braak, Hol.
Tor Peterson, Sweden.
Hendrik Onclin, Hol.
L. J. Jorissen, Hol.
J. V. D. Berg, Hol.
Herm Reynders, Hol.

#### American

Claude Stein, Va.
Eugene Rowan, Ala.
George Graves, O.
Kenneth Hales, O.
Arthur Murry, O.
Charles Minsker, O.
Harry Farmer, O.
Rollie Petterson, O.
H. Ross Barrett, O.
Sydney Kirkpatrick, Ark.
Ralph Stecher, N. J.
Brown Thomas, Cal.
Charles Sweetman, N. J.
Warren Cuthriell, Va.
John F. Hines, Pa.
D. S. McCormick, N. Y.
William A. Rainey, Jr., Cal.
Howard Boss, Kan.
Thomas P. Cobb, W. Va.
Henry T. Hotchkiss, Jr., N. Y.
Herald Bracy, O.
Bob Emslie, O
Ray Broome, O.
Carl Burdge, O.
Wayne Perkins, O.
Ted Barrett, O.
Clem Bush, Okla.
Matt Kelly, Wis.
Fordyce Spencer, Pa.
Horatio L. Bond, Mass.
Klostar Powell, Okla.
Norman Henning, O.
Robert W. Hixson, O
Walter Socolofsky, Kan.
Jack Dodson, Tenn.
Benson Cashion, Mo.
Wendell Palmer, O.
W. A. McClure, Pa.

An increasingly large number of letters passed through the Boys' Life office in the last month, as this list will show. The names are of boys who sent them. Any one of them (either American or foreign boys) will be glad to have a letter from you. Here they are:

#### Foreign

Ernest Walsh, Scot.
Geo. H. Warrick, Eng.
Maurice Berlyn, Eng.
Wm. A. Jowett, Eng.
Wm. W. Morrell, Scot.
Winifred Watts, Eng.
Leslie J. Cornwell, Eng.
Robert Waugh, Scot.
Wm F. Waugh, Scot.
Walter Sermons, Eng.
Arthur H. Eyre, Eng.
Bert Jones, S. Wales.
W. E. Withecombe, Eng.
Jas. E. Dodgson, Eng.
J. Mosley, Eng.
J. W. Ruse, Eng.
John Roberts, Eng.
Frank Musk, Eng.
Guy Henderson, Eng.
Claude Henry Knight, Eng.
J. W. Batley, Gt. Brit.
L. N. Hurst, Eng.
E. G. Chandler Cook, Eng.
P. Morris Monaghan, Eng.
A. Sidney Cox, Eng.
Arthur Douglas Ashdown, Eng.
Cecily Davenport, Eng.
Arnold Moore, Eng.
Clarence John Capel, Eng.
John Anderson, Swed.
Harold A. Leach, Eng.
William Graham, Eng.
Claude H. Watson, England
A. Birch, England
Patrick Joseph O'Neill, Ireland.
Thomas Keane, Ire.
Wm. Loder, Eng.
Burton Milliner, Eng.
Evelyn Arthur White, Eng.
George A. Dimbylow, Eng.

#### American

Fred Hausten, Pa.
Aaron Frank, N. Y.
Wayne Ingli, Wis.
Ralph H. Weaver, Kan.
Burdette Frazer, Pa.
Harry T. French, Conn.
Arthur T. Gowen, N. J.
Leroy E. Edwards, Pa.
I. E. Shepherd, L. I.
Albert M. Gesler, Pa.
Wynchester Cook, Mo.
Melvin Hosler, Mo
Paul Williams, Va.
Harold Burdick, N. Y.
Fred S. Steinbauer, Ind.
John Frazier, O.
Herman Chase, Vt.
Lee Bollinger, Okla.
Harley Taylor, Ind.
Charles Hahn, Pa.
Glenn Maret, Wyo.
Edward Neuser, N. Y.
Fred Johnston, Mich.
John A. Brookens, Ill.
Max Levy, N. Y.
Anthony James Dimatteo, O.
James Sparks, Tenn.
James A. Nuwash, Minn.
Joseph Huckins, 3rd, Okla.
Gordon Stephens, Pa.
Willard Castle, Vt.
Harold C. Lincoln, Mass.
Cecil Thomasson, Ky.

(*More names of boys appear on following page.*)

THERE'S nothing like a Mullins Canoe for real sport. All you need to make this the most delightful summer you ever spent, is a Mullins; the greatest canoe ever made for bathing, fishing, hunting, paddling—and all 'round sport.

**MULLINS CANOES**

are built to complete your pleasure in the big outdoors. Cedar, canvas-covered—light, speedy, graceful and durable—and they cost no more than the ordinary kind. Write for Mullins big Canoe Book—It tells the story of the Indian Canoe and all about Mullins Boats. It's free. Wherever canoes are sold, you'll find a Mullins.

**The W. H. Mullins Company**
475 Franklin St. SALEM, OHIO
*World's Largest Manufacturers of Steel and Wooden Boats*

**Here's the Knife they All Want!**

You can earn some useful pocket money by selling these splendid pocket knives to your Boy Scout friends, neighbors, etc. They sell on sight because they are distinctive — different from any ordinary knife.

Style D11, Length, 3⅜". 2 Blades. Price, $1.50.

3½" long, two "Car-Van" Steel blades—the finest knife steel in the world—made from the famous Damascus sword blade formula rediscovered by us, after years of experimenting. Will hold a keener edge longer than any other steel.

Unique Transparent Handles, clear as glass and tough as horn, in which we can place the owner's name and any photo or patrol emblem desired. Our special agents' price will enable you to make a good profit on every knife you sell.

Write today for further particulars of this unusual proposition.

Send us $1.50 for Sample D11 Knife with your name and address and any emblem or photo in the handles.

**The Canton Cutlery Co.**
Dept. 63 Canton, Ohio



**KENNEBEC BOOK FREE**

Tells how the famous KENNEBEC canoes are built. Interesting facts about design, material, workmanship, finish. Describes models for paddling, sailing and motoring. Quotes low prices on highest quality ever built. Now you can enjoy the health and pleasure of canoeing *in your own Kennebec.* Don't miss our new book—every page interesting and valuable. Send name now on postal. Address

KENNEBEC CANOE CO., S R. R. Squire, Waterville, Me.

**Fish Bite** like hungry wolves any season, if you bait with **Magic-Fish-Lure.** Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted.
**J. F. Gregory,** Dept. 46 St. Louis, Mo

# Of Course You're Planning for Camp

ARE YOU WORRYING ABOUT EQUIPMENT?

**What Your Tents Shall Be?**
**Where To Get Cots and Furniture?**
**The "Pots and Pans" You'll Need?**
**How Much It's All to Cost?**

**We Have Thought of All That. Our Advice and Assistance are Yours**

*SEND FOR SPECIAL CATALOG OF CAMP SUPPLIES.*
*WRITE US ABOUT THE PROBLEMS THAT BOTHER YOU.*

# More Staves Coming from Japan

Get your order in Now
Staves Expected Late in May

***DO NOT WAIT! ORDER NOW!***

*No order for less than eight accepted*

***Price 15 cents each***

Express or freight collect

DEPARTMENT OF EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
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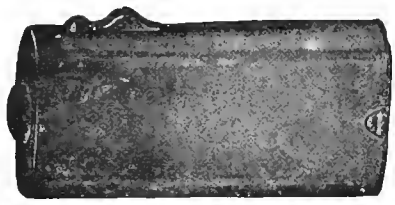

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# Our Lonesome Corner

(*Continued from page 35*)

Wendell Palmer, O.
Willard Post, Kan.
Frank R. Doll, O.
Harold Haughey, Ia.
Conrad Johnson, Md.
R. C. Jenkins, Ark.
H. V. Fitzpatrick, Ga.
James Lewis Rose, O.
Glenn N. Davis, O.
William Moody, O.
Percy M. Cullen, O.
Ralph Champeon, O.
Raymond McCreary, O.
Norman Trerenrider, O.
Free Ottemiller, Pa.
Robert L. Adams, Ky.
Charles Winans, N. J.
J. Leo Bush, Ia.
Leo L. St. Clair, Tex.
William Crowe, Va.
Dudley R. Wyandt, Kan.
Kendall Towne, Cal.
Luther A. Hacker, Ill.
Duncan Trask, Me.
Ralph B. Maxted, Ill.
Mark Ogden, Ind.
Harold V. Harper, Pa.
George W. Yates, N. Y.
Charles H. Miller, Ia.
Maurice E. O'Brien, Ill.
Robert Young, Kan.
Donald Burkholder, W. Va.
Karl A. Staehle, Wis.
Horace Weller, Wis.
Edward Lyons, Jr., Wis.
Chas. O. Gleason, N. Y.
J. Gibson Kincheloe, Va.
Ralph G. Page, N. H.
Willis S. Irvin, Me.
Alfred M. Cooper, N. J.
Fred Roebuck, Ariz.
Ralph Jones, W. Va.
George Troost, Mich.
Alex Carsey, Idaho.
David J. Wiens, O.
Leon H. Smith, Ia.
Lawrence Wood, Ill.
Frank Thoman, Kan.
J. Owen Mowrey, Neb.
Laurence Reece, Ia.
R. C. LeQueux, S. C.
Dale Winans, Ind.
Gus Bock, N. J.
Edgar Keller, Okla.
Carl Howick, Ia.
George R. Lyons, N. J.
Fred Paulsen, Cal.
Raymond F. Kelley, N. Y.
Robert Kinnel, Kan.
Albert Hjorth, Ill.
David Higgins, La.
John B. Craig, N. Y.
E. J. Hemmer, Ind. (S. M.)
Earl Freshour, Okla.
Nathaniel J. Glade, Mass.
Virgil Duncan, Ind. (A. S. M.)
Luther A. Hacker, Ill.
Lewis N. Powell, N. Y.
Herman Yaras, Ind.
Bryant Thompson, Mass.
Albert M. Gesler, Pa.
Halstead Covington, N. C.
Norris Goldsmith, N. Y.
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Chester Rice, Pa.
C. C. Bush, Okla.
Parks Glenn, Tenn.
Wm. C. Doebele, Kan.
Lyman Mathews, Ill.
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Engle M. Howden, N.Y.
Max Stone, N. Y.
Bob Roesch, N. J.
Fritz Anderson, Pa.
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Charles L. Crawford, Ark.
Granville Hicks, Mass.
Leo Smith, Ill.
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C. Howard McClave, O.
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Norman F. Seibel, N. Y.
Edward Bell, Jr., Pa.
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Maxwell Hamblin, N. H.
Stephen Heard, Mass.
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### Three More Blind Boys

Here are three more blind boys to be added to the lists which were printed in the last two issues of Boys' Life: Charles F. Otten, New York; Samuel Cohen, New York; Albert Hettinger, New York.

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# Scouts Afield

Boys are urged to send in reports of their interesting doings.

COROZAL, CANAL ZONE.—BOYS' LIFE has received from Scoutmaster P. T. Woolworth a report of a relay message held on New Year's Day. The message was sent from the Governor of Colon to Colonel Chester Harding, acting Governor of the Panama Canal. The message was received from the Governor of Colon by Scoutmaster Anderson of the Cristobal Scouts, and the members of Mr. Anderson's troop carried the message as far as Frijoles on the Panama railroad at which place the Corozal Scouts took up the message and relayed it the rest of the way to Balboa Heights where it was received by Colonel Harding. Each boy carried the message one and one-half miles and, during part of the way, the message was carried through a driving rain storm. The time consumed in the trip was exactly twelve hours.

MUSKOGEE, OKLA.—The Muskogee Scouts, reports Scout Horace Foster, of Troop 1, are enthusiastic over their chance to be of help at the Southern Commercial Congress which is to be held April 26 to 30. The Scouts are canvassing the town to find vacant rooms, to label the streets, etc. They will act as pages and escorts during the convention. About 75,000 visitors are expected and a large share of the work of handling this big crowd will fall to the scouts. They are determined to make a good showing.

CANTON, N. C.—Scout Ray Kenneth Smathers, of this city, has made an unusual record in his scout work, having successfully passed tests for twenty-seven merit badges.

*Scout Smathers*

RICHMOND, VA.—The Annual Outdoor Competitive Point Contest of the Richmond Council was held on April 5. There was an unusually large number of entries in the various events. The Richmond Scouts are taking even more interest in the work than ever before, since the successful completion of the campaign for $10,000 which was held recently.

WALTON, N. Y.—Troop 1 of this town gave an historical pageant recently. The scene was laid in the Wyoming-Montana country in 1834. The boys were divided into four groups, each group being led by some gentleman interested in the scouts. One group represented a band of Piegan Indians, another the Grass Society of the Black Feet Indians, who were the allies of the Piegans, the third party took the part of a band of trappers, while the fourth party took the part of a troop of U. S. soldiers. The white men and Indians are on the eve of combat when a friendly missionary brings about peace. After the pageant the Scouts had ski racing and a flapjack feast.—*Scout George Brayson.*

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS.—The Boy Scout picture, "Adventures of a Boy Scout," was exhibited in this city recently for the benefit of the local troops. The scouts cleared about $20, which will be used in fixing up their headquarters.

PELHAM, GEORGIA.—Scout Russell Gonier reports that the Pelham scouts make a specialty of long camping trips on which each scout is required to hike at least twenty miles. They are also unusually proficient in athletics and have never lost a game in baseball, football or basketball.

SAVANNAH, GA.—Two members of Troop 3 of this city recently completed an eighteen-foot rowboat which is furnishing the members of this troop a great deal of pleasure. Another member is working on a wireless set and the whole troop expects to start work soon on a log cabin in the woods near the city.

KOHALA, HAWAII.—BOYS' LIFE has received a copy of "The Midget," published at the Crystal Palace, Kohala, Hawaii. This number of "The Midget" features the Boy Scout Movement, fully three-fourths of the space being devoted to scout activities.

LANSDALE, PA.—Sixty scouts of the Lansdale and North Wales troops were the guests of Mr. E. C. Spring, manager of the Lehigh Valley Transit Company, being taken in a special


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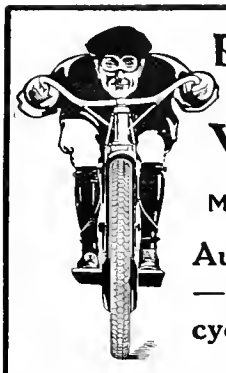

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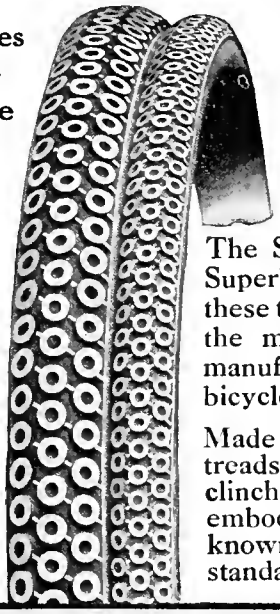

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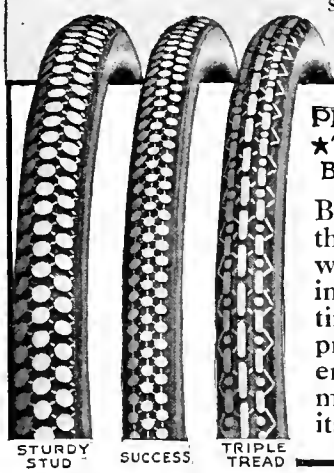


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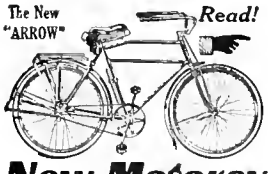

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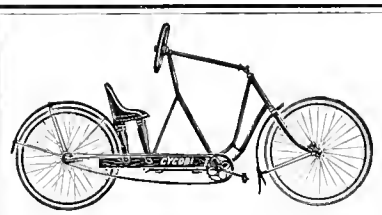

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car thirty-five miles to Allentown to inspect the great power station and modern car barns there. In the afternoon the scouts hiked up Lehigh Mountain to the cliffs at its top, and met there the troop from South Bethlehem. They returned to their cabin at 6 o'clock and enjoyed a big feed prepared by mothers and friends.

BELLEVILLE, N. J.—Scout Scribe Leslie V. Prior, of Troop 1, reports that the membership in his troop is now complete, and that dozens of boys are placing their names on the waiting list. They recently gave a motion picture entertainment, and cleared about $50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—The Boy Scouts of the Pilgrim M. E. Church presented a literary entertainment and comedy entitled "The Bowery Night School." The play was a success and $50 was cleared, reports Scout Everett J. C. Ganger.

SAN LEANDRO, CAL.—The Boy Scouts of this city took a trip to see the battleship "Oregon." The Scouts were taken to the ship on the Government tug by Commander J. Reeves and the officers of the ship explained the working parts to them.—*Scout Lyle Foss.*

PITTSBURGH, PA.—La Vaille Edgar, first-class scout of Troop 66, and Edwin Keifer, tenderfoot, patrol leader of the same troop, took a hike extending through four townships. Scouts Edgar and Keifer left at 5.45 A. M. and arrived home at 8.30 P. M., a pedometer showing that they had covered a distance of thirty-two miles. They would like to hear from scouts who have participated in a longer hike in a single day, especially from scouts in Allegheny County. The address of La Vaille Edgar is 3945 Duquesne Avenue, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., and the address of Edwin Keifer is Boyson street, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.—The Boy Scouts of Morgantown, West Virginia, at an entertainment given a few weeks ago cleared $25.00 for their summer camp fund. They are expecting to have fifty boys in camp this summer.

ASKLAND, ALA.—Scout William Graham of Troop 1, died on Monday, March 1, 1915. As a mark of respect to his memory the members of his troop sent a beautiful floral piece arranged in the design of the boy scout badge.

ELDRED, PA.—Troop 1 is working hard for their hundred dollar camp fund. They are raising it by dues, cake sales, flower sales, and expect a big boost when they give their scout exhibition. They hope to go to Cuba Lake, N. Y., in June.—*Faye H. Roberts, Scoutmaster.*

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Word has been received at National Headquarters from Scout Scribe P. A. Dryzmalla and Patrol Leader Fred W. Carlson, both of Troop 1, telling of the splendid progress their troop is making. They have had two hikes recently, one to St. Augustine, a distance of thirty-eight miles, and the other to Fernandina, thirty-six miles from Jacksonville. The troop was met in Fernandina by twenty-two Boy Scouts outside of the city limits and were taken to the public school, where they gave a demonstration for the school children.

COLLEGE PARK, GA.—Troop 1 recently gave a benefit performance of the play entitled "Boy Scouts." Every cent of the proceeds was donated to the Welfare Committee of the Women's Club to be used in charitable work in College Park.

BABYLON, L. I.—Ten members of Troop 1 recently hiked twenty-one miles to Huntington, where they practiced various scout activities in the hills near that place. All of the boys drew maps of the trip to qualify for First Class Scouts. The trip was in charge of Assistant Scoutmaster William Fowler.

CARO, TEXAS.—The Boy Scouts of Troop 1 are all equipped with suits, tents and complete camping outfit. They have built a log cabin, their own gymnasium and swimming pool, and have made everything themselves.

CLIFTON FORGE, VA.—One of the good turns which the Boy Scouts of this town have done is to supply a widow with coal and provisions during the winter months. The troop was recently presented with a fine American flag. The business men of the town are now planning to construct a swimming pool for the use of the boys, as a mark of appreciation for the excellent work they have done.

HAZELWOOD, WASH.—The troops of Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls of Hazelwood and Kennydale took a joint hike recently to a hill several miles away, where they all cooked their dinner together in the open.

BUCKNER, VA.—The Boy Scouts of this community have a permanent camping place on the farm of their Scoutmaster Prof. Victor N. Maucher. They are engaged at present in constructing a dam across a stream on Mr. Maucher's farm in order to provide a lake for swimming and boating. They also plan to erect a log cabin twenty by forty feet which they will use as their troop headquarters.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Troop 3 of Manchester, gave an exhibition of scout work and two farces before a large audience on March 12. The

troop did it for a "good turn" and gave the profits to the Red Cross.—*George Winch, Scoutmaster.*

HARBOR BEACH, MICHIGAN.—The City Council has donated a parade and exercise ground in the heart of the city for the use of the Boy Scouts. In addition to this, Capt. J. G. Kish, District Supt. of the Coast Guards, has donated $100 to the scouts for gymnasium apparatus. Several other citizens have expressed a desire to donate a like amount if needed. With these evidences of the interest of the people, the Scouts are hopeful that their ambition for a winter gymnasium and drill hall will be realized.

CROSSVILLE, TENNESSEE.—Patrol Leader Robert Schlicher reports that Troop 1 took their first hike on March 13. The scouts of this troop are determined to make their organization one of the best in their section of the country, under the leadership of their Scoutmaster, C. V. Bellamy.

LOWELL, MASS.—A big rally for the scouts of this city and nearby towns was held on March 6. More than two hundred scouts with their Scoutmasters were present. It is proposed to have three or four such meetings in the course of the year to bring the various troops together and to stimulate interest in the movement. The next rally will be held early in the summer and will be an out-of-door meeting with field sports. Two silver cups will be awarded at this out-door rally, one for the winner of the wall-scaling contest and the other for the winning team in a tug-of-war.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The annual dinner of Troop 60 was held on Thursday, March 25. An elaborate menu was served, every portion of which was furnished by members of the troop. The members of Troop 60 are still talking about the fine clam chowder made by Scoutmaster Fred. F. Packard.

WASHBURN, N. D.—The Boy Scouts of this city gave a concert recently at which they cleared $78.00 which will be used in purchasing camp equipment. The citizens of this town recently contributed $750 with which to construct and equip a scout headquarters and gymnasium in the basement of the Congregational church. The boys are planning now to spread the gospel of Scouting by giving a demonstration at Underwood, N. D., in the near future.

WICHITA, KAN.—During the Kansas Older Boys' Conference, held in Wichita, the Boy Scouts of Troops 2, 3, 4 and 6 acted as guides in showing the delegates to their places of entertainment. There were 1,395 delegates from forty-two towns and cities and 750 homes in Wichita were opened to these boys. As Wichita covers an area of thirty square miles, it will be seen that the scouts had quite a job on their hands, especially as the homes were scattered all over the city. The work was practically all done in one day, and was greatly facilitated by the generosity of the street car company, which gave the boys free transportation.

LANSING, MICH.—Troop 1 of this city has recently been presented with a fine headquarters by the ladies of the Episcopal church. The Scouts, under the direction of their Scoutmaster, have done the repair work and painting.

NEW YORK CITY.—The following letter was received recently by the officers of the New York Council:

"Last Sunday the 21st, I had the pleasure of personally viewing the courteous behavior of four Boy Scouts, who evidently came over on the 10 P. M. Staten Island ferry boat from Manhattan and boarded a Richmond car on the Staten Island trolley line. The unassuming manner in which they gave up their seats to ladies, when other 'gentlemen' held theirs, was surely a demonstration of that American spirit of chivalry which evidently pervades your ranks.

"If this letter could be forwarded to the Commanding Officer of that particular troop to which these scouts belong, I would consider it a favor, as probably he would like to know how they act when away from home.

"I suppose you might be able to reach them when I tell you that the smallest scout had a bag or pouch upon which was printed 'B. S. A. Troop 31, Brooklyn.'"

MAUMEE, OHIO.—The scouts of this city have made a specialty of bird houses. They have also succeeded in securing the assistance of an expert wireless and signal operator to coach them. The boys are now busy making plans to open up a means of communication with a troop at Perrysburg, Ohio.

BAYSIDE, L. I., N. Y.—Scout Scribe, Louis Warner, of Troop 1, reports a contest recently held by his troop. The different patrols were pitted against each other in the events of signalling, first aid, drill, appearance, etc. Their Scoutmaster, Mr. Mills, offered a cup to the patrol receiving the most points and the Wolf Patrol won.

RIVER EDGE, N. J.—Troop 1, of this city, celebrated its fourth anniversary recently when the members were the guests of the Scout Commissioner's wife at a turkey dinner. Interest in the troop has been growing recently and a number of older boys who had dropped out have resumed their active membership.

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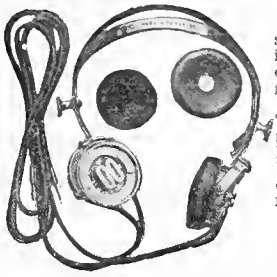

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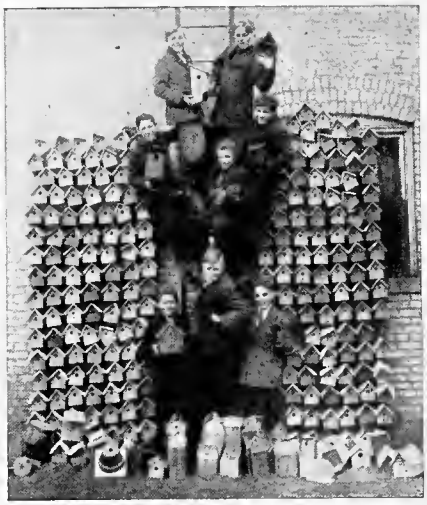

Each year the Humane Society, of South Bend, Indiana, promotes a sale of wren-boxes, selling from one to two hundred annually. This year the boys in the picture organized a "Bird-box Company" and went after the business. They secured an order for two hundred as a starter and before they finished nearly four hundred boxes were constructed and sold. They were built in the shop of the local Y. M. C. A. The lumber was purchased in bulk and in sizes that made necessary the least cutting.

The boxes are cypress body and poplar tops, and the material for each box cost five cents, allowing a quarter of a cent for nails. They were sold for fifteen dollars a hundred. The profits will pay the expense of these boys for one week at Camp Eberhart. In addition to the boxes sold to the Humane Society, these boys took personal orders among their friends at twenty-five cents apiece installed, and are expecting to make several hundred boxes more.

In connection with this work five one dollar bills were offered for the best five boxes made. Some of the prize winning boxes may be seen in the photo. Why don't a lot of you Scouts try this scheme for earning money?

## Boy Scouts are Brave Fire-Fighters

BELMONT, MASS.—Arrangements have been made by Scoutmaster Samuel D. Robbins for co-operation by the Boy Scouts with the Fire Department. In case of an emergency, ten whistle blasts will be sounded from the Fire Department Headquarters. When this signal is given, every scout within hearing distance, whether in school or church, or at home, will respond immediately, going to a designated spot.

This arrangement was made after a series of serious forest fires, some of which were incendiary. The new plan was tried out recently on a Saturday afternoon when the scouts were assembled to receive instructions in fire fighting, and the results were entirely satisfactory.

SCARSDALE, N. Y.—Roger C. Dunn, Patrol Leader of the Beaver Patrol, has made a report to BOYS' LIFE of the splendid work done by Scout Barnard Stacey in a recent fire in the schoolhouse in that city. Scout Stacey was one of the first to reach the scene of the fire and he and another boy managed to put the first stream of water on the blaze. Scout Stacey also succeeded in saving a number of valuable articles from the top floor of the building. His promptness in reaching the burning building had a great deal to do with preventing a much more serious fire.

## Flashlight for Scouts

"Made in America"

THE "Wood" Flashlight for Scouts, as announced in the Official Catalogue of the Supply Department of the Boy Scouts of America, is now considered almost as necessary to the scout's equipment as an ax, for with it the hiker has at his service an instantaneous powerful electric light—or red, white and green lights for signal service. The battery will burn continuously for four hours, or indefinitely on intermittent service, and can be renewed at any hardware or electrical store for 35c. Fits compactly in hip pocket. Flashlight complete, $1.10, from any dealer or by post.

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Its pages give simple formulas for calculating the natural period of an antenna; capacity of a receiving or transmitting condenser; spark frequency of rotary spark gaps; tables for calculating the correct amount of wire for the construction of magnets and tuning coils; tables for ascertaining the spark lengths of different voltages; the Federal regulations regarding the restrictions of wave lengths for amateur stations; instructions for the installation, maintenance and operation of wireless stations; directions for learning the code, working diagrams and a complete list of up-to-date wireless instruments and accessories, together with other features of interest to the amateur or professional wireless enthusiast.

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**Electrical Experimenter** 238 Fulton St., N. Y.


CLAREMONT, N. H.—While returning from a hike, recently, Troop 1 of this city, in charge of Scoutmaster J. P. Garfield, discovered a fire in a pile of lumber near the storehouse of a manufacturing establishment. It was the noon hour and the workmen in the factory were at lunch so the fire had not been discovered and had made considerable headway. The scouts tackled the blaze at once and after a hard fight succeeded in putting it out before it had a chance to spread to another larger pile of lumber which was near by.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Quick action by Scout Arthur Barnett probably saved the life of J. N. Kerper, a machinist in the Ford Manufacturing Company plant in this city. Kerper was working on an automobile when oil ignited, setting fire to his clothes. He ran to the street, crying for help. Scout Barnett, who was passing, saw the danger and quickly stripped off his mackinaw, he wrapped it around the burning man and extinguished the flames. After putting out the blaze he rendered first aid treatment and called a doctor.

MILFORD, N. H.—The people of this city are proud of their Boy Scouts, as a result of their excellent work in a recent fire. The blaze was discovered in a barn loft and the scouts were among the first to reach the scene. Under the leadership of Patrol Leader D. M. Prescott, the boys assisted the firemen by removing the furniture from a nearby residence and also in fighting the flames.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Through the quick and thoughtful work of three Boy Scouts, a possible fire was prevented recently in the Seventh Grade room of the public school. An oil stove overturned during class, igniting the floor beneath it. Scouts Kindred Hall, George West and Robert Ashley rushed from their seats and extinguished the blaze. They also helped to prevent a panic among the other scholars who were badly frightened.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—A large group of Boy Scouts assisted the firemen of this city in checking one of the most serious brush fires that Brookline has ever known. Hundreds of people engaged in the fight of beating out the flames with brooms and shovels and forming a bucket brigade, where these methods proved ineffective.

IRVINGTON, N. Y.—The Irvington Troop of Boy Scouts fought a stubborn battle with a forest fire a few days ago. The fire had gained considerable headway before the scouts reached it and it took an hour and a half of desperate work to extinguish the blaze. Fallen logs and standing trees were burning fiercely when the boys entered the forest, and their prompt action probably prevented very serious damage to the property. The scouts were directed by Assistant Patrol Leader Harry Bradley.

## Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

(*Continued from page 5*)

CHAPTER III.

"Gosh!" he said suddenly. "Maybe here's where I can get a job."

He ran up the gravel walk and rang the house bell. A woman opened the door.

"May I mow the lawn?" Donald asked.

"Ten cents is all I'll pay," said the woman.

Donald accepted the price. Ten cents, he thought, was ten cents, and meant a start toward his dollar. He hurried home, dropped his books in his room, and started back for his first grapple with a real job.

"Hello!" cried a voice from the road. "What's your hurry?"

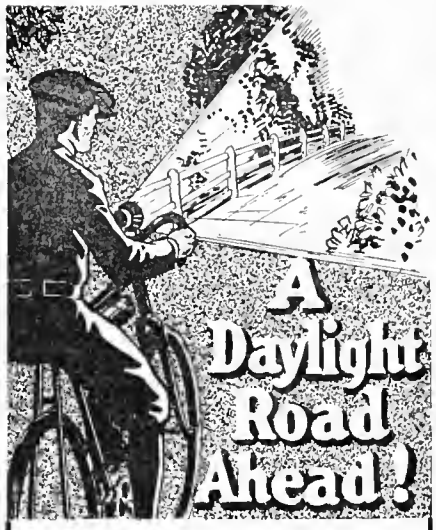
Donald looked back. Ted Carter was strolling along at a lazy pace.

"I have some work to do," Donald called. He took two or three quick steps and looked back as though expecting the other boy to follow.

"Oh, take your time," said Ted. "No need to break your neck."

Donald was in a fever of impatience to get his ten cents earned. Yet, for all that, he hesitated, and ended by waiting. In fact, most of the high school boys did about as Ted wished, for he was the oldest, and the biggest, and the strongest of them all.

"I have a job to mow a lawn," Donald explained, hoping Ted would walk faster.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Price of the DELTA complete with battery $2.00 at all Hardware, Electric, Sporting Goods Dealers or Automobile Supply Houses. (In Canada $2.50.) If your dealer doesn't carry the DELTA send $2.00 and we will ship lamp prepaid. **Do not permit substitution!**

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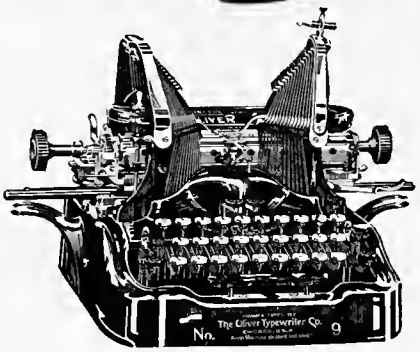


It is just out—and comes years before experts expected it. For makers have striven a life-time to attain this ideal machine. And Oliver has won again, as we scored when we gave the world its first visible writing.

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*Thus writers of all other machines can immediately run the Oliver Number "9" with more speed and greater ease.*

**WARNING!**

This brilliant new Oliver comes *at the old-time price.* It costs no more than lesser makes—now out-of-date when compared with this discovery.

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Resolve right now to see this great achievement before you spend a dollar for any typewriter. If you are using some other make you will want to see how much more this one does.

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**17 CENTS A DAY** Remember this brand-new Oliver "9" is the greatest value ever given in a typewriter. It has all our previous special inventions—visible writing, automatic spacer, 6½-ounce touch—*plus the Optional Duplex Shift, Selective Color Attachment* and all these other new-day features.

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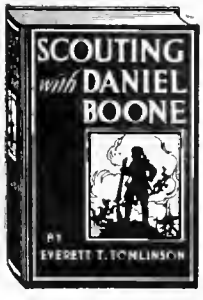


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If your subscription is paid up for 1915, we'll add another year to your subscription or send BOYS' LIFE one year to some friend.


Ted's stride remained unhurried.

"Catch me mowing lawns," he said. "How much are you getting?"

"Ten cents."

Ted whistled. "You must want ten cents bad."

"I do," Donald admitted. He started to tell about the requirement that he must earn, and save a dollar; but Ted gave an amused chuckle, and Donald flushed and became silent. He didn't like to be laughed at. Somehow, Ted made him ashamed of his job. His enthusiasm began to cool.

"If I wanted a dollar," Ted said, "I'd go to my father and get it."

"My father wanted to give me a dollar," Donald retorted.

"And you wouldn't take it?" Ted demanded. "Oh, you knuckle-head."

Donald squirmed. He felt that it would do no good to explain again, that the dollar had to be earned. He hoped that the other boy would go away. But Ted strolled along at his side when they reached the house with the sad, neglected plot of grass, Ted leaned idly against a tree.

"You surely picked out a fine big job for your ten cents' worth," he observed.

Donald surveyed the lawn ruefully. It did seem awfully big. He hadn't noticed that fact when he had made his bargain, but Ted's scoffing had robbed him of his zest.

He found a lawn mower behind the house by the kitchen door.

"Mind you, rake it clean," the woman called after him.

The afternoon had turned hot and sultry. Ted lounged in the shade of the tree and grinned. Donald pushed the mower until it seemed that he must have cut all the grass in the village of Chester. The sweat ran down his face, and his neck, and his back, and his chest.

"Half through," Ted called. "Five cents earned."

Donald sat on the grass. Only half through! He mopped his face.

"Ah! cut it out," said Ted. "Finish it tomorrow."

"I want to get through with it," Donald argued weakly. Why wouldn't Ted let him alone?

"Ah!" cried Ted; "come on down to the station and I'll buy you a soda."

Donald's good resolutions weakened. He was hot and thirsty. A long, cool soda, with ice cream floating on the top—

"Wait until I rake this," he said.

The soda was good. It trickled down his throat and seemed to soak into him joyously.

"Have another," said Ted. "I don't have to cut lawns to get a dollar."

Donald had another.

But that evening, as he swept his father's shop, he was terribly dissatisfied with himself and his prospects. Tomorrow he had the other half of the lawn to do. If he had stuck it out the job would now be off his hands. Despite those two sodas he began to feel that he had been cheated out of something, and that Ted had something to do with it.

Next day, after leaving school, he went directly to the lawn. He hoped that in this way he would escape Ted's attentions. His plan succeeded, for he was raking away the last of the cut grass when Ted appeared.

"Didn't go home, did you?" he asked.

"No," said Donald.

"I whistled outside your house," Ted explained. "Barbara came out and said you weren't home. I guess Barbara doesn't like me."

Donald wheeled the mower around to the rear of the house and collected his ten cents. For a while he stared at the money in a sort of fascination. He had earned it: he had sweated and worked for it. Gee, it was the biggest ten cents in the world.

"Come on up to the field and play ball," Ted invited.

Donald declined. He had earned a part of his dollar. He wanted to go home and tell Barbara all about it.

And Barbara, when he had finished his story, went upstairs and came down with a yellow bank shaped like an orange. Into this Donald dropped his money.

"Ted Carter says you don't like him," he remarked suddenly.

"Does he?" Barbara asked. At supper she observed that a lazy boy usually tries to make other boys lazy.

"Now what put that into your head?" asked Mrs. Strong.

Donald looked at his sister. He wondered if she meant Ted.

He had a mind, next afternoon, to look for other lawns to conquer. But Mr. Wall kept him after school.

"Don," said the teacher, "I'm speaking now as the Scoutmaster of Chester Troop. How much were you paid for cutting that grass?"

"Ten cents," said Donald. He was not surprised that Mr. Wall knew of his work, for Ted had gleefully told the story all over school. "I'm saving my dollar," he added.

"Ten cents wasn't enough," said Mr. Wall. "We expect our scouts to be thrifty and clean, but we also expect them to have dignity. We don't want people to say that a scout will do anything for a nickel. We want them to say that a scout stands for an honest job and an honest price. If a fellow accepts a cheap price people will think he's a cheap boy. I don't mean by that that a scout must squeeze hard for all he can get. If he takes more than he's entitled to he isn't square. How much do you think you're worth?"

"Not much, I guess," said Donald grinning.

"Well, let's see. Cutting grass in the heat of the day is hard work, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Now we'll talk about price. Do you think you're worth ten cents an hour?"

Here is a problem that was new to Donald. "Am I?" he asked helplessly.

"I think you are," Mr. Wall told him, "if you work faithfully. That doesn't mean that a scout can take a job at ten cents an hour and then soldier so that the job will last a long time. A scout who did that wouldn't be trustworthy."

"He'd be cheating," said Donald.

"He'd be lying, too," said the Scoutmaster. "He'd be promising to do ten cents' worth of work each hour and perhaps doing only about six cents' worth. Do you see what I mean, Don?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! Ten cents an hour is your price. And make each hour an honest hour."

"I will," Donald promised. He felt that Mr. Wall had put him on his honor. He threw back his shoulders with a sense of his responsibility.

From this moment ten cents an hour would be his price. If nobody wanted to hire him for ten cents——. He drew a deep breath. Well, he'd cross that bridge when he came to it.

(*Continued in June* Boys' Life.)


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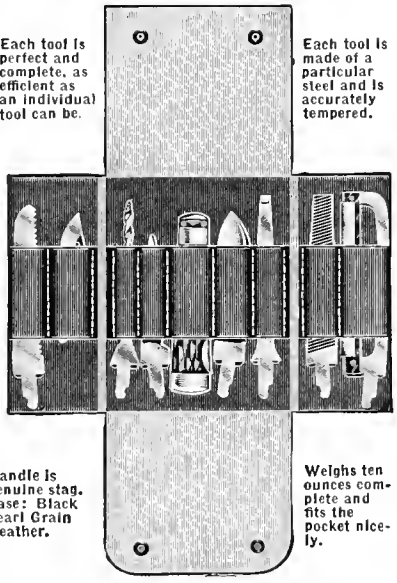

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Approved by Boy Scout Supplies Committee.

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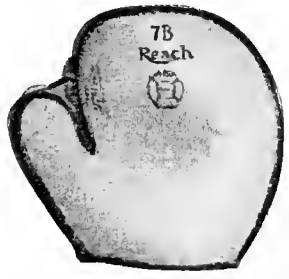
A **"Reach Professional" Bat,** spotted, extra quality white ash, burnt finish—full size. (Regular price 65c.) The Bat for the boy who is after the 400 average.

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## Moonshiners in Jungle

(*Continued from page* 13)

pan. The fish, rolled in cornmeal, was soon sizzling in the bacon-fat and took on a nice brown—to make our mouths water.

While we made relish of our first course of fish and biscuits, the rabbit roasted before the red coals on forked sticks. For dessert we had guava jelly, and topped off with black coffee.

When we climbed into the canoe, dusk had already blackened the deepest recesses of the tropic jungle. We paddled up the creek toward the moonshiners' still in some trepidation—full with the question, "Will they come tonight?" We moved in silence; I, for one, fearful to voice the query. A hoot-owl, however, sent his call through the darkening forest. He said:

"What — what — what; what — what — what; what—whoo-o-o-o-o-at?"

We crawled from the canoe at the foot of the path and crept in to our point of vantage. All was dark and still in that jungle grotto. At short intervals came the eerie call of the hoot-owl. But in there by the still it was as solemn and dead as a graveyard. The still seemed a thing abandoned forever. And so I got to think it to be. James whispered:

"I guess it's all up."

But I didn't answer, for I heard a creaking over by the lane. Then more creaking and the sound of wheels.

They were coming.

(*Continued in June* Boys' Life)

## Want to Be a Pitcher?

(*Continued from page* 21)

throwing the fast ball, except that the fingers must rest on a smooth part of the cover (avoiding the seams)—the thumb preferably across the seams. The cover of the ball should be moistened with saliva under the ends of the first two fingers.

In order to obtain the best results, this ball should be thrown with considerable speed, just as the fast ball is thrown.

### Working with His Catcher

A young pitcher should rely upon the judgment of his catcher in the matter of kind of balls to throw, especially if the catcher is one of experience and has knowledge of the batters' weaknesses. But when the pitcher has had an equal amount of experience, it is a good plan for him at times to use his own judgment, since he knows better than any one else the condition of his arm, and what control he has of certain balls. Instead of shaking his head when he disagrees with the catcher, the pitcher should have some other sign whereby he can tell his catcher to call another ball: such as rubbing his shirt or tossing the ball up in the air. It is a good plan to talk things over frequently with the catcher; make note of the batters—their strong and weak points, etc.

### What Happened Yesterday

"Why are you moping there, Dick?"

"I've no one to play with."

"Well, go and play with Freddie, next door."

"Oh, I played with him yesterday, and I don't suppose he's well enough to come out yet."—*London Opinion.*

# The Merit Badge of Photography

(*Continued from page* 17)

which counts. Simple perfection in photographic work is a thing which any one can acquire, but the art is something that is your own alone. Do you know that the photographs taken by certain men can always be recognized by other photographers? That is because their artistic ideas are so pronounced. Wouldn't you like your work to be so much your own that others would always recognize it without being told?

This is quite a long talk about composition, because I believe it is the most important thing for you to learn in connection with photography. You can become an expert in it only by a great deal of study and thought and practice. There is no limit to art.

### Taking Interiors.

The easiest way to take an interior view is by flashlight. This settles the question of exposure and even illumination of the room. Take it at night when there is no light from outside to bother you. Then you can face toward the windows if that is the best view of the room. If you take the picture by daylight you must not have a window in front of your camera or it will produce a blur.

A portrait may be taken either outdoors or in a room. If it is taken indoors it is well to place the figure about five feet from a window, for then the light falls on the face with sufficient strength to light it well and to make it stand out from the background. But this is only a suggestion. You may find it better to have it nearer or much farther away. Make the pose natural. Don't get the figure in a strained position.

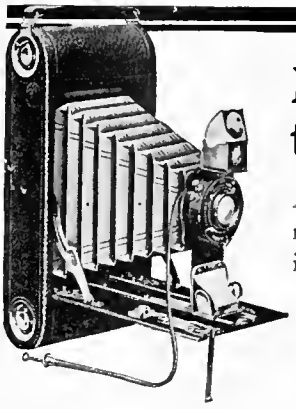
Make the landscape simple, put as few things in it as possible. A single old tree outlined against the sky is more effective than a forest of trees. Parts of a house is often better than a whole town of them. Three cows in a pasture make a better picture than a big herd. Remember your rules of composition and try to keep the objects in harmony and in balance.

### Action Pictures.

There are so many kinds of action photographs that it is hard to even suggest what kind to take. You had better select the kind of subject that interests you the most. Is your friend an athlete? Take a picture of him doing his best stunt. Are you fond of hunting? Get your chum out with a gun and take something he does on the "war path." Are you fond of horses? Then take your camera to where your favorite horse is exercising. Are you a lover of birds? Try to get a bird flying on your sensitive plate. It often happens that in pictures of this kind we are unable to give enough exposure to make really good negatives. Wait for the best light that you can get, give as much exposure as the action permits and then trust to the developer to bring out as much as it will. That is all you can do.

### Study the Habits of Animals.

To make a successful picture of a wild bird or animal you must know something of its habits. A wolf in a city street would look absurd. A sea gull on a mountain top would seem out of place. Study

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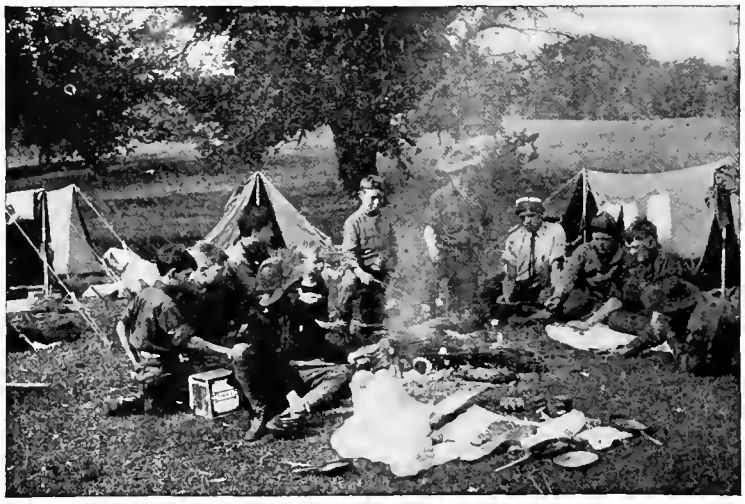

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the habits of the creature which you are to photograph and see if you cannot make the surroundings express some phase of its life. An owl would not look at home perched upon the top of a tall dead tree, nor would an eagle seem natural in a thick evergreen.

Of course, you usually have to take wild creatures when and how you find them, but more often than you would think, you can change the background by moving your camera a little. If you haven't studied up the subject you won't know enough to move it if the chance offers. But here I am again on the subject of composition. Do you realize that the proper surrounding is merely a matter of harmony after all?

## Quarry Troop and the Movies

(*Continued from page* 8)

the hill, so she was parked in a lot by the lakeside and the rest of the troop went up to the cave on foot.

Immediately upon their arrival activities began. Mr. Dickle formed them in line and marched them up beside the big automobile truck that stood in the middle of the road. Here each lad was given a flintlock rifle and sent over to the mouth of the cave, where Ethan Allen and a half-dozen Green Mountain Boys were waiting, seated about a camp fire.

"Now, boys," said the manager, when all had been served with guns and had taken their places, "those weapons of yours are only dummies. I don't want you lads fooling with powder even in a sham battle. I won't be responsible for your eyes. My regular actors will do all the firing necessary, and they will make smoke enough to cover the film. All I want you fellows to do is aim and pull the trigger. Are you ready now, gentlemen? Camera!"

Mr. Dickle stood with his feet apart, megaphone in hand, in the middle of the road. The camera man had set up his tripod on the rear end of the motor truck, which was held on the very brink of the grade by its brakes. At the word "Camera" he began to turn the crank of his machine rapidly, and almost before they knew it the Boy Scout Engineers were being photographed as part of a real feature film.

Action followed swiftly. While the lads were sitting about the fire an Indian came out of the woods. It was Neshobee, the friendly Red Man of Judge Thompson's story. He advanced to Ethan Allen, his hand extended aloft as a sign of friendship. Then he began to talk, pointing into the bushes and up toward the leaves of the trees. Instantly the Green Mountain Boys were alert!

"The Red Coats and the Sheriff!" snapped Allen, and every man was crouching, gun in hand, waiting for the attack. A Red Coat appeared in the bushes!

Up went a dozen muskets, and the next instant there was a thundering roar! The Red Coat disappeared! But others came! They bobbed up everywhere! Behind bushes and trees! From rocks and logs they sprang, advancing and firing in apparently deadly earnestness! The roar of the musketry was deafening! Bruce and his chums were thrilled with enthusiasm, and they snapped their guns at every enemy in sight! On came the Red Coats and the Indians with the Sheriff of New York leading them! They advanced into

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In addition, upon receipt of your remittance, we mail you **Sales Credit Certificates**, one for each can sold. These are exchangeable for dandy premiums, such as an **Aladdin House** for your Headquarters, **Camping Outfit, Tool Cabinet, Gymnasium Set, Wireless Outfit, Camera, Model Aeroplane, etc., etc.**

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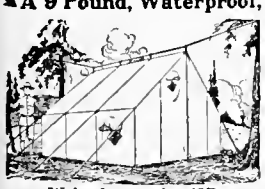

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the open, firing deliberately at the little group of defenders about the cave! But their fire was answered with interest, and soldiers and Indians were stumbling and falling in all directions!

And above all the din could be heard the voice of Mr. Dickle, the stage manager, roaring directions through his megaphone. "Great scene! Fine! Register excitement! Fall down, Murphy! Tumble over, there, Lisk; you're dead—tumble, I say. Don't be afraid of your uniform. I'll pay for that. Fall!—fall!—fall! Now, Green Mountain Boys, up and at 'em! Charge! Charge! Beat it, you Red Coats—you're licked. Run! Git! Beat it, I say! After 'em, scouts, after 'em! Fine! Great scene! All right; that'll do. Quit firing."

THE roar of the flintlocks ceased and Bruce and the rest of the scouts stopped, thoroughly out of breath with excitement. The Red Coats and Indians stopped also, and, turning about, rejoined their erstwhile enemies. The "dead" and "wounded" stood up, too, and began to walk about and chat with the rest, all of which gave the scouts the impression that a "movie" battle was the only really pleasant kind of battle, after all.

"Well, you scouts certainly filled the bill as Green Mountain Boys," said Mr. Dickle when the boys reached the road where he was standing. "That will make a great scene. Now, just as soon as Bob gets his stuff stowed away in the truck, we'll start for town."

Bruce noticed that the camera man was having difficulty in getting his outfit in the truck unassisted, so he ran on ahead of the others to help him.

"Here, Bruce," said the movie operator, "you get up in the wagon and I will hand the things to you and you can stow them under the seat."

The camera man handed up the box-like machine, which Bruce started packing under the seat. Just as the operator started back up the hill to get his tripod, in some unaccountable manner the brakes of the heavy truck loosened and the big vehicle started to roll slowly down the hill. So steep was the grade that the truck gained momentum at a terrific rate.

Bob, the camera man, noticing what had happened, turned and ran swiftly down the hill. But it had gained such headway that he couldn't overtake it.

"Hi, there!" shrieked Mr. Dickle. "Stop that truck! Stop it! Good heavens, my film! It's all in the camera, and the truck's running away! Stop it, some one! Save the film!"

Bruce's first impulse was to jump from the truck and leave it to its fate, but when he heard the manager's frantic appeal to save the precious film he climbed quickly over the back of the high seat. In another instant he grasped the steering wheel and jammed his foot down upon the brake lever.

Then bang——! the brake band snapped and the truck lurched forward again! Bruce had applied the brake too suddenly, and the next moment he found himself in a runaway motor truck that could not be stopped until it reached level ground.

The patrol leader felt like he was turning cold. Before him stretched a long grade, and at the end a sharp turn! If he did not make that turn the motor truck would crash against a rock or tree and kill him, or at best it would plunge into Lake Dugmoor and then the film would be lost! Could he make the turn?


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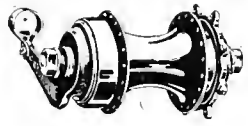

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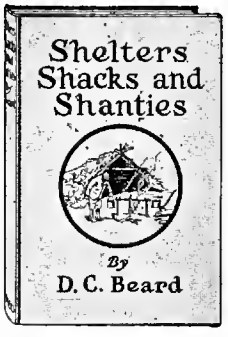


**Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York**


On rushed the massive truck. It had developed express train speed now and it rocked from side to side like a ship in a gale as it tore down the rough country road! Bruce clutched the big steering wheel with deathlike grip and tried his mightiest to keep the cumbersome vehicle straight! He realized that a loose stone or a deep rut meant death to him and destruction to the motor car! His teeth were clenched and his face was white! The wind had whisked away his coonskin cap.

"Oh, if I can only make that turn! I must! I've *got* to!" he told himself, as he saw the distance to the foot of the hill being eaten up by the flying motor car. Nearer and nearer came the turn. It was a hundred yards away. Now seventy, fifty, forty! Would the truck stay on all four wheels or would it go plunging on madly, end over end, into the lake? Could he make it? The road bent slightly now. Bruce followed the curve. Now came the turn. Bruce tugged at the wheel. The big truck swerved. It was skidding! It was on two wheels and ploughing up the dust in great clouds! It was almost around! It WAS around! The road ahead of him was straight and clear!

BRUCE breathed a great sigh of relief. And so did fifty individuals who had been watching the terrible race from the top of the hill. They cheered loud and long when the big truck shot safely around the bend and headed up the level road toward Woodbridge. Then all of them started down the grade pell mell, nor did they stop until they reached the place where the truck had finally stalled. Then every one tried to shake the boy's hand.

"By Jove, but for your nerve, Bruce, my boy, we'd have been minus film and motor truck. For pure grit, I think you scouts take the prize. I wish I could think of some way to repay you," cried Mr. Dickle, pumping Bruce around somewhat roughly.

"Why—er—you see—we don't want any pay for what we do, but if it can be arranged, I—I—well, we sure would like to see that 'movie.' Can't you send one to the Woodbridge Theatre?" said Bruce.

"Huh, send one to the Woodbridge Theatre! Why, I'll bring the first release of it to Woodbridge myself and show it in your headquarters. How'll that suit you fellows?"

And the enthusiastic replies of the scouts convinced the "movie" manager that he had hit the right idea.

---

*ANOTHER Quarry Troop story, by Mr. Crump, will appear in an early issue of* Boys' Life.

---


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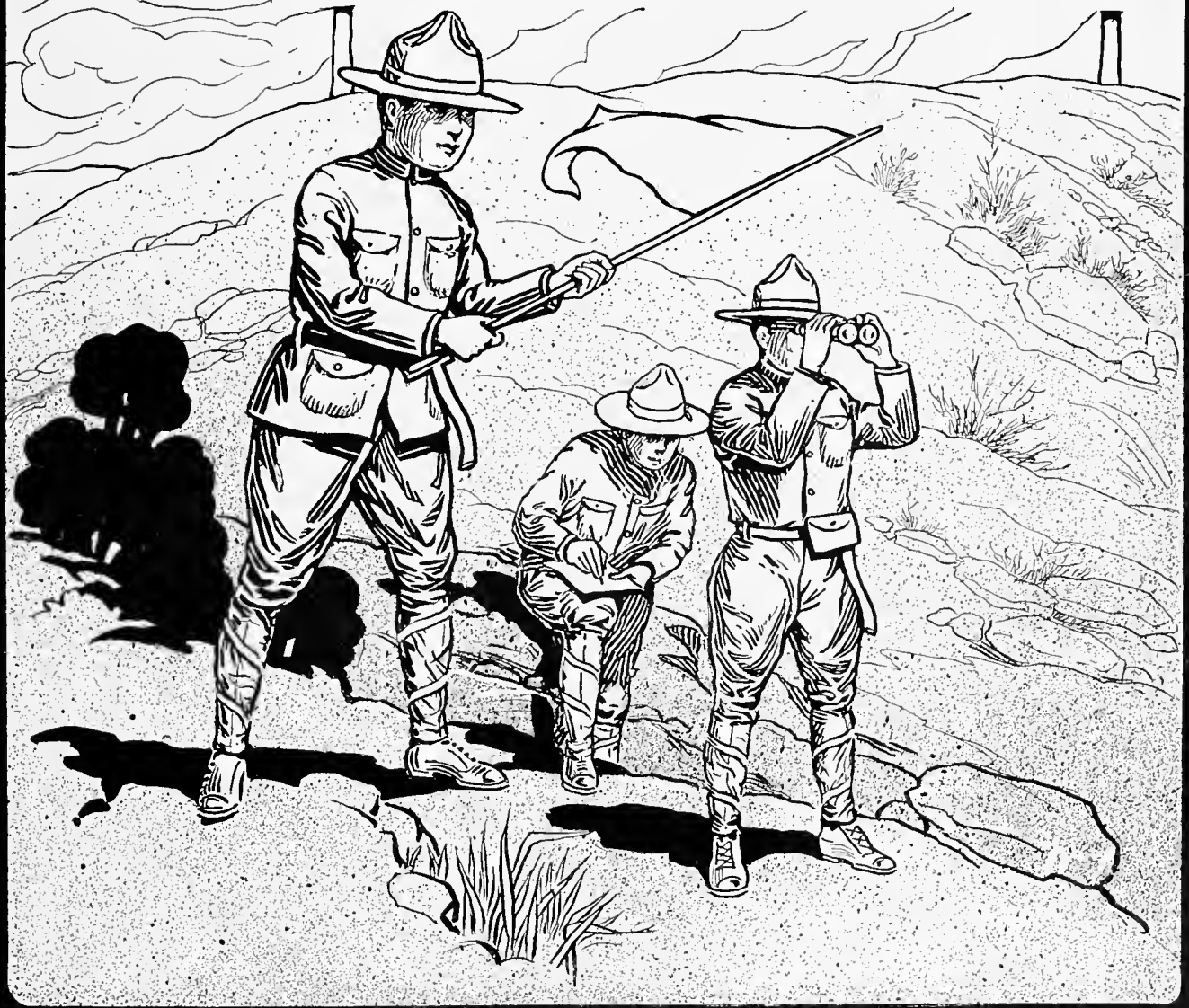

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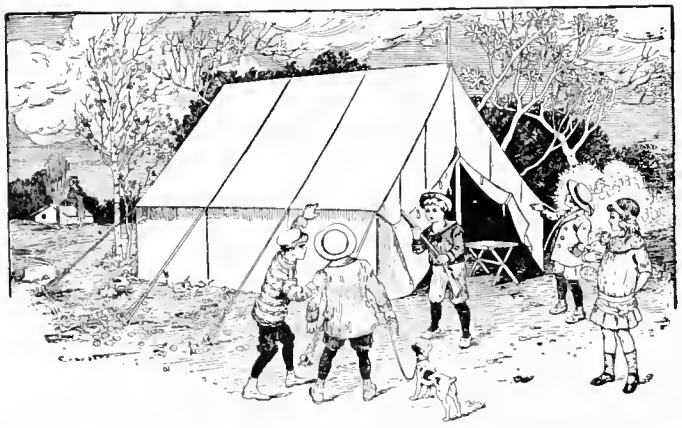

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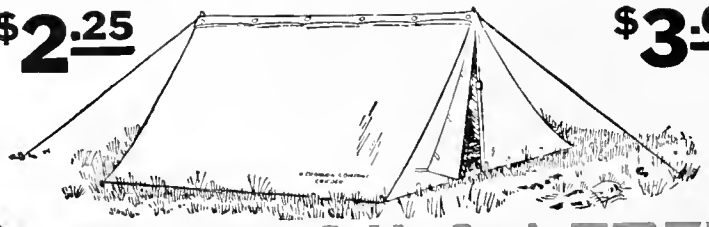

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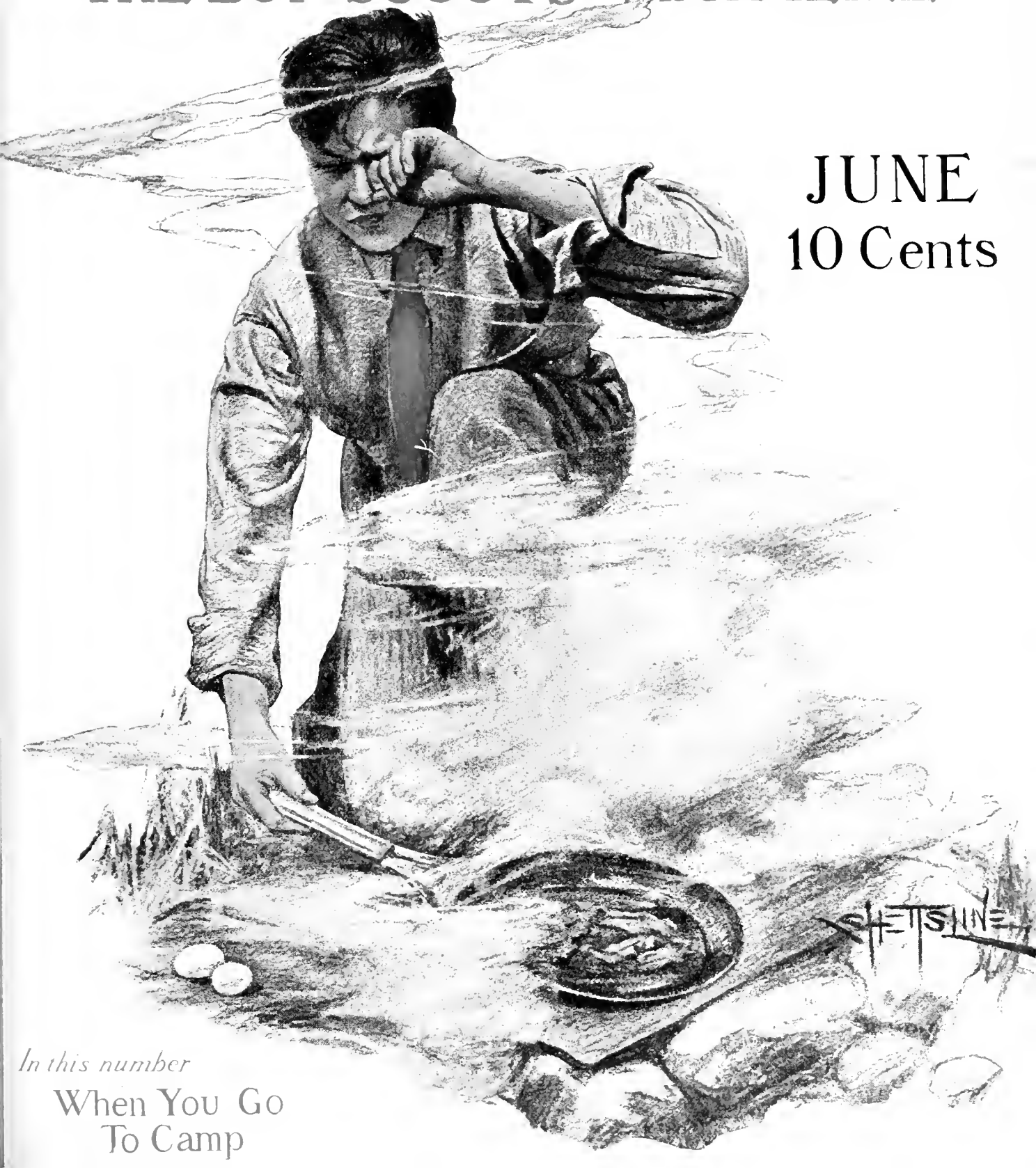


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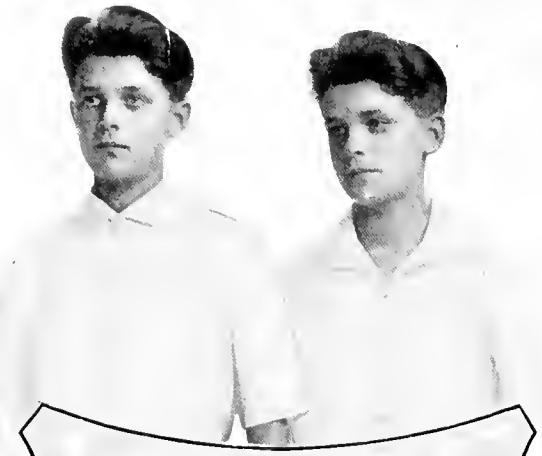

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# BOYS' LIFE

## THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

WALTER P. McGUIRE, Editor

Associate Editors:

DAN BEARD and ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

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## Leading Features


**Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol** (Continued)..... 2
By William Heyliger

**Over Long Distance**..... 5
By F. Moulton McLane.

**The Ghost Hunters**..... 7
By John H. Skeen

**The Moonshiners In the Jungle** (Continued)..... 9
By Walter Walden.

**The Great Scout Snipe Hunt**..... 11
By Walter Spence

**Killing a Jaguar**..... 13
By Daniel J. Singer

**From Dan Beard's Duffel Bag**..... 15
By Daniel Carter Beard

**How the Treasure Hunt Ended**..... 16
Part II of "A Treasure Hunt for Real Gold"
By Herbert Hungerford

**How to Make Fire with Flint and Steel**..... 18
By Daniel Carter Beard

**When You Go to Camp**..... 20
By The Cave Scout

**The Boone Top-Notchers**..... 22
Pictures, Letters and Essays

**With the Boy Scouts in Camp**.....24-25
Two Pages of Pictures

**Boy Scout Lifesavers**..... 26
By Armstrong Perry

**Vacation Stamp Hunting**..... 28
By Frank L. Coes

**Diary of a Boy Inventor**..... 30
By Gustave Verbeek

**How to Make a Campfire**..... 32
By P. S. Ridsdale

**Our Lonesome Corner**..... 36

**With the Boy Scouts Afield**..... 42



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**Boys' Life** *the Boy Scouts' Magazine*, is issued monthly by the Boy Scouts of America. It is the official magazine of that great organization and is devoted to the best interests of EVERY BOY.

It is packed full of the finest stories for boys; stories with plenty of excitement in them, plenty of fun of the right sort.

It contains also all news of the Boy Scouts.

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# From Boone Winners

AS interesting as their essays are the letters which have come from the boys who won the $300.00 in cash prizes awarded last month by BOYS' LIFE in co-operation with Doubleday, Page & Co. These prizes were given for the best essays written on Dr. Everett T. Tomlinson's story, "Scouting with Daniel Boone," which appeared serially in this magazine and can now be found in book form at all book stores.

Prominent in the minds of all these boys, as their letters show, is not so much the thought of the money they received, as the recollection of the joy they had in reading this great serial story and a realization of the benefit that came to them through their close study of the character of Daniel Boone and their careful writing of their essays.

Other very interesting things are revealed by these letters.

The winner of the first prize, for instance, proves to be the great-great-grandson of a personal friend and companion of Boone, and a fourth prize winner is an indirect descendant of the great pioneer.

The winner of a fourth prize and special honorable mention is an Eagle Scout, as is also his twin brother.

One boy wrote his essay while he was sick in the hospital.

Several say that they have placed their prize money with the funds they are saving for a college education.

What these boys wrote is so interesting that a fuller account is given on page 22, together with the two top-notch essays.

## Fun — Adventure — Thrills

### This Month

**Camp—of Course!** The biggest thing of June in the minds of boys. And who tells you the things you want to know about camping? The Cave Scout—no less. Turn to page 20.

**Camping stories—of course!** Two dandies—one about three truants from camp and their search for a ghost—that's on page 7; and did you ever go snipe hunting? There's a tale about it on page 11.

MR. IRVING CRUMP
Author of "Quarry Troop's Fourth of July"

**Your Campfire**—A big man tells you a simple little thing about it, but important, on page 32.

**Fire with Flint and Steel**—Ever make it? Mr. Beard explains the trick. Page 18.

**That Treasure Hunt for Real Gold**—You read the start of the story in April; on page 16 you'll find out how the search ended.

**Great Serials—William Heyliger's** takes Don Strong into a new venture and—well, you'll want to read it for yourself. In **Walter Walden's** the two boys pull off their great "jungle show" and—Bang! It will thrill you.

### Next Month

**Fourth of July!** And two great Independence Day stories for boys—one of today, with Scouts in it, and one of Revolutionary times.

**Quarry Troop's Fourth of July**—You know this troop through Mr. Crump's previous stories in **Boys' Life**—"The Boy Scout Smoke Eaters," "Quarry Troop and the Circus," and "Quarry Troop and the Movies." His July story has a turn to it that will surprise you as much as it surprised the great crowd that saw the troop's Scout exhibition on the Fourth.

**"The Powder Mill"**—A story in which two brave Colonial boys use a kite signal to advance their country's cause.

**A Smashing Sea Story**—Dr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler, who has written "Saved by the Rolling Hitch" for **Boys' Life**, has spent years "before the mast." You'll fairly shudder as the tale takes you through a great ocean storm—and you'll be mighty glad that Jetty knew how to tie a "rolling hitch."

# Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

By
WILLIAM HEYLIGER

*Author of "Bartley, Freshman Pitcher," "Captain of the Nine," "Off Side," etc.*

Illustrated by N. P. ROCKWELL

*"Ted, after drinking the first soda, insisted on buying the second."*

*The first instalment of this great Scout story was printed in the May* BOYS' LIFE. *The synopsis you will find on page* 4.

CHAPTER III (Continued)

DURING the next three days Don Strong was a busy boy. His zest had returned and he quickly found work. To his surprise, his price of ten cents an hour met with no objection. Thursday he earned twenty cents mowing a lawn, and Friday he found a job working the weeds out of a bed of poppies. That night he dropped fifteen cents into the orange bank. He now had forty-five cents saved. He felt like a capitalist.

Saturday morning he worked with his books. But right after dinner he attacked the carpenter shop. He was beginning to take pride in his sweeping, and did it thoroughly.

That afternoon his father showed him how to use a hatchet and a knife. He had an appointment to meet Ted Carter at the village field, but the lesson was so interesting that he forgot all about it. When he ran inside just before supper to put the hatchet away, he saw that Barbara had cleaned the shop windows.

"Dad will like that," he thought aloud. "I guess Barbara would make a good scout."

FOOTBALL practice started Monday. After school Donald hurried to the village field. Alex Davidson was not out, nor was Ted Carter. This surprised him. However, he had little time to think about other boys. Mr. Wall soon had him passing the ball, and falling on it, and running down the field under kicks. Donald was sure that he showed up pretty well.

After the practice he saw Ted lounging near one of the goal posts, looking on with a weary air.

"Aren't you out for the team?" Don asked. He thought that a big fellow like Ted would make a corking good guard or tackle.

"Nix!" Ted grinned. "Too hard work."

"Work?" Donald laughed. "Why, it's fun. You ought to come out, Ted."

Ted yawned. "That's what Mr. Wall has been telling me for two years. I'll sit back and watch you fellows. Come on down and have a soda."

Donald went with him to the confectionery shop near the railroad station.

"You won't think it much fun," Ted confided, "when you find yourself in the scrub, maybe."

Donald smiled. He hadn't given the scrub a thought. He was going to play on the school team.

But before a week was out he began to worry. A boy named Cordts was sure to play left end. In fact, Cordts had played there for two years. That left only right end—and he found that Andy Ford was fighting for that.

Andy was blue-eyed, and red-haired, and freckle-faced. He seemed to be always smiling. But, for all that smile, he tore up and down the field like a tornado. Boys that he tackled grumbled that he could be a trifle gentler seeing that it was only practice.

"Don't pay any attention to Andy," Ted advised. "He's running wild. He's going to blow up. Come down and have a soda."

Donald didn't like to be always drinking sodas at Ted's expense. However, it was sweet to have somebody tell him he'd make the team, so he went along.

"You don't catch me stewing around about football," Ted chuckled.

The next Monday the rough and tumble of practice started again. For the first time Mr. Wall assembled an eleven. Cordts was at one end of the line, and Andy Ford at the other. All afternoon it ran through signals. Donald didn't get a chance to do any playing at all.

Discouraged and downcast, he trudged away from the field. Ted ran after him.

"I don't blame you feeling sore," he said. "You ought to be out there instead of Andy. Ah, let's forget it. Come on down and have a soda."

Donald swallowed the lump in his throat. "Let me buy these sodas," he said. "I want to go home first."

Ted waited in the road. Donald ran in and took the orange bank down from its place. The money clinked loudly as he tried to slide out a coin, but a ten-cent piece quickly dropped into his hand, and he put back the bank and hurried out.

Ted, after drinking his first soda, insisted on buying the second.

"You ought to be on that team," he said. "It's a shame."

Donald thought so, too. After he left Ted his gloominess deepened. The ten cents he had spent began to trouble him. Now there was only thirty-five cents in the bank. Everything seemed to be going wrong. When he reached home he did not go near the cellar, and for the first time in weeks it remained unswept.

Next day he got something to do at practice; but, to his chagrin, that something was practising with a scrub. He did his work listlessly, and twice Mr. Wall spoke to him sharply. After the work was over he found Ted waiting.

"Rotten!" said Ted; "that's what I call it. Come on down and——"

"Not to-day," said Donald. He was too miserable to think of soda. And that afternoon, for the second time, the carpenter shop remained unswept.

The following afternoon the squad had its first scrimmage. Donald found himself playing against Andy Ford. Here was

where he would show who was master! But on the first play—the school team had the ball—he found that Andy had him blocked off completely. One of the backs went around him for a big gain.

"You're standing flat-footed," Andy whispered. "Get up on your toes more."

Donald said nothing. He felt cheap at the failure he had made of his first play.

For a while he did fairly well. Then came another charge. The runner was well protected. He became bewildered trying to figure out where to strike. Then the play went over him. He picked himself from the ground. Andy's voice sounded in his ear:

"Never mind how many interferers there are. Keep your eyes on the ball. You tried to watch all the interference. Watch the ball."

Donald felt blue. This was a different type of game than he had ever played. Here was football with brains, and training, and science behind it. He was used to the rough-and-ready, take-a-chance, hit-or-miss type of play.

Ted wasn't at the field to-day. Donald was glad that his friend hadn't seen the practice.

He went straight home and up to his room. Barbara was in the kitchen, but she did not call to him with her old hearty air of good-fellowship.

Donald sat on the bed. Soon would come the summons to supper. Barbara would look at him———

"Ah!" Donald scowled, "she's mad at me because I haven't swept the shop."

But, after a moment, he had a vague feeling that he was wrong. Barbara wasn't angry at him for just that. There was something else. He had seen it in her eyes—something—something—oh, he didn't know what it was.

He was still puzzling his brain when he went downstairs and took his place at table. He was resolved that he wouldn't look at his sister. However, when the meal was over, he met her in the hall. Their eyes met. Donald stood still and let her walk past him.

He knew now. Her eyes had said "Don! Don! How about your good turn?"

He had forgotten it from that angle. He thought he was simply stopping something because he was sore and discouraged, but he had promised on his honor to obey the scout laws, and he was quitting. He wasn't doing his good turn a day.

He swung around and went down to the shop. It was dark. He found a lamp and lit it. Barbara was singing in the kitchen. As his broom started to swish the singing stopped. Then suddenly it went on again, gayer and more lighthearted than it had been before.

When he came up from the cellar he felt better. He was once more a scout in good standing. He had squared accounts with his oath.

Two days later the entire football squad went off for the first game on the schedule. Hillside Academy was expected to prove easy prey. The Chester boys, as a whole, wondered how high the score would be. Donald wondered if he would get in the game.

"It will be a shame if you don't," Ted stormed. "I wouldn't stand for it."

"I'd like to get a chance," Donald said.

However, all through the afternoon he stood far back from the sideline and waited for the chance that did not come. Andy Ford played from the kick-off to the final whistle. Donald turned away with an air of hopelessness.

"I call that raw," cried Ted. "Bring you out afternoons, and bang you around as much as they like, and then ignore you when a real game comes. I'd tell them to go fish."

"I—I'm going to quit," Donald faltered. If they had given him only five minutes! "You're the only fellow who stands by me," he said gratefully.

So Donald dropped quietly from the squad. Instead of waiting when the next practice came, he put his books under his arm and went home. He had an idea that Mr. Wall would question him; but a day or two passed and the Latin teacher seemed to be unaware that he had abandoned the scrub.

Donald became irritated when he found that his presence or absence apparently meant so little. From a safe distance he watched the work of the new boy playing against Andy.

"That fellow's a shine," he told himself. "He doesn't even know the rules."

Saturday the eleven played its second contest. It was an "at home" game, but Donald, sulking, did not go to the village field to cheer on his school. Ted Carter brought him news of the result.

"We won," he announced. "Say, you ought to get a chance now. They fooled Andy on a forward pass and tangled him up on a fake kick."

"Did they score?" Donald asked.

"No—no; they didn't. But if Andy hadn't recovered himself and gotten into those two plays, they would have scored surely. Will you go back if they ask you?"

Donald tried to look stern. "I should say not."

"That's right," Ted agreed. "There's nothing like having backbone. If a fellow quits he ought to stay quit."

It pleased Donald to have Ted praise his spunk. There was a troop meeting that night, and he had intended to stay away. He felt awkward about facing Mr. Wall. But after what Ted had said about his backbone he just had to go.

All day a storm had threatened. Rain began to fall just as he reached Mr. Wall's house. Alex Davidson was there, and so was Phil Morris, leader of the Wolf Patrol. The boys sat in the library and stared at the row of books while Mr. Wall corrected class papers at a distant desk. Presently the Scoutmaster looked at his watch.

"Half-past eight," he said. "The rain has kept away the others. There's no use in only us four holding a meeting."

The boys stood up.

"You needn't run away," Mr. Wall laughed. He drew a chair alongside Donald. "Let's have a chat. Sit down."

Donald scarcely breathed. Was Mr. Wall going to ask him about football? But the Scoutmaster began to tell them about first aid and bandaging.

"What scout law does this work come under?" he asked.

"Third," said Phil Morris promptly. "A scout is helpful."

"Yes," said Mr. Wall thoughtfully; "a scout is helpful—if he is the right kind of scout. Whether he likes what he's given to do or whether he dislikes the task, he digs in. He doesn't drop his burden and stalk off just because he doesn't like the way things are going. If he's there to help, he helps."

*"They crowded around Don without envy and stared critically at his idea."*

Alex nodded as though that was his idea, too. Donald stole a glance at Mr. Wall and then looked away.

"It's easy to be helpful," the Scoutmaster continued, "when it gives us pleasure to do our task, or when we hold the center of the stage with everybody looking on. However, we can't all have the fun, and we can't all be out in the sunshine. Every time a baseball game is played some boys must sit on the bench. Every time a race is run some boys must stand aside and hold the blankets of the runners. Every time a battle is fought some soldiers must remain in the rear and guard supplies. But they all help—those who sit on the bench, those who hold the blankets, those who guard the rear.

"And a scout is on his honor to help at all times. He stands for

things that are fine, and clean, and true. He doesn't knock and he doesn't sulk. When he's given something to do he stays with his job. He———" Mr. Wall looked around at the boys and smiled slowly. "I'm preaching again," he said.

"Every time you tell us about the scout laws," Phil Morris said in a low voice, "I think of something I should have done."

"That," the Scoutmaster said, gently, "is what the laws are for—to bring us back when we stray off." His tones became pleasantly brisk. "Have you demanded your ten cents an hour, Don?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy. He lapsed into silence. He wasn't thinking about ten cents an hour just then. And later, when he departed with Alex and Phil, he walked home thoughtfully, his hands dug deep into his pockets.

Monday, after school, he went down to the lockers in the basement of the building, and put on his football suit. Almost shamefaced, he walked alone to the village field. Members of the squad stared at him. Andy Ford pinched his arm.

"That's better, Don," he whispered.

Somehow, he had the feeling that Mr. Wall had been watching to see if he would come. But the coach gave him not a word. For fifteen minutes he waited around with nothing to do. Then, when school team and scrub lined up for a scrimmage, he heard his name read off the list just as though he had never been absent. He scampered out to his old place. The scrub tackle nudged him.

"What happened to you? Ted said you had quit."

Donald pretended not to hear. The tackle laughed.

"Don't want to talk about it, do you? Well, I'm glad you're back. That other fellow couldn't give Andy any practice."

The kick-off almost caught Donald asleep. He was thinking. He saw now what helping meant. Playing on the scrub didn't mean that you were useless. It meant that you were fitting the school team for its real games. Why, at that rate, he was Andy Ford's trainer.

With that thought he plunged into the game. He didn't do anything startling, but he did manage to keep Andy on the jump. Once the play swung over toward the side line. He heard Ted Carter's voice:

"Well, you are one fine skate."

Donald's cheeks reddened. He did not look toward the fringe of spectators.

After the practice he found his friend waiting.

"Mr. Weak-knees!" Ted jeered. "I thought you said you were through."

"I was," Donald answered.

"Sure," Ted agreed. "This looks like it, doesn't it?" His eyes ran up and down the dirty uniform. "I'll bet you knew all along you were going back."

"I didn't," cried Don indignantly. "When I quit that time I hadn't stopped to think. A fellow on the scrub is doing his part. He's helping the team. Without the scrub the team couldn't find its stride."

Ted looked at him curiously. "Where did you get that dope?"

"From the scout laws. A scout must be———"

"Yah!" Ted howled in derision. "That's how he hooked you, was it? Go out there now and have Andy make a monkey of you, and get all bruised and battered, and then when a game comes find you're forgotten. Oh, you easy mark."

"Ah, Ted," Donald pleaded, "you don't understand."

"No?" The other boy laughed. "You couldn't get me to belong to a gang like that. Next thing you know they'll be feeding you with a spoon."

"But, Ted———"

"Yah! Run along home or the kidnapper will get you."

Donald longed to make Ted see the matter as he saw it. But Ted swung around and, with a careless, slouching swagger, strolled back toward the field.

Donald, staring after him, was genuinely sorry. Ted had been his friend. Ted had stood for him. He didn't want to lose Ted's good will. But as between standing with Ted Carter or standing with Mr. Wall———

"Gee," he muttered to himself, "I hope Ted won't be sore at me all season."

## How Mr. Heyliger's Great Scout Serial Began

DON STRONG, a thoughtless, careless boy, wants to enter the Chester high school—not to study, but to play football and baseball under Mr. Wall, the Latin teacher, who coaches the teams. Don thinks his sister Barbara wants him sent to work; but the night his father tells him he can have one year at school, he learns that Barbara has been pleading for him.

Alex Davidson, a widow's son, also is ambitious to enter high school. Alex works all summer. Don learns that Alex has twenty dollars saved. Amazed, he goes around to Alex's house for a look at a boy who has saved that much money, and finds Alex wearing a boy scout uniform. He sneers at scouts; but when he learns what a boy must know before he can become a Scout, he turns thoughtful. Later, when he discovers that Mr. Wall is the Scoutmaster, he enters the troop and becomes a member of the Wolf Patrol. He and his sister Barbara have become chums.

Don begins to sweep his father's carpenter shop as his daily good turn. He wants to earn a dollar so he can become a second-class scout. His father offers him a dollar for sweeping the shop. Don is tempted to take the money, but instead he explains that a scout cannot accept pay for a good turn. He vows that he will find a way to earn his dollar.

### CHAPTER IV

*The Ninth Law*

SOON Donald found that playing on the scrub was going to allow him lots of time for other things. Now that Mr. Wall had the school team running nicely, he permitted only one practice scrimmage a week. As a result there were many days when Don lined up with the scrub, ran through signals for ten or fifteen minutes, and was then free.

In some way he had got over his liking for loafing. He wanted to be up and doing. Even the fact that Ted Carter became friendly again did not slow him up. He walked and talked with Ted, but all the time his mind was active with the thought of getting ahead and becoming a second-class scout.

He had learned quite a bit about elementary first aid and bandaging. He had mastered the scout pace. As soon as the football season closed he knew there would be many Saturday hikes, and he felt that he would soon get the knack of starting his own fire and of cooking his rations. He was going to ask Barbara to check him up on the observation test of looking for one minute at a store window. And he was going to earn his dollar.

For the present, however, earning a dollar was his greatest problem. Checked by the cool nights the grass no longer grew luxuriantly. His business of mowing lawns was at an end. He had to find something else to do.

For a week he was in a blind alley that led nowheres. He walked all around town but saw nothing that gave promise of a job. Sometimes Ted walked with him, and sometimes he walked alone.

"Gee!" Ted complained. "You could be sitting down taking things easy."

"Not now," he smiled. Ted wanted to know why, but he did not explain.

Then came the first frost. As though by magic the trees began to go bare. Donald, coming down to breakfast a few mornings later, found Barbara raking the dead leaves from the lawn.

"Here," he called. "Let me do that."

Barbara laughed. "It's fun, Don; I like it. Go in to breakfast."

But Donald took the rake from her hands. "I want practice," he said. "Here's the job I've been looking for." He knew now how he was going to earn his dollar.

That afternoon there was a scrimmage between the school team and the scrub. Donald's heart was set on finding lawns to rake. However, he pushed these thoughts aside and played the best football that was in him. Andy Ford gave him a grin.

"You're speeding up, Don," he said.

Donald mumbled that he knew it. He had not yet entirely recovered from the fact that Andy had beaten him out. On his way home, after the practice, he discovered a lawn thick with leaves and engaged to rake it on the morrow.

Next afternoon Ted sat back and watched him while he worked. But now Donald was used to this and he did not mind. He raked steadily, and at length the lawn was clean. His labor earned him twenty cents.

When he reached home he found Beth flushed and happy. Starting with Monday she was going to work steadily at the bake shop for $3 a week.

"This is going to be a rich family," Barbara laughed. "Beth's got a steady job, and Don is saving."

That night, at Mr. Wall's library, the Scoutmaster suggested something that had never entered Don's head before. It was building bird houses. The spring was still months away, but there was much to be decided—what sort of birds to build houses for, what kind of houses to build.

Donald listened with great interest. The idea of building a house that a bird would live in fired his imagination.

One by one the scouts decided what type of house each would construct.

"How about you, Don?" Mr. Wall asked.

Donald hesitated. "I—I guess I'd like to build a house for a robin. Could I?"

The Scoutmaster smiled. "Nothing easier," he said, and the boy was pleased. He had feared, for a moment, that perhaps robins wouldn't live in a house that somebody built for them.

Before the meeting adjourned Mr. Wall gave him a leaflet that told about bird houses. Donald could scarcely wait to get home to read it. Once in his room he lighted the lamp and began to study hungrily. Before he went to bed he had learned that a house for a robin should be eight inches from roof to floor, and that the floor should be six by eight inches, and that one or more sides should be left open, and that the house should be hung from six to fifteen feet above the ground.

"My me!" he exclaimed as he undressed.

(*Continued on page* 45)

# Over Long-Distance

## Another Dan of the Mountain Story

By F. MOULTON McLANE

Author of "Dan of the Mountain," "With the Aid of the Woodpile," Etc.

OLD JOE vowed that the trail between the valley and his cabin on the mountain-side was getting worn down into a regular sheep-path; and all in two weeks, too.

These two weeks had been full of hurry. The school, when it formally engaged Old Joe as its forest-warden — which it did promptly at Mr. Wallace's recommendation — also demanded that Mr. Bracket start for the woodland at once. They had received information of trespassers there, cutting timber without permission and reckless in building fires. Then, Mr. Wallace, for a good many reasons — among which was the fear that Old Joe might change his mind about Dan — decided to send Bob back to school for the last quarter of the year, April to June; and, he suggested to Old Joe, wouldn't it be a fine time for Dan to begin? Bob wouldn't be near so lonely; Dan could get a good idea of what it was like before beginning a full year's work, and, if he were weak in any particular subject, make it up over the summer.

So Dan's new school clothes were bought, packed in the little cowhide trunk, and left at the parsonage to go when Bob's things went.

Old Joe and Dan closed up the cabin together, and Dan went with his father for the two remaining weeks before the quarter opened, to help make camp and get things settled in Old Joe's new home. Dan was secretly glad of this. More than once he had dreaded the wrench of leaving the little cabin, and the valley and his father; and this arrangement made all that easier, and filled up the last few days with plenty of new and interesting work.

Bob came to Old Joe's camp on his way, and stopped a whole day, before he took Dan away with him to Rockville.

DAN had never dreamed of being homesick, or lonely, after he got to the school. But that proved to be, the first week, the most lonesome place of all.

The number of boys appalled him: the roar between classes, and the din at table, seemed to the mountain-boy almost fearsome. There were endless buildings to be learned, recitation-rooms to be found, rules to get by heart, hours to keep track of— and sharp-voiced instructors to snap at you if you didn't—so that the first week was nothing but a whirl and a confusion.

Bob, who had been there before, of course, stood by him; but Dan didn't like to be a "leaner" and tried to stand on his own feet; and how could he tell Bob, to whom he owed this wonderful chance, that he wanted his companionship in that first lonely week more than he wanted help.

Dan's success in concealing this was so great that it was disastrous. Bob found that Dan got on by himself so well—they had no classes together—that he fell into the way of forgetting about him. And there were so many old chums of Bob's who came and dragged him away to their rooms, that Dan most often found himself alone in what little spare time he had.

Dan didn't make friends readily. There were very few of the boys who hadn't been there all year; so they were already cemented into little cliques and circles; and the few who did notice he was a stranger also noticed that he was under Bob's wing. Dan had the peculiar kind of shyness that seems like aloofness; and several who spoke to him were repulsed by the shortness with which he covered his agony of shyness.

Dan had been afraid they might poke fun at him, as the loungers in the valley store had done. He was rather surprised that he had so far encountered none of that. But one day he was going upstairs to his room when he heard voices ahead of him. The boys talking were hidden by the turn of the stairs; but their voices carried down.

"It's a pity Bob Wallace is tied to that queer new chap," said one.

"His father's a minister. Believe it's some charity of his."

"Ransom was saying he could have roomed with Bob, if it hadn't been for him. Then our crowd would all have been together."

"Too bad. Maybe he won't stay," suggested the other.

DAN stood still, with hot cheeks. So he was, even here, a "queer chap," a "charity" of Bob's father; and he had hoped—how he had hoped—that that sort of thing was to be ended. Was that why Bob had left him to himself so much? He was—ashamed of him?

"Hi, there; hold on. I want you."

It was Bob's voice, from the floor below, shouting to some one. Dan waited, thinking he was calling him—softened by that hearty call, eager to prove himself mistaken. But Bob didn't appear. It was some one else he was calling—of course! Dan climbed slowly upward, with a heavier heart than before.

He paused in the doorway of their room. Though Bob was downstairs, the light was on. In one Morris chair, with feet on the other, as if the room were actually his, sat Ransom—the boy who "could have roomed with Bob if it hadn't been for Dan."

Dan hesitated on the threshold.

"Bob isn't here?" he asked, stupidly; angry at himself for blushing under Ransom's long stare.

"Apparently not," drawled Ransom. "Might look behind the book-case, or under the rug. Come in and make yourself at home."

Ransom unfurled his feet, rose, and sauntered around the room. He stopped before a pencil-map of the school's new land, drawn by Dan himself before he left there.

"Been wondering about this," Ransom pursued, as cheerfully as if Dan were the most cordial of companions. "What's it all about? What is it?"

"It's a map of the school's new land."

"And what are the red crosses for — buried treasure?"

"Where my father's camping. No. 1 is where he was when I left; 2 is where he's camped now."

"Great Scott! If I kept track of my governor's movements with red ink and flourishes, I'd be kept busy! Last month the yacht was at Panama. Next month, I believe, it's to be Brazil. I only bother about it when funds get low. Hullo!" for Dan had opened a book, "are you really going to grind, right in the illumination of my company?"

"Yes," said Dan, bluntly.

"Then will I gracefully withdraw."

He walked jauntily out; but he couldn't resist whirling about at the door and flinging back, "So-long—*son Dan!*"

THE last words brought Dan to his feet. He sprang to the door, just in time to hear other voices.

"Bob up there?" asked some one.

"No," came Ransom's drawl. "Only *son Dan—salubrious son Dan!*"

Dan shut the door quickly, and snapped off the light. *That* confirmed a suspicion. He dropped into a chair to think.

Since his arrival he had received one letter from his father. A queer letter it was, written with a cramped hand long unused to a pen, and in strange, stilted English, that didn't sound at all as Old Joe talked. Dan had been grateful for it—he could guess how much labor it must have cost his father—yet he slipped it out of sight quickly. Not for worlds would he have had any one see it—not even Bob.

It began, "Son Dan," "hoped his health

was sallubreeus," and "begged to inform him that of the writer was the same." It went on with the details of his new camp; gave Dan minute directions as to the care of his clothing; and hoped Dan would "speak up smart and show them all what a mountain-boy was like."

One day Dan missed his letter. He worried considerably about it; he didn't want any of the boys to find it. But the next day he found it stuck with a pin on the pin-cushion. He thought then that one of the cleaning-women had found and restored it. He hoped none of the boys had found it. Ransom's quotation proved that *he* at least had seen it—and if this much of it, then all of it. Dan's cheeks burned with wounded pride. He hated Ransom—supercilious Ransom, with his yachting father, and his silk socks, and white hands with rings. He had read the letter, had told the other fellows about it—had come to his room just to make fun of him more—

And where was Bob? Not that Dan would talk it over with him if he were there—but—— Wouldn't it be *comfortable* to have him at least to talk to——

A ringing crescendo of song came from the big hall below. Dan had forgotten they all gathered Monday nights around the crackling, open fire, to sing school songs. That was where Bob was. He hadn't thought to come for Dan! Now they were singing that school song where the fellows stood up and put their hands on each others' shoulders at the last verse—

"'Shoulder to shoulder, dear Alma Mater,'"

they sang. Everybody was there but Dan. Why didn't Bob *see* he wasn't there.

Dan took a restless tramp around the room. He wished he were there singing with them; but he couldn't go down now, and break into that roomful of strangers. It was too late—just as everything was too late with him. It was too late for him to try to go to school—Bob had better have left him to stay.

"Wisht I *was*—back home—with pap," he whispered, softly; and then — "'Tain't far; jes' a night in the cars. . . . *I* don't care ef I don't never learn nothin'. . . . Ef it makes me like Ransom I'd druther not." Dan's face hardened with a new resolution. "Train leaves at midnight. . . . Fare's five dollars. . . . I've got enough—*I will!*"

DAN always said he would know a camp of his father's if he stumbled upon it in China. The new camp was no exeeption: the familiar old tent, with the patch on the weathen-beaten canvas—the trim clearing—the fire laid just as Dan had seen it laid a hundred times: a lump came into Dan's throat as he realized how homesick he *had* been for all he had left behind: not the least of all the big figure that just now came swinging down the trail.

Old Joe stopped short when he saw Dan.

"Pap—I've come——" began the boy.

"So I see," said Old Joe, curtly. "How comes it ye *are* here when school's keepin'?"

Dan flushed and wriggled; Old Joe's shaggy eyebrows nearly met, as he gazed on the hesitating figure before him.

"Run away from school, eh?"

"Ye-es—s'pose I did——"

"What fur?" came the blunt interruption.

Dan's eyes apparently sought for the answer on the ground at his feet.

"Got into trouble and run away from it?"

Now, Dan was glad he could lift his head and answer firmly, "No, pap."

"Then, what?"

Dan cast his eyes downward again.

"Le' me stay with you, pap. I—doan want t' go back—never!"

Dan's voice quivered a bit. Old Joe heard the quiver, guessed a few things, and made his own voice three shades gruffer.

"What manner o' foolishness! Well, I 'lowed this *might* happen," he said emphatically, "but I swar I didn't think it would."

"You thought——"

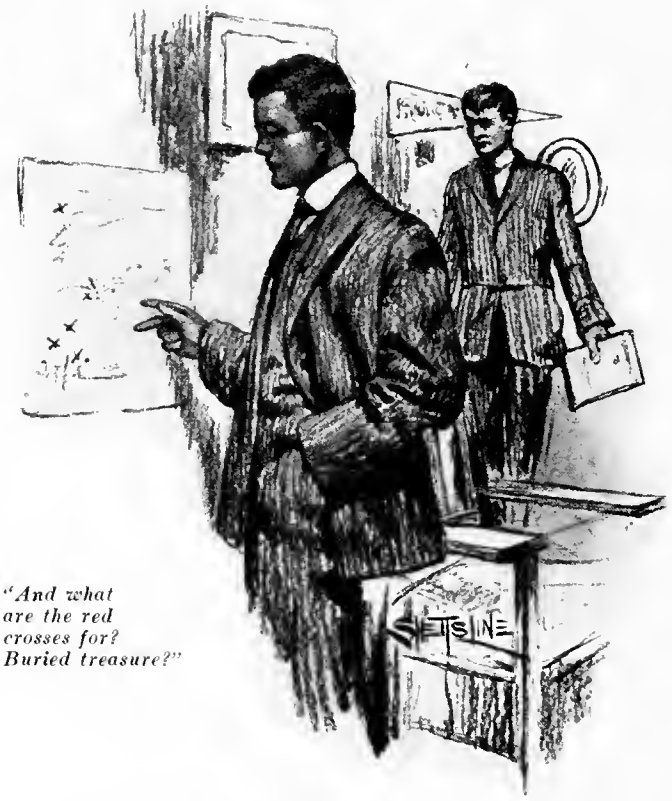
"Why, can't keep up in yer books, that's what I thought. So ye've found out ye're a dumb-head now, hev ye?"

"No—'tain't that," answered Dan, rather surprised and hurt at this view of things.

"Then what in time's the matter? Out with it."

But it didn't come out. Instead, Dan heaved a big sigh. It all seemed so silly to tell, here in the big forest, to that waiting figure that even now began shifting uneasily.

Dan wished—how Dan wished—he hadn't been so foolish as to run away!



*"And what are the red crosses for? Buried treasure?"*

*"Dan!"* came the warning reminder, in Old Joe's sharpest voice. "Come! I cayn't wait all day. What's th' matter with ye?" He laid a hand on Dan's shoulder, and shook it ever so slightly. "Speak up, I say! Mind!"

"It's all—so strange, somehow—an' diffrunt," burst out Dan, at last.

"*Is* it, now?" quote Old Joe, sarcastically.

"Do ye 'member th' kitten that come to us one day—that jes' walked round an' mewed—an' we tried t' pet her——"

"Makes ye think o' that, does it?" Old Joe's eyes twinkled, for he had found the trouble now. "Well, th' diffrunce is, if she'd been jes' shet up a day, an' *not* fussed over, she'd 'a' made herself t' hum, 'stead o' runnin' off an' never gettin' back."

Dan's eye sought Old Joe's inquiringly; but the twinkle had already vanished.

"Go on," commanded Old Joe.

"Th' fellers—they're diffrunt——"

"How?" interrupted Old Joe, jealously.

"*I* dunno. . . . They don't like me——"

"Well, let 'em lump ye, then. What's that to you?"

"An' I don't like them. They make fun o'—me." Not for worlds would Dan have hinted at the story of the Son Dan letter; and he checked himself just in time.

"Tell 'em t' make fun o' *me*, then, fer a change." Old Joe saw the red mount suddenly to Dan's cheek, made a shrewd guess, and, therefore, added, with a laugh, "'Twun't hurt *me* none, I reckon. Go on."

"They say"—Dan's voice was desperate now—"what a shame it is—for Bob—t' be tied t' me. . . . They say—what good times—them an' Bob could have, ef *I* wasn't there. . . . I doan like—t'—git Bob—made fun of, an' felt sorry for, 'cause I'm there." He faltered, and then ended in a rush, to get it all out.

Old Joe thought a moment.

"Well, I'm glad it ain't at all that y'r homesick—fer y'r ole pap——"

"O, pappy!" The last thing Dan would have owned—the first thing that had moved him to seek Old Joe as a refuge. He looked up with all this shining in his eyes. Old Joe looked away quickly, cleared his throat, and went on, after a bit of a pause.

"Now, then. Did *Bob* say any o' this?"

"No, pap; o' co'se not."

"Did he ever *act* it—or *look* it?"

"O, no!"

"Treated ye white, hain't he?"

"Yes, sirree, he has," answered Dan, heartily.

Old Joe gazed at him for a full minute.

"How've you treated him?"

Dan gulped. "I——" he began. But Old Joe swept on:

"Here he's been th' best kind of a friend t' yer; got me this chanst t' be more'n a squatter; got you this chanst t' go t' th' best kind of a school, fer nothin'. An' not only that, but shares his room with ye. Is he th' kind would done it ef he hadn't wanted to? And here, just because ye feel like a cat in a strange garret the fust week—you, that have never been away from yer own doorsill—because some low-down trash in silk socks talks about ye t' some other trash—ye *run away* from it—leave him without a

(*Continued on page* 14.)

—"Spots" was overboard before the canoe touched . . . to be the first to tell.

# The Ghost Hunters

By JOHN HENRY SKEEN

Illustrated by E. A. FURMAN

*THERE is a famous story of a gunner who carelessly let a cannon break loose on a ship at sea. Afterward, with great skill and courage, he secured the gun, saving the ship and his comrades' lives at the risk of his own life. His General said:*

*"Courage ought to be rewarded and negligence punished."*

*He conferred the cross of St. Louis on the man and then ordered him to be shot.*

*This is the story of three scouts who disobeyed, and what came of it.*

"'MEMBER that old house of Warfield's across the bay in the black pine grove?" asked Tenderfoot "Spots."

"Sure," replied Second-class Bill, gruffly; "we've poked all through it many a time."

First-class Ed, with the added dignities of service stripes, merit badges and patrol leader's bars, did not join in. The three crawled into their tent and began to undress, talking in undertones, for the camp patrol was abroad. Spots' whisper was awe-struck.

"When I paddled over there the night Stuffy was lost, I saw—I've been kind of afraid to tell about it—but—there was a red light flashed up all of a sudden, and something that looked like a man, real black in the window—the one you can see from the bay, you know. An' then the light disappeared. An'—an' we *know* there's nobody in there!"

"Aw, forget that," sneered Ed," "you saw a red sunset or a hobo's camp fire, and got scared."

"Didn't get scared!" retorted Spots indignantly. "No more scared than you or Bill 'd been!" This was a sweeping claim, for the other two were scouts of proven courage, and Spots had his spurs yet to win.

"Dare you right now to go over there!"

"Keep cool, tenderfoot," broke in Bill. "Ed, let's do it tomorrow night, all go together. Want to go, Spots?"

The freckled-faced boy, who answered gladly to this name, wavered. "You fellows didn't see what I saw," he answered slowly. Then in a moment, his mouth hardened. "I'll go," he said.

*REVEILLE!* Followed by a chorus of sleepy grunts and groans, and the usual cries—"Rotten! Get a bugler!" and such. After setting-up drill, the long, towel-draped line straggles down to the beach, with water funks sneaking out and being nabbed by the watchful Scoutmasters; the breathless plunge into the water, racing on the hard wet sand, rub-down, sketchy toilettes, mess-call, breakfast—and the day in camp is begun.

Spots was assigned, with Dirty Duffy and Hunks Humphreys, to go for the mail. This share, at least, of the camp work was sought after. It brought an hour's canoe trip and shore leave in the summer colony nearby, with possibilities of cakes, pickles and ice-cream sodas, if the pocket money held out. This privilege was given in turn to those who had failed to fall from grace during three days, more enduring virtue not being in the nature of boy.

"I give you pass, and you go—now," said the Director, in his even voice, "and you come back by eleven, sure-lee, because we will all be wanting our home letters," and he pushed their canoe off with his foot, and stood watching them beneath his hand—this son of the savage Sioux, with his grave and polished manner, his correct English speech, a wise and kindly philosopher.

"MAIL! MAIL!" yelled Two-Bits from the pier where he could see the flashing paddles of the returning canoe. "Mail!" shouted Canute Nilson, the Great Dane, from the headquarters porch. The whole camp swarmed to the beach.

Spots was overboard before the canoe touched, at imminent risk of danger to all on board, splashing through the shallows to be the first to tell.

"Gee, Chief, there was a big robbery over at Royal Oak!" he said breathlessly. "We heard all about it an' went to see the place!"

The approach of the mail bearers was usually the beginning of wild commotion, with all manner of schemes to wheedle letters and packages from them before the appointed time of distribution, and sudden bosom friendships, based on a rumor that Crazy Horse would receive candy or a cake from home; but to-day these are forgotten. The Director, with an experienced hand, impounded all the mail, and said: "We will hear what you say, and then we will have the mail. Be brief; an Indian is brief and exact with his news."

Spots ran on eagerly.

"Mr. Harrison's house was broken into—that big house on the point, you know, and they got all his silver, an' tried to shoot Tom Harrison, 'cause he heard 'em and went down stairs with his gun an' he thinks he hit one—"

"That's right," chimed in Hunks, "we saw the bloody footprints on the porch, an' the place where they sawed through the shutter. They got away, an' nobody knows who did it!"

"Chief," Ed blurted out, "let's get up a

poss—a what-d'ye-call-it, an' hunt them down!"

The Director smiled. "I know it would be fun," he replied, "but we are not here for that. We have a busy day."

BEFORE it was quite dark, the stirring notes of "Assembly" rang through the camp, and caused a scurry of preparation. All day long, each after his own fashion, the three had been in a turmoil of excitement over the adventure planned for the night, though outwardly bearing an unconcerned demeanor worthy of the Director himself. Bill was the only one who had made plans; he was the designer of enterprises, recognized by the other conspirators as such.

"We'll take our flashlights and some rope, and wear sneakers," he ordered, "an' Spotsy, you get the paddles from the office and hide 'em good down by the wharf, an' we'll take the little canoe."

Two-Bits, going from tent to tent, stuck his head through the flap, and called "All come to council!"

"All right!" yelled Spots, and fired a shoe at the head, which disappeared just in time. The three wrapped themselves in their blankets, and strolled to campfire. "We can roll these up, an' hide 'em in the woodpile when we go," whispered Bill.

Tremors crawled along Spots' backbone. He looked at the fire, which seemed to form a magic globe of light, enclosing all safety, comfort and good-fellowship; at the circle of blanketed forms around it; and at the formidable upstanding figure of the Director in his Sioux war bonnet. Then he glanced at the sky, where a heavy cloud bank was lowering from off the bay, blotting out the stars. He wondered if Ed and Bill felt what he felt, but he said nothing. The boys lay down at the outer edge of the big circle.

Campfire was great that night. There were thrilling detective stories, wrestling, Irish jokes, songs that quieted them. At the end, the Director said:

"That is all. We had a grand day; now to sleep. The guard will wake these," pointing to some small figures who had already succumbed, "not kicking them, but gently. Then in ten minutes 'Taps.' Good-night."

ED, Bill and Spots melted into the darkness. They met at the woodpile and stowed their blankets there. They could see the lanterns of the guard bobbing about at the upper end of the camp street. It was the duty of the guard, beside repelling pigs and horses and watching for sleepwalkers, to make hourly rounds (as long as they stayed awake), and account for the boats.

"We'll lay low here till they pass," said Ed. Soon the patrol passed quite close. "Go count the boats, will you, Kack?" said Crazy Horse, the corporal, to his curly-haired aide. Kack returned promptly. "Six rowboats, three canoes, and the Sea Scout anchor light burning, all O. K.," he reported.

"All right," said Crazy Horse, "guess we won't have to look at 'em any more to-night."

"Chief's orders—look at 'em every round," retorted the conscientious Kack, and they went off arguing.

"*Now!*" hissed Ed, and they slipped down to the beach. Swiftly and silently they slid the canoe into the water; then they were gliding across the black still surface, noiselessly as a shadow. Behind them the campfire cast a faint red glow upon the trees.

Folly Quarter, the haunted house, was on White Sister island, which was uninhabited, and faced with a broad white beach toward the sea. It was an exposed and weatherbeaten shore, where ships had been wrecked. The house had been begun in the grand manner by one of the last men of an old colonial family fifty years before to receive his bride. The marriage was never made, and the house was never finished. The first floor had been roofed over, but the walls ended in jagged outlines of brick and stone. Piles of weathered lumber, and great cubes of granite littered the grounds, with weeds and mould crawling over them, and haunted by sleek snakes. The dismal ruin and its materials blackened and rotted together. A melancholy avenue of gloomy firs led to the door.

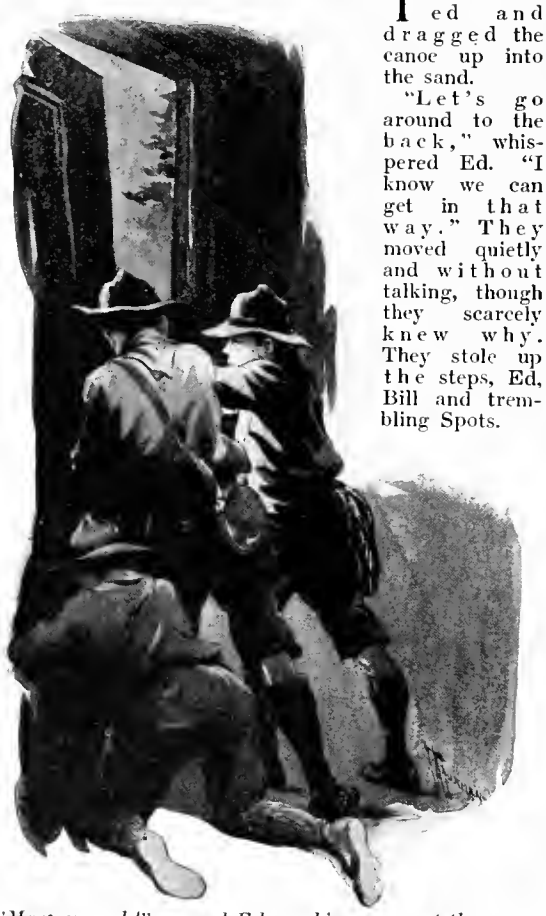
"We're right now; I see the house. We better go quiet," said Bill, as he swung the canoe toward the strip of white beach.

"Aw, what d' you want to be quiet for?" blustered Ed. And then, after thinking an instant, "You—you don't think there's anybody here, do—do you, Bill?"

"Don't know," returned matter-of-fact Bill shortly. "We're here to see."

THEY landed and dragged the canoe up into the sand.

"Let's go around to the back," whispered Ed. "I know we can get in that way." They moved quietly and without talking, though they scarcely knew why. They stole up the steps, Ed, Bill and trembling Spots.



*"'Most enough!" gasped Ed, pushing away at the gap.*

"Easy, now," said Bill, with his lips to Ed's ear, "that latch 'll make a racket."

"It didn't," answered Ed softly, and thrust his fingers under Bill's nose. Bill sniffed a strong reek of fresh coal oil.

"Holy Cats!" he burst out, but he kept his voice low; "Somebody's been here. Don't let on to Spots. No lights!"

They were inside now, feeling their way along the wall, step by step in the blackness. Spots spoke in a strange voice.

"Bill, it don't smell right in here. 'Member how musty it was before? An' how thick the dust was? Feel on the floor!"

Bill stooped and rubbed his hand over the boards. The dust of years, which had covered the floor like a carpet, was gone.

"Draft blew it off, I guess," whispered Bill boldly, but in his own mind he was not sure.

"It does smell funny, though, like— What's the matter, Ed?"

Ed had emitted a queer stifled grunt, and instantly fell heavily to the floor.

"I tripped over something," he muttered. "It's *alive!*"

Bill dropped beside Ed, and feeling blindly around, put his hand on a great warm hairy body, shaken with great throbs. He jumped. "Gee, what is it?" he stammered. "Got to have a light!"

Spots flashed a bright circle on the floor. An enormous ugly white bulldog lay sprawling at their feet, in an unnatural posture that was neither of life nor death. It was gasping for breath. Cold thrills shot through the boys as they stared.

"He—he ain't dead!" said Bill stupidly.

"He ain't asleep," returned Ed, in an awed voice, "'cause I fell on him hard enough to wake a mule. . . . What're we going to do? My head aches!"

"Keep on—see it through," said Bill grimly. "If we can get out of this room, there's a long hall that runs right through to the front door an' then—"

The circle of light around the dog wavered a little and then went out; they heard Spots' flashlight fall on the floor.

"Where's Spots?" broke in Ed's frightened voice. Bill flashed his light. The tenderfoot had sunk down and lay helpless, his head rolling from side to side, fighting for breath. Both boys noticed his freckles stood out on his white face.

"Quick! Quick!" hissed Ed. "It's the air here—something wrong—my head's spinning."

Bill wasted no words. He unhooked the coil of rope from his belt, knotted a bowline around Spots' heaving chest, and passed the end of the rope to Ed, who was in front.

"Down—it's not so bad near the floor, and crawl out," he said.

So they did, dragging Spots behind them; and when they had got into the passage Bill closed the door of the frightful room and threw himself on the floor, sucking in the cool fresh air of the hall in great gulps.

"That was pretty bad! Thought I couldn't hold out . . . All right now—let's 'tend to Spots 'an get out," he said.

Spots had recovered consciousness. They splashed water from the canteen on his face and chest; they helped him to breathe by pressing on the small of his back; and after a few minutes' rest, he declared himself quite ready to return to camp. They tip-toed down the long hall toward the front door, the boards crack-

(*Continued on page* 32)

# The Moonshiners in the Jungle

By WALTER WALDEN

Illustrated by Norman P. Rockwell.

Chapter VII (Cont.)

THE black mass stopped near the still. A fire soon blazed, and life drove away the dead of the place. We lay on our stomachs in the thicket, chins on hands, and gazed and listened. I felt a bit ashamed of the joy in my heart.

Uncle Bill examined the inside of the mash barrels, holding a pine torch, while Bat Mason chunked the fire under the boiler.

"Looky here, you 'tarnal, spavin' jinks! You ben a-settin' another barrel o' mash. Six nights has got to finish."

"Alright," growled Bat, still poking at the fire. "Here's hopin' the tarnation old widder don't hev' no more spells till then. I reckon next you an' your ol' woman'll be settin' up a hospital fer sickly old widders."

"I reckon thet'd be a right smart more honester bizness than this 'ere we-all is at jest now," said Uncle Bill. "I shore am more convicted than ever thet thar preacher knowed what he was a-talkin' 'bout. This here ain't——"

"You certain' has ben havin' nightmares 'bout thet black-coat," interrupted Bat.

"I shore ain't fergittin' what he said."

As I lay there and listened I gloried in Uncle Bill's talk. I promised myself, sometime, to repeat his words to the minister. My conscience troubled me to think of the trick I was preparing to play him. But I thought of the revenue officer, Joseph DeLong, coming, possibly in three or four days; and Uncle Bill would not be through with his moonshining for another week, according to his own words. And then, too, by that time he might have "backslided." Thus I satisfied my conscience.

We continued to listen and watch the operations at the still for near two hours, till, in spite of the interest, our eyes grew heavy, and we nudged one another and began to crawl out to the canoe.

We were in pretty good spirits on the way back.

"I thought they'd come back," said James.

"I'm glad, after all, that they did," I said; "and I'm glad they don't come any more till it's good and dark."

*"The hand swayed slowly and menacingly. Then a terrific roar split the air of the grotto."*

The call of the hoot-owl weirdly entertained us as we moved slowly down the creek in the eerie blackness. Were it not for an occasional glimpse of the stars through the leafy roof over the creek, we might easily have imagined ourselves moving down some mysterious subterranean stream.

When at last we approached our camp, a whip-poor-will had set up his song. After crawling into my blankets I lay and listened to his peculiar song. I remember it filled me with a sweet melancholy. I have never heard that bird except in some quiet, lonely and dark place in the forest. And how sweet the tones!

"Whip-poor-will-ll; whip-poor-will-ll."

It was the last sound I heard that night.

I must have slept peacefully. I know I slept long; for the tropic sun was sending sharp rays between the palms when I sat up suddenly, feeling a drop of cool water on my face.

James Howatt stood over me, smiling broadly, a cup of water extended, a-tilt, in his hand.

"Don't you want to put the rest of this water inside your face?" he said.

I drank it and was refreshed. I jumped to my feet.

"Hurray! Tonight is the circus!" I shouted.

James caught the infection, seized a palm-fan and a stick, and went prancing among the trees, clad only in his shirt. Pounding his imaginary drum, he called:

"Hear ye! 'gators, owls, and whip-poor-wills! Great open-air show tonight, at the fork! Fireworks—and the mysterious hand! A real earthquake, and the eruption of Vesuvius! Hear ye! Admission free!"

While our breakfast was cooking, we whetted a keener edge to our appetites by dancing around the fire in imitation of a pair of Indians. But after the meal our gay mood gave way to the more serious matter of our preparations.

We took stock of our materials and tools, to make sure nothing had been forgotten, before it should be too late to go home for any missing necessaries.

We thought ahead, going over all details of the setting of our stage, up to and including the final "touch-off," and found no cause for a hitch. We examined my box to see that the electric lamps were intact and the wiring O. K. Then we tested the pasteboard arm, and found it would respond properly to a movement of the box. I stretched the tissue-paper over the open end, and we put it aside till it should be needed.

Chapter VIII

*The "Great Open-Air Show" in the Jungle*

AN hour before noon we paddled up to the still to reconnoiter—to make sure the coast was clear, and the results of our work the day before undiscovered and otherwise intact.

We found all as we wished. The moon-

shiners had screened the still again, left the barrels of mash as they were, and demijohns of corn whiskey stood in their hiding-place in the edge of the thicket. So we floated back to camp and made our dinner. Over the meal we discussed the order of proceedure for the afternoon's work.

"Do you think there is any danger of Bat Mason going in there any time before dark?" asked James.

"No," I answered, "——but then he might, possibly. How long will it take you to set the charge?"

"It might take a couple of hours, but it won't take long to connect up the wires," he answered.

"Then suppose we get the charge fixed early, and wait till the last thing to connect up," I said.

"That will be the thing," said he. "And I can bury the wire running from the inner end of our path to the still, so it will be ready."

We put my box and the keg of powder into the canoe and were soon again at the foot of our secret path. The box we carried in and put in hiding at the foot of the tree in which it was to be hung, near the inner end of the moonshiners' lane. We dragged the powder-keg in to the still.

The palmetto screen removed, we found the barrel holding the copper worm already drained of its water. Then James set to work with chisel and hammer, to cut open the copper coil, some way from its lower end.

I set myself to watch, down in the lane, against the possible coming of Bat Mason. James's pounding could be heard some distance, and I prayed at each stroke as it came that it would be the last.

But finally the pounding ceased and there came a low whistle from James. I hurried back to find he had made two openings, a foot apart. We filled the lower end of the worm with sand—up to the lower cut, which he wound tight with wire. Then into the upper hole he poured powder, filling nearly the foot of tube. He thrust in a small electric fuse, allowing the wires to hang out, and packed in sand on top. He wound wire tight around this cut as well.

"There!" he said, viewing the result; "there's ten inches of a charge in that worm. That thing will be put out of business, sure, when it goes off."

Then he turned to the boiler, whose coffee-pot-looking cap he removed. I put myself again on guard in the lane, while James threw into the boiler a layer of sand. When he called me again, he had another fuse thrust into the keg of powder.

"Now, if you'll help me a moment," he said, "we'll get this into the boiler."

With a little puffing and sweating, that mass of thunder and destruction was let down into the copper vessel. He got it pushed over to one side of the boiler by dint of much prying with a stick.

THEN came a tedious shoveling-in of sand, of which the moonshiners had provided an abundance in the digging of their well. When at last the cover was set on there showed only a pair of insulated wires, hanging out, to a point in the heart of the volcano within, waiting the spark of life—short life, but awful!

Then we dug a shallow trench from the end of our path to the still, and in it laid and covered the extension of wires that came from the cells at the foot of our nest-oak, down the lane.

We had left, now, only to place my magic-box and connect up the wires; and that must wait till the last hour. So we returned again in the canoe to our camp, and prepared a hearty meal, which bolstered us for the strain that was to come.

The sun was already sunk to peering through the tops of the trees, when we were again beside the still. James made connection of the wires; and, following back to the cells, he made sure that nowhere was there bare wires in contact. Then he climbed the tree to see that the ends of wire were safely separate, before making the wires fast to the zincs and carbons of the cells.

THEN came my turn. After connecting the wires to the box, James climbed the live-oak, close to the inner end of the lane, and crawled out on a great limb that overhung the roadway. I threw him a rope and he hauled up my box, with the Japanese chimes dangling beneath. The chimes are mere strips of glass, hanging in circular clusters, so that slight agitation will cause them to strike one another, with a musical tinkle resulting.

James regulated the box under my direction, till it was suspended in good view from a position at the creek end of the lane. Then I had him hang Spanish moss at the sides and above, thus largely masking the real identity of the contrivance. Darkness would do the rest.

Next, the light of wire that ran from the box to the electric battery, was carried up to our nest and made fast, so that I might have this means of getting motion in the box in the distant tree, and thus play the chimes.

All was now ready, signals arranged, and each knowing his work. We climbed to the moss-screened nest in our oak, each taking his pair of bare wire-ends — and waited.

Dusk was coming rapidly on; yet we knew we should have perhaps an hour to wait. The air was quiet; there was scarcely a rustle in the leaves. The palms stood silent guard over the still, in beyond the box where it hung over the lane. While yet there was dim light lingering in the open places, I heard the whistle of a rabbit; and, from far down the creek there came the bellowing of an alligator.

Then presently I was a bit startled by the hooting of the owl. He seemed to be back by the still.

"Wha-wha-wha; wha-wha-wha; wha-whoo-o-o-o-o-oa!"

An interval—again:

"Wha-wha-wha; wha-wha-wha; wha-whoo-o-o-o-o-oa!"

An interval, and then:

"Wha-wha-wha; wha-wha-wha; wha-whoo-o-o-o-o-oa!"

That gloomy bird disconcerted me. His song — or, rather, call — had an ominous quality. He kept it up, with intervals of dead silence, while the darkness seemed to my imagination full of black flying things. There may have been bats.

James, just below me, made no sound but his gentle breathing. I could just make out the box as a denser black mass hanging under the oak up the lane.

Then, just as the owl finished one measure of his melancholy night poem, I thought I heard the creak of the wagon.

"Hist!" I said to James.

Then came more creaking. The owl began his "wha-wha-wha" again, and when it ceased for the interval, I could hear the horse splashing through the water.

I pulled gently on my wires to the box—my heart throbbed with excitement as the chimes "tinkled." I must have inadvertently caused the ends of the wires to touch just as the horse's head came to the opening of the lane, for the light flashed in the box, and the horse snorted in fear, and I could hear splashing, and Uncle Bill calling, "Whoa!" and the scraping of the wheel on the wagon.

The horse must have turned the wagon and all clear around. There was mumbled cursing beyond the thicket; then for some moments all was still.

The owl's call came again in the eerie blackness. Then came a splashing in the water again, and the voices of Uncle Bill and Bat Mason. They had left the frightened horse without, and were coming afoot.

*"I set myself to watch, down in the lane."*

"Hit must 'a' be'n a' 'gator," said Uncle Bill.

"Or a rattler," suggested Bat.

Trembling, my heart pounding, I set the chimes under the box atinkling again.

"What's thet!" came from the startled Uncle Bill.

They crept slowly forward.

KEEPING up a rhythmic pull on the box, I set the two ends of wire together. The light flashed up. And there, within the frame of Spanish moss, showed a dark hand in the milky-white light. The hand swayed slowly and menacingly, and the chimes continued to tinkle.

Not a sound came from the transfixed moonshiners in the lane.

(*Continued on page* 12)

# The Great Scout Snipe Hunt

By WALTER SPENCE

Author of "The Haunted Hollow."

"JUST wait till we get this camp set up, 'Boney,'" said "Spuds" Grant as he drove deep into the sod a corner peg for the big wall tent, "and we'll all go on a snipe hunt. It's easy to ketch 'em on a dark night."

"Never heard of hunting snipes in the dark," replied "Boney" Brown, a Tenderfoot, who was having his first camping experience as a member of Troop ——, of P——, Ill. "I don't see how a fellow can see to shoot 'em at night—and besides we haven't any guns in camp."

"Well, you certainly are a tenderfoot!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Don't you know that folks don't hunt snipes with guns? Huh! you've got a lot to learn. But I guess I might as well begin to teach you. It takes a lot of people to catch snipes at night. First you rig up a big net and set it up between two stones or two logs with one end open. One fellow holds a draw string to close the net and the rest of the bunch goes through the woods whacking the bushes and driving the snipes into the net. You see snipes don't like to fly at night for fear of bumping their heads on the trees, so they run along the ground ahead of the whackers."

"Are the snipes thick around here?" innocently queried Boney.

"Thick as grass. Come over here," he added, leading the way to the edge of the wooded hill on which the tents were pitched and pointing down the picturesque valley of the Vermillion river. "See that deep ravine just across the river? Last year we caught 'most a hundred snipes down there in one drive!"

DURING the whole of the day and evening snipe hunting was the principal topic of conversation in camp and the next day Boney was impatient to go in quest of the game and so at the dinner hour it was all arranged and each Scout was assigned his part in the hunt. The deep ravine which Spuds had pointed out to Boney was selected as just the very place to set the snare for the snipes. Boney was chosen to stay by the snare and be ready to close it tight as soon as it was full of birds. Jimmy Mason volunteered to guard the camp, a sacrifice which was astonishing to those who knew how fond he was of snipe-hunting.

After dinner the boys retired to their tents or to shady nooks to read or talk, and Jimmy and Boney were left "to do the dishes."

"It's a measly shame," muttered Jimmy, as he scraped the frying pan with his jack-knife.

"What's a shame?" asked Boney.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all. By the way, Boney, did you ever go snipe hunting?"

"No. Never had a chance. Did you?"

"Yes, once."

"I'll bet it was fun!"

"Oh, yes, pretty good fun, I guess. But come over here away from the tents so the fellows won't hear me and I'll tell you some things about snipe-hunting that the other boys neglected to mention."

*Fixing the "Man"*

Jimmy hung the frying-pan in the sun to dry and led the way to a shady spot beneath a big oak where the two boys sat down and talked quietly while engaging in a game of mumble-the-peg.

They were still engaged in earnest conversation when the other boys started for the river for their daily swim.

"Come on, Boney, come on Jimmy," called Spuds.

"Can't go," replied Jimmy. "Got to stay and help Boney fix the apparatus for the snipe hunt tonight."

As soon as the crowd had disappeared down the path the stay-at-homes hurried to Jimmy's tool chest. Jimmy was the camp carpenter and it was his duty to keep all the rough camp furniture in repair. Out of the chest he took several tools, a coil of wire and stout cord, and the two boys hurried down the trail in the direction of the bridge which spanned the river and which the hunting party would cross that night on their way to the ravine where the snipes were to be caught.

THE path they followed soon led them into the highway. Beside the road some enterprising merchant had put up an advertisement in the form of a huge wooden man with outstretched arms. Jimmy, with the aid of his staff, climbed up on the figure and Boney handed tools to him as he called for them. It took only a few minutes to extract some of the screws in the arms so that each arm was held by only one screw. Cords were then attached so that the arms could be raised or lowered by someone standing on the ground. Next Jimmy called for his brace and bit and bored a hole right through the head of the wooden man straight between his eyes. It took considerable work with his knife to make the hole large enough to insert his flashlight, but this feat was accomplished. From the ground Boney could press the button with his staff. Replacing the flashlight in his pocket, Jimmy climbed down and the boys proceeded down the highway.

Not far from the bridge the road forked, the other branch leading out to the other side of their camp. Here stood an old-fashioned signboard in the form of a cross. Jimmy was too good a scout to mutilate a public signboard but he thought it would do no harm to change it for a few hours. So he removed the board and in its place put two boards fastened with a single nail and provided with cords like the arms of the wooden man.

They turned back by the other road, following this till they came to a by-path leading towards the camp. Jimmy led the way up through a grove of oaks and stopped beside a great white oak standing close to the path. The tree was hollow with a large hole on the side opposite the trail. Jimmy took out his brace and bit and proceeded to bore several holes in the tree, until the light shone through. He completed the job with his jack-knife and then drove a nail on the inside just above the auger holes. "That is to hang the lantern on," he explained.

By the time the other boys returned from the swimming hole the two boys were back in camp intent upon their work of inserting a puckering cord in the big minnow net which it had been decided to use in the snipe hunt.

WHEN it was dark, the snipe hunters started out on their expedition. The night was just right for such business. There was no moon, and a haze half obscured the light from the stars. Not a breeze stirred and the silence of the night was broken only by the cries of crickets and katydids, and occasionally the distant call of the whippoorwill. The procession passed over the bridge and entered the dark forest.

The scouts proceeded silently until they came to the head of the ravine a mile or more from the bridge. The snare was carefully set at the most strategic location, and so disposed that a snipe could neither go under nor around it. And Boney, concealed behind a great boulder, took hold of the cord with which he was to close the snare when the birds were all in. They left him there alone and disappeared in the darkness.

A few minutes later a shadowy figure crept out from behind the boulder and sped down the dark road towards the bridge. It was Boney deserting his post of duty at the snare. He could hear the boys

beating the bushes and shooing the snipes towards the ravine, but he tarried not nor stood on the order of his going.

Spuds Grant emerged cautiously from the woods fifteen minutes later, stepping carefully so as not to break a twig, and waited under a big elm tree at the end of the bridge. Soon another boy appeared, and then another, and still another. Could it be that they, too, like Boney, had lost interest in the snipe hunt?

"Are we all here?" whispered Spuds.

"All except Boney," came the response, accompanied by a subdued snicker from the group. "He's back there in the ravine waiting for the snipes. Gosh, won't he be scared stiff when he finds out he's all alone in the woods!"

"Let's start for camp," suggested Spuds, and the hunters started back across the bridge. When they came to the fork they turned to the left.

"Where's the path?" asked Spuds.

"Just beyond the wooden man," answered "Fat" Murrey.

"And where the dickens is that?" said Spuds.

"Just ahead. I see it between us and the sky."

They all looked, and there, outlined against the sky, only a few yards from them was the figure of a huge man.

SUDDENLY the man raised his long arms and waved them up and down. And the same moment a beam of light shot out from his forehead, which fairly blinded them. It was a fearful apparition, a veritable Cyclops, returned to earth. With cries of terror the scouts turned and fled back down the road. As they glanced back it appeared that the apparition with its flashing eyes of fire was pursuing them, and they fled the faster.

Another surprise awaited them.

At the fork where once stood a friendly guide post now stood a tall spectre with white ribs and grinning teeth and eyes that glowed like fox-fire, and it was waving its bony arms. There was a momentary halt, but only for a moment. A wild, weird ghostly cry from the rear fell upon their ears, and they dashed by this new terror and sped up the road to the right.

WHAT a race they ran! The Marathon runners were outdone. They were scattered out along the hillside. Spuds, being long-legged, led the way, while Fat Murrey brought up the rear. Spuds sped like a wild deer up the by-path and plunged into the woods. But suddenly he stopped. The other boys came puffing up and gathered around him in a frightened group, as they peered into the darkness of the grove.

"There it is," he whispered hoarsely, "don't you see? Right there, by the path."

They looked and saw it—a fiery face peering at them out of the darkness, with crimson eyes, and nose and mouth. Just then an owl hooted in a tree overhead, and the thoroughly terrified boys jumped from the path and went smashing through the brush directly away from camp. It was a case of each man for himself, as they charged wildly through the woods stumbling over boulders and fallen logs in the inky darkness. The noise of the stampede added to their terror.

As the sound of their wild flight grew faint in the distance two figures stepped from behind a big oak tree close to the trail and started in the direction of camp.

"Gee for jerks, but didn't they go," said one of them.

"I should say so," replied the other. "I thought I'd bust laughin' when they jumped off the trail and started through the brush. I guess they are almost as scared as I was last year when I spent a whole night in that old ravine across the river waiting for these fellows to drive the snipes into the net I was holding, while they were chuckling over the joke in camp."

"And I guess they are just as scared as I would be right now if you hadn't put me wise to their scheme," said the other. "Serves 'em right good and plenty, I say, I betcha we don't hear any more talk about snipe hunts around this camp."

AT midnight, boys began straggling into camp, singly and in pairs, panting, sweating, brier-scratched and clothes torn. They found Jimmy and Boney stretched before the campfire, wrapped in their blankets and sound asleep! Nor did they disturb them, but each went to his pallet to meditate upon the strange things they had seen that night, and to puzzle over the possible connection between the peaceful slumbers of Jimmy and Boney and the spectres which had so affrighted them.

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## The Moonshiners in the Jungle

(*Continued from page* 10)

Then I pushed James with my foot.

A terrific roar split the air in the grotto. It was like the sudden bursting of a volcano—and with its flash of fire.

Then all was dark and silent again—except for a splashing in the water of the creek, as the moonshiners scampered off in panic, and the rattle of wagon wheels out beyond the thicket. The horse, perhaps, had taken fright at the blast.

The owl was no longer heard. Doubtless he too was scampering off on panicky wings, all the melancholy poetry driven out of his soul by the ear-splitting detonation. I could imagine hosts of living things making off, pell-mell, in paths away from the grotto, straight as the spokes from a hub. That roar from the blackness, with the quake, was enough to startle even the brawny oak, that almost shook us from our nest in its arms. The smell of powder tinged the air.

FOR some moments I held my breath. At the same time James was as silent and still as one dead. The absolute quiet and blackness around, right on top of the earthquake of our own causing, oppressed me.

"James," I said in a low tone. I wanted to hear his voice.

"What?" he answered. He also seemed relieved—from his tone.

"Wasn't that a fright?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "I didn't think it would make such a roar. That was because it was in that copper boiler."

We spoke aloud—though in low tones—certain that the moonshiners had fled far from the place. Let alone Uncle Bill's superstition, they were sure to be in apprehension as to the cause of that burst of thunder, and the vision.

It was some minutes before we were sufficiently recovered to think of action.

"We don't want to leave anything to show what did it," I said.

So we tore down our wires as we descended to the ground. James let down the box from the other oak, and we hid all in the thicket. We went in to the still, where we came upon pieces of barrel and a part of the copper worm; but in the dark could find no part of the boiler.

At the inner end of our secret path we got hold of the wires and coiled them into hiding. Then we got into the canoe and dropped down the creek towards our camp.

"Everything worked fine," said James, when we got into Prairie Creek, and began to move slowly down the quiet stream.

"Yes," I said. "I wonder what they are thinking about it."

"Uncle Bill thinks it's ghosts," said James, "and Bat, I guess, thinks it's revenuers. But I'll bet he wondering some about that hand. Do you know—that was a great stunt. It looked just like a moving live hand, with the light around it between the moss. Gee! it made *my* skin crawl. And then that queer 'tinkle-tinkle.' Darn! I would have run, myself."

"Do you think they'll come back in the morning?" I asked.

"They'll be mighty curious," he answered. "I wouldn't wonder; they can sneak along carefully among the bushes. Let's go up there and watch from our place in the morning."

We pulled the canoe out at the landing and got into our blankets. But there was no sleep in either of us for a long, long time.

We talked over our experiences — of Uncle Bill and Bat, and what they would do.

"They won't make any more moonshine, now," I said. For I had become conscious again that that was what I had originally set out to accomplish.

I THOUGHT back to Joseph DeLong, and wondered if he was coming. It would be two or three days yet before he could get here if he came. And then there would be no evidence that would make it his duty to deal with Uncle Bill. That was the best of it!

But what about Bat Mason? He now, perhaps, would light out, and I would be the cause of his flight. This would be a bad turn to my friend, the revenue officer, if he should be wanting him.

James had finally dropped off. Only a twinkling star or two, that peeped through the palm tops, could tell when it was I fell asleep.

A fool owl evidently imagined himself a parrot, for he hallooed like one. Then he began calling: "Forward, march! Company, fire! Bang — bang — bang — bang, BOOM!" Then he seemed to be gone with his noisy voice, and in its stead came the sweet, peaceful song of the whip-poor-will.

I awoke. I still heard the song of the whip-poor-will. So *he* was real—and singing away in the dark, perched in some oak. How sweet it sounded!

A few stars still showed through the palm-tops, though the sky seemed a trifle less black. I ran out of the heavy growth of the hammock into the open pine forest, where I could see much of the sky. There in the east showed a faint promise of light. I ran back and awakened James.

"James!" I called, and I shook him.

"Hello!" he answered, and sat up. "What's the matter?"

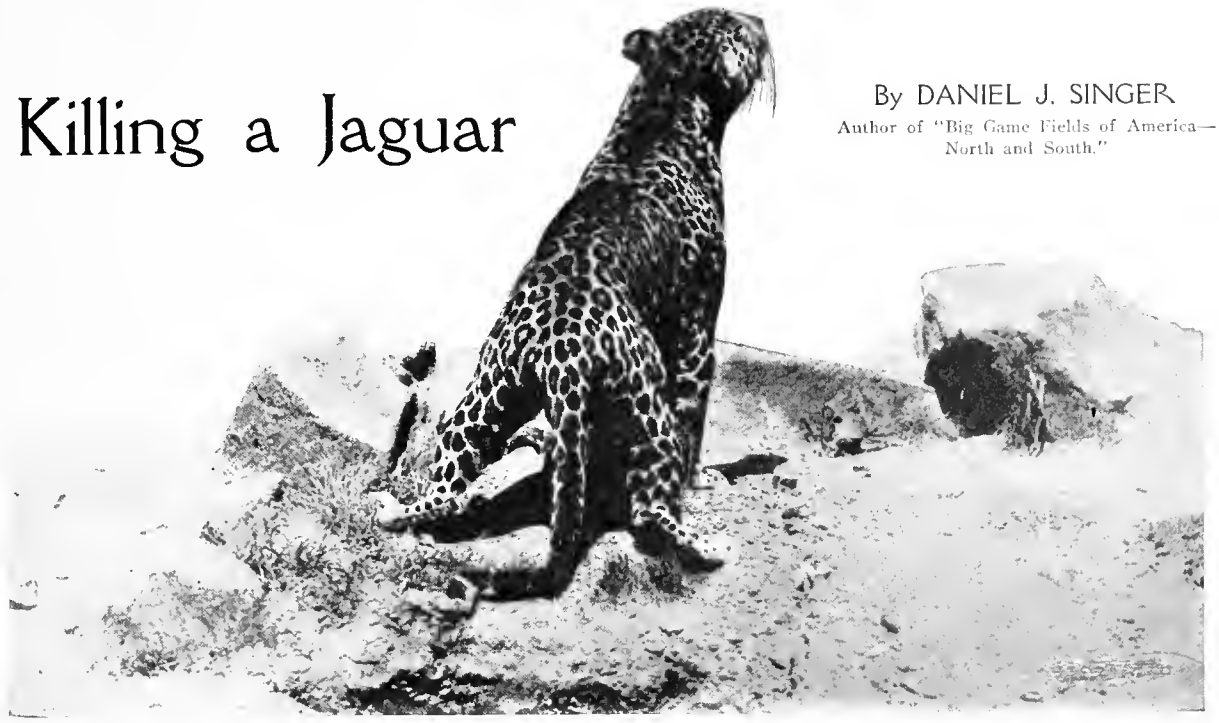
"It'll soon be daylight," I answered.

We snatched a bite; James took up his shotgun, and directly we pushed the canoe into the creek.

(*Continued in July* BOYS' LIFE.)

# Killing a Jaguar

By DANIEL J. SINGER
Author of "Big Game Fields of America—North and South."



*DOWN in the jungles of British Guiana a naturalist and explorer trailed a jaguar into the tangled growth of the tropics. Here it became impossible to pursue the chase without the aid of hounds, so the hunter sent John Charley, his guide, back to camp for the dogs. But suddenly the quarry came into clear view on the trunk of a fallen tree. The hunter was armed only with a shotgun and the jaguar was not within effective range, but he took a chance and fired.*

*What happened then is told in the following extract from Daniel J. Singer's new book, "Big Game Fields of America—North and South," recently published by the George Doran Company.*

RELOADING and slipping to the ground, I paused at the butt of the tree to catch the slightest sound or movement. There was neither. Then out along the Mora log, with the gun at the ready, I stepped cautiously along. A big lizard went scuttling over some dead leaves. Up went the gun, and I almost let off the right barrel.

Near the end of the great log a few dots of scarlet caught my eye. He was hit—there was no doubt of that. Ever so carefully, step by step, and scanning carefully every possible foot of the way, I took up his trail. Twice I lost it, and twice I turned back and puzzled it out again. Now and then I could see his footprints plainly in the soft soil, and occasionally a spot of blood. Then the ground became harder, and the blood spots fewer and further apart, until I finally lost all trace; made a circle back to pick up the trail again, missed it, tried again and again, and then tried to find my way back to the tree where I had been watching.

In an hour more there was no use trying to fool myself, though I hated to accept it as a fact. I was lost; and what was more, at almost this moment there came a veritable tropical downpour. Before the torrents of rain pelted down and drenched me through I was in a dripping perspiration, but now the sudden wetting had thrown me into a violent chill. Shaking so from head to foot, I was compelled to put my gun down for fear of dropping it.

So far I had escaped fever, but this occurrence was almost sure to bring on fever that would go raging and surging until it ran its course—one way or the other. To put it mildly, my prospects were not good. At length the rain passed over, but every few minutes I would be seized with another chill. When I realized that I was in a maze out of which no human being could possibly find his way, excepting it were a native Indian, a horror of loneliness gripped me as I felt myself being completely swallowed up in the immensity of the jungle.

Could John Charley trail me after that sea of rain had swept away every sign? I didn't know. But I did know that every bit of wild craft he possessed would be taxed to the utmost to do so. I climbed high up in a tree to see if some solution of my predicament would present itself.

The sun was slowly sinking below the great, undulating roof of the jungle; the prospect of spending the night in such an ill-chosen place was gradually commencing to assert itself. As I stared out over these vastnesses my heart was smitten with a sudden sense of infinite and eternal desolation. Then I felt another chill coming on, so I quickly slid to the ground.

Pale shapes took form before my vision—made and unmade themselves—the whole jungle swayed, moved a pace forward, then back; I was in the grip of the jungle fever! After a short interval I recovered my strength sufficiently to move on again. Walking over to the gnarly roots of a giant tree, I sat down to "take stock" of my chances.

"A man should never give up until he is quite dead," I would say slowly, which seemed to have a slightly stimulating effect.

Taking a deep breath, I sent a long, loud call chasing through the jungle, and when it ceased it struck me that it had something of the tone in it that reminded me of a lone wolf bewailing the loss of his mate. I then listened intently, straining my ears to catch the slightest sound.

Suddenly a heavy, hissing breath close behind me made me whip around with a sensation of the hair rising on my scalp. Not more than a few paces away was coiled a huge boa constrictor in the low branch of a tree, with its head protruding too unpleasantly near, and eyeing me with a pair of cold, unwinking, malignant eyes. A forked, colorless, flickering tongue added to its heinous appearance. Fickle fate seemed pitilessly and endlessly whimsical. What would happen next?

The deadly contents of the shotgun flew out and quite demolished his whole head. And then slowly his great coils unwound, and gracefully, even in death, they slid to the ground until the tail finally came down with a flip. I couldn't help but smile when the thought struck me that I would have fresh meat, at any rate.

Then once more came the mysterious, whispering, terrifying silence. But now a sharp sound came from the depths of the gloom, for the light was pallid now, and still another sharp sound. Then I hallooed long and loud—and waited; like an echo it rolled back through the jungle. There was no mistaking it now—it was John Charley coming with the dogs. . . .

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John Charley managed to get the hunter back to civilization before the fever reached a dangerous stage, and he was soon strong enough to take up once more the trail of the jaguar. The closing incidents in this exciting hunt are described by the author as follows:

WE carefully beat through three long strips of jungle. But no fresh sign rewarded us; and so it was on the second day. After hunting carefully, we returned to the ranch without finding a trace of the crafty fellow. The third day was going very much the same, and it was

waxing along in the afternoon when we rode across the savannah to hunt the last strip of likely-looking bush. The cattle, gazing gracefully, only stopped now and again to gaze at us inquiringly. As we rode by I could not help admiring their splendid condition, for I was not aware that cattle thrived so well in the tropics.

Another mile, and we were at the edge of the strip of jungle. Jack's brow grew dark—his lips tight set, his dark eyes fixed upon something half hidden in the bush.

"A fresh kill," he said at last; "done today, not ten hours old. We ought to get this fellow now, if we ever do."

The hounds came up, and as they sniffed the evil scent their hair bristled along their backs. Then Star, the biggest and boldest of the lot, led out, with the others following through the jungle, and then their quavering chorus rose until the whole woods echoed with the din of the wild chase.

The jungle was thick and the going difficult. Jack went on ahead with the cutlass, for the tangle of vines and creepers made it impossible to force a way without continually wielding the cutlass.

The hounds had evidently stopped short, for we could hear the whole pack, not fifty yards ahead, while the wailing and clamor that smote our ears assured us that just beyond, in that intricate and tangled mass of almost inconceivably thick cover, that savage, crafty and powerful lord, the jaguar, was facing the pack. At this ill-timed moment Jack leaped back, nearly knocking me to the ground; his face went white.

"Shoot!" he said, for he was carrying nothing but the cutlass.

I saw nothing to shoot at, but a second glance revealed a coil of a dozen feet of the most dreaded of all snakes—the "bushmaster."

The treacherous-looking reptile appeared so enraged at our intrusion that an attack seemed almost certain. But in his moment of hesitancy it was averted by giving him an undisputed right of way and changing our course, for I did not want to shoot at that moment, fearing that the report might spoil my opportunity just ahead—for which I had come so far and which seemed almost within my grasp.

The moments were precious now; the baleful chorus of the hounds warned us the quarry was within a stone's throw; yet we could see nothing. Then my eye lit upon something that held me for a long moment arrested, motionless.

Close along a bough, its ears flat against its neck, its tail twitching, its lips drawn back from its yellow fangs in a vicious snarl, lay the handsomest jaguar I ever saw. From between their wide lids his eyes blazed into mine, as I raised my gun to my shoulder, took careful aim and fired. The claws relaxed their hold; slowly the great body rolled over and fell into the midst of the frenzied pack. But, before I could take a forward step, the huge cat had leaped to its feet—I had aimed too high, the bullet penetrating the upper part of the shoulder. Into the wild melee I dared not fire, though my soul sickened at each lightning stroke of those terrible paws.

At last my moment came—for an instant the dogs drew back. Before they could again rush in, my second bullet crashed through his brain.

The cattle-killer had paid his debt—many lives had he asked—now he had paid with his own.

He was a male in splendid condition, and the tape showed him to be six feet ten inches in length. The day was fast declining, so we hastily started back through the waving, bending sea of grass for the ranch.

The sun was just going to rest after a terrific day's work trying to burn up the world. The western sky was aflame with gold and crimson, while the firebolts leaped to the world below. Then the sun went lurid down. Slowly came the evening's changes, softly falls the mellow twilight, until the waning light has fled—then everywhere stalks the mystic night.

Big Jack's hulk, with his slouch hat at a careless angle, loomed up before me as we filed back in silence. Then, as we went over a slight rise, he and his horse became a clear-cut silhouette against the star-dust seeded sky.

Away in the east a thin, silvery light flooded the sky—a full moon was rising. Then across the vast and overpowering loneliness of the stupendous savannah waste the vagrant winds whispered soft and low. They were sweetly solemn—wildly sad.

# Over Long-Distance

(*Continued from page* 6)

word, leave th' school without a word, an' goodness knows what trouble ye're makin' th' school, an' th' principal, an' him, this minute. Whar's y'r sand? What do *you* think about it?"

"I—I reckon you're right, pap."

"What air ye goin' t' *do?*"

Dan gulped again. "I reckon—go back."

Old Joe's voice grew gentler.

"Now, y'r talkin' sense. Well: ef ye start right now, ye'll just erbout make th' up freight. I'll walk a piece with ye. Know a short cut." Old Joe rose, ready to go.

"Will you—give me a note to Dr. Curtis, sayin' I've been here?"

Old Joe gazed at the top of a tall pine.

"Ain't ye man enough t' tell 'im all about it, yerself?"

Dan flushed. "I reckon," he answered.

TWO hours later, after a tramp, during which they both talked rather awkwardly about almost everything else but the matter they had settled, Dan boarded the "up freight." Old Joe's last gruff words, delivered without even a handshake, as Dan clambered aboard, were:

"Mind, I don't see your face again, here till it *belongs* here!" and then Old Joe turned and walked away, even before the train started. Dan vainly tried to wave to him; but never once did he look up.

Dan had to swallow hard at a big lump in his throat. Old Joe's leaving him that way hurt most of all. "I know I been foolish," he argued with himself, "but I owned up, an' said so; an' I chose a mighty stiff way t' wipe it out. I sh'd think pap might——" his voice broke again. "No." In his misery, he pounded his knee with his fist. "He doan *care*. That's all. He's so plumb put out with me he doan *care* 'bout me no mo'. . . . But *I* care."

Dan felt, somehow, hopelessly adrift, as if something he had always believed *couldn't* fail—go back on him—had failed him when he needed it most.

THE freight let him off at the Junction, where he could get an accommodation-train for Rockville Center. He spent a dreary day in the noisy, crowded car, and, at four o'clock the next afternoon, sat in Dr. Curtis' outer office waiting for the principal to be disengaged.

The big entrance hadn't seemed quite as strange as it had when he first passed through its doors a week ago. He was surprised to find himself, somehow, glad to get back: to hear again the familiar hub-hub between recitations, as the boys passed from one classroom to another. *He* could not go back to his classes again till that interview were over. Would Dr. Curtis never be through with what he was doing? Then his thoughts went back to where they had been centering all day—to Old Joe, and the way he had left him; and the dull ache in his heart revived.

The telephone on the table before him suddenly began ringing noisily. Now, he thought, Dr. Curtis would have to come out. But, instead, he only opened his door, and spoke—as calmly as if it were the most natural thing in the world to see Dan sitting there——

"Just answer that, will you, Bracket? Say I'll be there myself in a minute."

DAN took down the receiver gingerly. It was the first time he had ever used a telephone, but he had seen others doing it. To his surprise, the voice that spoke was very distinct.

"Long distance call for Rockville Academy."

Then something clicked and sputtered, and a man's voice asked:

"This Rockville Academy? The principal?"

"Yes, sir. I'll call——" began Dan: but before he could finish the voice went on:

"Has Dan Bracket got there yet?"

"Ye-es——" stammered Dan, so startled to hear himself asked for that he nearly dropped the whole telephone apparatus.

"This is his father." Dan gasped, but the voice went on, like an inexorable fate that could not be stopped. "Dan'll tell ye how come he t' run away: an' I want he should do that himself. What I want to

say is this: I didn't punish him none. I should have, I know. I'm gettin' t' be a sure-nough *fool* over that boy! He didn't do it out o' cussedness, Doctor: he was jes' plain upsot, an' I had all I could do t' straighten him out—jes' homesick an' lonesomelike—he'll git over it, soon's ye put butter on his paws-like. Ye know what I mean. Lawsy, I felt th' same way 'thout *him* th' las' week—but ye bet I didn't let on t' *him!* That's why I couldn't thrash him, like, I reckon, he deserved. I know he orter be punished, t'r breakin' th' rules an' makin' bother. I wisht now I'd 'a' done it. I ain't never laid a finger on him—he's that kind ye doan haf' ter. An' I—somehow—couldn't then, when he'd run back t' me with his little fool troubles. I want you should thrash him, o' co'se—but I wisht ye'd kind o' remember it's th' fust one he ever had, an'——"

"Who is it, Bracket?" Dr. Curtis stood beside him before he knew it.

Dan giggled nervously. "It's—it's my father, sir—askin' you t' thrash me——" He would have hung up the receiver, but Dr. Curtis' swift hand stopped him just in time. Then, to Dan's dismay, he sat down in the chair Dan had vacated.

"This is Dr. Curtis now," he explained into the instrument. Dan clinched his hands in despair. "Would you mind repeating what you said? . . . No, it wasn't."

He shot a quizzical glance at Dan, who was shifting miserably from one foot to the other.

"Er—some one in the office answered. That frequently happens when I'm busy. There's no harm done."

Once more his eyes, with that kindly twinkle in them, sought Dan's. O, wasn't Dr. Curtis a *brick!* Now he was listening while Old Joe repeated what he had said before. At last the principal laughed.

"O, he reached here safe and sound. I'm sorry, Mr. Bracket, but we never use corporal punishment in this school. . . . Yes. . . . No, never. . . . Why, you see, we make the boys help each other. And we're counting on your boy rather a lot that way—to help some of our flighty fellows; Ransom, for example. . . . We're very glad to get him back again. . . . Thank you. . . . Everything satisfactory up there? . . . That's good. . . . Thank you for calling us up. . . . I'm sure you won't be bothered again."

He raised his eyebrows inquiringly to Dan, and Dan, smiling, shook his head.

"Yes, I'm very sure. . . . Good-bye.

"Now, Bracket, if you'll just step inside my office a minute."

And Dan stepped in, briskly.

## Memorial Day Aides.

Early reports received from all parts of the country indicate that Boy Scout participation in Memorial Day Services will be more extensive than ever before. Scores of Scoutmasters are writing to National Headquarters telling of their plans for this day. Most of them state that they expect the Scouts to be used in providing refreshments for the veterans, establishing rest stations in the cemeteries, patrolling the line of march, assisting in decorating graves and helping in other ways.

### Indians Dying Fast.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa), in the *Popular Science Monthly*, says the death-rate among the Indians is 30 per thousand of population, or double the average rate among white Americans.

# From Dan Beard's Duffel Bag

## This Month a Daring Explorer, a Rat and a Frog, and Parasites

By DANIEL CARTER BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.

THIS is the month of the year, boys, that combines all the good qualities of the other eleven months. According to my Buckskin Calendar, this is the Blossom Season, the Strawberry Moon of the Indians and the Marquette Moon of the First Class Scouts.

*"Oh, de lazy bird is singin' every evenin' in de tree,*
*I dunno if yo hyuhs him, but his song is sweet to me.*
*He makes you feel so happy dat you wants it understood*
*If June is much like Heaven you ' is willin' to be good."*

Pere Marquette was what the Indians called a "black-gown." He was one of those early American pioneers who went out to convert the heathens to their partieular brand of religion; absolutely sincere men who gave up their lives to their work, which interests us as Scouts because of its sincerity.

### A Daring Pioneer

But Marquette was something more than a missionary. He was a daring pioneer and explorer and that wins him a place in the Buckskin Calendar. He was one of the first white men who ever saw the Mississippi River; one of the first to describe several of the American animals, and I believe was the first to describe the catfish. He built bark churches and chapels in the woods and held religious services. He traveled in the birch bark canoes of the Indians, and, like Johnny Appleseed, he traveled unarmed, and by these achievements he has won a place on our calendar.

The Indian sign for Scout is the first and second finger extended and spread with the palm of the hand upward and moved forward with an up and down motion. Turn the hand around and hold it in the same position aloft, and it is the American boys' sign for "Are you going swimming?" "Come on swimming," or "I am going swimming—keep mum!" Under the circumstances it should be our sign for June, for that is practically when the swimming season opens.

### Eyes Open in June.

June is one of the best months of the year for outings, hikes, for studying the trees when the leaves upon them are fresh and green, for studying the birds when they are nesting, and for studying the small mammals with their young. Many of them, like the woodchuck, for instance, have their young with them in June.

Last June I heard a noise in front of our house. Mrs. Beard heard it too, but we could see nothing ahead of us but the orchard, the open road and the open pasture lot. The noise was just such a noise as is made by the sirens used by cyclists, yet it sounded close by, and I knew that some sort of a creature was making that noise, and not a human being.

We crossed the road in front of the house and leaned on the fence. The brook was babbling and gossiping among the tall grasses right below us, but nothing else was in sight. While we were wondering what it could be, the noise was repeated right under our noses!

### The Rat and the Frog

It was not until then that we noticed a movement in the rushes at the edge of the brook, and later discovered that the noise came from an immense bullfrog. It was not a croak, nor the "jug-o'-rum" note which we commonly attribute to this frog, but a wild, weird scream that one could hear a full block away—a scream of terror and pain. It was then that I found that a big, disgusting Norway rat had caught the frog by its hind leg and was pulling it from the edge of the water to the rat's retreat among the rocks.

I am telling you this, boys, to show you that no matter how long you live and how much you observe, there is always something brand new to discover in nature. I have raised bullfrogs from the eggs to the tadpole, from the tadpole to the frog. I have heard thousands of them croak and bellow. I have kept for pets big full-grown bullfrogs two and three years at a stretch, but I never, until last year, knew that they were capable of making such a blood-curdling screech as the one which issued from this poor frog.

Neither did I know that the Norway brown rat was a frog hunter. I am opposed to killing, for I am a lover of animals, but if I had plenty of money in hand I would offer a cash prize for every rat killed by anyone.

### Don't be a Parasite

There is a lesson to be learned in this rat question. The rat is a parasite. A parasite is something that lives on others. All parasites are degraded, be they human, mammal or insect. There are various little creatures which politeness will not allow me to mention in these columns that nearly all of us are familiar with by name at least, which are degraded insects—degraded because they have chosen to lead the lives of parasites. Human parasites we call dead beats, and any human being that lives on the labor of others without giving full return himself is a dead beat; no matter whether he is worth ten cents or ten hundred million, he is a parasite.

June is the month to make every Boy Scout take off his hat and thank God that he is a Scout, and that he is a BOY, and that he is in America, and that he is alive, with the blue sky overhead and "the lazy-bird" singing in the trees!

# How the Treasure Hunt Ended

Sequel to Our Prize Contest Story, "A Treasure Hunt for Real Gold," Which Appeared in the April *Boys' Life.*

By HERBERT HUNGERFORD

Illustrated by CHARLES R. CHICKERING

*"The boys had no doubt that he had discovered the treasure."*

NEVER since the cloudburst of 1873 had there been such excitement at Wilcox Corners. As the farmers began to come in, the news of the poster spread rapidly, and soon every boy, most of the girls, and a majority of the men and women, were hunting for the hidden treasure.

Everybody agreed that it was "just like Hank Wilcox to cut such a crazy caper as that"; so, of course, nobody for an instant doubted the truth of the poster announcement, and money was not so plentiful around the Corners that anybody would miss a chance like this to pick up a hundred dollars for nothing but a little hunting. Naturally, Henky, Buddie and Ruth were early in the game.

Such a ransacking the old town had never before experienced. Indoors and out, upstairs and down, helter and skelter, they hunted all day long. And of all the things that were lost in the town, scores were brought to light. Rusty old jackknives, keys, pieces of jewelry, and trinkets of all sorts; even the gold watch that Miss Betty Clark, the eighth grade school teacher, had lost the previous summer was found in the eaves trough of the school porch, the supposition being that the teacher had dropped the watch from her pocket while leaning out of the upper window to ring the recess bell. Thus thorough was the search, yet when night came no trace of the hidden gold had been discovered.

Many of the adults and some of the girls dropped out of the hunt next day, but not a boy was missing. Yet, when the second day drew to a close, the efforts had been as futile as before.

BY this time Henky had begun to get fairly well acquainted with some of the boys, particularly with one boy near his own age named Robert Parsons. Bob appeared to Henky to be less of a "country greenhorn" than some of the others. In fact, as Henky talked more with him, he was forced to admit to himself, somewhat reluctantly, that Bob was about as bright as any of the city chaps with whom he had previously associated.

As it was getting towards dark, Henky approached Bob and hailed him:

"Say, Bob, I'm beginning to think that we'll never find that money in a thousand years if we don't organize ourselves and hunt systematically. What do you say?"

"Well, we certainly haven't made much headway so far," Bob replied. "What's your scheme?"

A number of other boys came up and, as the whole group immediately caught the good sense of the plan that Henky outlined, it was agreed that they should spread the word among the others and hold a mass-meeting of alt the boys that night in the abandoned ice house near the creamery.

IN spite of the fact that many of the boys regarded Henky as a "stuck-up city dude," sixty-two of them, which included practically every boy in the community, gathered. Bob Parsons acted as a sort of chairman and opened the meeting by saying:

"I guess you fellows all know Henky Stowe, the creamery man's boy. Well, he's figured out a scheme for finding the money his uncle hid."

There was a little handclapping as Henky arose to explain his plan.

"Last summer when I was at our boy scout camp, we used to have a way of cleaning up the bits of paper and all the other rubbish about the camp grounds which seems to me would be the right way to hunt for this money. The teaders would line us all up on one side of the camp ground about five or six feet apart, and the whole bunch would move forward, each fellow clearing up the space assigned to him. Now, what I thought was that we might organize a company of all the boys, and then map out the ground for a mile on every side of the creamery, and then we would go over this ground just as carefully as we did at the scout camp."

As he finished there was a general murmur of approval, but Dick Wheeler, the miller's son, raised this objection:

"The scheme might work alright in one way, but if we all join together and one fellow finds the money's who's going to have it?"

"That's so," echoed Pete Travis, one of the grocer's boys. "'Twouldn't be fair for one fellow to keep it all, if we all hunted for it, and there wouldn't be much for any of us, if we divided it among all of us."

"But we can fix that matter all right," explained Bob. "All we have to do is to think up some way of spending the money for the benefit of all of us."

"Sure!" sarcastically rejoined Dick. "I s'pose we can put up a monument for old Billy Sutton, the school janitor, or some other noble hero. None of that stuff for mine. If I find that money I'm going to spend it for a trip to New York."

The discussion grew rather warm, but, when a vote was finally taken, all but a dozen favored Henky and Bob, whereupon the minority declared that they would continue the hunt in their own way, and withdrew from the meeting.

After this, the others tried to elect Henky leader of the company, but he insisted on turning this office over to Bob, although he was persuaded to become one of the three assistant leaders.

EARLY the next morning, the "Wilcox Corners' Volunteers," as Captain Bob Parsons named his company, lined up at the creamery headquarters fifty-three strong. Henky had prepared a hastily drawn up map of the ground to be covered; and at the leader's command the company stretched out along the road in front of the creamery and began to move forward slowly and steadily, making a thorough search of every foot of ground on the line of march. So the campaign proceeded. All buildings on the line of march were ransacked from cellar to garret, the townspeople being so greatly interested in the campaign that nobody offered objection to having their premises searched.

As the campaign continued all through the day without the finding of a single clue to the treasure, some of the younger "privates" were inclined to become discouraged and quit; but the leaders argued, coaxed or poked fun at them for being "quitters," and so kept the company intact. At the close of the first day's campaign all the territory south of the creamery had been covered and a start had been made in a northerly direction.

When the company assembled on the following day everyone realized that the crisis of the campaign was at hand, for in two days Mr. Wilcox would return and reclaim the money for himself.

So the hunt was taken up more doggedly, and even desperately, than ever. By this time Henky and Bob were not thinking so much about the money as they were about winning the game. They inspired their company with the same determined spirit.

By noon they had searched the western shore of the lake nearly to the northern end. A halt was called, camp fires kindled and "mess" prepared and eaten. After mess the march proceeded eastward along the shore.

At the upper end of the lake was a tiny island about two rods long, less than a rod wide at the middle, and tapering at each end, thus suggesting its title of Pumpkin Seed Island. It was grown over with willows, excepting a small plot near the center, where boys of an earlier generation had built a little rough board shanty, now decayed and tumbling down.

As the line of march arrived opposite the island, Joe Dirker, one of those who had not joined the organized searchers, shouted:

"Say, Bob, hadn't we ought to search the Pumpkin Seed?"

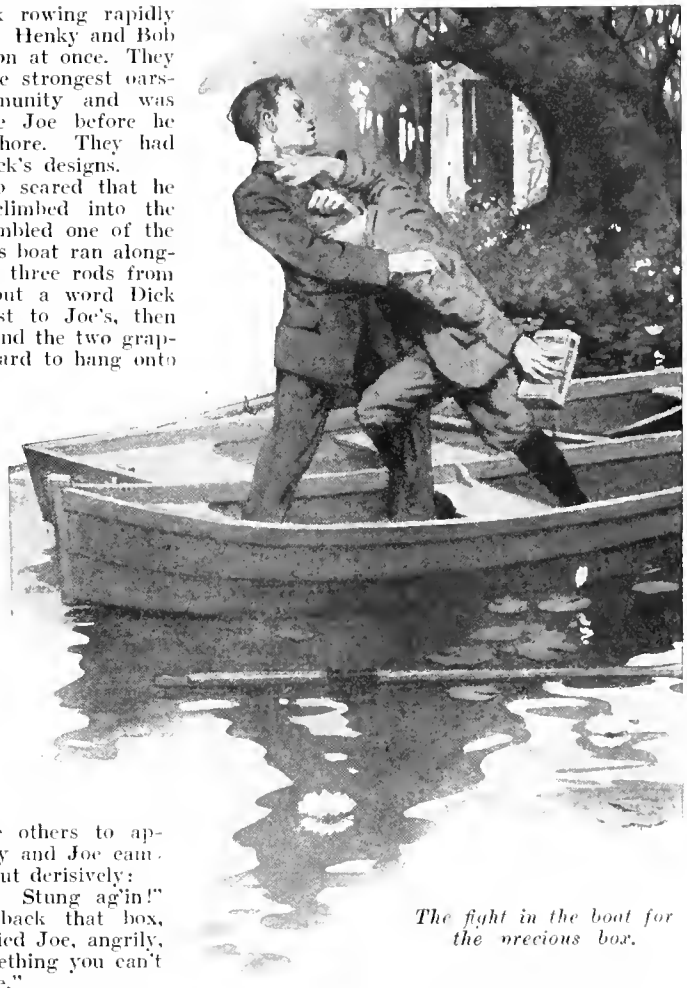
"Sure enough," was the captain's reply. "You get a boat, Joe, and go over and look it over, and the rest of us will go on around the lake."

While Joe was after the boat it was noticed that Dick Wheeler and his friends were hunting in the cemetery on the hill sloping down to the east shore. Also it could be seen that Dick was keeping a pretty close watch on the doings of the company.

JOE made a search among the island willows, finally disappearing into the old shack. He was gone several minutes, and then the other boys were suddenly startled by a loud yell as Joe rushed out of the shack wildly waving a cigar box over his head. From his exultant shouts and his gleeful Indian dance the boys had no doubt that he had discovered the treasure.

But just as Joe started to get his boat he saw Dick rowing rapidly towards the island. Henky and Bob took in the situation at once. They knew Dick was the strongest oarsman in the community and was bound to overtake Joe before he could make the shore. They had no doubt as to Dick's designs.

Joe had been so scared that he stumbled as he climbed into the boat, and then fumbled one of the oars loose so Dick's boat ran alongside before he was three rods from the island. Without a word Dick made his boat fast to Joe's, then scrambled into it and the two grappled, Joe trying hard to hang onto the precious box. But he was no match for Dick, who soon got possession of it, climbed into his own boat and started to the main shore.



*The fight in the boat for the precious box.*

WHEN he landed, his friends gathered around in an excited huddle. To the amazement of Henky and his companions, Dick's group made no attempt to run, but calmly waited for the others to approach. As Henky and Joe came near, Dick called out derisively:

"Stung! Stung! Stung ag'in!"

"You give us back that box, Dick Wheeler," cried Joe, angrily, "or you'll get something you can't buy at every store."

"You don't say so," taunted Dick. "Very well, then, 'ittle boy shall have his pretty box. Here, take it," and to the surprise of everybody, he threw it towards them.

"What we want is the money that was in the box," said Henky, "and we're going to have it, too."

"You don't say so," Dick drawled in tantalizing tones. "So you're going to have some money, are you; well, how are you going to get it?"

"We'll take it out of your hide, if we have to," growled Bob, doubling his fists and starting towards him. "You must be a fool, Dick Wheeler, to think that you can lick this whole crowd."

"I ain't expecting to lick anybody," replied Dick. "There's no use in fighting about it, 'cause there wasn't any money in the old box. Look at it for yourself. It's got everything in it now that it had when we opened it. D'ye su'pose I'd stay here if the money was in the box? Hank Wilcox has just been playing a joke on us, that's all."

It did seem a plausible reason for his not running away.

They examined the box closely. It had been tied with stout twine and inside was nothing but a handful of small pebbles and some straw. There was also an ordinary business card of the Wilcox Produce Company on the back of which the boys found written:

*Use your head as well as you have your feet. That which should move stands still and points the way.—Henry K. Wilcox.*

THIS mysterious message created great discussion. Not a few of the boys, being already tired of the search, were inclined to agree with Dick's view that the whole affair was a joke on them, this opinion being supported by the general knowledge that Mr. Wilcox had a reputation as a practical joker. Consequently, less than a third of the original company turned up at the creamery the next morning, with Bob and Joe and the other earnest and enthusiastic fellows. After a brief conference it was decided to send the remnant of the company across the lake to continue the search according to the original plan, while Henky and Bob were to go over to the Pumpkin Seed and make a search for new clues.

"Suppose we sail up in my eatboat," said Henky, as he and Joe came down to the landing. "There's a stiff breeze, so we can get to the island quicker than we could by rowing."

"Suits me," replied Bob, laughing; "anyway, we've got to save all the strength we can for figuring out your Uncle Hank's conundrum."

"That's right," Henky agreed. "Gee, but I don't believe I slept ten minutes last night, on account of trying to puzzle the thing out."

"So did I, but I couldn't make head or tail to it. What is there around the Corners that shouldn't move but doesn't, I'd like to know?"

"Maybe it's the town itself," joked Henky.

"Maybe it is," Bob admitted with a grin,

(*Concluded on page* 48)

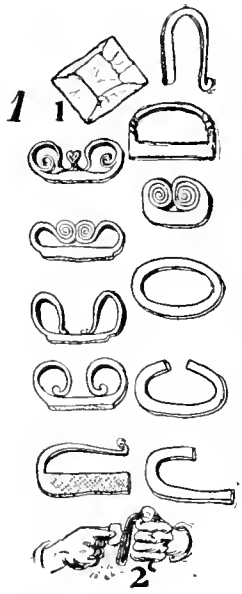
# Dan Beard Tells You How

## To Make Fire With Flint and Steel

By DAN BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.

ON several occasions I have told how to light a fire with flint and steel, but I welcome a communication from Scout Commissioner Chase, Youngstown, Ohio, upon the use of flint and steel for lighting fires. It is interesting and it reminds us that this flint and steel for lighting fires, which is the white man's method, has been omitted from our manual.

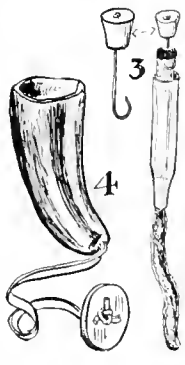



Mr. Chase says, "For punk use such waste as you get around a machine shop or garage and pull it out into the form of a rope or cord, char one end of it and use that for catching sparks, or use the commercial orange fuse wick such as a few years ago was sold for the purpose of lighting cigars. This also must be charred on the end before you can catch the spark.

### Carrying Your Punk

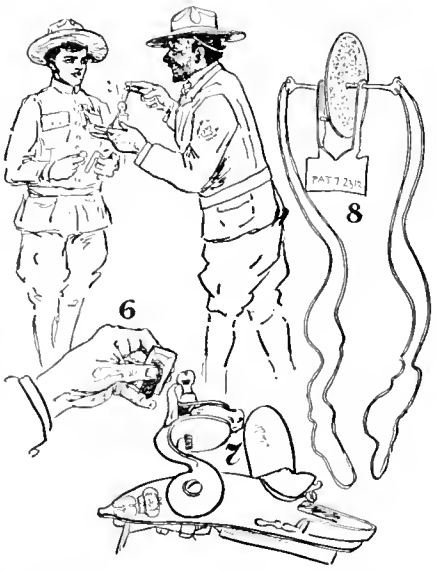
He further adds, "But the problem is how to keep that charred end from rubbing or falling off while tramping through the woods. The natives of South America do it in the following way: Take an empty 25-36-117 Marlin U. M. C. cartridge, cut off the closed end, *Fig.* 3, push the punk through the cartridge, scorch the end sticking through the large hole and then pull this charred end back snugly.

"It is kept in place by making a small wire which reaches down from the bottom of the cork to the cartridge. The punk is hooked into the end of this wire; when the stopper is taken out it pulls out the charred end of the punk. After the fire is lighted, the charred end is pulled back into the cartridge, the stopper put on and everything kept safe. To put the punk back into the cartridge, pull to the right—to pull out. As the stopper is removed the wire will bring out the charred end. The natives of Andes wind yards and yards of this punk around their waists, letting the cartridge hang down like a watch fob.




### Some Antique Steels

The Scout Commissioner might have added that our old Puritan ancestors—and cavalier ancestors too, for that matter—used to hold yards of it looped in their hand with which to touch off their match-locks of their harquebuses, which were big clumsy guns used before flint-locks were invented. *Fig.* 1 shows a collection of antique steels with a piece of flint at the head of the first column. The three last pieces of steel in the second column I have duplicated at Bannerman's.




"Flint may be purchased," Commissioner Chase says, "one dollar purchasing enough to supply two troops of scouts." But it is not absolutely necessary to have a flint. My scouts at Culver Woodcraft Camp learned to make a fire from sparks which they secured by striking the back of their knife blade (*Fig.* 5) on the sharp edge of broken stones picked up by the roadside. Of course, these stones must be hard and gritty and not soft lime stones.

### How to Use a Cow's Horn

Our own forebears had no metal cartridges of which to make a punk horn so they used a cow horn for the purpose (*Fig.* 4.) I have one before me now which is a hundred or more years old and this is the way to make one like it:

Saw off the small end and the large end of the cow's horn, saving a piece about four and a half or five inches long. Bore a small hole through the small end of this piece of horn to connect with the natural open space in the horn. A strip of rawhide or "whang string" larger than the hole may then be forced through the small end and secured by a knot on the inside which prevents it from being pulled out. The large end of the horn can be closed by a piece of thick sole leather.

While this is yet wet, tie a hard knot in the end of the "whang string" and pull the knot snugly against the leather disk before the leather is allowed to dry. If the thong and leather stopper are made to fit the horn tightly, the dry baked rags, the charred cotton, or whatever substance you use for punk, when placed in the horn, will be perfectly protected from all moisture or dampness.

I have also a tin tinder or punk box which I secured from the attic of an old Long Island farmhouse. It has an inside extinguisher lid which rests upon some burnt rags just as they were left many years ago. On top of the inside extinguisher lid rests a steel of the form of the last one in the first column of *Fig.* 1. The outside lid of the box has a place on top to hold the candle or tallow dip so that when the light is secured the candle may be lighted and you are then ready for any emergency.

### How to Prepare Punk.

The best way to prepare these rags for punk is to bake them until they are dry as dust and then place them on the hearth and touch a match to them. Soon after they burst into flames, quickly smother them with a folded newspaper and carefully put your punk (baked and charred rags into a tin tobacco box, punk horn or similar contrivance where it will keep dry and ready for use.

*Fig.* 7 shows the old-fashioned flint lock of a gun used previous to the war of the States.

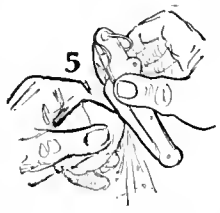
### "The Sparkler" Useful

*Fig.* 8 shows a modern toy called "The sparkler." This toy consists of a metal wheel covered with a composition which looks like emery. It is hung between two flanges of a tin weight, on the sides of which are metal pegs.

When this is spun around, the emery rubbing against the pegs of the flanges of the tin weight produces a shower of sparks, making this toy a really practical fire-lighter for campers.

### How to Use Flint and Steel

To make a fire with flint and steel, hold the punk on the flint with the thumb of the left hand, strike a smart diagonal blow, but not too hard a one. This will cause the sparks to fly and when one of them falls upon the burnt rags, they immediately catch fire and may then be blown into a flame.



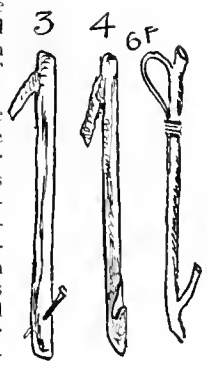
While I was dictating this, to make sure that he was right, I this moment made a fire with flint and steel and burnt rags in the manner described, and I secured fire at the third stroke of the steel. This I blew into a flame after I had surrounded it with a handful of red squirrels' nesting material which I used for tinder.

### Remember Tinder Also

For building fire without matches you need two sorts of material, punk and tinder. Punk is the burnt rag, the charred waste or the charred end of the orange fuse wick which catches and holds the spark. But you must put next to this a handful of fine dry grass or strips of birch bark or the inner bark of the cedar or the materials of which field mice, flying squirrels and red squirrels make their nests in the holes of trees, or some similar material which we call tinder. By blowing in the punk you ignite the tinder, the latter bursting into flame.

### Campfire Trammels Named

Davy Crockett said "I leave this for others when I am dead; be sure you're right, then go ahead." And that was the motto, the good old American motto, from which "Be Prepared" was evolved.

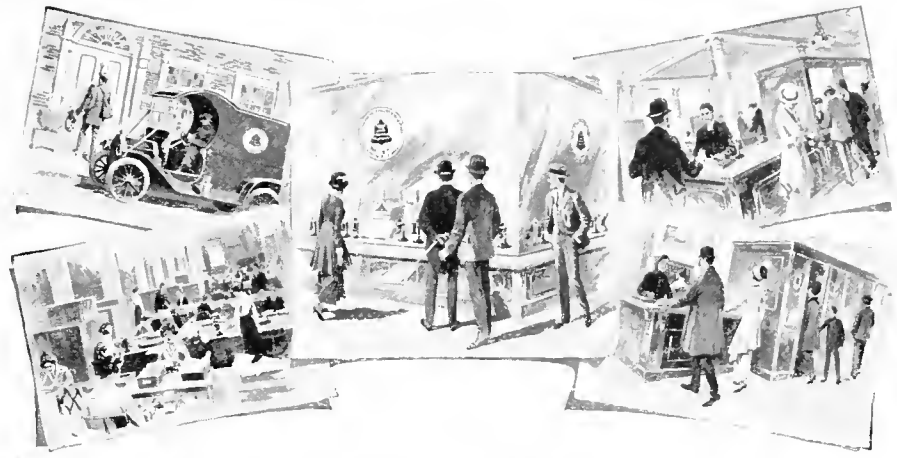



In order to be sure that we are right, we asked last month for a vote for the names of the different trammels used by woodsmen at their campfires. The vote has been cast and the ballots counted; we have used our utmost endeavor to prevent the stuffing of the ballot box. Of course, in a case of this kind, party spirit runs high, for every real woodsman, every scout with the bark on him, has his favorite trammel and also his favorite hero and he wants the two to go together.

Number 4 is voted to be the Boy Scout because it can be made with a scout axe or a scout knife and not even a nail is necessary and it hangs easily on the crane.

Number 3 is the Dave Abererombie because it is "simple and natural to make." Dave is one of the most practical woodsmen we have and it is most fitting that his name should go down among woodsmen attached to an implement they all use. Number 7 is the Adirondack Murray. Adirondack Murray, you remember, was the Reverend Wm. Henry Harrison Murray, who died at Guilford, Conn., March 3, 1904. He is the man whose enthusiastic and joyous writings first gave fame to the

(*Continued on page* 39)



# Doing Business with a Business Concern

The business man is an important factor in your daily life and happiness.

He may raise wheat or cattle; he may manufacture flour or shoes; he may run a grocery or a drygoods store; he may operate a copper mine or a telephone company. He creates or distributes some commodity to be used by other people.

He is always hard at work to supply the needs of others, and in return he has his own needs supplied.

All of us are doing business with business men so constantly that we accept the benefits of this intercourse without question, as we accept the air we breathe. Most of us have little to do with government, yet we recognize the difference between business methods and government methods.

We know that it is to the interest of the business man to do something for us, while the function of the government man is to see that we do something for ourselves—that is, to control and regulate.

We pay them both, but of the two we naturally find the business man more get-at-able, more human, more democratic.

Because the telephone business has become large and extensive, it requires a high type of organization and must employ the best business methods.

The Bell System is in the business of selling its commodity—telephone service. It must meet the needs of many millions of customers, and teach them to use and appreciate the service which it has provided.

The democratic relation between the customer and the business concern has been indispensable, providing for the United States the best and most universal telephone service of any country in the world.

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In answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE

# When You Go to Camp

By

## The Cave Scout

WHAT do you say if we let some of these letters in the question hole hold over for a month while we talk about camping?

What's that? "Bully idea?" I'm glad you feel that way about it, so here goes.

First of all, let's see how many of you are going camping this summer. Stand up, please. Gee, I guess pretty nearly the whole gang is going!

Now, then, how many of you are going to a big, permanent camp which is managed by a camp director? Quite a bunch of you, all right, but evidently there are more who are going out in smaller groups to troop camps.

Well, you fellows who are going to the big, permanent camps don't need any special instructions, because you will be told by the camp directors just what is expected of you. But I guess you'd better stick around while the rest of us talk about the smaller kind of camps, where it is up to each scout to shift pretty largely for himself. Besides, all of you will want to tackle that kind of a camp yourselves, some day.

I TELL you, scouts, there isn't any place in the world where the motto "Be Prepared" applies any better than it does in camp. But lots of people don't know this. They think camping is such a simple art that anybody can do it without any practice at all. Sometimes they try it, and after spending a few days under canvas, suffering loss of sleep, poor cooking, mosquito bites and all the other horrors that the out-of-doors inflicts upon the uninitiated, they hurry back to civilization and say that "camping is worse than a dog's life." And so it is—for those who don't know how to do it right.

But sometimes there are people who are born fighters, and after they have had an unpleasant time of it trying to live in the open, they say, "By golly, that old camping game can't beat me! I'll learn to sleep in the open and cook in the open, and I'll fool those blasted mosquitoes, if it takes ten years to do it!" Then they begin to make some use of their brains when they go to camp, and, after they have learned to live in the woods without suffering, you couldn't keep 'em out with a cannon.

And when a fellow once gets the camping bug it usually is an incurable disease. Camping has a fascination peculiar to itself. I think the reason for this fascination is the fact that camping offers such a wonderful opportunity for resourcefulness and ingenuity. Dan Beard told me the other day that he never takes a trip into the wilderness without learning some new tricks about the outdoor life.

YES, camping is a bully thing for a fellow, but, like lots of other good things, it ought to be taken in small doses at first. It wouldn't do at all for a group of scouts with little or no experience to go out into the woods, far from a base of supplies, and try to live there for any length of time. Any one of a dozen serious complications might arise which would be likely to result in disaster. You've got to work up by degrees, in this camp life, taking advantage of every little opportunity that affords to pick up further information about this fascinating sport.

If you fellows don't want to be branded as greenhorns when you get up against the real thing in outdoor life, you had better get a little practice near home before "taking to the tall timber." Practice cooking over a campfire in the back-yard until you can make flapjacks and biscuits and mulligan stew that will not turn even a cast-iron stomach upside down after two days' steady diet. Get some old experienced camper to help you, or get a good book on camping from the public library. Horace Kephart's book is jammed full of useful information and helpful suggestions, and so is a new one by Warren H. Miller, published this spring by Charles Scribner's Sons.

But in spite of all the practice you can get near home you will find that when you hit the real woods you will have problems to face that you never dreamed of before. It is right then that you will thank your lucky stars for the practice you had before trusting yourself to the tender mercy of the wild.

YOU know, boys, Mother Nature is a perverse old lady. When you go out in the wilderness she tries to drown you with rain, or burn you up with heat, or freeze you to death, or else she sicks on you a billion mosquitoes who seek to devour you alive. But, at the same time, she turns loose these forces to assail the wanderer, she provides, in various shapes and forms, the means to combat them successfully—that is, for those who know how to find these weapons of defense and how to use them.

What's that? You want me to tell you what those weapons are and how you can find them?

Well, now, that's too big a contract for the Cave Scout. Hundreds of books have been written on that subject, and hundreds of others will be written. The answer to that question would just about cover the whole science of outdoor living. So I guess I'd better confine myself to a few suggestions about little things.

AFTER all, it is the little things that make the difference between a successful camp and a miserable one. Nobody ever overlooks the big things, you know. But you would be surprised to know how much little things contribute to comfort and convenience.

Here are suggestions for some articles which you will never regret having taken into camp:

ROPE.—Take plenty of it; it is easy to carry and will pay for itself in a dozen ways. It is always coming in handy in pitching tents and it makes a dandy line on which to hang blankets and extra clothing to air out and dry. It is also useful in dragging bundles of dry limbs to the cooking fire. Made into a lasso it is fine for pulling from trees dead limbs which are too far from the ground to be reached handily.

WIRE.—Fine for making pot-hooks and making small repairs about camp.

NAILS.—Take several sizes. They are indispensable in fixing up camp tables, chairs, etc., and will save much inconvenience and annoyance.

POCKET FLASHLIGHT.—This is just about the handiest thing in camp. Just notice how popular in camp is the boy who has one. The other fellows are borrowing it constantly. Flashlights are especially helpful in finding things at night and in following a trail after dark.

MOSQUITO NETTING.—Take along enough to make a head covering when sleeping out, or to close the door of your tent when sleeping under cover. It is also handy for keeping flies away from the grub boxes or bags.

WATERPROOF MATCH SAFE.—It is always annoying to have to stop and build a fire to dry out your matches after you have taken an involuntary bath in the lake. (This is a joke!) An empty shotgun shell and a cork make a fine match safe.

NEEDLES AND THREAD.—Take several sizes; you'll surely need them, for camping is hard on clothes. Better take along a few extra buttons, too, if you don't want to come back from camp with your pants held up with thorn-apple thorns.

CANVAS GLOVES.—You'll need 'em for handling the frying pan when working over a bed of redhot coals, and also for lifting the covers from boiling pots and pans. Try them once and you'll never go to camp without them.

WOOLEN SOCKS.—Get a pair of good, heavy ones—the kind your mothers sometimes knit are the best. They are the best cure known for cold feet on a chilly night. (When it is extra cold a canteen filled with hot water makes a good bunk-mate. It is also comforting in cases of toothache, cramps and tummy ache.)

BED TICK.—There are a whole lot of fancy sleeping bags on the market, pneumatic mattresses, hammocks, etc., but these are usually too expensive for boys to use, especially when they already have spent considerable money for tents and other more necessary equipment. A bed tick serves the purpose very well; it is inexpensive and light to carry. Get two pieces of stout cloth, about three feet wide and six feet long. Sew them together on the two sides and one end, leaving the other end open. After you get to camp, you can stuff the tick with straw, dry grass, leaves, or browse. When moving from one camp site to another, the contents of the tick can be emptied out and it can be filled with new material at the new camp site.

OIL CLOTH.—Many boys find that rubber ponchos cost too much, but it is unwise to go to camp without some protection from water and dampness. Oil cloth makes a fine substitute and is inexpensive. Take one strip, big enough to serve as a ground cloth under the mattress. Place the shiney side down. Another strip will be found useful in covering grub and other supplies for which there is no room inside the tent.

SOAP.—In many camps there is too little soap used. Take two kinds, toilet soap and kitchen soap. There is nothing like soap for removing grease, both from hands and cooking dishes. Also, do not be afraid to use plenty of hot water. On a chilly morning, a dish of hot water feels mighty good for washing your face and hands.

TOWELS.—Take two or three for wiping your face and hands and also two or three for wiping the dishes. There is no excuse for dirt in camp any more than there is in your own home.

CAN OPENER.—Have you ever been in a camp where they opened sardine cans with an axe? I have!

FISHING TACKLE.—Be sure to have an extra number of fish hooks and fish lines. It is awfully exasperating to come to a fine lake or stream that's simply teeming with fish and to have no tackle with which to catch them.

SALT.—This is one of the most essential articles of the commissary department and yet in the hurry of preparations, salt is sometimes forgotten. It is a good plan for each member of the party to carry a small supply in a watertight container.

LIST OF SUPPLIES.—On a camping trip where you are frequently moving from one place to another, there is always danger of leaving something behind. Sometimes when you come to pitch camp at night and start looking for the hatchet, you remember that you left it sticking in a stump at the place where you camped the night before. In order to prevent this happening, it is a good plan to have a list of all the articles in your camping equipment. Every time camp is moved, each article should be checked off on this list, then, if there is anything missing, you will find it out before it is too late. Of course, nobody is going to forget such important articles as first-aid supplies, cooking dishes, blankets, extra clothing, etc.

These are just a few suggestions. You boys will discover new things for yourselves this summer. But if you keep these few things in mind your camp experience ought to be much more pleasant than it otherwise would.

SCOUT HAROLD K. WILLETT, of Plainfield, N. J., has asked the Cave Scout whether or not firearms are permissible in a Boy Scout camp. National Headquarters has consistently urged scout officials not to take guns with them to camp and not to allow their scouts to do so. There are a number of reasons why this stand has been taken, but the most important one is the fact that Headquarters is most vitally concerned about the safety of every boy in the organization.

Personally, the Cave Scout is very much opposed to having firearms in a boys' camp. There is not one chance in a thousand that they will ever be of any important use, and there is considerable danger of their causing harm. A gun is a dangerous weapon and every possible element of danger should be avoided. Your fathers and mothers will feel much more comfortable about having you in camp if they know there are no guns there.

WHO'S that coming through the door? Gee, it's Mr. McGuire, the editor of BOYS' LIFE. What can we do for you, Mr. McGuire?

"For heaven's sake, Cave Scout, are you going to talk here all day? Don't you know I've got a lot of other things I want to get in this number of BOYS' LIFE?"

All right, Mr. Editor, if that's the way you feel about it, we'll quit.

So long, fellows! Hope to see you all again in July. F. J. P.

*Boy Scouts!*
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There's some place you want to go for your vacation this summer—scout camp, the Panama Exposition at San Francisco or San Diego, a summer resort or a trip somewhere. Half the fun will be to feel that you'd earned a part or all of the cost of travel. Maybe there's something you want to buy. We can help you—perhaps help you earn all the railroad tickets or money. We have arranged with druggists everywhere to let boys act as their special agents selling

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*Harold McMurry*
*(First)*

# The Boone Top-Notchers

## Prize Winning Essays, and Letters From Many Boys.

*Raymond Ellis*
*(Second)*

EVERY reader of Boys' Life will be glad to read the essays which won the First and Second Prizes in the great Daniel Boone Contest recently conducted by this magazine; they are printed on this page, and the one following.

Equally interesting are the letters which have come from the fifty-seven prize winners. Of course, we can't print all of them, but we will give you extracts from many. The letter written by Harold McMurry, of California, who won the first prize ($50.00) you shall have in full.

TURLOCK, CALIF., April 29, 1915.

*To the Editor of* BOYS' LIFE:

It was really a happy surprise to me to have won the first prize in the "Daniel Boone" contest. I know that all the fellows who took part in it will grow up better men for having studied Daniel Boone's admirable qualities.

I am sending you my photo, and in compliance with your request for information regarding myself, will say that I was born in Bombay, India, on Nov. 14, 1898, and gained my taste for scouteraft while traveling with my father in the jungles of Central India, where he was stationed as a missionary. It might be of interest for me to mention here that my great-great-grandfather was a personal friend and companion of Daniel Boone in Kentucky.

When I was twelve years of age, our folks came back to America and settled out here in California. Soon afterwards a Boy Scout troop was organized in Turlock, which I joined. I was a second-class scout and was about to take my first class examination when our troop unfortunately broke up. I had some of the best times of my life while out on the hikes and in doing scout work. I thoroughly believe in the Boy Scout movement and its ideals; it supplies a heretofore missing link in the well-rounded education of an American boy.

I am just completing my sophomore year in High School and am intending to go on through college. I laid most of my prize money away for that very purpose.

In regard to the books I read, I will say that I am fond of any good book and especially those relating to history. I have also read a considerable portion of the writings of Dickens, Scott and Cooper and other writers of their class. Along the lines of lighter and more modern reading, I seldom read anything worse than Mark Twain, Brete Harte and Kipling. I enjoy the stories in the Boys' Life also. They are so snappy and lively. I have never had any taste for "yellow-backed," cheap, trashy literature.

I have tried, in a few contests before and have sometimes won small prizes.

I never used tobacco in any form. I am interested in young people's societies of the church and am a teacher of a boys' class in our Sunday School.

*David Dean* *Paul Dean*

*They are twins, and both are Eagle Scouts. David won a third prize and special honorable mention.*

Thanking every one who has made the Boy Scout movement what it is and thereby helped me, I am

Yours truly,
HAROLD MCMURRY.

The boy who won the second prize ($25.00) is president of the graduating class of Commercial High School, Brooklyn, N. Y., and for the past ten years has been captain of the school debating team. He writes:

BROOKLYN, April 17, 1915.

*Dear Mr. McGuire:*

You ask for information about myself. Last year I represented my school in the speaking contest held in Commercial High under the auspices of Colgate University (Hamilton, N. Y.) and was fortunate enough to win first prize—a gold medal for myself and a silver trophy cup for the school. This gave me the privilege of entering the state-wide Extemporaneous Speech Contest held in Colgate University about a month later, and in this I won first place, receiving another gold medal and a silver trophy shield for Commercial. I represented New York City in the State-wide Contest, in which eleven other cities competed.

In a prize-story contest conducted by the Brooklyn *Eagle*, my story received a prize of $20.

I am very fond of Jack London's books; also those of Tomlinson, and Joseph C. Lincoln.

Sincerely yours,
RAYMOND C. ELLIS.

Twins—and both Eagle Scouts! That's the dandy news that comes in a letter from David Dean, of Texas, winner of third prize ($10.00) and special honorable mention. Their pictures are reproduced on this page. Scout David Dean writes:

CLARKSVILLE, TEXAS, April 29, 1915.

*Dear Sir:*

. . . The boy on the right is Paul Dean, my twin brother, who read the story and discussed it with me. We are colleagues in everything. We joined the Scouts in January 1914, and both became Eagle Scouts Oct. 5. We enjoy BOYS' LIFE and the "Handbook," the hikes, and the study of nature. We have profited by the benefits of scouting as a practical education. We finish high school in May 1915 with first and second honors. (I am second.)

As for poetry, we like Riley and Poe. We like the "Call of the Wild," "The Harvester," John Burrough's books, and Ernest Thompson Seton's nature sketches. Dickens and Thackeray will do for cold rainy days. We have won small prizes in the children's departments of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and in *Holland's Magazine*, of Dallas, Texas.

For a number of years we have been gathering curios and now have quite a collection. We have had some success with experimental farming. While working for the Eagle Scout Badge we prepared a notebook containing the answers to each test we passed.

In the April BOYS' LIFE you stated that I was 13 years old. If you will look on my manuscript I am sure that you will find that I am 16.

Again thanking you for the prize, I am
Your friend,
DAVID DEAN.

Another Texas boy, Harold A. Cory, also won a third prize ($10.00) and Special Honorable Mention. He writes:

I received the ten dollars for which I thank you very much. It will help me to buy a clar-

(*Continued on page* 31.)

## The Essay Which Won First Prize

By HAROLD McMURRY

OF all the unselfish and noble lives of which history affords us examples, few equal that of this brave pioneer. His life was spent in leading others into a new land, and, with no thought of gain, he was willing to face hardships or even death to help one of his fellow beings. With this high purpose and those peculiar mental and physical qualities that are necessary for the making of a good scout, he can be called the greatest of all backwoodsmen.

Let us look at those mental qualities which made him what he was. Boone was not a scholar, but he can be called educated. His mind was so trained and his will power so strong that he could control himself and use a clear judgment in the most dire circumstances—his mind controlled his body. He also had that unusual genius for leadership which made men put absolute confidence in him.

He was always known as a brave man. In all his long, lonely marches, when perils beset him on all sides, we never hear of him turning back. With all his bravery, however, he was never rash. He always tried to avoid any move which would endanger the safety of anyone.

At all times he was cheerful and optimistic, and when he had sorrows he never burdened others with them. He was honest—so honest that it seemed he hardly knew what dishonesty was. He was loyal to his country and never shirked his duty. He believed God had called him to lead people into a new land and he did it in spite of all odds.

He was also physically fitted for his great work. His strength and keen eye-

sight helped him in his woodcraft. He loved nature, the forest was his home, showing the great works of his Creator. He loved animals, and called all Indians his brothers and only killed them when he had to.

But above all these qualities was his unquestioning trust in God, his protector in solitary and trying journeys, his companion during night watches.

Clear, level-headed, thinking men of this type, who are capable of seeing and seizing opportunities, are those who advance a nation and make the world a better place.

While those attributes which made Boone a good scout would be insufficient for men of today, yet those deep, underlying qualities which made him a great man are the same in all times and they are the only things which can make a successful man.

## Second Prize Essay

By Raymond Clark Ellis

THE finest quality that a man can possess is the honest desire to serve his country, his people, and his God. It was this quality that predominated the life of Daniel Boone. Realizing where he could best serve the world, he unhesitatingly placed himself in the van of the nation, and, without hope or thought of reward, he helped form the backbone of the American frontier.

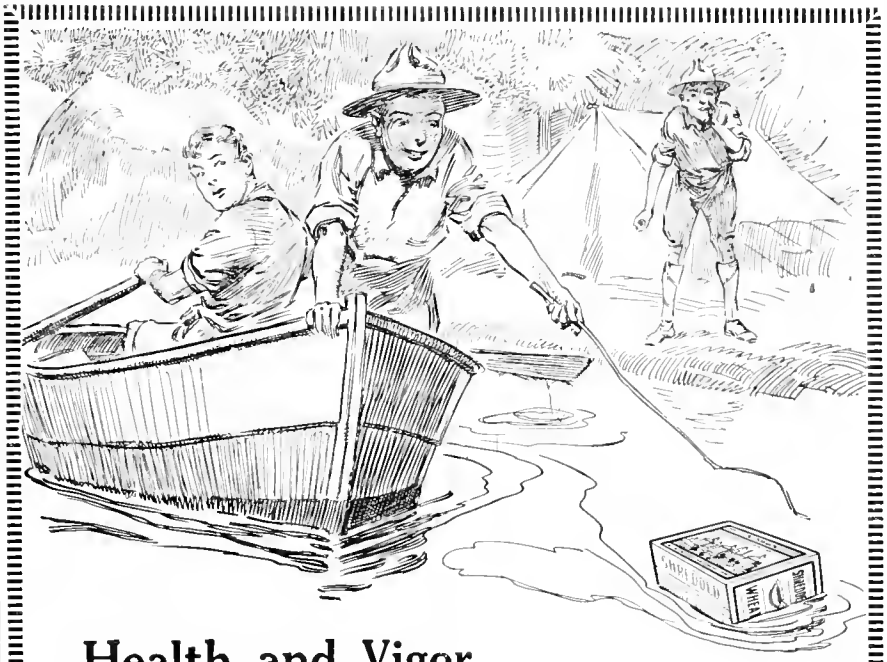
Apart from this fundamental quality, he had those elements which were in those days requisite for a good scout, and are today essential for success. He was a man who never attributed actualities to "luck," and because of this, and his implicit faith in God, he met all circumstances with unwavering fortitude and unbroken will. In hours of overwhelming sorrow he never lost control of himself. He was meek and unassuming, yet firm and determined when necessity demanded.

Born with that primitive instinct which had been handed down to him through the ages, he was always alert. Rarely, if ever, was he taken unawares, and it was this quality of preparedness that was most potent in his make-up as a scout.

One of his most valuable qualities, however, was his ability to think and act quickly under any circumstances, but he always thought before acting. He was cautious and one who bided his time. His true patriotism, his rugged honesty, and his loyal devotion to his people, gained for him universal respect.

These qualities, governed by the predominating desire to help others formed his sterling character. What we need in America today is not more men, but more manhood of the type of Daniel Boone! The qualities of preparedness, meekness, courage, self-control, caution, and the ability to think and act quickly, which Daniel Boone possessed, are just as important today as ever. It is these qualities upon which achievements depend. It is the man who has courage, caution and self-control, who wins in statesmanship, profession and business.

The men who have succeeded in life have succeeded because they had the qualities of Daniel Boone, which were governed by the one great quality: the desire to serve their country, not for what they could get from it, but for what they could give to it.

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of the All-American, muscle-making, strength-giving food,

**Shredded Wheat**

In rain or shine, in work or play, it's the Boy Scout's most reliable "stand-by."

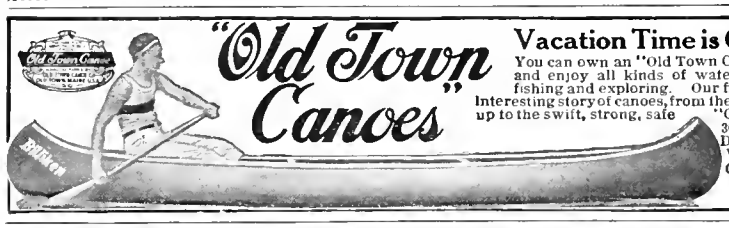
In damp weather it's always sweet—in hot weather always fresh. You can always enjoy it in its natural crispness by heating it a moment in the oven or above the camp fire. In the camp or trail, training table or home, its place is firmly established.

With berries or fruit, alone with cream or milk, it furnishes a number of delightful varieties. Simple to serve, convenient to carry; its flavor is always fresh and appetizing.

**Make SHREDDED WHEAT a part of your outing outfit—no camp is complete without it**

Made only by

**The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, New York**



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Given without extra cost with a year's subscription to Boys' Life

SEND $1.00 TO-DAY

# With the Boy

The Wireless Operator

PHOTOGRAPH FROM A. L. WEAVER
BALTIMORE, MD.

Somebody Must Rustle Up the Wood for the Camp fire.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM SCOUT COMMISSIONER O. P. LOOMIS, BOSTON

Oh, You Watermelons!

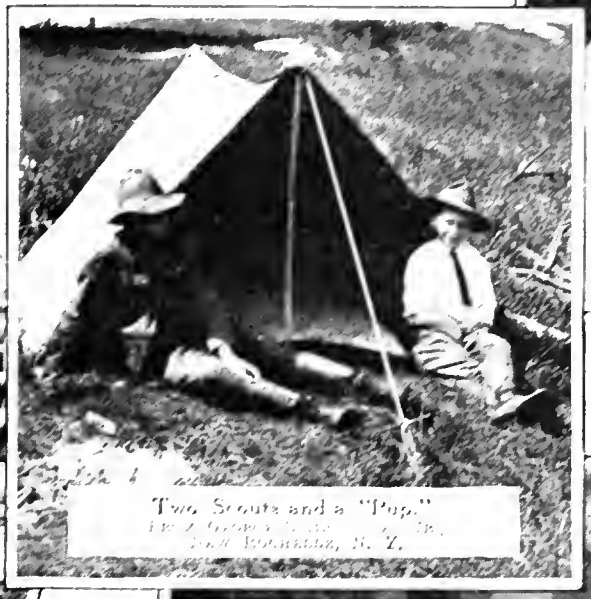
A Baltimore, Md., Troop on the Hike.

Why the River Went Down

PHOTOGRAPH FROM SCOUT HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON.

# Scouts in Camp

"Darn That Stocking!"
[illegible]

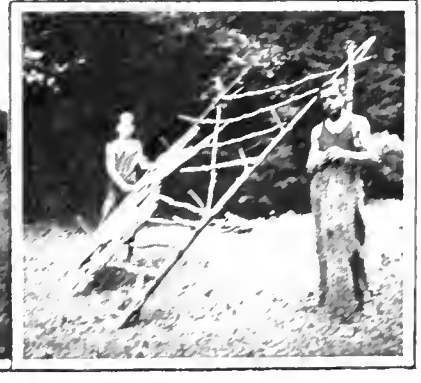


Two Scouts and a "Pup."
[illegible]
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Good Morning!"
[illegible]

"Is There a Letter for Me?"
(Camp Ohitesa)

And Somebody Must Carry Water for the Stew.
[illegible]



Buffalo, N. Y. Scouts Building a Bark Lean-to

# IDEAL BOY SCOUT TENTS

**Every Scout Should Have One**

Note:—In these Tents Scouts' Staffs are used for poles by tacking leather washer to staff which catches in 1½-inch rings sewed in top of tent.

Rings all hand-sewed. See tents rolled up on shoulders of two end Scouts, ready for a hike.

Above cut shows part of Troop No. 1, Boy Scouts of America, Toledo, Ohio, with their No. 1 Army Khaki-Dyed Tents manufactured by us.

**No. 1**—Scout Tent—4x6 ft., center 3 ft., wall, 1 ft.; 8 oz. U. S. Army Khaki-Dyed, double and twisted filling duck. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... $4.00

**No. 2**—Scout Tent. Same Size. 8 oz. double and twisted filling White Duck. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... 3.50

**No. 3**—Scout Tent. Same Size. 8 oz. Single Filling ordinary Khaki-Dyed. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... 3.25

**No. 4**—Scout Tents. Same Size. 8 oz. Single Filling White Duck. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... 3.00

If poles are not wanted deduct 5%

Special Prices in lots of twenty-five. Terms net cash in advance unless otherwise arranged. Special Tent Catalogue and Samples furnished Free on request.

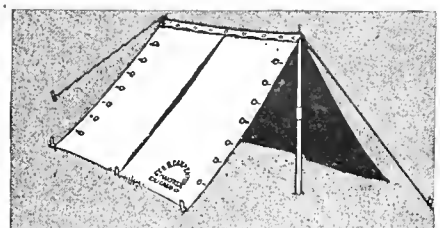
**THE OHIO CANVAS GOODS MFG. CO.**

**Dept. No. 10, TOLEDO, OHIO**

A SCOUT OFFICIAL'S ENDORSEMENT: "With the boy's welfare in mind, I most heartily endorse Tent No. 1."

(Signed) GEORGE M. PROCTOR, Scoutmaster, B. S. of A., Decatur, Ill.





# This year's CAMP

YOU'LL find your official "dog tent" (shown above) and everything else you want in the big new Carpenter Catalog for 1915. (No. 516.)

Complete descriptions and pictures of all the best and latest things—it's the sure, reliable campers' guide.

You can't get along without the Carpenter Catalog. Send for it soon—the earlier the better; mailed free on request.

**GEO·B·CARPENTER & CO.**

411-421 Wells Street, Chicago.


# Activities of Boy Scouts

Interesting Little Stories About Big Scout Events in All Parts of America

## The Life Savers

By Armstrong Perry

DIVING into danger on the spur of the moment, knowing that the matter will be settled for better or for worse in a few seconds, is quite different from starting on a desperate mission in which cold and fear and fatigue combine with the giant forces of nature to beat down the spirit of courage or crush it forever in the grim embrace of death.

Charles H. Krause and Horace Krause, members of Troop 31, St. Louis, Mo., were entertaining two small boys at Kingsville, Ontario, on August 24, 1914, by taking them for a boat ride on Lake Erie. A gale was blowing, but they were safe under the lee of a high cliff, where the water was calm. Suddenly they caught sight of a small duck boat, a mile out in the lake. It was full of water and three boys were clinging to the gunwales.

There was no other boat in sight—no time to put their little friends ashore; they must decide instantly whether they would leave the capsized crew to their fate or risk the lives of four to save the three. Without hesitation they steered out into the waves.

Rowing with a strong wind astern requires good seamanship. Lifting three chilled and helpless beings from the water and rowing back a mile in the teeth of the gale with an over-loaded boat took seamanship and other manly qualities which are included in the one word "heroism."

If the shipwrecked sailors hadn't "squealed," it would have been very hard to collect the facts for this story. The "corkscrewing" of the Scoutmaster elicited only this brief statement: "Oh, that's nothing. I only did my duty as a Boy Scout."

Each brother received a Bronze Medal from the National Court of Honor on May 1st. Their names will be on the May roll.

## Help Prevent a Flood

The Boy Scouts of Carlsbad, New Mexico, attained lasting fame on April 18 when they saved that town from great damage by flood.

In the valley above the town, a power dam was being washed away by an unusual pressure of high water. Only a few men could be secured to combat the waters, and it looked for a time as though the dam must surely give way.

At this critical juncture, the Scouts volunteered their services and rushed to the dam where they worked for several hours with feverish haste, filling in the breaks in the dam with bags filled with sand. The men who directed the fight to save the dam, are loud in their praises of the work of the Scouts. Without the help of the boys, they say the dam surely would have given way and great loss to property and possible loss of life would have resulted.

## Ohio Scouts Aid Birds

Troop 18 of Cleveland has made a specialty of bird-house building. This troop recently engaged in a bird-house competition, and the picture shows the houses which the boys entered. Three prizes were

competed for—one of them was won by Scout Cirley, whose house was most mechanically perfect; another was won by Scout Andrews, whose house was most artistic; and the other by Scout King, who most closely followed the correct specifications for dimensions and utility.

At Dayton, Ohio, more than 100 bird houses were placed in McKinley Park on Arbor Day by the Boy Scouts of this city.

At Toledo 2,000 bird houses were placed in the parks and cemeteries in this city early in April by the Boy Scouts.

## Scout Laws in Parade

The most extensive community service ever undertaken by the Boy Scouts of Hartford, Conn., was their participation in the Clean-up and Fire Prevention Campaign, conducted recently. Thirty troops participated in the campaign and made a careful inspection of 10,084 houses, making a complete report of conditions to the Health Department. They also distributed 25,000 circulars concerning fire prevention, and 35,000 notices of the clean-up campaign to property owners.

A feature of the clean-up campaign was a big parade held on April 17 in which

## Medals and Badges

Report of National Court of Honor for April, 1915

### EAGLE SCOUTS

To win the Silver Eagle these First Class Scouts must have qualified for 21 Merit Badges. It is the highest honor given for winning Merit Badges.

| | |
|---|---|
| John J. Super | Detroit, Mich. |
| Cecil Pickard | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Ernest Pickard | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Glenn Bertels | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Arthur Richards | Mercer, Pa. |
| Corydon Jones | Minneapolis, Minn. |
| Wesley L. Billings | Walbridge, Ohio |
| Byron V. Dexter | Morristown, N. Y. |
| John A. Baker | Buffalo, N. Y. |
| Leland S. Slater | Cairo, N. Y. |

### LIFE AND STAR SCOUTS

Life Scouts hold Merit Badges in first aid, athletics, life saving, personal health and public health. Star Scouts have five badges in addition to these.

| | |
|---|---|
| William Lawrence | Richmond, Va. |
| Ernest Pickard | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Glenn Bertels | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Francis W. Watson | Washington, D. C. |
| Robert N. Young | Washington, D. C. |
| Wesley L. Billings | Walbridge, Ohio |
| Harold Nicholas | Batavia, Ohio |
| Henry Hider | Buffalo, N. Y. |
| Charles Barnard | St. Louis, Mo. |
| Amand Donnell | Washington, D. C. |
| Edward Chase | Richmond Hill, L. I. |
| Charles Knowlton | Richmond Hill, L. I. |
| LeRoy Jenkins | Richmond Hill, L. I. |
| E. S. Stewart | Richmond Hill, L. I. |

Total Number of Merit Badges Issued.....931

**Unheard-of Introductory Price**

**Wall Tents** Heavy Standard, Full Weight Tent Duck, double lap seams, complete with tent poles, ropes, pins, etc. All ready to set up—Wonderful bargains.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 5x7 | $4.00 | 9½x12 | $ 9.13 |
| 7x7 | 5.32 | 12x14 | 12.75 |
| 7x9 | 6.48 | 14x13 | 17.10 |

**These Exceptional Bargains**

are offered for a short time only. Save money by buying direct from the largest, most reliable manufacturers of Tents, Awnings and Campers' supplies in the country. Supplying the U. S. War Department, and Foreign Governments. Let us tell you about our new Watershed and Mildew-Proof Process. Write at once for **free descriptive booklet** and price list on **everything made of canvas.**

*Get your letter to us quick before these big bargains are snapped up.*

Shelter Tent Rolled for Carrying

**HETTRICK BROS. CO.**
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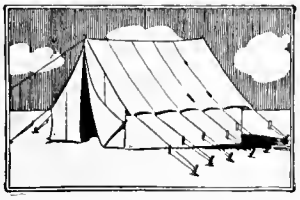
**BOYS! BUY-A-TENT**



**GREAT TENT BARGAIN**

*ORDER NOW*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 5 x 6 Wall Tent | - - - - | $3.40 |
| 7 x 9 " " | - - - - | $5.53 |

Made of 36 inch 8 oz. high grade Duck. Complete with poles, stakes and ropes.

*Terms: Cash in advance.*

**MODEL TENT COMPANY**
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**A 9 Pound, Waterproof, 6x6 Wall Tent for Hikes or Camping.**

Durable, substantial, no poles required, well ventilated, room for 4 boys or adults. Great for summer hikes, camping or fishing trips.

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10th and Canal -:- Indianapolis, Ind.



**HIKEMETER FOR SCOUTS**

Hikemeter In Front (2 in 1) Compass In Back (Price $1.50)

Measures the distance you walk. Adjustable to any step. Registers 100 miles. No winding. Accurate, interesting and fully guaranteed. Price $1.50.

Just the thing for boy scouts, tourists, hunters, golfers, hikers and all sportsmen. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail. Send for folder.

Compass Watch Co., 204 Jewelers Bldg., Minneapolis

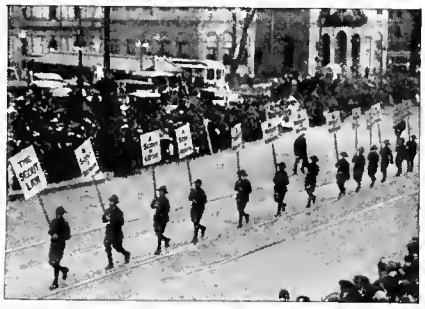


**Bamboo Scout Staffs**

Full size, best quality, 15c each. Carrying charges collect.

Deltour, 901 Jefferson St., Hoboken, N. J.


300 Scouts marched in line. The photograph reproduced herewith, shows one sec-



tion of the parade—twelve Scouts, each carrying a sign on which is printed one of the Scout Laws.

## Scouts' Questions Answered

*Q. What is meant by a Senior Patrol leader, and what age must a scout attain before he can be entitled to this rank?—C. C., Md.*

A. The Senior Patrol leader is selected by the Scoutmaster. He may be the oldest Patrol Leader in the troop in point of service, or he may be the leader of the patrol which is doing the best work. He must be a most efficient scout because he ranks next to the Assistant Scoutmaster in authority and responsibility.

*Q. Is it necessary to have a Local Council in a small town of 1,000 population where only one troop is organized?—B. L., Neb.*

A. The organization of a Local Council is recommended only in a town where there are three or more troops. If a town of 1,000 population can organize that many troops, then a Local Council will be found useful and desirable.

*Q. Can a Boy Scout wear his suit at school or in company?—Scout F. T.*

A. There is no rule against it, although, as a general practice, scouts wear their uniforms only at troop meetings, on hikes, or when engaging in some official scout activities.

*Q. Is there any exception to the rule that to become a first-class scout, a scout must be able to swim fifty yards? Suppose a scout has asthma so that swimming makes him have it—is there any exception to the rule in this case? —H. R., N. Y.*

A. No. If any exception were made, the First Class badge would no longer be a guarantee that the wearer could do the things which the Handbook says he must do in order to earn his badge.

*Q. Is it permissible for a troop to organize a Crow Patrol? There is no Crow Patrol mentioned in the Handbook for Boys.—Scout H. A. S., Pa.*

A. Yes. The names in the Handbook are suggestions only. Any other appropriate name may be used.

*Q. I would like to know if a Catholic boy may become a Boy Scout?—V. R., Pa.*

A. Yes. There are many Troops in Catholic churches, and the Boy Scout Movement is endorsed by many prominent Catholics, including His Eminence John Cardinal Farley.

*Q. Is the organization of the Campfire Girls of America in any way connected with the Boy Scout organization? Where is the headquarters of the Campfire Girls?—Scout N. W., Fla.*

A. There is no connection between the Campfire Girls and the Boy Scouts of America. The headquarters of the Campfire Girls is at 461 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

*Q. Can a Patrol Leader hold an official Scout meeting, or must a Scoutmaster or an Assistant Scoutmaster be present to make it official?—T. B. W., N. C.*

A. A patrol leader should never hold an official meeting without the Scoutmaster, or an assistant, or some member of the Troop Committee present.


**Boy Scouts!**

**Get This Offer**

$4.75 Size 7x7 ft. Genuine Full Weight 8 oz. Duck

**Real Wall Tent**

**Complete** With Poles and Pins

Just the tent for "camping out." Large enough to accommodate 4 boys in great shape. If you are going on a camping trip you simply cannot afford to be without this remarkable tent. Only $4.75. And you can set it up in your back yard and sleep in it during the summer months. ***This is the greatest bargain ever made*** on a genuine 8 oz. Duck Wall Tent. If you don't want to buy the tent alone, get two or three of your boy friends to go in with you. BOYSCOUTS THINK IT'S GREAT.

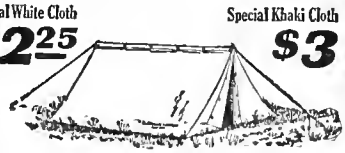
**Army Shelter Tents**

**Commonly called "Dog Tents"**

**Made up in Two Sections**

**Complete with Poles and Pins**

Special White Cloth $2.25 Special Khaki Cloth $3



These are used for temporary shelter for troops, each soldier carrying one section and one pole—poles are spliced. 5 ft. 3 in. long by 3 ft. 6 in. wide by 3 ft. 9 in. center height. Just the kind of a tent the U. S. soldiers use when they are out in active service. It can be put up or knocked down in a minute. Every Boy Scout—every boy—who loves outdoor life and adventure should own a shelter tent. Can be rolled up and strapped to the back.

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***Send Post Card Today.*** We have a remarkable book—a "Camp Guide" which tells all about camp life; how to lay out a camp; what to take along; what to do when you get there. We will send this great book to you absolutely FREE. Just send a postcard. (Canadians must inclose 10 cents because of duty.)

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STAMPS

*[No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.]*

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European War Packet: Belgium, Turkey, Germany, England, France, Russia, Bosnia, Japan, Servia and Austria-Hungary—50—all different, 25c. Approval sheets at 50% discount. Albums 30c to $55.00. List and monthly paper free. Scott's Catalogue, 1000 pages, paper covers, 85c; cloth $1.00 post free.

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**LATEST NOVELTY POSTER STAMPS**
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**STAMP ALBUM** with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Old Mexico, Malay (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., 10c. 100 diff., Jap, N. Zld., etc., 5c. Big List, Coupons, etc., **FREE!** 1000 Fine Mixed 20c. 1000 Hinges 5c. **Agents Wanted, 50%.** WE BUY Stamps. **HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

**500 MIXED STAMPS .....10c.**
**138 VARIETIES STAMPS .....10c.**
Send for our fine Approval Sheets at 50% Discount from catalogue prices. Reference, please.
**PROSPECT HILL STAMP CO.**
**30 Delaware St., Winter Hill, Mass.**

**70 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS FROM 70 DIFFERENT FOREIGN COUNTRIES**
Including Bolivia, Gold Coast, Guatemala, Hong Kong, Mauritius, Monaco, Persia, Reunion, Tunis, Trinidad, Uruguay, etc., **FOR ONLY 15 CENTS—A genuine Bargain.** With each order we send our pamphlet, which tells all about "How to Make a Collection of Stamps Properly." **QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., Room 35, 604 Race St., Cincinnati, O.**

STAMPS. 108 all different. Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps.
**C. Stegman, 5951 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.**

**ALL FOR 10c**
100 varieties used stamps.
1 packet stamp hinges.
1 pocket stamp album.
1 set Venezuela, 2 varieties
1 set Ecuador, 2 varieties.
10 varieties unused stamps.
**Lake View Stamp Co., 520 Union Bldg., San Diego, Cal.**

**SPECIAL** Our Stamps are different, get something the other fellow can't find. 50% discount on this great collection. Limited Supply. Send for them now on approval.
**Mt. Vernon Stamp Co., Dept. L, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.**

**Selections of U. S. and Foreign Postage**
Revenues and Cut Squares sent on approval at 50% discount. I price by Scott's Catalogue and give a square deal. Try me and be convinced.
**BRYANT POLLARD, Proctorsville, Vermont**

**STAMPS FREE** 100 all different stamps from all countries, free. Postage 2c. Mention this paper. Large album, 15c. If possible send names 2 collectors. We buy stamps.
**QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio**

**$$——OLD COINS WANTED——$$**
$4.25 each paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. $2 to $500 each paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1895. Send 10c. at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. Get posted; it may mean your good fortune. C. F. CLARKE & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 10, Lo Roy, N. Y.

**ALL -- FOR -- 10c** **SPECIAL U. S. LOT**
5 Spanish War Revenues.
10 U. S. Envelopes, cut sq., incl. War Dept.
8 Civil War Revenues.
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**CROWELL STAMP CO., CLEVELAND, O.**

**FREE** Dandy Packet Stamps, Big Illustrated List, $1.15. Free Coupon. Sample Peelable Hinges, Etc., Etc. For name and address 2 active Stamp Collectors & 2c postage. **U. T. K. Stamp Co., Utica, N. Y.**

# Vacation Stamp Hunting

## Various Items of Peculiar Interest

By FRANK L. COES

CARE should be used along some lines of stamp buying, because several scouts have sent me inquiries about specimens (taken from packets of "postal" issues) which are the cheapest kind of revenue stamps.

Now as you all know there are people who collect and find interest in revenue stamps, but there are some issues (notably those of Cuba just before the Spanish War, and of Mexico and Austria) that seem to find their way into packets for filling. It is always wise to buy packets from the people that make a specialty of packets. And a blind belief in the value of quantity as against quality seems to have led several scouts astray.

I feel more hurt over this because most of us have to work to earn our money, and it seems hard that such padding should be resorted to.

### As to "On Approval"

A scout asks me for advice as to the disposition of stamps sent him "on approval" without his asking for them. This is a very important thing.

If you did not send for the stamps, and do not care to purchase, I suggest that you ask your parent or Scoutmaster to file the letter, marking it with date of receipt. When the sender writes asking you to report on the package, write a letter saying you do not care to purchase, and that the stamps will be returned "when the seoder furnishes the necessary postage." Have your parent or Scoutmaster sign this as witness and don't do any more worrying. If he has sent you anything worth the return postage, the dealer will send you the needful amount in due course. If he does not it is his own lookout.

This practice is bad and should be stopped. Don't be afraid to do your share toward stopping it.

### When You Ask the Question

From the Middle West a young scout asks whether I want stamps sent me for examination or if a description will do.

I feel that it is better to write a description of the stamp you want information about. First this will help you to learn how to see the details and describe them; second, it will teach you to use the proper color terms and how to use your catalog, and, lastly, it will assure your stamps not being lost or mislaid. I cannot always answer letters at once, and delay might cause you worry. Of course, you can add to the readable description by making a sketch of the stamp or such parts as need be, or which you cannot well describe, but be sure to write all inscriptions and state color and perforation if possible.

### Who's Your "Handsomest Man"?

I see that one of the stamp papers has just run a competition on the "Handsomest Man" pictured on a postage stamp. The result put George Washington first and George V, the present King of England, second. I don't quite agree with either decision. Of course, it is truly patriotic to give Washington the first place, but there are others who should have a chance. What you you think of the present Czar as an offset to the second choice of George V? What of portraits that come on some of the stamps of Sweden, Norway, Sarawak, or the Russian series of 1910? What of our own 1902 portraits of Madison and Jefferson? Perhaps Perry has a chance also. Anyhow I feel that the judges must have had little competition to look over or their decision would have been different.

### A Great "Victoria" Collection

Since writing the paragraph in the last issue on remarkable collections, I have seen one which deals with the portraits of Queen Victoria only. We do not realize it, but her portrait was printed on more stamps than any other portrait has been, and it was drawn in more ways, by more artists (and some that were not), and the portraits (or rather pictures, because a portrait is supposed to be a true likeness) have varied more in likeness to the greatest of England's sovereigns than have the likenesses on any series of stamps. Even the pictures of George Washington, taken from the beginning to the present, have a family likeness that is unmistakable. But if you will compare say the first Mauritius, a laureated head of New South Wales, a cameo Gambia, an Ionian Islands, a Queensland 77, and a "penny black," you will get what I mean. It hardly seems possible that all these portraits were meant

A stamp that shows Queen Victoria as a girl and as an elderly woman.

for the same woman, and I have only mentioned a few of the many variations of the Victoria head.

### War "Covers" Coming In

I wish I could illustrate the war "covers" that are coming to me nowadays. I just have one from Russia that has been censored, folded and sealed till the weight added made the letter over weight and it was "postage due 6c." Others came from "Havre (Special)" with Belgian stamps on them. This is a little postoffice near Havre, which the French have given over to the Belgian government, and is about the only office using Belgian stamps, if not the only one.

I understand that there are several stamp men living close by who make a business of stamping cards and envelopes with a whole set of Belgian stamps, thus making a cover carrying several stamps not needed for postage, and at the same time getting these Belgian stamps with the French postal cancellation at the special office.

Every letter from the war zone is "censored" and a series of the censor marks would be an interesting thing. I have one English censor mark numbered "Censor 668," so that looks as though there were a few men doing nothing but read the mail of the soldiers. How many more there are doing the same thing in Germany, Russia, Austria and Turkey I leave you to surmise. The Russian cover I

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Blacks, Polishes, Preserves

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Price $1.25. This is a man's size glove, made of white velvet tanned leather, with inside hump, and is full leather lined. It's a beauty; is very popular with high school ball players, and we know you'll be the proudest boy in your neighborhood when you own it. All you have to do to get this glove is to sell 12 bottles of EVERSHINE Shoe and Rubber Polish at 25 cts. each. "Evershine" gives a brilliant waterproof polish, without any rubbing, to Shoes and Rubbers. It is easy to sell. Send us your name and address, Troop Number, Scoutmaster's name and address, and we will send the 12 bottles at once. When sold, send us the $3.00 and we will send glove by return mail. Address: **EVERSHINE CO., Room 313, 44 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.**

### STAMPS

*[No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.]*

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STAMPS. 105, China, &c., stamp dictionary and list 3,000 bargains 2c. Cata. stps. of world 12c. Agents, 50 per cent. A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A9, Boston, Mass.

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Like true Scouts, *"are always prepared"* to do their duty. They have courage, faithfulness, intelligence, and will follow their master to any part of the Continent. Fine pals to take on your hikes or to camps, summer or winter. Protect your sister, guard your home, herd any kind of stock, chase away tramps and burglars. Brave as lions—soft hearted with babies. Hardy—need no artificial heat in winter—graceful, handsome. Thrive in any climate. A pair will raise *over three hundred dollars worth of pups a year.* Ours are healthy, country raised, pedigree stock. A spring pup will be big enough to haul you over the snow and ice this winter.

The Island White Collie Kennels, Dept. G., Oshkosh, Wis.


speak of, being a registered one, had two "censor" stamps on it beside the usual cancellation marks, as well as the extra ounces of sealing wax.

### "Perforation" Explained

Just as I am writing this story I have a letter from a scout asking for an explanation of the "perforation" system. This is another place where you learn something.

The scale is based on the number of holes in 2 centimeters. This is a metric unit, as you know, but if you have no metric rule, 2 centimeters is approximately 51-64 of an inch. After you have measured a few you will find it very easy to count the holes even if you have no perforation gauge. Try it on an old U. S. stamp. The most of them are perforated 12. The current issue is coming perforate 10. And, as I said before, it may be a good thing to get a copy of the current issue perforated 10, because no one knows how long it will be used. I understand it is not wholly satisfactory.

### Again—Remember Tongs

Please read the last paragraph of my May article over again. I want to impress on your memories the need of tongs.

If any one thing counts in making a collection better, it is clean stamps. And clean stamps, fairly mounted, are far better to look at than dirty ones, no matter how well mounted. You should use tongs for every handling from inspection to final mountings. Even in selecting stamps from approvals it is better to leave no traces, and you can be sure you don't if you stick to your tongs. Of course, it is not possible to handle sheets in this way, but blocks of four, pairs and singles should never be touched with the fingers, if possible to avoid it.

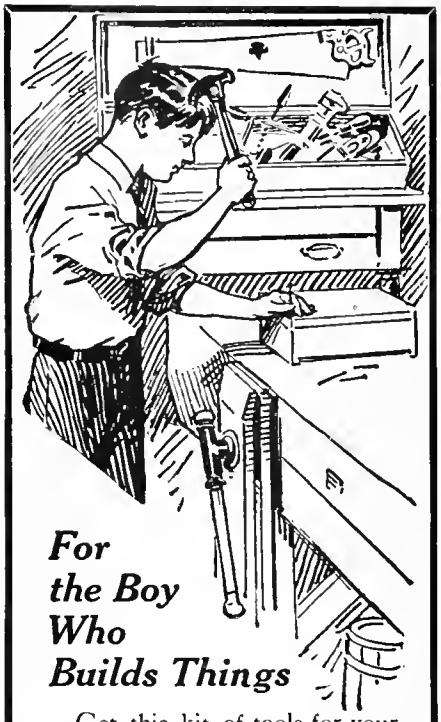
### Stamp Opportunities in Vacation Time

Vacation time will mean chances for hikes into the country, time and opportunity for quiet search among the stores and junk shops for old papers. I can suggest possible places by the score, and you probably can think of more after you begin. Old farm houses, the records of old firms, the attics of your own homes, the papers John the Junkman buys, old letters no matter where, old documents, old pension papers and patent medicine bottles—in fact everything old is a possible hiding place for the rare and elusive stamp.

Polite inquiry, the offer of assistance, the return of one favor with another—all should help you a long way toward success.

It seems funny to some that I suggest a search at this late day, but I can assure you that there are lots of places that have yet to be searched and lots of stamps still waiting for bright eyes to find them. The last year has seen a "find" of St. Louis stamps in Philadelphia that must run into fifty thousand or more dollars. Don't be discouraged if the first try is a failure.

When you get old stamps don't be in a hurry to take them off the envelope or document. If the paper is clean and the stamps whole they may be worth more on the paper than off. Perhaps many times more. If in doubt, ask. I will tell you how to recover and realize on anything you may find later on. Do your hunting now in the warm days and we'll do the mounting in the Fall.

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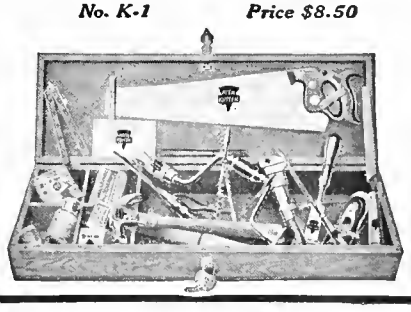

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to earn money selling the best fruit jar rings made. All housekeepers use them and are looking for real good rings such as we deliver. This is a fine opportunity to add to your fund for the summer camp, etc. Write quick for particulars.

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**"BOY SCOUTS"**

The new song written especially for Scouts. Every one should have a copy. 15 cts., postpaid (1 and 2 ct stamps). Ola Hood Shipley, Mt. Airy, Md.

*THE HAW HAW CORNER*

# The Diary of a Boy Inventor

## More of Jimmy's Big Ideas

By GUSTAVE VERBEEK

May 3—Sometimes an invention comes to me like a great shining light and I stand amazed as though on the threshold of some new and wonderful world. Today one came to me that was so overpowering in its bigness that I had to get up and walk around and open the window to take some air. Just think! I will some day walk on the water!

*The motor carried like a knapsack.*

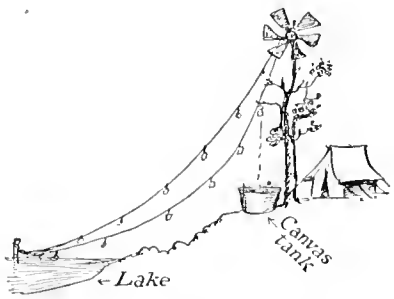
Yes, just as easily as though walking on land. And nobody has ever thought of it before. Of course, lots of simple boobs have made boats for their feet. I have read about them in the papers. But my scheme has no boats about it. It's just shoes, with a little revolving attachment. Shoes that can't sink. Propeller-soled shoes, for walking on water. The motor is carried on the back, like a knapsack. Then, you know the flexible shafts the dentists use to spin things into a fellow's teeth? Well, one of these goes to the sole of each foot, where they spin two propellers facing downward. Now imagine stepping onto the water with revolving propellers facing against the surface. Could a fellow sink his feet under if he tried? No!

Whoopee! Isn't it great?

Won't the boys have fun playing tag on the bay and hurdling over the waves that come from a passing steamboat?

---

May 5—I have just thought of a good one. It is a windmill in a tree top for campers to get water up from a lake. I'm going to try it and if it isn't going to work, I at least wilt know the reason why. I made a sketch of it and all the boys like the idea, for they remember the difficulty we had last summer in our camp. The ground between us and the lake was all boulders and ferns and most of our water was spilled before we got it to the top.




I have not yet worked out how the little buckets on the string get tipped over when they meet the projecting branch.

But that is a mere detail.

---

May 10—How many inventions nowadays are thingless things! First it began with horseless carriages and chainless bicycles, and now we have wireless telegraphy and fireless cookery and seedless oranges and boneless fish and hornless cows and smokeless powder and rustless screens, and I don't know how many other things, including that triumph of modern science, the coffeeless coffee.

*Without even a ghost of a noise.*

The age of jiggerless jiggers is undoubtedly with us, and it struck me that a good direction for my inventive endeavors would be along this line. But there is a limit to the lessness that one can apply to things. A footless horse, for instance, would be absolutely footless and a pointless pin would be so doggone pointless that nobody would see any point to it at all.

Using a little judgment, however, there are many articles that would be better if they had the minus quality attached. Take the bugle, as an example. A soundless bugle. I think there is a discovery that would be eagerly welcomed by a waiting world—especially mothers and fathers.

I dearly love to practice the different calls, reveille and taps and all the rest, and it gives me endless pleasure to send the notes rising and falling and echoing around the house. But the other people of my family don't seem to feel exactly the same way about it. I have tried burying the mouth of the thing in cushions, but that is too awkward and bungly, so I have made designs which I hope to some day put to practical tests.

My plan is to have a bugle with an indicator that shows at a glance what note has been sounded without that note making even a ghost of a noise. Then a chap can practice to his heart's content in his bedroom or anywhere at any hour of the day or night, and nobody will have a right to kick. If he misses a note the hand on the dial will quickly show it, and when he gets that hand working with promptness and decision he will find that perfection in the call has been reached.

So watch out for it, people.

Along with Signor Marconi's wireless telegraphy and Burbank's spineless cactus, you may yet hear of Jimmy's trumpless trumpet.

# The Boone Top-Notchers

(*Continued from page 22*)

inet that I have been wanting for a long time.

I am not a Scout but I am a member of the Y. M. C. A. I am in the high seventh grade at school.

*Harold A. Cory.*
*(Third, and Special Honorable Mention.)*

I like such books as "Laddie," "Freckles," "Ivanhoe," "Last Days of Pompeii," "Scottish Chiefs," and "Ben Hur." The book that I like best of all is "Ben Hur." I never tire of reading stories like "Scouting With Daniel Boone." I am a member of Travis Park Methodist Sunday School. Every Sunday for over four years I have been at Sunday School on time with Bible and offering.

The upper pin on my coat is one that has been given me by the Sunday School for going one year. They have also given me a fine Bible for going two more years, and a gold seal in my Bible for the other year. The lower pin is one that I won as an Honor Pin in school.

Although I have never joined the Boy Scouts, I admire their principles and am trying to live up to their pledge. I placed the Scout calendar and a Scout pennant which I got from National Headquarters on my bedroom wall where I can see them daily.

Once more I wish to thank you for the Honorable Mention and the prize, and shall count the winning of these as one of the most helpful as well as enjoyable efforts of my life.

Wishing you and BOYS' LIFE every success, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
HAROLD A. CORY.

From letters received from other boys we have taken these extracts:

ROBERT T. POLLARD, Ohio: Your very welcome check and letter announcing that I had won third prize in your contest arrived this morning. To say I was happy is putting it very mildly. The work on the essay was pleasant and profitable. Mr. Tomlinson has always been one of my favorite authors, and his "Scouting with Daniel Boone" was above the average. I enjoyed each instalment of it better than the last. The check will be placed with my college fund. My ambition is to enter Ohio State University, where I have a brother.

CHARLES M. STOTZ, Pennsylvania (Fifth Prize): I was sick in the hospital when I wrote the essay, and maybe that helped me, as I had more time to think it over. I read BOYS' LIFE all the time and think that you have a more wide-awake, useful magazine for boys than any I know of.

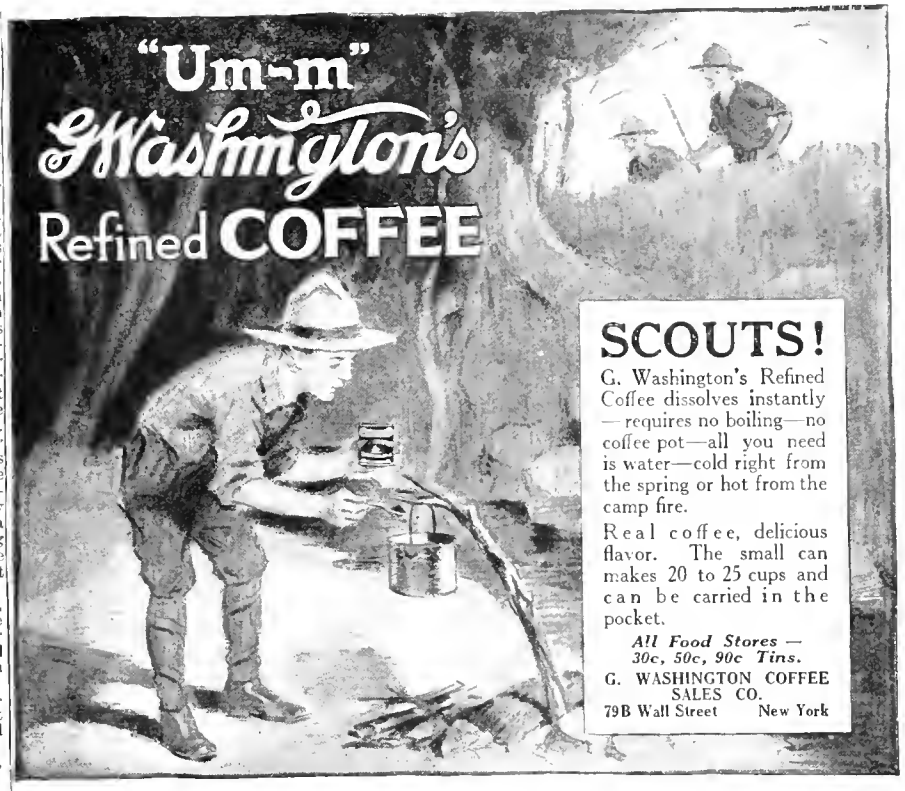
WILLIAM Z. PORTER, Pennsylvania (Fifth Prize): It never rains but it pours. Yesterday I also captured a prize—second prize, $3.00—for a letter on "Should Men Remain Seated in Street Cars While Women Stand?" in a Philadelphia paper. Though I have entered about five of the BOYS' LIFE contests, this is the first in which I have won a prize, which shows that it pays to stick.

DAVID PETERSON, Michigan: I received your check for Fourth Prize and I take this opportunity of thanking you for it. Even if I had received no place in the prize awards, still the events of the great Scout's life and the better knowledge gained of him and his duties would have been enough compensation. The great number who read and received no prize have nothing to regret, for the effort put forth by them will outbalance any momentary disappointment they may have. They will have received some idea of what constitutes a great life, and they must have received some inspiration and help from the study of him. In this respect, it is impossible to estimate the good of this contest. Its influence will be far-reaching.

AUGUST T. UNFUG, Jr., Colorado (Fourth Prize): My essay was not written with the thought of success or money in mind, but rather to express my thoughts and appreciation of the story. Being related to the great pioneer, Daniel Boone, although not a direct descendant, I deemed it my duty to write on the subject which teaches several lessons to the applying youth. The thrilling story pleased the Boy Scouts of Walsenburg, and many friendly discussions were held on the subject.

GORDON B. AMBLER, N. C. (Fourth Prize): I did not expect to win even Honorable Mention, but felt that the strength derived from having tried would be compensation enough.

CHRISTOPHER TENLEY, D. C. (Third Prize): I am in receipt of your check for $10.00. Please accept my sincere thanks. I intend to invest it in books for my growing library.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SCOUTS!
G. Washington's Refined Coffee dissolves instantly — requires no boiling—no coffee pot—all you need is water—cold right from the spring or hot from the camp fire.
Real coffee, delicious flavor. The small can makes 20 to 25 cups and can be carried in the pocket.
All Food Stores — 30c, 50c, 90c Tins.
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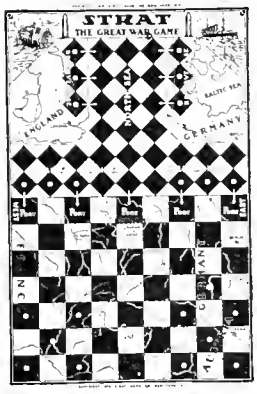
WIN YOUR OWN BATTLES!

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Intensely exciting.

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Price $1.00, postpaid.

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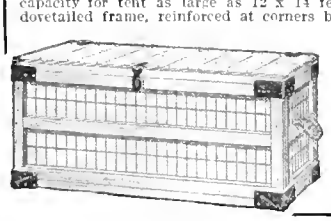

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Boys, Genuine Remington Typewriters, $10.00 cost $97.50, guaranteed two years. Free, a course in speed typewriting. Send for proposition. Agents Wanted. Harlem Typewriter Exchange, Dept. B. L. No. 207 West 125th St., New York City.

*Just what you've been waiting for!*

**THE AUTO-WHEEL**

**Trek Wagon for Boy Scouts**

Designed especially for scout troops. Meets every requirement of hiking or camping trips.

**DON'T BREAK YOUR BACKS**

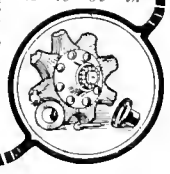
carrying packsacks and blankets. The **Auto-Wheel Trek Wagon** will carry full camping equipment for the whole troop—tents, kits, rations—everything. Solves the transportation problem.

**READ THESE SPECIFICATIONS!**

Tail board is raised or lowered with adjustable chain. Tongue and top are both removable. Strongly braced at all points—handsome ash and maple body is finished wear and weather proof.

Has standard AUTO-WHEEL construction—*real* roller bearings, *real* auto type wheels. Bessemer steel axles with trim, dustproof hub caps, oval spokes and solid steel tires. Absolutely the easiest wagon to pull with a load—and it has more speed than can be used except for play.

*Write for full description and prices, stating whether canvas top is to be included. Don't lag—the camping season is here and you need this wagon to save you work.*



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For other summer camp advertisements, see page 33.

# How to Make a Camp Fire

By P. S. RIDSDALE

Executive Secretary, American Forestry Association

THERE are almost as many ways to start a camp fire as there are campers, so the American Forestry Association, of Washington, D. C., informs the Boy Scouts.

Many prefer what is known as the "tepee" or "wigwam" style, in which a pyramid is built with fine twigs on which are placed others that are progressively larger until they are full size. Others use on either side of a fire-place two green sticks as supports, and "lay" the fire as with andirons.

But whatever the method of starting, there is only one way that is safe, as far as prevention of forest fires is concerned. Such a safe fire is never built against a fallen log or near a tree. The ground is carefully cleared of inflammable duff and rubbish. The picture presented herewith shows the right kind of a place for a camp fire in the woods. The large flat rocks at the sides will support coffee pots or cooking utensils; and the built-up back will serve to reflect heat if the fire is built for warmth or good cheer.

This fireplace puts such definite limits on the blaze that when the time comes for quitting the camp a little water and some shovelfuls of soil will effectually extinguish the blaze and prevent the spread of fire to the woods.

A fireplace of this type can be more elaborate and pretentious, of course, but

its essential features of safety and convenience can not be much improved.

Such a fireplace is available for use from one camping party to another. Before being used, however, all the accumulated debris should be carefully cleared away.

Stones are in no way essential. In the Florida National Forest, for example, where the soil is a fine sand, one camper asserted that the largest stone he found was in a can of baked beans. In such a place a hole scraped in the sand, with the pine needles and debris raked away, makes an adequate and safe fireplace. Similar conditions elsewhere can be satisfactorily met by making a hollow in the earth; then when the fire is left it can be effectually extinguished by heaping upon it the earth removed from the excavation.

# The Ghost Hunters

(*Continued from page 8*)

ing beneath their steps. Ed was fumbling around the knob.

"It ain't locked," said Bill. "I looked the other day—the bolts and hinges all rusted off long ago."

"It might fall down," returned Ed. "Ain't there another way out? I'm goin' to try here."

He turned aside into a large room, planned for the grand parlor of the house, and the others followed.

"Try the windows," whispered Bill.

"*S-s-ssh!* What's that?" hissed Ed sharply. There seemed to rise from beneath their feet a soft muffled beating, and through the open cracks between the great stones of the hearth a dim, wavering red radiance shot up into the room. There was the same tainted air as in the place where Spots had been overcome.

They threw themselves flat on the dusty boards and scarcely breathed for what seemed an endless time. Then Ed, who was near the hearth, slowly dragged himself a few feet forward, looked down through the cracks, and came sliding back, pulling the others toward the hall. In a moment they were outside the room.

"What'd you see?" demanded Spots and Bill eagerly.

"Two men—down the cellar!" Ed was wildly excited; "Got a little forge an' a fire—melting and beating up silver—they're—"

"—Harrison's burglars!" Bill broke in. . . . "We'll never get through that room now—they'll sure hear us," he continued. "We'll have to try the door again. Come on."

THE heavy oak door had swelled and was wedged in its frame. Its bolts and hinges were gone, as Bill had noticed it. It was just possible that they could force it open wide enough to slip through, and yet keep it from falling. They set to work quickly and quietly.

"'Most enough!" gasped Ed, out of breath, pushing away at the gap, which was just too narrow. "All together now!"

The three threw themselves as one against the door, and—*Crash!* The rotten sill gave way, and the massive door thundered down with a noise like an explosion, which reverberated down the long hall.

They stood breathless and frightened for a moment and then began to think quickly. As yet, all was quiet.

"They know we're here. Let's run for the canoe!" cried Ed desperately.

"Never make it. They'd get out and catch us," returned the level-headed Bill. Spots danced with thrills and fright. Suddenly Bill almost yelled:

SUMMER CAMPS

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**From "The Outlook"**

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"I've got it! The cellar door! Only way out for them, an' we can lock 'em in! Spots, you go to camp for help, *quick!*" And Ed and Bill dashed around the house, while the tenderfoot ran for the canoe.

One side of the heavy cellar door was open. As they rushed around the corner at top speed they heard heavy steps beating along the cellar floor. Ed seized the open door, raised it, and slammed it down, throwing himself upon it with all his hundred and thirty pounds of bone and muscle.

There was a muffled curse from the cellar, and in a moment Ed, lying prone across the door, felt himself lifted bodily from below.

"Quick, Bill, the lock!" he cried. Bill was flashing his light frantically around, and at last found the lock. Throwing himself down beside Ed, their combined weight crushed down the strong and desperate men below—just low enough for Bill to snap the fastening.

The boys thought they had a breathing spell.

"That'll hold 'em," said Bill anxiously, flinging the sweat from his face. "Wish Spots would hurry!"

Ed walked a little way toward the place where they had left the canoe and stood straining his eyes and ears. The prisoners had thrown off all pretence of concealment. They were cursing and yelling, throwing themselves against the door and battering it with their fists, but suddenly they were quiet.

"Here quick, Ed!" called Bill, who was listening at the door. "They've gone away. They're up to something sure. I guess they're looking for another way out."

The boys listened for some minutes. This was worse than the racket and cursing, for now they did not know what would happen, and were in terror for fear the burglars would find a way of escape. While Bill stood guard over the door, Ed ran again down toward the shore. There was no sign or sound of Spots. He ran back. "Don't hear a thing, and can't see," he said nervously. "Gee, but I wish Spots would come back!"

"Here quick, Ed! They're coming!" exclaimed Bill. Ed bent over the door. The heavy hurrying steps came closer. They could even hear a hoarse whisper, "Let 'er go!" and instantly the door shivered under a powerful stroke.

"They've got an ax!" cried Bill. The boys stood staring at each other in wide-eyed terror.

SPOTS had run his heart out by the time he got to the beach, and was barely able to launch the canoe, but he got started in some fashion, and as he got his second wind paddled away with all his might.

His heart was heavy—his errand hopeless. He listened, fearing that any moment he would hear his comrades cry for help, but all around him was only blackness and silence. Still paddling desperately, he rounded the point. What he saw made him put his whole strength into one cry. Strung out before him were all the camp boats and canoes, tearing through the water, filled with scouts and officers, lanterns dancing, and oars creaking as the scouts bent to them with all their strength.

"Help! Help!" yelled Spots again and again, and collapsed just as the Director's canoe shot alongside. Willing hands pulled him in and as he lay in the bottom,

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the Director, never pausing in his easy and powerful stroke, questioned him and got the whole story. "—'an they can't hold out much longer," Spots finished.

"The guard missed the canoe, and at once we all started out," was the Director's only comment.

Before his canoe touched, he leaped out, Scoutmasters and boys swarming after him. With an old campaigner's foresight, he had brought the two camp cooks, ex-United States cavalry, two-fisted, rough and ready Irishmen, and between Mahoney and Hogan he sprinted for the house, all the others trailing behind.

Flashing their lights before them, these three dashed around the house. They found one small khaki-clad figure tugging manfully at a heavy beam, dragging it toward the cellar door. Ed, with the strength of desperation, tears streaking his dirty face, was stretched across the door holding on, and shaking with the blows that crashed on it from below. The imprisoned burglars had broken their ax in their mad assaults, and were battering away, using a heavy seantling as a ram. Just as the rescuers arrived, with a splintering crash the end of the ram shot through the door within a few inches of Ed's head.

The Director sprang forward and tore him bodily from his dangerous post. Hardly had he done this when the door flew from its fastenings and the head and shoulders of a man appeared. A huge and frowzy head it was. The face was covered with soot, dust and blood. The man stared about him with angry eyes, but seemed taken aback at the men with lanterns.

"We are three men—not boys," said the Director quietly, "and I think you had better—"

"What!" roared the burglar; and he rushed for the Director, brandishing the broken ax helve over his head. Mahoney stepped quickly out of the shadow, and planted his big hairy fist behind the ruffian's jaw. It became a camp tradition that this classic blow lifted him six inches off the ground. Certain it is that he dropped in a heap, and Mahoney promptly sat on him, remarking calmly, "An' thot's all right."

"You blow me 'Assembly,'" said the unruffled Director to Crazy Horse, "and we go back to camp and to bed at once."

"But—but—Chief!" stuttered Ed excitedly, "there's another man in there—there were two!"

"Dinnis, ye go git 'em," said Mahoney from his seat on his prostrate captive, to Hogan, before any one else could speak. Hogan, perfectly willing, stepped forward. "Git him I will, Chief, if yez give th' wur-rd, though he's as big as Terence here, an' twict as ugly."

"No, you wait," said the Director. And before any one could stop him, he walked steadily down the cellar steps.

"HE'LL be shot! He'll be killed!" shrieked Ed, hopping wildly about. "Mahoney, Hogan, stop him! Go with him!"

Their army training had left its mark on both the Irishmen.

"He said shtay here," replied Hogan. "He kin take care of 'imself, eh, Terence?" And Mahoney nodded his red head.

There was a long and silent wait. No one knew what to do; the boys were afraid to go into the cellar. They listened at the door. There was not a sound. At last the Director reappeared, dragging behind him a half conscious form—the other burglar.

"Charcoal gas," he said briefly. "They had a pipe from a forge to a room at the back, but they broke it, and the cellar is full of gas. This man is overcome. Their watch dog is dead."

The Director was moved to make a speech. He seldom did this, but the speech was, as always, short and unforgetable. He placed the three in front of him; and all the others were grouped around. He said:

"We have come well out of this business. I commend—" (this was the sword-stroke on the shoulder of the new-made knight) "I commend the scout who, through faithfulness to his duty, discovered that the canoe was gone. I am obliged to Mr. Mahoney and Mr. Hogan. A *man* does not need to be commended. These three here have shown bravery—American grit. I commend them. (With these words Spots joined the honorable company of scouts of unquestioned courage.) These same three left camp at night without permission. For three days they will not leave camp nor swim, and for those three days they will supply all our wood and water, and do kitchen work. . . . Now, back to camp."

Perhaps the Director had read Victor Hugo's "Ninety Three." Who knows?

## Your Baseball Arm

IF the arm feels fresh and strong and is without pain or heaviness, stay away from the "rubber," writes W. J. Clarke, head coach of the Princeton University baseball team and F. T. Dawson, athletic coach at Union College, in their new book entitled "Baseball." (Scribners.)

It is a bad thing to get into the habit of having the arm rubbed constantly. (Some masseurs rub the life all out of the arm.) Continued application of liniments to the arm produces what is known as the "medicine arm"—that is, one which depends upon the stimulating effects of the "rub"; in this case the muscles lose their natural life and demand artificial vigor. Needless to say, such arms soon become flabby and useless as pitching organs.

The tired, overworked, or strained arm needs—first of all—rest! There are numerous remedies for sore arms—every trainer has a different one. They are all surface effects: no liniment reaches the sore spot—yet any counter-irritant will help to draw the soreness out. *A liberal application of hot towels is as good as anything.* If the arm feels heavy and "dead," especially if there is pain, rest it for a few days—don't throw at all; for in doing so you are likely to ruin it.

After four or five days of rest, begin to throw gradually; and if there is no pain, and the arm has regained its vigor, then work carefully to prepare yourself to pitch.

It is well, however, during this rest, not to remain absolutely idle—the exercise gained in chasing balls is conducive to keeping in good physical condition, being careful not to strain the arm while returning the balls.

# My Hike to Loon Pond

By SCOUT BUD MASTON

"IT IS a pretty good-sized gully," said I, "but I can jump it all right." And jump I did. Then, ker-flop. I'd stepped on a loose stone and the next thing I knew I was down in the bottom of the dry old ditch with my ankle twisted under me.

"Well," said I, "Bud Maston, you're lucky that there isn't any water in this ditch," and then a twinge of pain shot through my ankle. "Jiminy Crickets," I gasped, "I've sprained my ankle and maybe it doesn't hurt. Now I'm in a fine fix. Can't finish my hike and—um-m-m-m, gee!—where am I going to get any hot or cold water to bandage it with?—ugh, but it hurts—and it's swelling by the minute. I sure am the original hard-luck scout all right. Now what ——"

"Hello, scout!" called some one near by, and I saw two scouts standing up on the bank. From the uniforms they wore I thought they were city scouts with rich daddies.

"Hurt yourself?" shouted one of 'em.

"Nope," said I, looking sort of ugly, I guess; "I just tumble down in gullies every morning to see how hard I can fall without breaking my neck."

"Aw, quit your joshin'," said the first scout; "you've sprained your ankle; I can see that from here." Then, turning to the other scout, "Come on, Dug, here's some first-aid work for us." And they both climbed down to look me over. I knew they were first-class scouts because I saw their badges—one of them had three merit edges.

"Bad sprain," said one after a minute. "Dug, go down to that brook we just crossed and get a hat full of water. Then come back and we'll bandage him up."

And while the other scout went for the water the first scout (his name was Joe Chambers) took out his jackknife and cut my shoe lace. And, say, that was the dandiest jackknife I ever saw. When he got the shoe off, my foot puffed up like a balloon. Joe soaked his handkerchief and bandaged up my ankle, and, gee! maybe that water didn't feel good. The scouts took turns putting cold bandages on my foot, and after a time the swelling went down a little and the skin all turned blue.

All the time they were working they kept asking me questions, until I finally told them I was a second-class scout of the Tiger Patrol Troop No. 1 of Cordele, and that I was out on the fourth test for first-class scout, which is to make a round trip of fourteen miles on foot and give a good account of the trip.

"Well," said Joe, "you're just about seven miles from Cordele now, but our camp is only over the hill here on Loon Pond. We're members of Troop No. 2 of Warrington, just three miles down the valley. I guess the best thing we can do for you is to lug you over to camp and then take you into Warrington on our trek cart. Come on, Dug, let's make a coat stretcher for him."

It was a rough trip over that hill, but my foot felt better and I had some things to occupy my mind. I thought at first that those scouts were city boys with rich daddies, but they said they were from Warrington, which is a town not much bigger than Cordele. You see they had uniforms, and fine jackknives and scout axes at their belts and they looked mighty nifty. The boys in our troop didn't have those things. Gee! All I had that looked like a scout was my felt hat and leggings.

"You fellows must have mighty rich fathers," said I finally.

"Rich?" replied Joe, surprised. "My dad isn't rich. Why?"

"Huh, I *haven't* any dad," added Dug.

"Well," said I, "where did you get these fine outfits, the uniforms, the hatchets, and that dandy jackknife of yours?"

"Why, we earned 'em," said Joe. Then before I could ask how, he shouted, "Hi, ho! Ted, Jack, come here. We have a scout who has sprained his ankle," and next thing there were two more scouts helping to lug me down the hill to camp.

When I got into their camp I felt for sure that Dug and Joe had been fibbing, for that was the bulliest camp I ever saw—a sure enough wall tent, and all sorts of fine camping stuff. There were duffle bags hanging on the trees, fine fishing rods standing around, a canoe over in the pond, and every scout had the finest kind of equipment.

"Look here," said I, a little sore; "you fellows say you haven't rich fathers, or anyone to help you out. Where did you get all of this fine equipment? I suppose you earned *that*, too, didn't you."

*"Gee! You Mean to Say This is Your Headquarters?'*

"Yep, sure we did," replied Joe with a smile.

"Don't try to string me," I said. "Why that would cost heaps of money and ——"

"Well, all these things are prizes that The Curtis Publishing Company has given us for selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. You see we—here, I'll get you a little book that will tell you all about it," said Joe, and he dodged inside of the tent and brought out a green-covered book called "The Book of Prizes," with a lot of little men on the cover.

That little book sure was interesting. It had the dandiest lot of things in it you ever saw, even motorcycles. I was so busy with it that I didn't even help Dug and Joe fix my ankle. Guess I'd forgotten all about the hurt, because the swelling had gone down a lot. Finally Joe said:

"Look here, Bud, we've done all we can for that foot of yours. Now we'd better trek you to headquarters and ask Doctor Watson if he won't take you over to Cordele. He'll look at your foot, too, I guess."

"All right," I replied. "I'm willing. But, say, may I have this book to take along with me?"

"Sure," says Joe, and a few minutes later they fixed me all fine and dandy in their trek cart and three of them hauled me all the way to Warrington. And then, by Jove! if those scouts didn't stop in front of the slickest little building you ever saw, all painted up and looking like one of those fine little bungalows that the city fellows with money build for summer camps down by the lake. An' when they took me inside it just tickled me to death. It had an open fireplace and was all fixed up fine.

"Gee!" said I. "You don't mean to say this is your headquarters?"

"Sure it is; we earned it too. It ——"

"Look here," I answered, good and mad now, "you can't string me any more because there aren't any buildings offered in this book and besides—why, this place is worth a lot of money. I wish our troop had one. We've been wanting a club house ever so long, but ——"

"Well," said Joe, "you fellows over in Cordele are dead slow. You can earn all these things and a headquarters building, too, if you only get busy for The Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia. Here, this copy of the May *Boys' Life* will tell you all about how to get a headquarters for your troop. Look at the ad on page 21."

I looked, and there sure enough was a picture of the building.

"Gee," said I, "I'm going to answer that ad right away, and ——"

"Oh, no, that won't do you any good," said Joe. "The ad says to have your Scout-master write to The Curtis Publishing Company. You tell your Scout-master all about it. And say, you ought to subscribe for *Boys' Life* yourself. Our troop has found in it enough chances to earn money to pay for a dozen subscriptions."

Just then a tall man came in. He was Dr. Watson, the Scout-master. He looked at my ankle and praised the scouts about their bandages and things and said the hurt would be well in no time. Then he said he would be glad to take me back to Cordele in his auto.

On the way back I spoke to Dr. Watson about the headquarters building that the Curtis people offered and he said he would talk to our Scout-master, Mr. Dawson. Before he took me home he stopped his automobile in front of Mr. Dawson's store and showed Mr. Dawson the ad.

Mr. Dawson was surely tickled too. He said it was just what our Troop needed and he wrote to the Curtis Company to learn all about the offer. And we fellows are going to work to get a Club House and a tent too and some of the other things in the Book of Prizes.

After I got home I began to wonder whether there aren't a lot of other fellows whose Scout-masters don't know about these corking Curtis offers. And when Mr. Dawson came in the other night to see how my ankle was coming along I spoke to him about it.

"Bud, I think you're right," he said. He stopped to think a minute and then went on: "Say, why don't you write a letter or story, telling how we heard about the Curtis Club House Plan and send it to *Boys' Life?*"

So here is the story of what happened because I sprained my ankle jumping that ditch, and what The Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, will do for any Scout Troop.

*This page is hereby designated as an advertisement in compliance with the law.*

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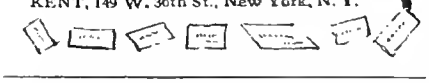

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# Our Lonesome Corner

## Dr. Jordan's Fine Letter About This Department

## Pick Out Your Names and Write Now

ASIDE from the general idea conveyed by the universally significant term, "Scouts," nothing has been so influential in spreading and making practicable the ideal of "a world brotherhood of boys" as the "Lonesome Corner" in BOYS' LIFE.

Recently Dr. David Starr Jordan became interested in this department and wrote to the editor about it. Dr. Jordan, you know, is Chancellor of Leland Stanford Junior University and a vice-president of the Boy Scouts of America. He wrote:

*Dear Mr. McGuire:*

I am very deeply interested in your scheme of world-wide Boy Scout correspondence. Next to the Boy Scout idea itself, this seems to me the conception most fruitful in great possibilities. The costliest evil in the world is that of impersonal hate, the hatred or the contempt we feel towards those we do not know. The hatred which comes from ignorance is one of the fundamental reasons why the civilization of Europe has collapsed under the strain of civil war.

Charles Lamb once said of some one: "I hate that fellow." "What, do you know him?" "No, I never hate anybody I know."

Dr. Jordan then told of a very interesting experience he had with Boy Scouts in Japan in 1911, and added:

All these boys of Japan are filled with the liveliest interest and wide-eyed curiosity about America and England. All would like to write letters to American boys, for English is taught now in every high school and every grammar school in Japan.

The Japanese are fond of saying that the Pacific Ocean does not separate us. It joins Japan to America. Japan is going to be our nearest Western neighbor for the next thousand years.

The Japanese are a loving and lovable people, who want to know us and to learn from us. It is worth our while to know them, to be good friends with them, "to clasp hands across the sea," and I know no better way of doing this for the next generation than to let the Boy Scouts on each side write to their comrades on the other.

### FROM A BOY IN JAPAN

A Japanese boy, whose name was published in our Lonesome Corner, writes to the Editor of BOYS' LIFE, saying:

There came too many letters from your country for me to answer them. I am very much thank you for your advice about how to do them. I am very sorry I cannot answer all the letters myself. Someones sent me interesting photographs, someones mailed amusing postcards, someones sent several post stamps. I will introduce all my American friends to my friends in our country who wish to correspond with the American boys with English. Many Japanese-English letters from my friends would have already arrived to some boys of your American Boy Scouts. I am afraid that their letters are full of a great deal of mistakes. Will do my best to find some correspondents for the American boys who sent me letters. I cannot introduce the boys whose addresses cannot be read by me.

### WRITE YOUR ADDRESS PLAINLY

Of course, no eagle-eyed Scout who reads this extract from the Japanese boy's letter failed to catch the meaning of the line "I cannot introduce the boys whose addresses could not be read by me." This brings up a very important point about letter writing. Every boy should be very careful about his handwriting; remember that many of your letters go to boys in other lands, who find it hard to read even the best-written English. And it is most important, of course, that you write your name and full address very distinctly—indeed, if you cannot do that, you should print it all out so there can be no mistake. Probably several of the letters which were sent to foreign lands will never be answered because the boys who received them cannot read the addresses.

### WARM FRIENDS THRU THE CORNER

A Scout in Richmond, Va., writes:

The Lonesome Corner is one of the finest things in the whole magazine. I have a score of excellent letters, pictures and postcards from that old Corner. I wish I could afford a private secretary—I would write to all the members. Earl Perrett and Bill Engesser of New York State, Phil McLelland of Maine and Jack Mott of New Jersey, some of my earliest correspondents, are still writing and warm friends. Earl has sent me scores of pictures. Bill completed my New York collection of postcards. Phil has told me all kinds of interesting yarns about Maine. Then I have a friend in Sweden, who sent me a second-class badge of that country, another in England, and one in the Philippines.

### FIND YOUR HOBBY HERE.

The following boys, entering the Lonesome Corner, mentioned the things they especially desire to correspond about:

Harvey C. Hiller, Pa.; German, Austrian and Italian scouts; can write to them in their native languages; scouts who can understand Ruthenian.

William I. Given, N. Y.; exchange postcards with foreign scouts.

Edgar J. McIntyre, N. Y.; patrol leaders west of Mississippi river, Mexico, and foreign countries.

Louis Hoople, Minn.; soil from different states and countries; flowers and pets.

### Any Boy Can Do It

**This is the way**

Pick out the name of a boy.

Write a letter to him.

Address an envelope with his name and the right postage.

Don't seal that envelope.

Enclose it in another, addressed to the boy, in care of BOYS' LIFE. Mail this to us and we will forward it.

If your letter is to a boy in North America or England, put on a two-cent stamp. If it is to go to any other country abroad, five cents.

# Here's the Knife they All Want!

You can earn some useful pocket money by selling these splendid pocket knives to your Boy Scout friends, neighbors, etc. They sell on sight because they are distinctive — different from any ordinary knife.

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**Send us $1.50 for Sample DII Knife with your name and address and any emblem or photo in the handles.**

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at home in cellar, barns, sheds, etc. Small beds which cost little to start often produce $20 to $60. Webster Jones, Little Rock, writes: "I can make more money out of it than anything else." Herbert Fickenworth, Chicago, writes: "I am picking and selling mushrooms every day." Other boys are making money in this business—why shouldn't you? Get free information how to start. Write today.

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Only Scientific Mushroom Farm in U. S.


Peter McGlashan, Pa.; overnight hikes, camping, cycling, electricity, athletics, foreign scouts.
Irving J. Lauderdale, Mo.; baseball.
William Haver, Pa.; hikes, camping, foreign scouts, athletics.
Charles Winans, N. J.; exchange postcards with foreign scouts.
Kenneth Corbett, Wis.; stamp collectors in warring nations, Italy and Mexico.
Howard McAloney, S. D.; foreign scouts, tenderfoot and second-class scouts in United States.
Russell Haas, O.; trapping, electricity.
Fred McAlpin, Pa.; Panama and Canal Zone about stamps and scenic views.
Dickinson Talley, N. J.; collecting locomotive photographs.
Norris Bigelow, Okla.; scouts in eastern United States; exchange postcards.
Edward Eberle, N. Y.; exchange postcards with American scouts.
Dan Bettis, Pa.; boys in San Francisco, Cal.
John T. Baker, Ga.; athletics and field meets.
Walter Maness, Okla.; stamps, coins, curios; foreign boys, preferably Spanish.
Karl B. Pauly, O.; stamps, cabin-building, camping, cooking; foreign scouts on stamps and newspapers.
Norman Fleming, Mo.; American and foreign stamp collecting.
Glenn Hinckley, Ind.; scouts in Scotland, Germany, California.
Elton Raber, Ind.; English scouts.
C. H. Davis, N. J.; foreign and domestic scouts on stamps, curios, coins, minerals, views, etc., soil from each state.
Ralph White, Mass.; American, Canadian and foreign scouts on stamps.
William Thomson, Mass.; Scotch boys.
George Hartmann, Conn.; foreign scouts; western scouts who collect postcards.
R. M. Overlander, Jr., N. Y.; boys in Alaska, Canada; interested in farming.
Walter Beers, N. Y.; electricity.
Elmer L. Munson, Conn.; railroads, high school topics and scouting.
Wesley V. Taylor, N. J.; scouts in Massachusetts and Connecticut.
Allen Hitchings, Wash.; outdoor life.
W. Lloyd McNeely, Ind.; boys on Atlantic and Pacific coasts and Panama Canal.
Joseph A. Nuwash, Minn.; patrol leaders, second-class scouts; baseball.
Winton Deal, Ky.; wireless, photography, collecting insects, plants and minerals; scouting.
Roy G. Atkinson, Wyo.; motion picture operator, fishing and electricity.
Richard W. Hawkins, N. Y.; stamps and postcards.
Lawrence Deltz, O.; hikes, camping; scouts from Delta, Colo.
Lawrence Richardson, Pa.; hikes, camping.
W. Fred Duckworth, N. C.; stamps, scout work.
William P. Scratchley, Vt.; books; would like to hear from Spencer Whedon, N. Y.
G. H. Gower, Minn.; boys in California and Maine; photographs.
Leander Schlabach, O.; athletics; boys who won the Panama Canal trip; patrol leaders.
Edward Boyce, Tenn.; birds, country scouts, stalking, scout work and overnight hikes and camps.
Albert Brown, Pa.; hikes and camping.
Ernest Senkewitz, Pa.; violin music, hikes and camping.
Walter Watkins, Pa.; wireless telegraphy and electricity.
Robert McClay, Pa.; hikes, camping and athletics.
Francis McClay, Pa.; fancy pigeons, birds.
William Lynch, Pa.; hikes, camping, cycling and photography.
John R. Morris, Mo.; horsemanship, photography, stamp collecting.
Frank Canedo, Cal.; ancient history of countries to the present time; signalling; stamps and exchanging postcards.
Walter Gartland, N. Y.; scouts in Bristol, England.
Elmer Koehler, Mo.; stamps.
Charles Ellsworth, Wyo., stamps.
Irving Thayer Stevens, Me.; scouts from Bermuda, England and France.
Clarence Beasley, Mich.; stamps and postcards.
Floyd F. Appell, N. Y.; Cuba, Honolulu, Panama and western states.
H. Ewing Wall, Va.; exchange stamps, scenic views, etc.
Herman Therrien, Mass.; patrol leaders about hiking, scouting, camps and camping outfit, woodcraft.
Tom Fort, N. Mex.; wireless and Morse telegraphy, telephones and foreign boys, especially in the war zone.
A. C. Krimbill, Jr., Conn.; collecting relics.
Atherton C. Smith, Mass.; a boy from every state.
James Turner, O.; first-class scouts in foreign countries and America.

The following boys asked to have their


# BOYS— Be Good Shots

If you would like to be an expert marksman you must be as careful what cartridges you buy as World's Championship rifle shots are.

## .22 Calibre Short Cartridges for BOY SCOUTS

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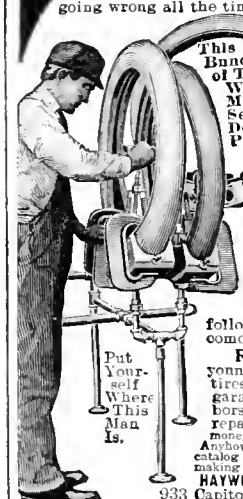


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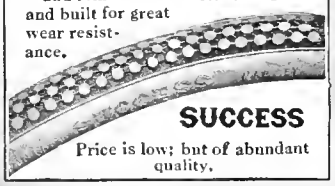

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| Chicago | Kansas City, Mo. | Philadelphia | Seattle |
| Cleveland | Minneapolis | Pittsburgh | |

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## Our Lonesome Corner

*(Continued from preceding page)*

names inserted in our Lonesome Corner to receive letters from any boys:

AMERICAN

Melvin Irish, Cal.
John Saeacino, Pa.
David Owl, Pa.
Lacy Oxtell, Pa.
Ralph Tourtellotte, Pa.
Ned French, Pa.
Charles Foster, Pa.
Clarence Welsh, Pa.
George Silverheels, Pa.
Jefferson Kidd, La.
Lee Dunagan, N. Y.
Milton Redler, N. J.
Joe Goff, Tenn.
Harold Spencer, Pa.
Edward Powers, N. Y.
LeRoy Swartley, Pa.
Don E. Woods, Ga.
Harvey Sells, Colo.
Harvey Coe, N. Y.
Woodbury Ober, Md.
Edwin Swain, Ga.
Andrew Beechtree, Pa.
Joseph Jesson, Pa.
Emerson Metoxen, Pa.
Benjamin Caswell, Pa.
Herbert Poppin, Pa.
Fred Blythe, Pa.
Obed Oxtell, Pa.
Clement Virgal, Pa.
Chalmer W. Gill, Fla.
Milton E. Sunderland, Mass.
Reginald Sipfle, Ill.
Vernon L. Cockelreas, Ill.
Tilton Holmes, N. Y.
John J. Baron, Del.
Vernon Barnes, O.
Robert Martindale, Tex.
C. Howard Boyd, N. C.
Claud Gaines, Ga.
Neil Caner, Iowa

FOREIGN

G. W. Reimers, Australia.
Axel Henningsen, Denmark.
Folke Hellberg, Sweden.
W. Wheater, England.
Paul March (S. M.), Denmark.
Andre Bussy, France.
Roger Hilson, France.

The following boys, both American and foreign, have sent letters through the Lonesome Corner; any one of them would be glad to receive letters from you. Their names are:

FOREIGN

Will Price, West Australia.
G. John Edwardes, North Wales.
David G. Bird, England.
Douglas A. Upton, England.
Fred Makinney, Hawaii
Rosaku Ru, Japan.

AMERICAN

Henry LeBlanc, Mass.
Amel S. LaFleur, Mass.
Chas. A. Bates, Mass.
Russell Willing, Iowa.
Arthur Fortin, Mass.
Harold E. Neville, Ia.
Gordon Grimes, Colo.
Wayne M. Barry, N. Y.
Howard Richardson, Minn.
Ralph Heitzman, Ill.
LaRoy H. H. Zehrbach, O.
Miles West, O.
Ralph Wilson, Okla.
Wm. D. Dearing, Va.
John C. Lester, N. Y.
Ralph Sloan, Ark.
Weldon K. Knowles, Tex.
Donald Pierce, Calif.
Wm. Badinelli, N. Y.
Alson Bnghee, Mich.
Everett Spelker, Cal.
Oran Crawford, Tex.
Ralph Grilzbaugh, Ill.
Dunell Kennedy, O.
Virgil Wasson, Tenn.
Geo. Van Tine, N. Y.
Merton Ruth, Pa.
Sidney Cahoon, Mass.
W. J. Klein, Jr., Mass.
Alvin Lewis, Neb.
Robert Jenell, Kas.
Clifford A. Story, N. Y.
John C. Allman, Ind.
Geo. E. Waltz, Tex.
Lowell Collyer, Ind.
Cecil Ross, Pa.
Donald Cruikshank, O.
Albert F. Drompp, Ind.
Robert Gammon, Va.
Howard M. Bammer, N. Y.
Ben Barnett, Ind.
Clifford Howard, Pa.
Bradlee E. Brown, Mass.
Curtis G. Brookens, Ill.
A. Winnard Chadwick, Fla.
Winfred McDonald, Mass.
Earl G. Whiteley, Mo.
E. Hirsch Mann, Ky.
Raymond Petty, N. J.
Marcy B. Sapin, Mo.
Cecil Thomasson, Ky.
George S. Lunge, Ore.
Malcolm C. Mages. N. Y.
Kenneth R. Kennedy, Wis.
Ellis E. Reed, Wis.
Forrest Armstrong, O.
Laey Conway, Tex.
Harley Johe, Iowa.
Chas. J. Hanlon, Mass.
Frederic S. Wilkins, O.
Briggs Howorth, Ill.
Philip Archer, Tex.
Wm. R. Brown, N. J.
John Wear, N. Y.
Trevor Boyce, N. Y.
Evan Eakin, N. Mex.
Earle Johnson, Md.
Mally Wilson, Tex.
Fred Little, Minn.
Opal K. Evans, Mo.
Edward Robertson, Tenn.
Herbert Walsh, Mass.
Harold Fountain, Wash.
Wm. Lavalley, Mass.
Burdette T. Johns, Mo.
Eugene H. Libby, N. J.
Emanuel Cohen, N. Y.
G. W. Brynjolfson, N. D.
George Gibson, N. J.
Bernard J. Lyneh, Pa.
Franklin Glasier, Wis.
Earl Homuth, Cal.
Eversley S. Ferris, N.Y.
Arthur H. Erwin, Jr., Okla.
Philip Archer, Tex.
Clarence Borrow, Ind.
Lloyd Fletcher, Mo.
George Brayman, N. Y.
I. M. Zabel, N. Y.
Alice McGaffey, Okla.
Ralph Bornholz, N. Y.
Robert Murray, Cal.
Russell W. Brown, Pa.
Marvin W. Goodrich, Conn.
Duncan Phillips, Pa.
H. Bright Keck, Va.
Laurence G. Austin, Conn.


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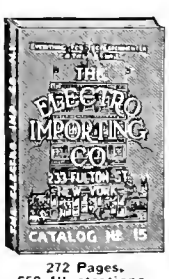


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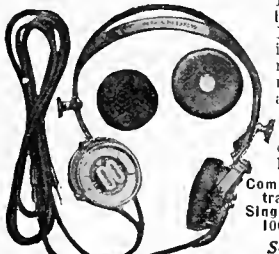

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## Our Lonesome Corner

*(Continued from preceding page)*

Edna Clark, Okla.
Cyrus Holcombe, Vt.
Claude Baker, Pa.
Huntington Moffat, N. Y.
Raymond D. Foley, Mass.
Damon D. Watkins, O.
Harry Rice, Okla.
Hubert Forney, Tex.
Luman C. Holcombe, Jr., Vt.
Donald Taylor, Mass.
Otis Bigelow, Okla.
William Jones, Pa.
John G. Simmons, N. J.
Henry Roth, Wis.
Gordon T. Russell, N. Y.
Carl Gray, Kan.
Ralph F. Willard, Me.
Walter Thulin, Mich.
Pierre Rozan, N. Y.
Louis Thornton, Wash.
F. Day Tuttle, Jr., N. Y.
Watson McAlexander, Fla.
Hugh Jack Martin, Ga.
Douglas L. McIntyre, N. Y.
Sam H. Franklin, Jr., Tenn.
John Chesterman, Ill.
Erskine P. Caldwell, Tenn.
Jack Sammons, Tex.
Frank W. Armstrong, Ill.
Harold Bonsfield, Cal.
Frank B. Ward, N. Y.
Wm. S. Wilson, O.
John Celley, Iowa.

## Dan Beard Tells How

*(Continued from page 19)*

Adirondack forests. He was an orator, a preacher and a lecturer. As a woodsman he could have held his own with the old buckskin men.

Number 8 has been called the Handy Jack and a lot of similar names, so we might as well let it go at that. No. 8 is the Handy Jack.

In regard to Number 6, the Scout Commissioner wants to thank his friends for the kind things they have said in voting to name it after him, but at the same time he would like to have another vote on Number 6.

Larry J. Brock, of Oakland, Florida, writes: "Number 6F, being the most original and with due respect and honor to the author, not only as an author, but also as the National Scout Commissioner, I, as a Boy Scout, suggest that we name Number 6F 'Dan Beard.'"

Doctor Frederick H. Wilson, of New York City, says: "No. 6 can only be called the 'Dan Beard' because it combines originality, practicality and comparative ease of making."

Says Sam Kyle, Lake Chelan, Washington: "Because it is useful, simple and practical, and because it is a real Woodcrafter's implement, I vote it be named 'Dan Beard.'"

Now, then, fellow scouts, all these reasons will be good ones to name it for some one else, and your Scout Commissioner feels a little modest about this thing because he suggested the vote. Had it been suggested by some other fellow, he would have bowed, blushed and accepted the honor.

Make another try at it and see if you can't find a better man. I know I could find a good many of them.

## Scouts Destroy Pests

Troop 3, Gaylordsville, Conn., has just closed a contest against the tent caterpillar. The Troop destroyed more than 50,000 egg masses; each mass contains about 200 eggs. John Carlson of the Fox Patrol won the prize—a Scout axe.

The Boy Scouts of Smithtown, N. Y. under Scoutmaster Charles D. Miller, have made a specialty of destroying the larvae of the tent caterpillar. During the latter part of March and the early part of April, 4,075 were destroyed. The Scouts are still engaged in this useful occupation.

**Beech-Nut Peanut Butter**

BEECH-Nut Peanut Butter is very appetizing for the Scout Hike. It has all the nourishing qualities of the Peanut. By the Beech-Nut process the *acrid heart* of the Peanut is removed—giving a fine, delicate flavor.

If your Scout-master is going to take Peanut Butter, tell him Beech-Nut is the best.

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THE PRESIDENT OF THIS COMPANY, MAKING THE OLD SOL ELECTRIC HAND AND BICYCLE LAMPS, the Old Sol Pencil Flashlight and many styles of automobile, carriage and motorcycle lamps, was once a country boy who worked on his father's farm, and who now wants to give every boy a chance to succeed.

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To as many boys and young men who will answer the following questions we will make an advantageous business offer:

**Do you ride a bicycle?**
**How many boys and men do you know who ride bicycles?**
**How many people do you know who have automobiles or motorboats?**
**The name of your nearest dealer.**

Send this information at once and we will make it worth while for you

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BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

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Send name of your Scout Master to PROVE you are a Boy Scout and we will send you 36 sets Gliding Casters. Sell 10c set and earn $2.34 in a few hours. Sell more if you like and earn more. Keep it up and when vacation comes earn plenty Christmas money. We also send 12 Free Demonstrating sets. Any Boy Scout that couldn't earn $10.00 a week in spare time selling Gliding Casters couldn't sell bread in a famine.

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| Chicago | Hobart | New York | Stevens | Wyoming |
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These dandy college pennants and pennants of all nations are specially made of *extra heavy felt.* Excellent workmanship. The emblems and designs are guaranteed to be official.

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**ANY 2** of the above named pennants will be sent, *all charges prepaid by us,* upon receipt of one (1) yearly subscription to BOYS' LIFE at $1.00.

USE THIS COUPON

BOYS' LIFE, The Boy Scouts' Magazine, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
For the enclosed $1.00, please send me BOYS' LIFE for one year, beginning ....., together with the following two pennants.....
..... These pennants are to be sent without cost to me.

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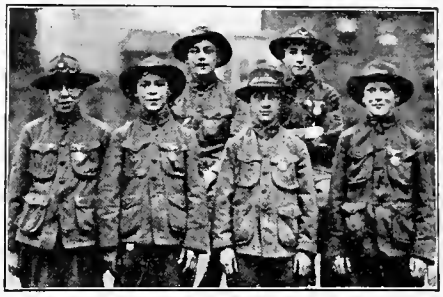
## Pittsburgh Scouts Get Civic Service Medals



Eleven Boy Scouts of Pittsburgh, Pa., were awarded Civic Service Medals on April 26, by Mr. Charles S. Hubbard, Director of Public Safety. These eleven Scouts were the first to receive this medal which has been offered to candidates who fulfill the following requirements:

Know the duties of the various bureaus of the Department of Public Safety, and how they function.

Know the name and location of the principal buildings in the city, and draw a rough sketch map of the district between the Allegheny River, Monongahela River and Grant Street, placing principal streets and buildings.

Know the name and location of six hospitals which have ambulance service and handle emergency cases.

Know how to turn in a fire alarm; common rules for prevention of fires; how to render first aid to a person whose clothes are on fire; know location and number of fire alarm box nearest your home.

Know the traffic regulations as published by the Department of Public Safety.

Render at least 18 hours of actual service under the direction of the Department of Public Safety.

The picture of those of the Scouts who were publicly honored, is given above. Reading from left to right, in the top row, the boys are Miles Loveland, Troop 10, and Frank Hohman, Troop 4. In the front row are Charles Kurtz, Troop 39; Milford Frederick, Troop 4; Richard Hawke, Troop 21, and Edward Matz, Troop 4.

The other Scouts honored, who do not appear in the picture, were Norman Ruoff, Troop 12; Alva Corra, Troop 1, and Pierre Johnston, Russell Richie and John Gibson of Troop 21.

## Scouts Fight a Hard Fire

A large group of Richmond, Va., Scouts had occasion, recently, to show their appreciation of the work of Mr. John Stewart Bryan, President of the Richmond Council, when a serious brush fire started on his estate. The fire had gained headway and a sixty-mile wind was blowing. It was hard work, and several of the Scouts received burns, but they finally extinguished the blaze.

The Richmond Scouts are making elaborate preparations for the Confederate reunion to be held on June 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

The Richmond Council has purchased a 45-acre camp site, including a large lake, sixteen miles from the city, and a permanent camp will be started this year, in charge of Scout Executive Hausman.

# A Camera of Merit for Scouts

Easy For You To Get It

*(See Below)*

"Premo Jr., Model B"

**(Regular Price, Postpaid, $2.00)**

A well made, substantial reliable camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co.

It makes pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches in size; excellent enlargements can be made from the negatives. Loads and unloads in daylight with the Premo Film Pack of 12 exposures.

Automatic shutter, which works for both time and "snap shot" exposures; best grade of single achromatic lens; two finders, one for vertical, the other for horizontal pictures. Scouts will find that it produces first class results in all ordinary amateur photographic work, such as snap shots in good light, time exposures, home portraits, landscape and street photography, and the like.

A book of instructions is included with each one, and a school boy who never had a camera in his hands before, can make good pictures with the Premo Jr., Model B.

**Given for Three Yearly Subscriptions at $1.00 each, or for Two Subscriptions and 50c. in cash.**

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Please send me, without charge, Premo Jr., Model B Camera, for which I enclose names of three subscribers to Boys' Life, and $3 for their subscriptions.

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Please send Premo Jr., Model B Camera, for 50 cents which I enclose with $2 for two subscriptions to Boys' Life, and names of subscribers.

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POISON IVY REMEDY

Relieves all itching. Cures Poison Ivy Poisoning, Chegoe Bites, Chafing, Sun Burn, Itching Piles. No smarting or burning when applied. A free can to any Scout Master. Sold by Druggists or shipped by Parcel Post. **Price 25 cents.**

**WHITE FOOT REMEDY CO., Centreville, Md.**



# BOYS, DON'T DROWN

your tools in cheap oil. A few drops of 3-in-One makes brace and bit, plane, saws, all tools work perfectly—keeps them bright and clean, free from rust. Write to **3-IN-1 OIL CO., 42 ELB. B'way, New York City,** for generous sample bottle—FREE.



**CASH** Spend summer gathering insects, butterflies. I pay big prices. Many worth $5.00, $10.00. All salable. Men. Women. Get instructions, price-list, pictures, descriptions of valuable ones. Send stamp. **Sinclair, Box 244, D-79, Los Angeles, Cal.**


## Helped the Government Bird Census

By Scout Edwin C. Ramage, Troop 1, Swissvale, Pa.

LAST May I noticed in the daily paper that the Government was going to take a bird census. I wrote for information and received a letter of directions from the Biological Division of the Agricultural Department. A certain number of acres of either woodland, farm or pasture was to be selected. The count was to be made at four o'clock on three successive mornings, only male birds to be counted. Average results, nature of ground, kind of trees, crops, and buildings were to be included in the report.

Two other scouts and myself made the count. We got up at three o'clock the first three days of June, took a brisk mile hike over the hill, and then till six o'clock we circled the farm. We each had a note book and between us two pairs of field glasses. It was wet but more fun than enough. Two sandwiches and an apple on the way. A fine appetite and a greater bird knowledge at the finish. We found a flicker's nest with five eggs, twenty-nine barn-swallow nests, etc.

Now get busy, Scouts, by troops, patrols and half-patrols. Records are wanted from all over the land. And when you write ask for a bird migration blank. Filling it in will be fun. And Scouts, here is a tip. When you want bird house plans, or magic lantern slides, or the favorite food of ducks, ask Uncle Sam. He has some thousand free bulletins. For the birds write to United States Department of Agriculture, Biological Division, Washington, D. C. The count, I understand, is to be taken annually.

In response to a letter of inquiry, Mr. H. W. Henshaw, Chief of the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, reports that the bird census taken last summer in which Scout E. C. Ramage and his companions assisted was so successful that the bureau proposes to repeat it this season.

Mr. Henshaw reports that he has already received a large number of offers to help in the 1915 census, but he will be glad to have further observers. "Anything that the Boy Scouts of America can do for us" writes Mr. Henshaw, "will be appreciated."

This is an opportunity for practical service which Boys' Life hopes many troops will take advantage of. Complete instructions may be had by writing to Mr. Henshaw.

## Philadelphia Leads

There are more registered Scouts under the Philadelphia Council than under any other council in the United States. A recent report by the Scout Executive, Walter S. Cowing, shows 3,049 registered Scouts, and 289 Scoutmasters, Assistants and Unassigned Scoutmasters.

The Scout Movement is growing wonderfully in Philadelphia. Recently three experienced leaders were added to the headquarters staff, Mr. E. U. Goodman, Mr. H. O. Merrill and Mr. C. A. Edson.

### IN MEMORIAM

Scout George Frederick Tureler,
Troop 1, River Edge, N. J.

Scout Thomas Clifford Crabtree,
Troop 29, Worcester, Mass.

Scout Herbert Wall,
Troop 120, Philadelphia, Pa..

Scout Kenneth Heebner Rudrauff,
Troop 1, Philadelphia, Pa.

Scout Marenes Lloyd,
Troop 3, Poughkeepsie, N. Y


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It is indispensable to those making collections, as its columns are filled with exchange notices. All Boy Scouts should learn about the birds they see in their tramps and camps in the woods. Subscription, only 50 cents per year, with a **free exchange notice.** Sample copy FREE. Address

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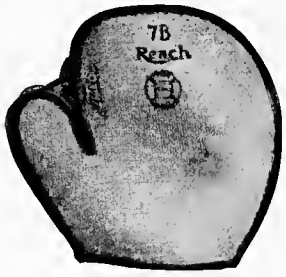
**"TANGLEFOOT"** the sticky, non-poisonous fly paper that kills germs as well as the fly. The new Tanglefoot holder removes the last objection to Tanglefoot. 10c. at your dealers or sent postpaid 2 for 25c. **THE O. & W. THUM CO., Grand Rapids, Dept. 230, Michigan.**

# Play Ball!

## Here are the Things to Do It With

## Any one of them *Given* With a Subscription to Boys' Life at $1.00

**"Reach" Scholastic League Baseball.** (Price 65c. postpaid.) An excellent ball for young men. Regulation size and weight. Horsehide cover, made of woolyarn, rubber center.




**"Reach" Catcher's Mitt,** made on the new Reach combination Basemen's and Fielders' model. One-piece face—a "pocket" is readily formed in a mitt of this kind. Regular Price, $0.65

**"Reach" Fielders' Glove.** (Regular price 65 cents.) Made of pearl colored leather welted, fully padded, leather pocket lining, deep pocket and web thumb. An excellent glove.

**A "Reach Professional" Bat,** spotted, extra quality white ash, burnt finish—full size. (Regular price 65c.) The Bat for the boy who is after the 400 average.

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I want the ..... as pictured in the June Boys' Life. Please send it to me right away. For it I enclose a year's subscription to Boys' Life, with $1 for same. I understand the premium will come with all charges prepaid.

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## Scouts Afield

Boys are urged to send in reports of their interesting doings.

HYANNIS, MASS.—Scout Scribe Horatio L. Bond reports of a bicycle ride of the members of the Iyanough Patrol of Troop 1 to Sandwich, twenty miles distant, and a call on Scout Commissioner C. Howard Ellinwood. He says the Hyannis Scouts are preparing for a busy baseball season. They have a good team picked from the two Hyannis troops and have asked for games with other Cape Cod troops.

RIVER EDGE, N. J.—While on a bicycle hike to their old camping grounds at Oakland, boys of Troop 1 found that a serious grass fire had got beyond control of the local people. The fire seriously menaced the farm buildings which would have been reached by the fire in five minutes had not the boys promptly started a back fire, which simple expedient very quickly brought it under control.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Since the 1st of April many persons have been bitten by vicious dogs in Edison Park, and two have died from hydrophobia. Dr. Frank M. Wood, bacteriologist, has instructed the Edison Park troop of Scouts in the use of cauterizing acids, as first aid and preventative of hydrophobia. The police department has also instructed them as to how to proceed in reporting the presence of unmuzzled or vicious dogs.

COLUMBIA, S. C.—The Scouts of Troop 5 of this city were in great demand during the Confederate Reunion. They were on duty at the railway station meeting trains, assisting with baggage and escorting the veterans to their hotels, and arranging badges, tickets and programs. They prepared an emergency ambulance to travel with the parade, and each scout was ready to give First Aid treatment if it should be required. They did not march in the parade as a unit, but acted as an "escort of honor" for the veteraos. They also gave a drill showing the various activities of their scout training. It was agreed by all concerned in the reunion that the work of these boys made it much safer and pleasanter for many Confederate veterans.

SWAINSBORO, GA.—The Boy Scouts of this city were a big help during the State Clean-Up Week, when, at the suggestion of the Lady Civic Improvement Club, they cleaned up one of the City Cemeteries. They also cleaned up a place for a park, and on the last day of the work they gave a Troop dinner which was enjoyed by all members.

RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.—About one hundred and twenty-five Scouts, including three troops from Woodhaven, and also one troop of Campfire Girls, were entertained one Saturday evening by Mr. Edward Fleisher, of Brooklyn, who lectured on "Birds and Bird Life." The lecture was illustrated by slides. Plans for a hike were announced, and also for a Court of Honor meeting at which some First Class and several Eagle, Life, and Star badges will be awarded.

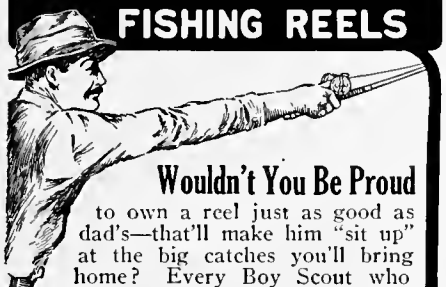
KENWOOD, N. Y.—Encouraged by the State Department of Health and authorities of this city, the Boy Scout troop of Kenwood opened a "Swat the Fly" campaign the first of May, to continue for the remainder of the summer.

EASTPORT, ME. — Scoutmaster J. E. Wickerson reports that the city authorities have given the scouts of this city a grammar school building. The boys have fitted up a gymnasium, library and reading room. The scouts have two baseball teams organized.

CARLISLE, PA.—A troop of scouts recently organized in the United Statea Indian School in this city has taken up scout activities with enthusiasm, and is making rapid progress, reports Red Fox James, who was instrumental in organizing the troop. The Scoutmaster is Mr. Arthur E. Brown. Several of the scouta have entered the BOYS' LIFE "Lonesome Corner."

WORCESTER, MASS.—Eight hundred scouts assisted in the exercisea in which a tablet was dedicated on Poli's Theatre marking the spot

# MEISSELBACH FISHING REELS



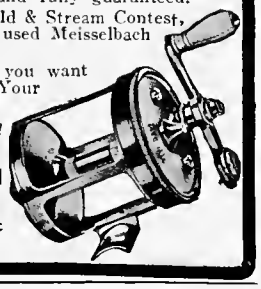
**Wouldn't You Be Proud** to own a reel just as good as dad's—that'll make him "sit up" at the big catches you'll bring home? Every Boy Scout who buys a

**Swift and Silent Tripart Reel**

for $3.00 gets an expert angler's reel at a price low enough for any boy to buy and use. Equal to other makes of reels at twice the price and fully guaranteed.

In the 1914 Field & Stream Contest, 28 prize winners used Meisselbach Reels.

Tell your dad you want a Tripart Reel. Your dealer has it.



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FREDERIC L. COLVER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of April, 1915.

JOHN A. NUGENT,
Commissioner of Deeds for the City of New York.

Certificate filed, N. Y. County, No. 30. My Commission expires April 14, 1916.



**BOYS** Send to-day for 20 packages of DE LUXE Straw Hat Cleaner. You sell at 10 cents a package. When sold you get choice of fine premiums or $1.00 in cash. We trust you. Premium list free. **Henderson Co., 324 57th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

**GIVEN** with one yearly subscription ($1.00) to BOYS' LIFE, "A Bunch of Buckskins," 4 Great Color Drawings of "Western Scouts," by Frederic Remington.


where George Washington was entertained when he passed through Worcester on July 1, 1775, on his way to take command of the Continental Army at Cambridge. The tablet was erected by the Worcester Continentals. Lieut.-Col. Frank L. Coes is the commander of that famous organization, and had a prominent part in the ceremonies.

LINCOLN, NEB.—One of the finest Scout exhibitions ever held in this city was given recently by the Scouts of Troop 11, in charge of Scoutmaster Ray G. Fletcher. A feature of the rally was an address on Scoutcraft by Mr. Fenner E. King, Scout Commissioner of Lincoln.

LANCASTER, OHIO.—The first union camp fire held by the scouts of Lancaster was a great success. One object of the union camp fire was to launch an inter-troop bird house building contest. Plans are also being made for a scout tournament to be held in the latter part of June.

LANDRUM, S. C.—The Boy Scouts of Troop 2 of this city recently captured a fine opossum while on an all-day hike in the woods near town. Scout Boyce Henderson of this troop is an expert biscuit maker. He won first prize recently at the Landrum "Community Fair" in a biscuit competition, most of the competitors in which were girls.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Three hundred persons witnessed the indoor rally in which more than one hundred Morristown scouts took part. The program, which was in charge of Deputy Scout Commissioner S. C. Hicks, Scoutmaster Ray J. Knox and Scoutmaster A. Stuart Reed, started with a procession of the troops. Then followed a review by National Scout Commissioner Dan Beard and Mr. Belmore Browne, of his staff. Scout Commissioner J. van Beuren Mitchell was in command. Mr. Beard presented an Eagle Scout badge to Scout Byron Dexter and then the boys were entertained by Mr. Browne, who was the first man to climb Mt. McKinley. Following Mr. Browne's address Mr. Beard gave a talk on how to become an Eagle Scout. An exhibition of various activities was given by the different troops, after which the boys gave three rousing cheers for Mr. Beard. The evening closed with a supper given the Scoutmasters and members of the National Staff.

DETROIT, MICH.—The report of the Detroit Council of the Boy Scouts of America shows that there are 81 active troops, 79 active Scoutmasters, 48 Assistant Scoutmasters, 2,078 active Scouts, 270 Second Class Scouts, 43 First Class Scouts, and one Life and Star Scout. Four new troops are now forming.

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Troop 6, under the direction of Scoutmaster R. L. Myers, has completed the construction of a log cabin headquarters.

FLUSHING, L. I.—More than two hundred Boy Scouts of Flushing, Astoria, Elmhurst and other neighboring points in Long Island were entertained at the Flushing Armory on May 4. An elaborate program of Scout activities was presented, followed by short addresses by National Scout Commissioner Dan Beard and Mr. G. Howland Leavitt, President of the Flushing Council, Boy Scouts of America. The Flushing Scouts also attended a Mother's Day program on Sunday, May 9, arranged by District Scout Commissioner Albert H. Spence.

PORTLAND, ORE.—The sixteen Boy Scouts of the Eagle and Wolf patrols, and their Scoutmaster, Rev. J. D. Corby, enjoyed a five-day camping trip in the mountains near Willamette. With special attention given to studying the native trees, ferns, plants and geological formations, and trailing tests, and opportunities for winning credits in fire-making without matches and camp-craft, the time was all too short.

ATLANTA, GA.—The Ad Men's Club, of Atlanta, recently gave a dinner for the Boy Scouts of that city, at which the Scouts gave some demonstrations of their various activities, and two interesting addresses were given, by Mr. Bayne Gibson, Acting Scout Commissioner, and Mr. Jameson. The Scouts are making plans for camping trips this summer.

TAHLEQUAH, OKLA.—Arrangements have been made for the construction of a Boy Scout camp in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains. Forty-five acres have been donated for this purpose. The camp will cost about $2,000, with all equipment, and will be designed to accommodate from 360 to 400 boys at one time. It is planned to have the camp filled with boys from Muskogee for two weeks, from Tulsa for two weeks, from Oklahoma City for two weeks, and from other points in the state for two weeks. The camp will also be opened for a period of two weeks to boys outside of the state who desire to use it.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—In a three days' campaign to provide a three years' budget for Boy Scout work here, $72,000 was obtained. Pittsburgh Scout officials plan to use this fund in developing the movement in Pittsburgh and Allegheny County. They hope to increase the number of Scouts from the present enrollment of approximately 2,500 to 10,000.

## Built Especially for Boy Scouts

Haversack Fishing Rod and complete angling outfit. Sanctioned by the Committee on Scout Supplies, Boy Scouts of America.

Three piece black enamel, cork handled steel rod, with nickel-plated reel seat; nickel-plated multiplying reel with click and drag; 75 feet hard braided casting line; half dozen snelled spring steel hooks; one nickel-plated trolling spoon, half dozen assorted flies; assortment of sinkers; two-colored float—all in a neat carrying case, made to attach to Boy Scout Haversack . . . **$2.50**

Split Bamboo rod, with two tips, making a fly, bait or boat rod; quadruple multiplying, nickel-plated reel, sliding click and drag; 75 feet of pure braided silk line; half dozen hand tied selected flies; 1 dozen double snelled hooks; 2 three-foot double gut leaders; 2 nickel-plated trolling spoons; assortment of sinkers and two-color cork float; all in neat, leather bound carrying case. Made to attach to Boy Scout Haversack. (Steel rod if desired in place of split Bamboo) **$5.00**

Either outfit sent postage free.

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*Makers of "Fishing Tackle that's Fit for Fishing"*
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## Hints for Patrol Leaders

By FRANK F. GRAY,
*Scout Commissioner, Montclair, N. J.*

BE a real leader, not one in name only. Only reality is honest. If you are not going to be a *real* leader, don't be one at all.

Know your Scoutmaster, and keep in close touch and sympathy with him. Remember that you are his helper, and that you cannot do the best work unless you know his plans, his desires and his difficulties. Go to him freely. Make him feel that you are "with him." The success of the troop is "up to you" in part.

Have a positive influence with your boys. You owe this to them and to your position as leader. Be a leader in fact; not a "boss" nor a driver.

Select your assistant with care. His influence is to count with yours. If he has no influence you do not want him. Remember, he is in line to become a leader. Teach him how. His success will be a credit to you as well as to himself.

*Have a definite purpose* in your patrol work. Aimless effort is never satisfactory, and leads to discontent.

Have a definite plan for everything you undertake. Aimless work is bound to be ineffective.

Have a definite method. Never undertake anything but emergency work until you have carefully thought it over. This will prepare you for emergencies, when you do not have time to think.

You will not succeed in all this at first, but it is most important as a preparation for your life work. You can afford to practice it a lot.

Always have something definite ahead for your patrol to do. It is a good plan to have ideas ready, copied in a book. Some suggestions: patrol hikes; patrol over nights; patrol competitions; patrol constructions, such as hike wagons, cabins, wall for scaling, bows, etc.

Keep a patrol record. Know every boy's record; know his strong points, and points wherein you may help him. Know why, when he is absent. Have your patrol thoroughly organized, every boy numbered, equipped, his specialty well developed. Aim to have yours the best patrol to be found. It is a good plan to have all equipment listed so that you know just what your boys can do.

Be a help to the younger boy. He looks up to you.

Look to the preparation of every Tenderfoot in your patrol, and examine him before he goes to the Scoutmaster, so that the latter need not be troubled with unprepared boys.

If not a First Class Scout, get to be one at the first possible moment. It is needless to say why.

Others than scouts look to you for a high type of work and a good example and influence. Be a leader of the highest type. You can. Others have.

## Scout to Be Acting Mayor

MARLBORO, MASS.—Mayor Thomas H. O'Halloran informed the Boy Scouts of this city at a recent rally that he will turn the keys of the Mayor's office over to some Scout for one day. The Scouts are to choose from their own members the boy who is to have this honor and the boy so chosen will become acting Mayor of Marlboro for the day.

Mayor O'Halloran believes that this will arouse in the boys of Marlboro a new pride in their city government.

## Don Strong, of the Wolf Patrol

(*Continued from page 4*)

"I'll bet I can build a nifty house."

Next day, after church, he worked on his plan. When it was finished, it did not suit him. He had made the mistake of trying to be fancy.

"No bird would live in that," he reflected ruefully.

After dinner he tried again. This time he was better pleased. He took the sketch to his father.

The house he had planned this time was very plain. It was open at two ends, and its slanting roof had enough overhang to shield the floor from the weather.

"You see, Dad," he explained, "barn swallows and robins use almost the same size house. I changed the dimensions a little. Maybe if I don't get a family of robins I'll get a family of swallows."

His father examined the plan. "I'll lay out some wood for you," he said. "You can start to build any time you're ready."

"Oh!" cried Donald. "Is it really good enough?"

"Plenty," said Mr. Strong.

After that Don became the busiest boy in Chester. What with his studies, and his football practice, and his troop meetings, and his bird house, he had plenty to do. In between times he looked for jobs raking lawns. That week he earned a quarter. Saturday the school team played at home and was defeated. Donald saw the game, but declined Ted Carter's invitation to have a soda. If Ted bought him a soda, he thought that he ought to buy a soda, too, and every time he bought soda that meant that he was ten cents further away from his dollar. There was now seventy-five cents in the bank, and he wanted to hold on to every cent of it.

By the time the troop met again, Donald's bird house was finished. He had sandpapered all the joints, and had puttied the holes left by nails, and had stained the whole a neutral shade of green.

While building it he had felt the joy of the creator. But now that it was finished he thought that it looked cheap. Nevertheless, when he set out for the meeting-place, he stuck the bird house under his arm. Good or bad, it represented the best that he could do, and he wasn't going to be ashamed of it.

An hour later he was glad that he had brought it, for Mr. Wall had praised it for what he called "its honest simplicity." What was better still, the Scoutmaster had advised that he use the house as a model and go around and solicit orders.

"But," Donald asked, "do you think anybody will buy them, and how much should I charge?"

Mr. Wall studied the model through half-shut eyes. "There's about twenty-five cents worth of lumber there," he said. "Charge fifty cents."

Fifty cents? Donald could scarcely hide his joy. Why, he'd soon have his dollar now. Maybe he would be able to save $3 or $4 and buy some nice Christmas presents for his father and his mother, and for Barbara and Beth.

The other scouts had all made the mistake that Donald had made in his first attempt. Their models were all too ambitious. They crowded around Don without envy and stared critically at his idea.

"We were thinking of frills and fancy things," Alex Davidson smiled, "and Don


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The price is so low because of enormous output and modern equipment. Here up to 10,000 pneumatic tires are produced daily. And we are content with small profit.

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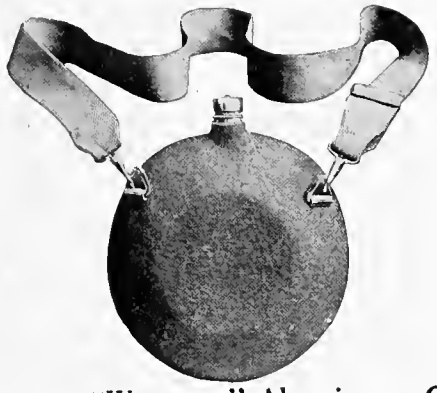

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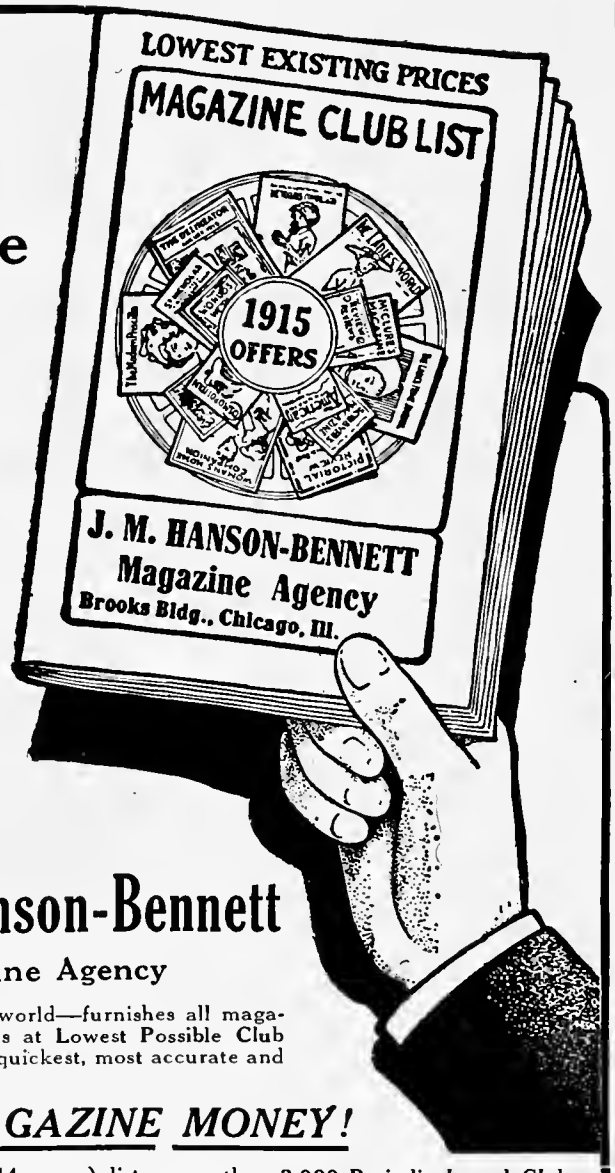


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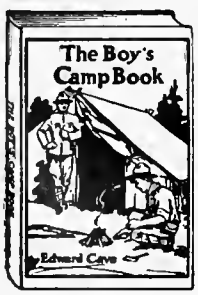


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was thinking about something for a bird to live in."

After the meeting Don hurried home. He told his father what Mr. Wall had said about selling bird houses.

"If you're going into business," his father said seriously, "you'll want to know what your product costs. I'll get my lumber bills."

So the bills were brought out. Side by side, like partners in a great enterprise, they figured cost.

"Twenty-one cents," Donald said at last, "to build that bird house."

"That's not counting paint and nails and putty," said his father. "Anyway, Don, you had better use screws. They will make a stronger job. Go down to the lumber yard tomorrow and order your supplies."

"But I have only fifty cents," said Donald.

"Charge them," his father smiled. "All business men buy on credit. When your bill comes due, pay it. You'll have to keep books now."

"Yes, sir," said the boy. He went up to bed feeling very important. In a drawer of his bureau he found an old pocket note book. On the cover he wrote:

DONALD STRONG
BIRD HOUSES

"Gee!" he grinned. "I wonder what Ted Carter will say?"

AND what Ted did was to laugh and poke fun. But under it all Donald could see that his friend was just a little bit impressed.

Monday morning the boy quit the business of raking lawns. After school he trudged from door to door showing his sample and soliciting orders. Late in the afternoon a woman told him he might make her one. Before he got home he secured another order.

Next morning, on his way to school, he stopped at the lumber yard and ordered some three-quarter-inch lumber, a quart can of prepared stain, and screws and putty. When he came home to dinner the material was in his father's shop and a very important-looking bill awaited him. He went down to the shop and checked off the stuff just as he had seen his father do.

"All there," he said. He took the bill up to his room and entered it in his book. He saw a line on the bill that told him it was payable in thirty days. At that he had a momentary fright. He had orders for only two. He'd never be able to pay that bill if he didn't sell more bird houses.

In the evening he wanted to start right in on his first house. But Ted Carter whistled outside his gate and he walked down to the fence.

"Any orders?" Ted asked.

"Two," said Donald.

"Get all you can," Ted said. "There's a show coming. I saw the signs in a store window. It's twenty-five cents admission. If you sell a whole lot of bird houses you can go, can't you?"

"You bet!" cried Donald. Theatrical companies seldom came to Chester. "When's the show?" he asked suddenly.

"Wednesday of next week," Ted told him.

Donald breathed easier. That gave him lots of time. He'd surely have his dollar and some over, so much over, in fact, that he could easily spend a quarter and not miss it.

"You won't be able to do anything to-

morrow," Ted reminded him. "Football scrimmage."

"I'll dig in Thursday," Donald said confidently.

But on Thursday afternon he was back on the football field. Wednesday he had played with more strength and dash than he had ever shown before. After the practice Mr. Wall had asked him to wait. There had been a short conference between the coach and Leonard, the captain.

"Don," Mr. Wall had said, "we're getting to the tough part of the schedule. In a hot game an end gets used up pretty quickly. We need a good substitute, and I guess you'll fill the bill. Leonard will give you the school team signals. You'll have to practice every afternoon now."

"Yes, sir," said Donald.

Five minutes later he was scurrying home with a typewritten copy of the signals in his pocket. That night he studied them zealously. For the moment the bird houses were forgotten. He was going to get a chance on the eleven!

NEXT afternoon a new boy had his place on the scrub. He walked up and down the sideline and followed the play. Toward the close of the day he went into the school line-up for the first time. Andy Ford gave him a grin.

"Wonder if he's laughing at me?" Donald thought. A moment later he was up to his neck in work trying to master the signals so quickly that he would not slow up the plays that came his way.

After the practice he found Ted waiting.

"Swell chance you have of seeing the show if you're going to play football every afternoon," Ted complained. "How are you going to build bird houses?"

"I—I'll find a way," Donald said uneasily. All at once the matter began to trouble him. When Mr. Wall had told him to report for daily practice he had been delighted. Now, however, the thought came to him that he might be in a mess. He couldn't split himself in half. He couldn't be on the football field and in the shop at the same time. If he gave his afternoons to football, he would have to drop bird houses.

Something told him that it was his duty to stand by the team if the team needed him. On the other hand, there was his bill at the lumber yard. It had to be paid within thirty days. He knew that he would not be able to pay it if he did not do some work and collect some money.

And now a new thought came to him about that lumber bill. When he reached home he went up to his room, took the bill from a bureau drawer and read it slowly. He came to the part he sought:

*Interest at the rate of 6% per annum will be charged on all accounts not paid within thirty days.*

Don felt a sudden panic at school whenever they gave him a problem in interest. The answer always ran large in dollars. Everybody who paid interest, it seemed, paid a lot of money. And he didn't have a lot of money to pay.

"I guess," he said, "I guess I've bitten off more than I can chew."

(*Continued in July* Boys' Life.)

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A total of $20,500,000 was spent in 1914 in fighting tuberculosis, according to the report of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.


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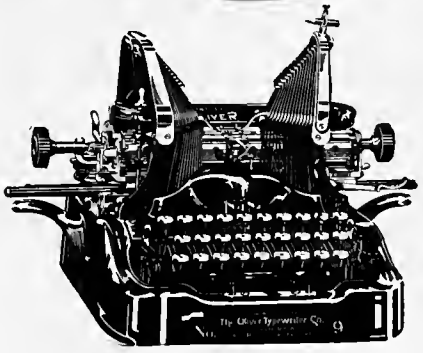

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Resolve right now to see this great achievement before you spend a dollar for any typewriter. If you are using some other make you will want to see how much more this one does.

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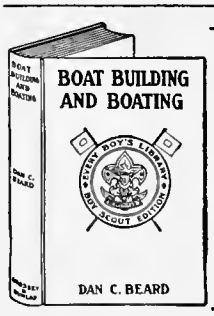


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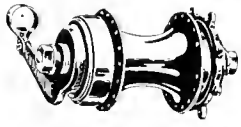

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**With more than 300 illustrations by the Author**

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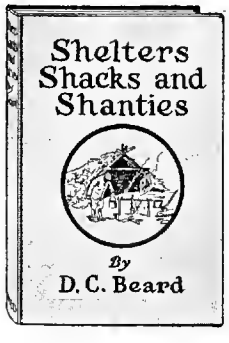


## The Treasure Hunt

(*Continued from page* 17.)

"but can you think of the Corners pointing the way towards anything?"

THEY were now sailing along merrily, Henky at the tiller, while Bob sat facing him. All of a sudden he jumped to his feet, exclaiming:

"Gee wiz! There it is now!"

"Hold on there," yelled Henky. "Don't tip us over. What's the matter?"

"I've found the clue we're after."

"Where? What is it?"

"Just look at the old red cow," said Bob, pointing toward the weather vane on the cupola of the creamery, which was fashioned as a big red cow.

"Yes, but what about it?" asked Henky. "She looks all right to me."

"But don't you see she is headed east, while the wind is blowing us north?"

"That's so," Henky replied excitedly. "Let's not wait to tack all the way back. We'll run straight to the shore and walk to the creamery."

But they did not walk much. They almost broke the quarter mile running record. Scrambling hastily up the stairs and ladder into the cupola, and thence onto the roof, they found that the old weather vane was wired so that even in the fiercest gale it would point only one way.

"Sight across the old cow's back and see where she's pointing at," urged Henky.

"She's headed straight for the Siamese Twin Pines," replied Bob, pointing towards a couple of stalwart pine trees on the hillside above the cemetery.

"Well, there's our sack of gold," said Henky confidently. "Shall we call in the other fellows and have them help us finish the hunt or shall you and I go over and get the money and then call in the others?"

THE next day when Uncle Henry's car drove into the creamery yard he was greeted with a rousing cheer by the entire company of "Wilcox Corners Volunteers" who had impatiently awaited his arrival for several hours.

"So you found it, did you?" he chuckled. "It made you hustle some, didn't it?"

"Regular cinch," grinned Henky.

"But who gets the money?"

"All of us!" exclaimed Bob. "We're going to use it to fix over the old ice house into a 'gym' and Henky is going to show us how to play basket ball."

And Uncle Henry knew Henky had decided after all to stay at Wilcox Corners.

## About the Prizes

When the first part of Mr. Hungerford's story was published in April, it was announced that eight prizes would be given for the most interesting stories explaining what they thought happened after the Wilcox Corners boys saw the notice posted about the hidden gold.

Stories have come in from boys in all parts of the country. They will be judged, as was announced, "without relation to the description of the hunt which has been written by Mr. Hungerford."

Thirty-five books of the famous "Every Boys' Library—Boy Scout Edition"—will be given to winners.

It is expected that the story winning first prize will be published in Boys' LIFE in July.

May 20 was the last day on which stories could be entered in this contest, so none should be sent now.

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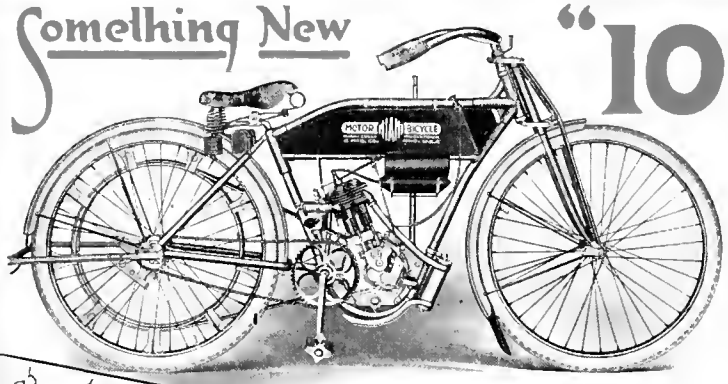

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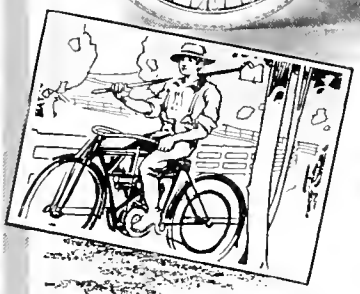

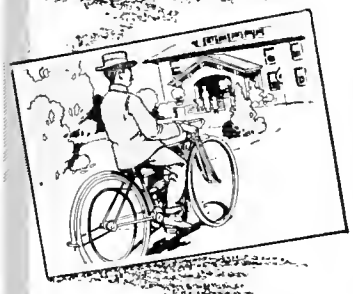

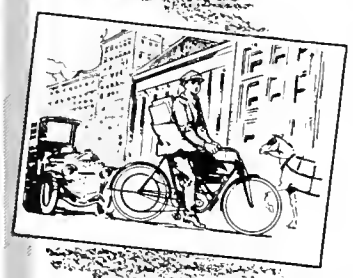

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# BOYS' LIFE

THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 4, 1915

My dear Mr. West:

I am very much interested by what you say of the special edition of "Boys' Life" you are planning to get out, and as honorary president of the Boy Scouts of America, I cannot let this opportunity pass to send my warmest greetings and best wishes.

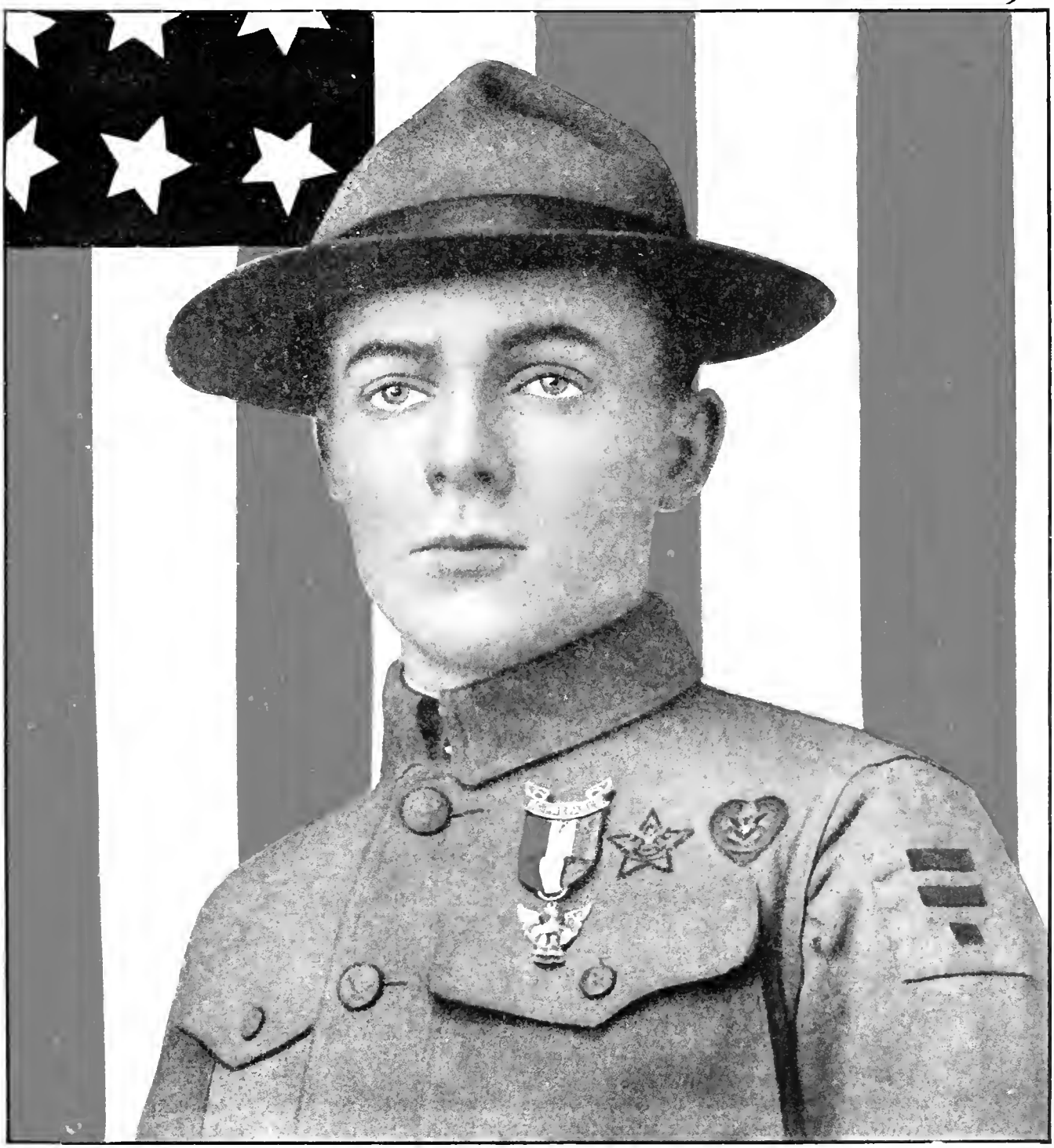
It is fine to have the boys of the country organized for the purposes the Boy Scouts represent, and whenevsr I see a group of them, I am proud of their manliness and feel cheered by the knowledge of what their organization represents.

This is just to bid you Godspeed.

Cordially and sincersly yours,

Woodrow Wilson

James E. West,
Chief Scout Executive.



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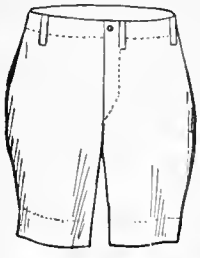

**RED BANK, NEW JERSEY**

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# BOYS' LIFE

## THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

WALTER P. McGUIRE, Editor

Associate Editors:

DAN BEARD and ERNEST THOMPSON SETON



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## Leading Features


**President Wilson's Letter of Greeting and Best Wishes**..Cover
**Quarry Troop's Fourth of July**..... 2
By Irving Crump
**The Powder Mill**..... 5
By W. Houston Lillard
**Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol** (Continued)..... 7
By William Heyliger
**The Young Cannon Builders**..... 9
A Fourth of July Story
**Strawberries and Scoots**..... 10
By William Merriam Rouse
**The Duffle Bag**..... 12
By Dan Beard
**Our Lonesome Corner**..... 13
The Great Letter Exchange
**The Moonshiners in the Jungle** (Continued)..... 14
By Walter Walden
**How to Make a Noggin**..... 16
By Dan Beard
**A Scout Mobilization**..... 17
By Armstrong Perry
**To Boys Who Want to be Scouts**..... 18
By The Cave Scout
**Aquatic Scouts In Their Heyday**.....20-21
Two Pages of Scout Pictures
**Notable Scout Events**.....22-23-24-26-27-33
**Caught in an Undertow**..... 25
By Walter Walden
**Insulators** ..... 29
By Ludvig S. Dale.
**The Treasure-Hunt Prize Winners**..... 31
**How a Scout Can Help His City**..... 37
By Scout Milton Weinstein
**Scout Exchanging Stamps**..... 39
By Frank L. Coes



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**Boys' Life** *the Boy Scouts' Magazine*, is issued monthly by the Boy Scouts of America. It is the official magazine of that great organization and is devoted to the best interests of EVERY BOY.

It is packed full of the finest stories for boys; stories with plenty of excitement in them, plenty of fun of the right sort.

It contains also all news of the Boy Scouts.

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# The Glorious Fourth —Hurrah!

GLORIOUS? Yes, doubly glorious is our Independence Day. A Scout yell for it! Sing it! Get your folks, your Scoutmaster, all your friends to join you in the joyous cry: "Hurrah for the Fourth!"

But celebrating the Fourth is something more than shouting. You want to make it *really* glorious. Well, then—"be prepared."

Here's a way for you to begin. You like to read a good story; read that one about PHILIP NOLAN. He was a fine young officer of "The Legion of the West." For more than fifty years he sailed the seas, enjoying every privilege of every ship on which he voyaged—except the privilege of leaving it, and except the privilege of hearing a certain subject mentioned. What a strange imprisonment—what a strange rule.

It will thrill you—this story which EDWARD EVERETT HALE wrote about Lieutenant NOLAN; and you can read it in an hour or less. If you are good at scouting you can get it from the library without knowing the name of it. See if you can't. If you have read it already, read it again before the Fourth. Then ask yourself if you have ever fully appreciated the meaning of the Stars and Stripes.

Read also the Independence Day features in this magazine—the Quarry Troop tale, and see how *that* troop took part in a glorious celebration of the Fourth; "The Powder Mill," of Revolutionary war times; "The Young Cannon Builders"; the patriotic "Duffle Bag"; and, of course, PRESIDENT WILSON'S fine letter which he took time to write when he was busy with the preparation of an international note of great seriousness, and with an impending cabinet crisis.

Why not have the President's letter read at your troop meeting, or in your camp, on or about Independence Day?

Then celebrate the Fourth in true Scout fashion. That means unlimited fun, without hurting any one. Your Scoutmaster will help you to do this. Tell him you want to——

## Keep Alive the Spirit of Independence Day

# Quarry Troop's Fourth of July

By IRVING CRUMP

Author of "The Boy Scout Smoke Eaters," "Quarry Troop and the Circus," Etc., Etc.

Illustrated by C. R. CHICKERING and N. P. ROCKWELL.

"SAY, fellows, I have the idea we——"

"Jiminy!" interrupted Jiminy Gordon. "Romper's got an idea—first he ever had in his life. Come, spit it out, and if it isn't any better than the rest we've been listening to, we'll maul you—won't we, fellows?"

"Bet we will," said Bud Weir.

"We'll duck him in the creek," threatened Nipper Knapp.

"Come on there, young man, let us know what's in your cranium. None of the rest of us has been able to get even the glimmer of an intelligent suggestion," said Bruce Clifford.

"Well, here it is," said Romper, getting to his feet. "We'll furnish a climax to our part of the Fourth of July celebration by presenting Woodbridge with a city flag—we'll make the suggestion, get it approved by the village council, have old Granny Mastin make it and pres——"

"Hi, hi, not so fast—you're rushing along like a train of cars—trying to dodge that ducking, aren't you? Now, slower—what's this idea? What do you mean by a city flag? Never heard of such a thing before," said Ray Martin.

"Huh, you haven't? Well, you're a fine scout. Don't you ever read the papers?" said Romper with disgust.

"I've heard of it," interrupted Bruce, "and it's a bully suggestion. A number of American cities have flags—a distinctive ensign, just like patrol flags that we scouts have. New York has just adopted one, and I can't see why Woodbridge shouldn't have a flag of her own. Romper's idea is a corker. We can suggest a flag and get the approval of the Woodbridge council. Then on the Fourth we can present it to the city and have a grand old celebration. Romper deserves a vote of thanks instead of a ducking."

*"Almost every building was gay with flags. The thoroughfares were thronged."*

IN truth, Romper had piloted Quarry Troop out of a most trying dilemma. Here is how matters stood before he suddenly became inspired: Woodbridge had been planning a safe and sane Fourth of July celebration, with a pageant, municipal night fireworks and various other forms of a good time. All of which was to take place at the Firemen's Tournament Field on the outskirts of the town. Quarry Troop had been invited to give an exhibition.

So far as that was concerned, the boys were ready and willing to give exhibitions in almost any of the many branches of scouting at a moment's notice, for they were all well trained. But the fact that the occasion was Independence Day and that there would be hundreds of strangers watching them made the lads eager to give an extra good performance and end with a grand flourish—something spectacular.

Now, just what this climax was to be required deep thought, and half a dozen of the older scouts of the troop had gathered under the big maple in front of their machine-shop headquarters on Otter Creek hill to ponder the situation. They had been sprawled in various attitudes in the shade of the old tree for more than half an hour, each one doing his utmost to think of something original. All kinds of suggestions were advanced, but none was worth considering until Romper finally stirred up his flag idea.

It did not take the wide-awake youngsters long to comprehend the spectacular element in this proposition, however, and presently they were talking away at a furious rate, planning the details.

"Look here, why not make the order of events like this," said Bruce. "First we'll pitch a real scout camp and then put up our wireless outfit, just as we had decided. Before hand we'll erect a big pole and a little pole to hold the aerial. 'Old Nanc' can carry the outfit we have on the headquarters roof to Firemen's Field and we can borrow one of the batteries from Dad's electric truck and take that along to furnish our current.

"Then, after the wireless is up and working, we can wind up the performance by presenting the town with a flag. That should make a real hit, eh, fellows? We'll get Mr. Ford to make a speech from the reviewing stand and then, after the Mayor has answered, we'll raise the flag on the big aerial pole and salute it. How do you like that for a programme?"

"Great," exclaimed several of the scouts.

"Bully," said Bud.

"Best ever," asserted Nipper Knapp. "But, say, here we've been talking about giving the town a flag, now what's it to look like?"

"Jove, that's right," said Ray Martin. "What sort of a flag is it to be? Let's make it green and purple, green to signify—ah——"

"Yes, let's add pink, canary and sky blue," interrupted sarcastic Babe Wilson, "what do you think this is going to be, a rainbow?"

"Well, I think we should talk the plan over with Mr. Ford and let him give our suggestion to the City Councilmen. They may have some ideas as to what the Woodbridge flag should look like," said Bruce.

"Sure," said Ray.

"All right, I'll——"

"Say, fellows," interrupted Romper in a whisper, while he watched a sotitary figure coming up the road, "here comes that chap we had at headquarters yesterday, Dick what's-his-name?"

"Sure enough," said Bud Weir. "Say, come on fellows, let's go inside; we don't want a 'fraid cat like him hanging around with us."

"Aw, say, that isn't right," replied Bruce in an undertone. "Don't snub a fellow like that. I think it was sort of childish for him to be afraid, but he looks like a pretty good chap, at that."

But the lad in question evidently did not intend to "hang around." Instead he

made his way up Otter Creek hill, passed the group in front of headquarters with a nod and a cheerful "howdy" and continued on his way. He was a short, thick-set youngster of about sixteen and he walked with a peculiar stride, for his legs were slightly bowed.

Diek Austin was his name and he had come from his home in Arizona to spend his Summer vacation with an aunt in Woodbridge.

Several of the scouts had met him at various places in the village since he had been in town, and had tried to make his acquaintance, but he seemed to keep to himself a great deal. The day before the Fourth of July conference under the maple, however, two of the lads had encountered him on the street, and out of pure kindness of heart had invited him to accompany them to headquarters.

But much to their surprise Dick did not like the machine shop at all. He objected to the hum of the motors and he jumped every time he saw the flashes from the wireless spark gap. He refused to try a ride on the tandem seat of one of the troop's motorcycles, and when he received a slight shock after several of the boys had persuaded him to take hold of the handles of a static electric machine, he became thoroughly frightened.

"Look year," he said with a decided southern accent, "I don't like this year 'lectric business no how. Hit's dangerous stuff an' I'm afeard o' hit. Yo' see I hain't been used t' hit down whar I lived an' I cain't feel comfortable with a lot of machinery so close to me. No, sirree, I'd rather leg it out o' here and git into t' open."

Whereupon he left headquarters without waiting to listen to the scouts who tried to explain that it was only high-tension electricity that was at all dangerous and that there was no current of that nature at headquarters.

Dick's attitude had quite surprised the Quarry Scouts. How a normal boy could fail to be interested in machinery, know nothing about electricity, and actually refuse to ride on a motorcycle because the throbbing engine scared him, was more than they could understand. They quickly decided that he was a coward and had already lost respect for him, as was evident from the caustic comments made by the group under the maple after he had passed.

"Gee," said Ray Martin, "just imagine a fellow getting fidgity over a motor; regular girl."

"It does seem queer," said Bruce. Then getting to his feet and brushing the dust from his trousers he continued:

"Say, fellows, if we are going to try this flag stunt I think it's up to us to get a wiggle on. We've only two weeks to do the work in, you know. I'm going to see Mr. Ford now and talk it over with him. Who wants to go along?"

"I'll go," said Bud Weir.

"So'll I," added Romper.

"All right, come along," replied Bruce. And five minutes later three motorcycles were scooting out toward the hydro-electric plant where Mr. Ford, the Quarry Troop's Assistant Scoutmaster, was superintendent.

TWO days later three lads in scout uniforms were to be seen in the anteroom of the Council Chamber in the Woodbridge Town Hall. They composed the Flag Committee of the Quarry Troop and as they sat there in the straight-backed chairs they looked to be the most uncomfortable trio in all the State of Vermont.

And they were uncomfortable. You see, Bruce, Bud and Romper were waiting patiently the decision of the Councilmen who were convening behind the closed doors of the room to their left. It was the occasion of the regular weekly meeting of the body, but the fact that the town fathers were debating the adoption of a town flag made the session the most important in the history of Woodbridge, so far as the three scouts were concerned.

"Gee, we've been sitting here just fifteen minutes; seems like fifteen hours," said Bruce in a husky whisper. His eyes were on the big regulator clock that ticked away solemnly on the wall across the room.

As for Bud and Romper, they remained silent, gazing nervously out the window. A little later Romper said: "Maybe they're going to turn us down and——"

He was interrupted by the opening of the swinging doors that led to the Council Chamber. Mr. Bennet, Mayor Worthington's secretary, appeared.

"Scouts," he said, saluting, "the Mayor would like the pleasure of your presence in the Council Room."

It required every ounce of self-control the scouts could summon to walk into that sanctum. How they managed to travel the space from one room to the other without stumbling over rugs or doorsills will ever be a mystery to them.

Presently, however, they found themselves at the lower end of the long mahogany table at which the nine officials were seated. At the head was the dignified Mayor, while to the right and left were ranged the councilmen, all of whom the boys recognized when finally they became more accustomed to the surroundings.

"Scouts," said the Mayor, and at the sound of his voice each lad saluted, "we have considered your plan to present the town of Woodbridge with a flag, and we have unanimously voted it an excellent idea. Moreover, lads, we have adopted the design and colors of the proposed emblem."

This good news helped to dispel the scouts' nervousness. They were too attentive now to think of being timid.

"We have decided," continued Mr. Worthington, "that the design shall be a blood red flag with a city seal in the centre of it. It shall be red because that is the color that signifies strength, fire, virility, and all that is healthy and normal. And we shall follow the lead of other cities and have an official seal of the community; for the seal, we have decided on the pine tree of Vermont in the upper portion and a quarry derrick, signifying the marble industry of Woodbridge, below. How do you like that, boys?"

"Wonderful," exclaimed the three lads in unison.

"Glad to hear it. Now good luck to you and I hope our Fourth of July celebration is a big success," said the town's chief, dismissing them with a bow.

THE scouts were all smiles as they descended the broad steps of the town hall and started down the gravel path to the street, where they had left their motorcycles.

"Jove, we'll have some celebration, eh, fellows?" said Romper.

"You bet we will," assured Bud.

"Yes, but we have a lot of work to do yet before everything will be ready," stated Bruce. "We'll go over to Granny Mastin's right away and find out if she'll make the flag for us. We'll get Nipper to draw a design for her. Then we'll have to come back and get the silk and whatever else she wants to do the work with. And say, fellows, we'll have to erect our poles at Firemen's Field, do you realize that? We'll be mighty busy for a while—hello, look who's inspecting our motorcycles."

Bud and Romper looked up in time to see Diek Austin, the boy from Arizona, scrutinizing the three machines that were lined up at the curb.

"Howdy," he said as they came up. "I was just eyeing these here critters. Look blamed ferocious, they do."

"Would you like to ride on the tandem behind me?" asked Bruce.

"Who, me?" exclaimed Dick. "No, sirree, yo' cain't git me to straddle that there animal. Ef 'twas a hoss I'd be tickled to death, but you cain't git a snorting machine under me."

"Huh," said Bud, contemptuously, when Diek was out of earshot, "that sounds like a bluff to me. Bet he's afraid of a horse, too."

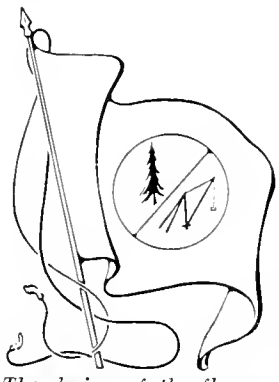
"Oh, I don't know," said Bruce, as he started his engine, "he has the legs of a horseman and he comes from Arizona, you know."

*"On came the bull . . . his sharp hoofs tearing up the sod and his hoarse bellow echoing across the valley."*

"Yes, but he's a scared cat," asserted Romper as the trip got under way.

WOODBRIDGE was a profusion of bunting and streamers on Independence Day. Almost every building, from the meanest little stores on Stone street to the big business blocks on Willow and State streets, was gay with flags and emblems. The thoroughfares were thronged with people, too. Summer folk from the cities, mingled with the easily distinguished farmers who had come to town for the celebration, and these with the residents made the population of the town almost double its normal size.

Soon after the dinner hour the crowd all began to move in one direction, for everybody was headed for the exhibition grounds.



*The design of the flag as drawn by Nipper Knapp*

Firemen's Field was an ideal place for the celebration. It was in a broad unfenced stretch of valley bottom on the outskirts of town and a grandstand had been erected there for the Firemen's Tournament in the spring, so well remembered by the "smoke-eaters" of Quarry Troop. A deep woods stretched along the west side of the field and Otter Creek formed the southern boundary, while the highway to St. Cloud ran across its northern extreme. There were several acres of broad green lawn in front of the grandstand, and the only obstructions in the whole area were the tall and short poles the scouts had erected. These, however, had been placed so as not to interfere with the dancing and other events scheduled for the day.

The grandstand was filled to capacity long before the hour set for the beginning of the ceremonies, and by the time the Mayor and various other officials had entered their special reviewing stand hundreds of people were massed in a semicircle about the field.

To one side of the entrance was a group of gay colored tents or marquees, about which were crowded hundreds of tiny tots, all arrayed in the gaudy carnival dress. Some were ladies of the French courts, some were garbed in Colonial costumes and some were masquerading as bears or as wolves. One group was wearing the wooden shoes and frocks of Holland, another group was costumed as Russian peasants and still others were dressed to represent German, Swedish, Danish and Irish folk. The Campfire Girls were there, too, in a special little marquee by themselves, and to the right of their location was the Quarry Troop, every lad in full uniform, and looking very important.

"Corking crowd, eh, Bruce?" said Nipper Knapp, who stood watching the bank of faces in the grandstand.

"You bet it is. Say, we'll have to do our finest. Not a hitch today, fellows," said Bruce.

"Right-o," asserted half a dozen members of the troop enthusiastically.

THEN every one became silent, for the director of the carnival had taken the centre of the field. A moment he stood there and surveyed his performers, then he gave the signal for the music, and presently the grand march was under way.

Hundreds of youngsters ranging from the tiny tots who were to take part in a Mother Goose scene to the stalwart scouts themselves formed in line and paraded around the field, passing in front of the stands.

A very impressive scene representing the signing of the Declaration of Independence was the first number on the program. In this several academy boys took the parts of John Hancock, John Adams and John Dickinson, and the members of the First Congress.

Immediately following came the folk dances, in which scores of pretty girls in costumes executed the national dances of the various foreign countries. These little maids tripped lightly to the fantastic dance music of the people of the old world for fully twenty minutes and as the last group began the final steps of a pretty Scotch fantasy Bruce stood up and mustered the scouts in line.

"We're next, fellows. Now do your finest. Are the tents ready and the rest of the equipment in order? How's 'Old Nanc?" he called.

But it was needless to ask the question, for the lads had been ready for fully fifteen minutes.

"How about the flag?" asked Bruce, as the little girls danced their way off the field and the band changed to a martial air.

"All safe," said Romper, who had been appointed custodian of the precious bunting.

"Fine!" said the leader of the Owl patrol.

BUGLER BENSON sounded the call, "Forward, scouts," and the brown-clad column started toward the tall pole near the centre of the field, where Mr. Ford, in Scoutmaster's uniform, stood waiting. They marched in scout order with "Old Nanc" laden with the wireless equipment trundling slowly behind them.

For a moment the lads stood in line in front of the grandstand and saluted, then at a word from Mr. Ford they broke ranks and presently a scout camp was growing before the surprised spectators' eyes. Tents were erected in a jiffy, scouts were scuttling here and there with camp equipment, cooking utensils and firewood. Some were mixing dough, some frying bacon, some cutting wood and some carrying pails of water. Within ten minutes a model scout camp had appeared in the centre of Firemen's Field.

But presently the spectators discovered that they were doing something even more interesting than building camp. A half dozen scouts under the direction of Bruce were unloading queer looking sections of electrical apparatus from the troop's home-made automobile.

While this was being done Bud Weir strapped on his climbing spurs and began to climb the tall pole, carrying the end of a good strong manila halyard. This he wove through the pulley at the top and soon the scouts were hoisting one end of the wireless aerials up to him. This was quickly adjusted, as was the machinery on the ground, and in a few minutes the wireless station had been assembled and Bruce was at the key, flashing crackling messages into the air.

Applause came from the grandstand, but before the clapping died away, the lads lined up in front of the taller of the two poles again and Romper produced a roll of shining red silk from one of the tents. With this under his arm he took his place before the flagpole and waited, one hand upon the new halyard, which still remained in the pulley. At this sign Mr. Ford stood out and, removing his campaign hat, faced the spectators and the reviewing stand.

"Honored Mayor, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the boys of Quarry Troop No. 1 have been granted the privilege by the Town Council to present Woodbridge with a city flag. It is our——"

The Assistant Scoutmaster paused here. In the crowd before him he saw scores of frightened faces. He saw men pointing and heard women cry out in terror. He saw children cower and scamper for the protection of the grandstand.

Instantly all turned and looked across the field toward the strip of woods that bordered it, and what they saw paralyzed them with horror.

THERE on the edge of the wood that bordered the west of the field, shaking his massive head menacingly and pawing the ground, stood Ponto, the great black and white bull of the Lyman stock farm. The most savage animal in Woodbridge had broken through his barrier and, attracted by the applause of the people, had wandered through the woods to Firemen's Field. And the wrath that kindled in his wicked eyes as he stood and watched the assemblage made even the bravest scout shudder. For a moment the lads stood as if robbed of their presence of mind by the unfamiliar emergency. But the next instant they were stirred to action by the rush of some one running and a cry:

"Quick, scouts, take care of the children. Get these yar kiddies out o' danger. I'll 'tend to the bull."

This was from a stocky lad with legs slightly bowed, who pushed through the group of boys and laid hold of the halyard of the flagpole. In an instant he had whipped out his jack-knife and severed the rope. Then he began to haul it out of the pulley overhead, meanwhile shouting for the scouts to quiet the already panic-stricken crowd and hurry the children out of danger.

Bruce gave one look at the boy from Arizona and in his eyes saw something that told him he was master of the situation. Then he turned to the scouts.

"He can handle the bull, boys," he cried; "come, work fast, get the children back."

And the next instant the scouts, armed with their staffs, began to herd the tiny tots behind the grandstand, leaving Dick Austin alone in the centre of the field.

The lad from Arizona was working frantically. With his knife he cut the flag from the rope and with the line thus freed began to weave a bowline knot into one end. This he made to serve as the ring for a lariat, and presently he had a fifteen-foot loop spread out before him on the ground. Then with his eyes on the enraged bull he coiled the rest of the rope into his left hand. And all the time he worked his plucky face wore a grim smile.

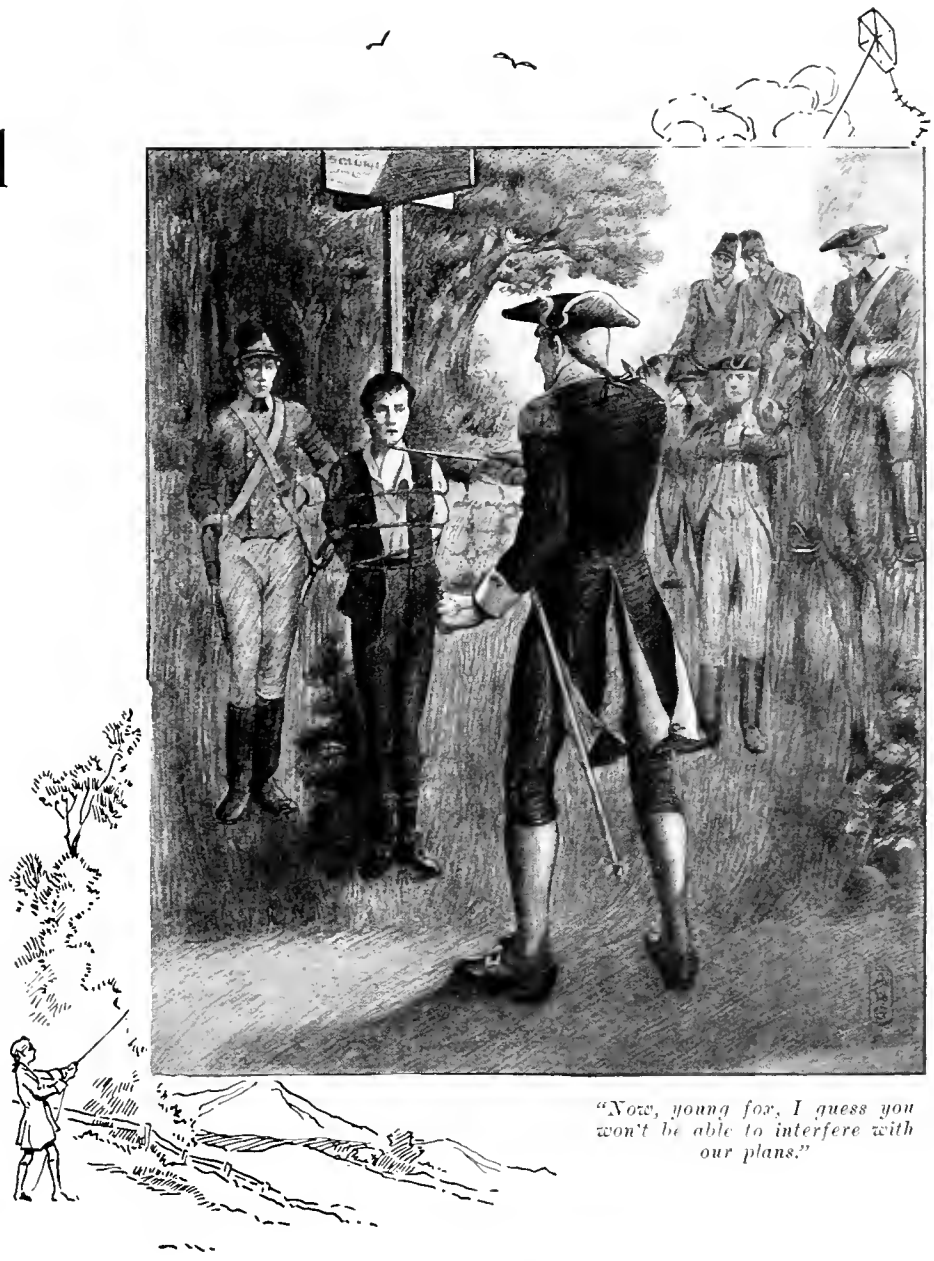
(*Continued on page* 40)

# The Powder Mill

*The Strategy of Two Colonial Boys and Their Kite*

By W. HOUSTON LILLARD

Illustrated by ALEXANDER GEISS



*"Now, young fox, I guess you won't be able to interfere with our plans."*

"LOYALISTS! Traitors! Shame!" As these cries came faintly to Duncan Abbot from a distance he hurriedly pulled down from the morning sky his best kite, jumped over the stone wall which bounded his father's pasture, and ran along the Boston turnpike a few rods till he could look down the slope and see who it was that his schoolmates were shouting at so scornfully. He had been waiting since breakfast for these very boys to come along and join him, so that they could march up the Andover hill together, practising military drill on their way to the academy.

The boys, like every other soul in the village of Andover, were afire with a desire to do something to aid in the great cause. For this was the year 1775. Only a month before they had heard the news of the brave stand which the colonial militia had made at Bunker Hill. And they had thrilled with pride because a company from Andover had been in the thickest of the fight.

But a greater opportunity had come to the village after the battle. For when Washington took command of the troops and inspected their arms and equipment he was surprised to find that there was not enough powder to allow each man to fire even nine shots. This desperate situation was kept a close secret, however, lest the British might take advantage of their predicament. And the resoureeful commander sent Samuel Phillips galloping back to his home village of Andover to hurry the building of a powder mill on the little Shawsheen river.

The young Squire Phillips chose a spot on the bank of the river just a mile below the ford where stood the Abbot grain mill, and by organizing the volunteer laborers, men and boys, into three shifts, he forced the work ahead night and day until the mill was ready to begin its great service.

IT was on the first morning after the powder mill had been finished that Duncan, while waiting for his mates, heard the shouting and hooting. Looking down the road, he saw two men leading horses which were heavily burdened with large packs; following behind were the familiar figures of his mates. As the groups approached he observed that on one of the horses rode a woman with a baby in her arms. One of the horse leaders proved to be a boy of his own age; the other was an elderly man with hair as white as the wig which Squire Phillips wore on state occasions. And now he discovered a sturdy man walking behind with a pack on his shoulder and a staff in his hand. He recognized the group as a family of Tory refugees. Like others who had passed along the turnpike, they were on their way north to Canada, where they could live under the English flag, loyal to King George III.

"Oh, Duncan!" gasped Phil, the second boy to reach the top of the hill. "What do you think Simon was fool enough to do?"

"Not the powder mill? He didn't tell?"

"That's just what the little chump did, though."

"See here! Simon!" demanded Duncan, as he grabbed the smaller boy by the shoulders and shook the books out from under his arms, "Is that right?"

"I—I didn't mean to," stammered the frightened Simon. "I met um a mile beyond the ford and walked with um, as they was very pleasant like: and when they asked me if I was going to school I answered 'yes, I was, for the first time since the powder mill was started'; and then the old grandfather called me a little rebel—don't hit me, Duncan—and then Phil and Ben met us at the ford and I told um what had happened and—"

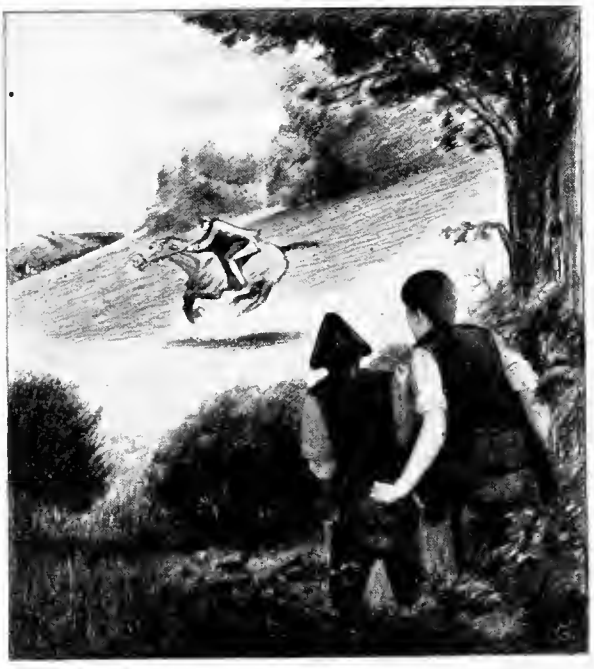
"You little fool!" broke in Duncan, "to think of breathing a word after the warning Squire Phillips gave us and the pledge we took. Shame on you! Bah!" And he finished up by giving the unhappy informer a push that sent him sprawling in the dust.

"Hangin's too good for him, too,"

growled Ben. "Who knows what may come of it? But, I say, we must hurry up the big hill or old Eliphalet will cane us sure."

"Quite right, corporal," said Phil, "and no time for a drill this morning; it must be nearly eight. Come on, Simple, don't whimper like a puppy! I say, Captain Duncan, now don't be so gloomy over this little slip of the tongue; those Tories are going in the wrong direction to be dangerous. You know there isn't a single red-coat between here and Canada. It's impossible for them to do anything about it."

"Perhaps, perhaps," muttered Duncan, who stood looking after the disappearing figures of the Tories. "But I say, Phil, just give me a hand with my kite for a moment, will you? We'll catch up with you, Ben; don't wait. That's right!" And he put his arm across Phil's shoulder and led him toward the pasture wall as Ben started up the side lane for the school, with Simon trailing along after.



*"He drew nearer rapidly and in a moment fairly shot by the two startled lads."*

BUT, instead of climbing over the stone wall, Duncan sat down on a flat boulder and motioned to Phil to do the same. "See here," he said, "no Latin verbs for us to-day."

"Why not?"

"Because we have more important work to do. We must watch this turnpike."

"Now don't be silly, Captain. If you think these people are dangerous, we can overtake them before they get out of the village and have the constable lock them up in the town hall cellar."

"No, that wouldn't do," answered Duncan.

"Why not?"

"The baby would suffer."

"Well, then, put them out of mind. You can just wager they won't risk sending any message back to Boston, and—" He was silenced by a punch from Duncan. "Listen!" From the north there came the faint clatter of a horse's hoofs. Some one was riding toward them at full gallop. Presently the horse and rider appeared in the most distant bend of the road. He drew nearer rapidly, and in a moment fairly shot by the two startled lads on the stone fence.

"The Tory boy," gasped Phil.

"And he's going back to Boston!"

Duncan stood on the highest boulder near him and watched the speeding messenger. He saw him continue down the hill at a break-neck pace and then go splashing through the shallow water at the ford. In another moment he was taking the uphill grade with checked speed until he reached the top. Again he was off at full gallop. But when he reached the cross-road which comes from the east to join the Boston turnpike he pulled up to read the sign board. Then, turning toward the east, he quickly disappeared, swallowed up in the pine forest.

"Salem!" blurted the surprised Duncan. "What do you make of that, Phil?"

"Hanged if I know. Perhaps the baby's sick, and he's going for a Salem doctor—or a Salem witch," Phil added with a lame attempt to appear light-hearted. "No telling what a Tory will do."

"No, there's no telling what he's after. But there's one chance against us, Phil. Salem is only eighteen miles away, and Boston is twenty-four. Now you remember what Squire Phillips said to the Committee of Safety when we were hauling stones for the mill." Duncan had come down from his lookout perch on the boulder and was talking with sharp emphasis. "He told them there was little chance of our seeing any red-coats in Andover, unless they might land from their ships at Salem and send foraging parties about the countryside. If such an expedition has started from Boston by sea, those Tories will know about it; and they may be sending word about the powder mill to Salem, because, of course, it's much nearer."

"That's a rather big 'if,' Duncan," interposed Phil.

"Yes, but there goes that boy on the Salem road! We saw him go, didn't we? Now, Phil, this may mean everything to the cause. But it is uncertain danger, as you say; and perhaps we had better not send word to the Committee of Safety, for they would have to stop the work at the powder mill in order to patrol the roads, and you know that every minute counts in making that powder and delivering it to General Washington. They are hoping to send the first lot to-morrow."

"Well, what shall we do?" asked Phil, who was always ready to follow his boy captain in any plan made at any time for any purpose.

"I hardly know. Let's think it over. Come on for the kite."

THE two boys stumbled over the stone wall and walked slowly back toward the spot where Duncan had left his favorite possession. Phil made no real attempt to think out a plan of action, but watched his leader's anxious face. He noticed him finally square his shoulders in a resolute way just as they reached the kite, and was not surprised to receive directions at once.

"There's just one way to cover the distance."

"What distance?"

"Why, from the cross-roads to the village. It's a good long mile and a half—too long for us to cover on foot before they would reach the powder mill. Besides, they will be mounted if they come at all, and they might head us off before we could give the alarm. No, we must signal!"

"But how?"

"With the kite, of course, just as we did when we played Indian war last year."

"Just the thing! Where will the stations be?"

"I can see only one plan," replied Duncan, "I'll go to the Salem cross-road and put up the kite as high as she'll go. You wait till the kite is up and then go as far toward the village as you can without losing sight of the kite. You won't be able to see the cross-road after you leave this hill. But if you can see the kite, that's all that's necessary. We'll use the same signal as before; if the kite comes down slowly it will mean the coast is still clear; but if it falls suddenly, as if broken, you will know that the red-coats are at the cross-road. You ought to take a station about half-way between here and the village. That will give you only a half-mile to run, and you ought to have the church bell going in five minutes after you get the signal. Besides, I'll do my best to delay them."

"But what will happen to you? They may—"

"Bah! Go to your post at once now! That slippery Tory brat might meet a party of them on the highway at any moment."

Suiting the action to the word, the young scout grabbed up his kite from the ground and started at full run for the cross-road. His somewhat bewildered subordinate stood staring after him for a moment, and then obeyed orders by leaping over the stone wall and scurrying off toward the village.

DUNCAN waded carefully across the ford, with his kite held high, and soon reached the sign-board which pointed an ominous finger toward Salem. It took him but a few minutes to choose a promising spot in the nearby pasture and stretch out his stout cord. Then a quick sprint—and up went the big kite, controlled by his master hand.

The breeze was steady enough to please a sailor, and Duncan soon found that he could tie the end of his cord to a convenient gate-bar.

He sat down beside the highway to watch his kite soaring placidly far aloft, like a great American eagle. The blue sky and the soothing wind conspired against his wakefulness, and his heavy eyelids, much abused by the recent night shifts at the mill, soon curtained off the world from him as he crumbled down into a deep sleep. In the land which he entered beyond the blue sky there seemed to be utter confusion. Kites, sign-boards and pine trees were marching about in all directions. Yes, and there were some of

(*Continued on page* 34)

# Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

*(Synopsis of what has happened before is printed on page 30)*

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

CHAPTER IV.—(*Cont.*)

DON STRONG went down to supper with the conviction that something had to be done about his bill for the bird-house lumber. He got through his football practice too late. If he could get through earlier——

"What's the matter, Don?" Barbara whispered. "You're sitting with your mouth wide open."

"I thought of something," Donald answered.

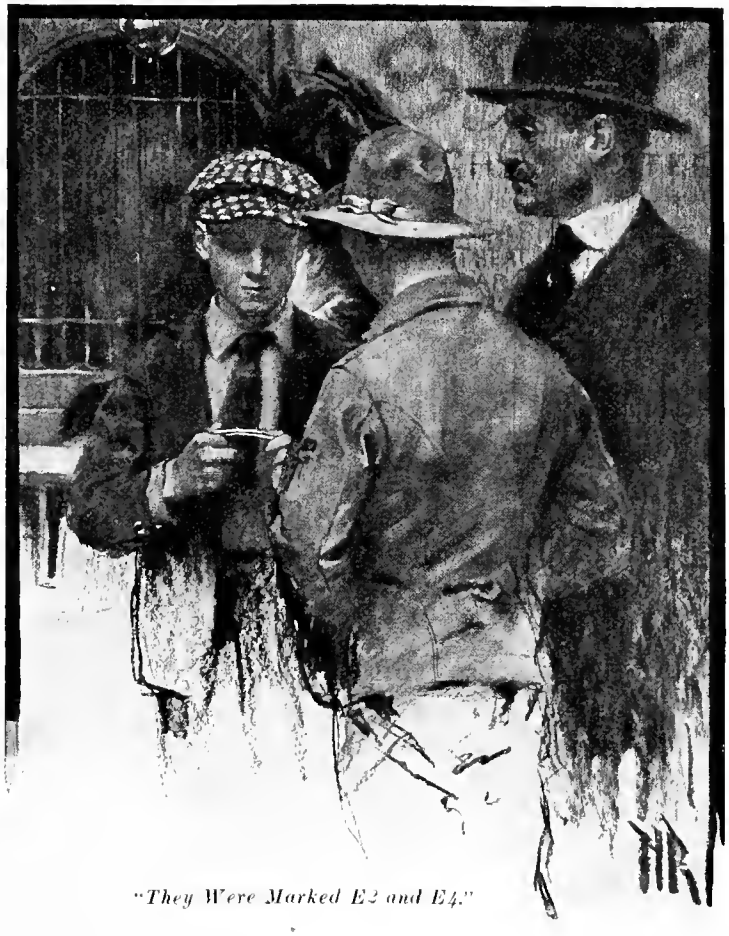
Why couldn't he practice first instead of Andy Ford? Then, as soon as his turn ended he could hurry home and start work. That night he went around to see Mr. Wall. The coach heard his story and looked at the lumber company bill, then glanced at him and smiled a bit.

"Afraid of having a bill you cannot pay, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Donald. "Could I practice first?"

"Yes; we can fix that. And, Don, always be afraid of the bill you cannot pay."

"Yes, sir," said the boy. He didn't quite grasp the full meaning of this, but he was acutely aware that a great load had been lifted from his mind. Next day he would start in earnest.



*"They Were Marked E2 and E4."*

But when he hurried home from the practice next afternoon it seemed that he could not get started the way he wanted to. When supper time came he had accomplished very little.

"Tomorrow's Saturday," he told himself. "No school. I'll get up early and work all morning."

He was in the shop at eight o'clock. By noon the first bird house was finished. He went upstairs jubilant.

"Football today?" Barbara asked.

Donald nodded. It was a road game. The team had to travel to a neighboring town. Suddenly his face lengthened. The round trip was twenty cents. The other high school would pay half their fare, but at that the trip would cost him ten cents. That would leave him only sixty-five cents in the bank.

"Gee," he muttered, "football's getting me in trouble every way."

HOWEVER, when he stepped aboard the local trolley with his uniform in a battered suit-case, he felt better. He was one of the squad. He could sit with Leonard and Mr. Wall and feel that he was not intruding. That was worth ten cents alone. Now, if he got into the game—

He got in at the finish for ten glorious minutes. Twice the other school tried him, and twice he spilled the play. He rode home feeling that he was a hero. His pulse still pounded from the joy of the game. This was worth all the ten-cent pieces in his possession.

That night he delivered the bird house and collected fifty cents. The coin fell into the orange bank with a cheerful clink. His fortune had reached a high-water mark of one dollar and fifteen cents.

Sunday he did no work in the shop. Monday there was football practice. Donald had his turn first and should have hurried away. But the glamour of having played Saturday was over him. He lingered and lingered and lingered, and when at last he did hurry off it was too late to get much done.

"How about that other bird house?" Ted asked. "Will you be able to go to the show?"

"Sure," said Donald. He wasn't going to worry about that other bird house. Didn't he have over a dollar in the bank?

"How much does it cost to build one?" Ted inquired.

"Why—" Donald paused, stared ahead a moment and swallowed as though his throat were dry. "About a quarter," he said weakly. "See you tomorrow, Ted."

He wanted to be alone. He had blundered again. He had one dollar and fifteen cents in the bank, but only ninety cents of it was his. Twenty-five cents was due the lumber company for the material that had gone into the first bird house.

Why hadn't he hurried home and started the second house? If he didn't finish it in time to deliver it tomorrow night, it—he swallowed again—it would be impossible for him to go to the show. And he wanted to go. It might be months before another show came to Chester.

"I'll work tonight," he vowed. "I'll pile in and get that other bird house done."

After supper he lighted a lamp and carried it down to the shop. The illumination was poor. The board on which he worked was half in and half out of shadow. Yet, for all that, the boy worked with furious haste. When bed time came he had his material cut. Next afternoon he would put it together, deliver and collect his price. He'd see that show after all.

The better to make sure of the completion of his job, he asked to be excused from the next day's practice. As soon as classes were over he hurried home. He sat near his father's bench and began to put the house together.

GRADUALLY, as he worked, he began to see that this house wasn't going to have the trim look of the sample. The edges were ragged. One of the corners wabbled. It was a sloppy job.

From the gate came Ted Carter's whistle. Donald went out.

"We want to get our tickets before school tomorrow," Ted said excitedly. "The best seats are always sold before night. Going, aren't you?"

"S—sure," said Donald.

"Finish the bird house?"

"Finishing it now."

"I'll whistle for you in the morning," Ted told him. "We'll go right down and get good seats side by side. So long."

Donald went back to the shop. His father was looking at the bird house. Mr. Strong put down the job and quietly returned to his bench.

"It—it's a little loose," said Donald.

"A little," said his father.

The boy pondered. Perhaps, if he put the screws in very tight, he could get those edges together. Maybe, if there was only a little space, he could putty it and the paint would hide the effect. He went to work.

But, screw tight as he might, he could not bring the edges snug. In the end he puttied the open spaces and stained the wood. He went upstairs. He did not look back, but he was sure that his father had gone over to inspect the job.

At that his cheeks flushed. He thought about what Mr. Wall had said about an honest job and an honest price.

"But," he faltered, "but I need the money. That's why I hurried." He knew, without being told, this his excuse sounded weak. When he came down to supper he didn't feel like eating.

"Going to deliver the bird house tonight?" his father asked.

He stared at his plate a moment. "I—I'm not going to sell that house," he said.

He heard Barbara breathe as though she had been holding her breath. Then:

"May I have it, Don?" she asked.

"It isn't worth giving," the boy said in a low voice.

"Oh, yes, it is," said Barbara. "It's worth more to me than the best bird house in the world."

He looked at her. He knew now. She—she understood, and was glad.

Sitting on the porch after supper he heard Ted Carter's whistle at the front gate.

"I was just passing," Ted said hurriedly. "Finish the bird house?"

"Yes," said Donald.

"Good! I'll get you out in the morning. Everybody says it's going to be the finest show that ever came to Chester. One scene has a railroad wreck, and in another scene a fellow jumps off a bridge. We want to get good seats so we can see everything."

Ted was gone. Donald walked slowly back to the porch.

A railroad wreck and a fellow jumping off a bridge! Why hadn't he worked a little slower on that bird house?

SUDDENLY he clapped his hands together. If he worked every afternoon and took his time he could turn out bird houses that would be right. Why, he could easily make eight in the next three weeks. He had made the rejected house in a few hours, but he had spoiled things by hurrying. Well, if he went just a little slower, and made his eight, he'd have all kinds of money. He'd have enough to pay his lumber bill, and the dollar to put in the bank to meet the Second-class scout requirement, and enough to buy more material and pay cash if he wanted to. Think of it—cash!

He became all aglow with enthusiasm. Why, there was no reason why he couldn't see the show. All he had to do was to make those eight houses, and he would have so much money that taking a quarter now wouldn't make the least bit of difference.

He opened his pen-knife, went inside and took down the bank. Soon a twenty-five cent piece fell into his hands. He would buy his ticket in the morning.

Upstairs in his own room later doubts began to dampen his joy. He had made two houses and there wasn't a penny of profit to show. He had made twenty-five cents on the first job, and had lost twenty-five cents on the second.

He tried to tell himself that the eight houses he was going to build would make all the difference in the world. And at once he found a new question presenting itself. Would he make eight houses? Would he tear himself away from the football practice the moment his turn ended?

He sat on the side of the bed and did not undress. Suppose he couldn't make those eight houses? Suppose Andy Ford was hurt and he was the only player for the place. Then he'd have to practice all afternoon. Suppose he spoiled one or two of the eight houses. Suppose ——— He stood up and walked over to the window. Suppose he couldn't pay his bill at the lumber yard. Just as Mr. Wall had said, it was the bill you couldn't pay that made you afraid.

*"Oh, you hayseed. I'll tell you when it's time for the curtain to go up."*

On the bureau top was his Scout "Handbook for Boys." He opened it and turned to the Scout Laws and read them slowly. He came to this:

"A Scout is thrifty. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way."

Pay his own way meant what? It meant paying his bills. How could he be sure of being able to pay his bills if he didn't save his money?

Donald's breath trembled in a sigh. A train wreck and a fellow jumping off a bridge.

"I'll bet it's a fine show," he said wistfully.

The house had quieted. He opened his room door, tiptoed along the hall and started to go downstairs. Once or twice his feet caused the boards to creak. He stood still and listened, but nobody came to investigate. Presently he reached the parlor.

He heard his mother and Barbara talking quietly in the kitchen. In the darkness his hand felt along the mantel-piece. His fingers touched the orange bank, felt about until they came to the little slot, and opened. A piece of silver clinked as it dropped into the bank.

### Chapter V

*Donald Receives a Gift*

WHEN Don awoke next morning he lay in bed with no ambition to be up and doing. Before him stretched a sorry sort of day. Right at the start he would have to meet Ted and explain that he could not go to the show. He had faced Ted's gibes before, and he knew that explaining to his friend wasn't going to be a very cheerful experience.

At length the smell of coffee and griddle cakes told him that breakfast was almost ready. He arose and began to dress.

"Hurry, Don," came Barbara's voice. "I'm keeping your cakes hot."

He came downstairs scarcely interested as to whether his breakfast was hot or cold. He had hardly seated himself at the table when a whistle sounded shrilly from the road.

Barbara looked at him.

"Is that Ted Carter?"

Donald nodded.

"So early?"

"We have an appointment," said the boy.

He ate a few cakes, and then excused himself and went out to the hall for his hat. He heard Barbara say something about people who had nothing to do but hang around.

Ted, at the gate, was stamping impatiently. He brightened as Donald approached.

"I thought you were never coming. Hurry! We want to get good seats."

But Donald, instead of coming out to join him, stood inside the fence and looked miserable. "I can't go," he blurted.

"What's that?" Ted swung around. "Why not?"

"I can't afford it. I owe money to the lumber yard, and I must save a dollar—"

"Beans!" Ted cried in disgust. "Boy scouts again."

"I'd have been all right if I hadn't mussed up that second bird house," Donald explained. "Instead of making a quarter, I lost a quarter. If I don't pay the lumber yard in thirty days they'll charge me interest."

Ted scowled. "You ought to have some money. You've been cutting grass, and raking lawns, and——"

"I have a dollar and fifteen cents."

"How much?"

"A dollar and fifteen cents."

"Is that all?" Ted mocked. His tone became sharp. "How much do you think a ticket costs, a million dollars?"

"I can't spend a quarter," said Donald. He began to explain again about his lumber bill, and the dollar he had to save. Ted gave an impatient shrug.

"Tell it to Sweeney," he said. He began to walk away; but even as he took his first few steps he was aware that going to the theatre without Donald was going to spoil his evening. He swung around and came back.

"Say," he said, "couldn't I lend you a quarter to buy a ticket?"

Donald made a jump through the gate. "Would you, Ted?" I wouldn't have to touch my bank. I could pay you when—"

Ted gave an airy wave of his hand. "Any time," he said; "any time. Hustle, now. We want to get good seats."

DONALD ran back to the house for his school books. His whole day had changed. He wasn't going to eat into his money. He was going to be thrifty. And he was going to see the show, anyhow.

"Gee!" he said to himself. "Isn't Ted the good fellow?"

Ted, by virtue of his position as capitalist, took charge of the arrangements. He dictated the pace as they walked toward Chester's little theatre, and he stepped up to the box office window and bought the tickets. They were marked E2 and E4.

"What does the E mean?" Donald asked.

"Beans!" said Ted. "Haven't you ever been to the theatre before? That means that the seats are in the fifth row. Shall I mind your ticket?"

"Can't I mind it?" Donald asked.

Ted handed him the pasteboard with very bad grace. But Donald was too happy to bother about how Ted felt. Five times during the morning he took the ticket from his pocket and looked at it.

There was no football practice that afternoon. Don should have started work on a bird house, but Ted wanted him to go down and stand outside the theatre and see the scenery carried in. He came back to supper with dancing, excited eyes.

"Come home as soon as the play is over," Mr. Strong ordered.

"Yes, sir," said Don.

WHEN the theatre doors were opened he and Ted were the first persons to enter the playhouse. They went down to their seats and craned their necks and looked all around.

"Big place, isn't it?" Don asked in a whisper.

"It is," Ted agreed languidly, "to a fellow who's never been down to the city."

Donald felt abashed. Gee, what a fellow Ted was, going every place and seeing everything. Then the orchestra came out from the pit under the stage and Don felt his heart thump. Was the show going to start? He asked Ted.

"Oh, you hayseed," Ted mocked. "That's the overture. I'll tell you when it's time for the curtain to go up."

After that Don asked no further questions. When the music ceased and the lights were lowered, Ted said: "Here's where she starts."

Don scarcely breathed. The curtain went up. It seemed to him that he was looking at a river that stretched miles and miles away.

To Don it all seemed glorious. When the hero jumped from the bridge he all but cried out aloud, and at the train wreck scene he trembled with anxiety. Then, at last, the final curtain fell. He sighed and blinked his eyes, and reached under the seat for his cap.

"Great, wasn't it?" he asked.

Ted nodded. For the moment his superior air was gone.

"I'll pay you that quarter," said Don, "just as soon——"

"No hurry," Ted told him. They separated, and Don ran for home. A long time afterward he lay in bed unable to sleep and lived again the story of the play.

Next morning the company was gone, and the theatre was closed and dark, and Don came back to the everyday life of a workaday world.

(*Continued on page* 30)

# The Young Cannon Builders

## A FOURTH OF JULY STORY

*BOOM, boom — poppety-pop — bang — bang!*

Jed Crawford opened his eyes and listened for a second, then, with a grin, leaped out of bed and began hustling into his clothes.

*Boom, boom—bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.* The dawn of the Fourth echoed across the town. Jed heard the roar of the big 'uns and the rattiety-bang of the "packs of 'em," the ringing of church bells and all the attendant noises that aroused the countryside that Independence Day morning. He could almost smell the burning powder.

He hurriedly doused his face into the wash bowl and swept back his wet hair with an impatient stroke of the brush. Then as he gave his hands a hasty drying he looked at the red pasteboard box that he had carefully placed on the chair at the foot of his bed the night before. It was stuffed full of combustibles—the long gray tails of firecrackers dangling over the sides and the rotund forms of "giant" torpedoes bulging out of the mass of color like great red onions.

Jed gazed at the assortment with pride for a moment. But as he recalled the precious quarters, dimes and nickels these things had cost him, coins that he had worked hard to earn in these months past, he sobered a trifle.

*Boob, boom—bang, bang—pop-pop-pop—boom, bang,* rolled the thunderous message of the Fourth through the open window.

"Pshaw," said Jed, "it's the Fourth an' I want to make a racket, too. But say—just wait until we trot out our old cannon. It'll make more noise than anything in this town." And with the red box of fire crackers under his arm he rushed down stairs to the dining-room.

BREAKFAST with the family was only a ceremony that morning so far as Jed was concerned. But even before he had left the table came a rippety-bang, bang, bang, bang of a blank cartridge revolver from the neighborhood of the front lawn, and a voice:

"Hi, Jed—Jed—come on! Here're t' fellers!"

It was the voice of happy, freckle-faced Reddy Stafford, Jed's chum and one of his co-workers in the construction of their big cannon. The "fellers" referred to were cannon builders, too.

With a hasty "May I be excused?" a peck at his mother's cheek and a "So-long, Dad," to his father, Jed bolted through the front hall and out the door to be greeted by the rattle of cartridge pistols and big fire crackers exploded in his honor.

Jed fired two or three "big 'uns" by way of retaliation and then a hasty conference ensued which ended with a rush down the graveled drive to the barn.

FIVE sturdy lads crawled into the dustiest and darkest corner of the building and from under grimy tarpaulins and hay covers hauled the biggest, ugliest-looking gas pipe cannon imaginable. With it came a can of big-grained blasting powder and a makeshift ramrod. This equipment was carried through the rear door of the barn, out through the apple orchard to the field beyond. Jed insisted on this precaution for he had a feeling that his folks would object mightily to the cannon and—well, the way to get away with it was not to let them know of its existence, then they could not raise any objections.

"Isn't she a corker?" asked Jed as he surveyed her.

"Biggest thing in this town," shouted Claud Emry.

"Wait till she goes off. She'll wake th' dead," said Reddy as he produced a firecracker fuse from his trouser pocket and forced it into the priming-hole.

Jed was cannoneer and when the priming had been inserted he scooped a hand-

(*Continued on page* 28.)

*"You had to be strong and healthy to get a chance at that hole in the fence."*

# Strawberries and Scoots

## Introducing Bunk Carson, Fatty Masters and the Rest of the Cartersville Gang

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

Illustrated by F. RIGNEY

I WILL try to get things down here as near as I can like they happened, but sometimes if they are not just right please excuse me. Anyway, you don't have to read it.

We were all over behind the blacksmith shop just talking about things in general when Fatty Masters ran around the corner. He was het up, inside and out.

"There's a new boy in town!" he said.

We all set up and took notice. Fat went right on talking.

"He's the *newest* boy that ever come here to Cartersville or any other town!"

"Let's go see," said Smitty Henderson, pulling up his galluses. Smitty is the strongest boy in town. He can swing his pa's biggest sledge in the blacksmith shop. He grabs right hold of a thing, just like a dog does a bone, and that's why he wanted to go see the new boy as soon as he heard about him.

"Wait a minute," I told Smitty, "I'm beginning to have an ideer."

Smitty stopped willing enough, but Slats Sanders spoke up, like he most always does when somebody's trying to think, or something.

"You're always having ideers, Bunk Carson! Just because your pa's the preacher you think you can have ideers any time you want to!"

Maybe I would of had to hit Slats after that if Fatty hadn't yelled:

"Hurry up and come along before that feller gets tired and goes home!"

So we started for the lake shore where Fatty said he had saw the new boy. We went through the village and down across the Stedman lot to the top of the bluff and peeked between the trees.

Sure enough, there was the boy on the shore. Leastways we took Fat's word for it that he *was* a boy. He looked more like a picture of the Spanish War to me. He had on soldier clothes—not the Grand Army kind—but he didn't have any gun that I could see.

"Jimmy beeswax!" says Slats. "Why didn't you tell us, Fat?"

"If I had you'd said I was a liar, and it's too hot to fight."

Fat was right. Most anybody would of said he was a liar, especially if they had known Fat real well.

"Is his pa an officer?" asked Scales Lawton. Scales' pa keeps store and is rich and Scales has got ideers about money and high society and them things.

"I dunno," said Fatty. "Miss Sally Stagg is his aunt and he's a-staying up there, I heard."

"What does he talk like?" Smitty Henderson asked. Then Fat begun to hem and haw and get red in the face.

"You had a fight with him, Fat Masters!" squeaked Runty Brown. "That's how you got the dirt all over your back!"

Fat looked at him kind of reproachful and then I knew why Fat was so het up when he came and told the rest of us about the new boy. Somebody snickered and Smitty said to shut up.

"Where's that ideer of yours, Bunk?" he said to me. "The only thing I can think of is to wallop this new feller, but I want to have you figger out a reason for it."

All of a sudden my mind was took with what pa would call inspiration, but I guess it comes from hard thinking, because I'd been feeling in the insides of my head that I was going to have an ideer.

"Tell you what," I said. "I've got a plan that's going to teach that new boy something about war. We'll show him he can't lick one of our bunch without getting fixed for it. We'll all go down and talk to him and when I ask him up to my house to pick some ripe strawberries don't you fellers say a word. Just come right along and act natural and do like I say."

"But they ain't no strawberries in your garden," Fatty said. I guess he's so fat his brains get clogged up sometimes.

"Shut up," Smitty told him. "Come along and do like Bunk says. He knows more about what he's doing than you do."

All this while the new boy had been looking around on the lake shore. When we went down the bluff without trying not to make any noise he turned around and watched us come.

"Whoop 'er up!" yelled Pieface Sherman, and we tumbled down that bluff like a herd of elephants, yelling and jumping through the bushes, but the new boy just stood still. We fetched up on the shore and got in a kind of half ring around him.

"Hello!" said he, standing as cool as a cucumber, with his back to the lake.

"Hello yourself!" said Smitty. "What's your name?"

"John Nelson."

Nobody could find any fault with that kind of a name, but pretty soon Grunter Perkins spoke up and said:

"What you got on them clothes for?"

"I'm a boy scout," the new feller told him and looked at Fatty with a kind of grin. Fat got red in the face again and I figgered he had got mussed up for making talk about the soldier clothes.

"What's a boy scoot?" said Smitty.

"Scout, not scoot," said Nelson. "Boy scouts are boys that are trying to learn how to be ready for anything."

*"Let's go see," said Smitty.*

That kind of flabbergasted Smitty, but he had his brain working along one line and it was like him to keep on asking questions whether he understood the answers or not. I've knowed him to do the same thing in school.

"Do all the scoots have to wear them duds?" he asked, pointing to the new boy's clothes.

"Scout, not scoot," Nelson told him, looking a little peevish.

"Scoot," said Smitty. You might just as well have tried to lift an anvil as to change

him on that. Ain't it funny how some folks get set in their minds?

It looked to me like it was time to start something else, so I said:

"Do you want to go and pick some ripe strawberries?"

The boy scout looked at me and grinned.

"Sure," he said. "Where are they?"

"Come on up to my house," I told him. But I didn't say the berries was there.

"Come on, Scoot," said Grunter Perkins, and that was what we called him after that. But he was friendly and didn't seem to mind it all the way back up the bluff and into the village.

*Fatty let out a holler.*

The gang followed along all right until we got to old Gramp Hawkins' garden. Then, when I started to turn in, they stopped and Slat Sanders pretty nearly spoilt everything.

"This ain't—"

Right there I dug him in the ribs and he shut up.

"Come along," I said. "What are you all waiting for? Cream and sugar to put on the berries?"

That made Scoot and all of them laugh and I knew they'd do what I said. Gramp Hawkins has got a pretty high and tight fence around his garden and he likes boys as well as he does potato bugs. The gate to the garden is always unfastened, but Gramp can see you pretty near the minute you get inside. The only regular way out is through the gate, for the fence is over a man's head, but I knew something the rest didn't know.

So I walked right up to the gate and stood to one side like pa does when he invites visiting ministers to step into the house. Smitty is always game. He took a chance and went first. I stooped forward and whispered in his ear:

"There's a hole in the fence behind the currant bushes!"

That was enough, for it showed him there was another way to get out. When Slats Sanders see Smitty go in, he went, too, and I whispered to him. Then I had 'em all going like sheep and I whispered to each one, except that when I came to Scoot I said:

"The princess has hid the gold in the moat!"

That didn't mean nothing, but it made him laugh and think I had been talking foolishness to all the rest. He went right along as easy as could be.

There were eight of us, altogether, with Scoot, and we settled down on Gramp Hawkins' strawberries like a swarm of bees. Runty Brown acted kind of nervous but most everybody enjoyed himself. Of course, it was too good to last more than a minute. Just as Scoot got settled to eating, picking berries off the vines very careful and telling me what a nice place my folks had, I heard a beller like the Pattersons' bull had got loose. It was Gramp, and he was madder than a hornet.

He came a-yelling, as fast as his rheumatism would let him, and I got to own up I was seared. He looked fiercer than usual. We went for them currant bushes, right through melon vines and everything. That is, we all did but Scoot. I got a glimpse of him standing still and looking as though he couldn't make out what had happened. The next minute it was rough work and you had to be strong and healthy to get a chance at the hole in the fence.

Being the biggest, Smitty got through the hole first. I punched Slat Sanders and made it next, and pretty soon we were all through except Fatty Masters. Fat was the last one and he got stuck in the hole tighter than a plug in a cider barrel. We pulled on him, but it didn't do no good. Then I whispered to him to lay still and maybe Gramp wouldn't see him because he was behind the currant bushes, and Gramp don't like to bend over much, so perhaps he would go in the house after he got through with Scoot and not look for the hole now. I figgered that Fat would be a good plug to keep Scoot from getting out, anyway.

By that time we got around to peek through cracks in the fenceboards to see what was happening to Scoot. I almost fell over when I saw him standing up and talking right back to Gramp Hawkins' face like. Gee, he didn't run a step. And there was Gramp swingin' a barrel stave that was in his hand like a cat switches her tail when she's ready for business.

"No, sir," I heard Scoot say. "I didn't know this garden was yours or I wouldn't have took them. I thought they belonged to one of the boys."

"Huh!" Gramp didn't know whether to believe him or not. "Was it a peaked faced rapscallion in a blue shirt that got you in here?"

"I don't know the names of any of 'em," Scoot said.

That made me think pretty good of Scoot and I most wished for a minute that Gramp wouldn't wallop him. But it didn't seem like there was going to be any such miracle as his getting off.

"How do I know you ain't lying?" Gramp asked him.

"'Cause I'm telling you the truth!" Scoot fires right back.

I don't know what would of happened, but just then Fatty wiggled to rest himself, his stomach being squashed some from laying on it, and Gramp saw the currant bushes shake. He only made two jumps from where he was and the next minute Fatty let out a holler that was louder than any holler I ever heard him give before. Gramp Hawkins had fetched that barrel stave down on the part of Fatty that was on the other side of the fence. He fetched it down again and I guess Fat thought all the mustard plasters in the world was being put on him all to once.

The way that barrel stave whacked sounded painful, even on our side of the fence, and Smitty and I grabbed hold of Fat and pulled like it was a tug of war. We got him, all but his pants and part of his shirt and some hide. We were lucky to get what we did, for the hole was two or three sizes too small for Fat. We dropped him and jumped back to our cracks in the fence. I guess that paddling kind of eased up Gramp's mind, for he most grinned as he walked toward Scoot.

"Why didn't you run when you had a chance?" he asked him.

"Why should I?" said Scoot. "I didn't know I didn't have any right to come here. I guess those fellows were playing a joke on me."

Gramp looked at him kind of funny.

"Hm—m," he said. "Pick yourself a capful of berries and run along. But keep away from that pesky pack of boys or you'll come to a bad end!"

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FATTY MASTERS TRIES TO THINK

*That's the title of the next story of the doings of Bunk Carson and his bunch of Cartersville chums. In the August* BOYS' LIFE.

*"There was Gramp swingin' a barrel stave—like a cat switches her tail when she's ready for business."*

# From Dan Beard's Duffel Bag

## American Heroes and American Songs for American Boys

By DANIEL CARTER BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.

THIS is Uncle Sam's moon, or more properly Brother Jonathan's moon, because Brother Jonathan stands for the American people, whereas Uncle Sam stands for the American Government. This is the moon in which a bunch of our old Americans deliberately went to work and laid their heads on the block, so to speak, and then dared the headsmen to cut them off, for every man who signed the Declaration of Independence signed his own death warrant—if Great Britain had won.

If you will look over the facsimile of that old document you will find that their hands did not tremble. They had their nerve with them! They didn't side step the issue, but just put their names down there because they thought they were right and were glad to register themselves as so thinking.

This is also Catlin's moon. He was born on the 17th of July, 1796. Catlin was a great artist, a dead shot, a great horseman, a great plainsman, and a great student of Indian life. This is the Roasting Ear Season, and you should celebrate it by roasting corn at your camp-fire. This is the Harvest Moon of the Indians.

These are all American names and belong to American folk lore.

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We want American poets for American scouts; poets who are personally moral men, but not milksops. We want poets like Longfellow, Whittier and William Cullen Bryant, and all scouts should be familiar with their works. We want to cut out all we possibly can of the old world folk-lore because it originated in olden times, when morality was at a very low ebb, when dishonesty was considered heroic or humorous, when the funniest thing a clown could think of was to pretend to steal something. The people had, for instance, such heroes as that old highwayman, Claude Du Vall, about whom so much romance is written. Claude was nothing but a common thief and hold-up man such as you may see to-day in any of our prisons, but he had full swing for a time when England was debauched, and he swung by his neck later.

We read in an old book, "The universal joy which seized upon the nations upon that happy event (the crowning of Charles II.) contaminated the morals of all, and riot, dissipation and every species of profligacy abounded."

*THE LAND WE LOVE THE MOST*

*Lord, while for all mankind we pray,*
*Of every clime and coast,*
*Oh hear us for our native land,*
*The land we love the most.*

*Oh guard our shores from every foe,*
*With peace our borders bless;*
*With prosperous times our cities crown,*
*Our fields with plenteousness.*

*Unite us in the sacred love*
*Of knowledge, truth and Thee;*
*And let our hills and valleys shout*
*The song of liberty.*

—*John R. Wrexford, 1837.*

They no doubt painted old England a bright red, but they could not contaminate Claude Du Vall, because you cannot spoil a bad egg.

But be not too hard on Du Vall, for there were no boy scouts in Dumfront, and Claude was a victim of evil surroundings. This is the sort of surroundings amid which the old world folk-lore was born. Even good King Arthur did not escape being a thief in folk-lore, for which we have no less authority than old Mother Goose. She says:

"When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly King,
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag of pudding."

I do not believe he did, but if he did, evidently the people would have thought it funny.

As late as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in Europe dishonesty was general, everybody seemed to be a thief, an admirer of the humor of dishonesty or a worshipper of thief heroes. After Claude Du Vall was hung at Tiburn in 1669, his body was buried "with many flambeaux amidst a numerous train of fashionable lady mourners in the middle aisle of the Church in Convent Garden."

Stop and think of that! Compare this disreputable old thief with the magnificent character of our Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, George Washington or Abe Lincoln, then see if you cannot understand why we want an *American* folk-lore and why we want to do away with that of the old world.

Let us look at another old world celebrity whose name is a family name abroad, another highwayman, Jack Shepard, whose life was one of low, degraded viciousness. Jack was conducted to Tiburn, the place of execution, in a cart, and hung like any other thief and murderer. There is another fellow made even more famous by the old world folk-lore and that is Dick Turpin, burglar and all around common, low-down thief. He was executed on April 7, 1739. Compare Dick Turpin, an unprecedented ruffian, with Johnny Appleseed, the generous, kind, benevolent gentleman of the wilderness.

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We also want good, old-fashioned American songs for our scouts, and none of this foolish ragtime stuff which will not last a season. We want the songs that have proved their worth, lasting for many years. We want our own folk-lore songs, none of them based upon thievery, none of them celebrating the adventures of rogues and highwaymen. Let us sing the jolly old song, "Wait for the Wagon," and those songs written by Steven C. Foster. Very few of you perhaps have heard of Steven C. Foster, but do not forget him now, for he is the man who wrote "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Black Joe," and Foster was an American—and not only an American, but he was born on the Fourth of July! He wrote "Nellie Bly" and "Nellie Was a Lady" and "Old Uncle Ned" and "Old Dog Tray," all of them bully songs, songs that you may live with without corrupting your morals. Tell your teachers and parents that the boys want to learn such songs.

There is "The Star-Spangled Banner," a little hard to sing, but the right sort of sentiment, and, of course, "Yankee Doodle"—and we must not forget "Yankee Doodle" was written in the Van Rensselaer house in Rensselaer, N. Y., in 1758, to make fun of the Americans, by Dr. Richard Shacksberg, a British officer. But when you hear "Yankee Doodle" played to-day it is played by Americans who are proud to be called Yankees!

We must not neglect good old "Dixie," a song that makes the Southern scouts of to-day cheer themselves hoarse, nor "Home Sweet Home," the "American Christmas Carol," by Phillips Brooks; the "Jolly Old Saint Nicholas," by an unknown writer; the "Old Oaken Bucket," "Tombigbee River" and the good old negro hymn, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Oh, we have lots of them! No need of going outside of America for American folk-lore songs and there is every reason why we should get them at home.

---

Never forget that we have a great advantage over all the countries in the world in this, that the old-time rulers on the other side of the water raked their countries with a fine-toothed comb, so to speak, and weeded out all the independent thinkers and progressive, adventurous spirits and made it so hot for them at home that they had to come over here, so that the majority of the early American settlers occupied a much higher moral plane than the people they left at home. Added to which, they learned self-government, and as they pushed further into the wilderness in search of free land they developed a type of manhood never before seen on this old world of ours, because never before were a people put through such a schooling for self-respecting manhood and development of character.

That is why I say, when we signed the Declaration of Independence, we put ourselves on record as opposed to the crowns, scepters and old world royal titles, also all such mock heroes as that scallywag, Claude Du Vall, that thief, Jack Shepard, that highwayman, Robin Hood, and that other yeggman, Dick Turpin. They all belong in oblivion. Oblivion, my fellow scouts, is a big word, which means that we must "forget it." We want to forget all these old dead beats, thieves and rascals and put in their place good, red-blooded, right-thinking, picturesque, daring, athletic American scouts. Why? Not because they are Americans, but because every one of them was every inch a man!

Dan Beard

# Our Lonesome Corner

## More and More Boys Exchanging Letters—Are You?

CAMPING, hiking, swimming, bird study, fishing, trailing, baseball—all the things boys do in summer are the subjects of most of the letters going through the Boys' Life Lonesome Corner now.

### Blind Boys Get Letters

A few months ago this Column gave the names of several blind scouts who want to receive letters. Their Scoutmaster, Mr. Longenecker, writes:

"I am glad to write you that the Lonesome Corner of Boys' Life has been the means of waking up a lot of my scouts. So far 14 of my boys have received 45 letters and the Scoutmaster has received 6. Most of the boys are keeping up a regular correspondence with scouts in other parts of the country." With this letter, Scoutmaster Longenecker sent in the names of four more boys of his troop who want letters. They are Frank Wisoker, Joseph Mojzis, Simon Mahler and William Osman. Mr. Longenecker says Philip Espenhaim, Robert Simons and Alfred Cerimedo, whose names were published before, haven't been written to yet. Do your part to bring pleasure to these unfortunate blind boys.

### Write to These Shut-ins.

And here's another unusual opportunity for scouts to do good turns.

We are giving below the names of three boys who for months, or years, have been unable to leave their homes on account of an illness. Why not send them an interesting letter through this department, together with a picture or a magazine? Perhaps some of the letters written will never be answered, but think of the pleasures you will be bringing into the hearts and lives of these shut-in boys. Write now! Their names are: Harold Leon Davis, N. Y.; Charles Howard Pride, N. Y., and Francis Lannon, N. Y.

### Find Your Hobby Here

Here are the boys who want to write about their favorite hobbies:

#### American

Axel J. Anderson, N. Y.; bird study, stamps, cycling; bird clubs in vicinity of New York State
Edwin Arthur, O.; boys in Ohio on bird study
Edward Clarke Ardold, Jr., Wash.; plans for building bird houses; athletics, pitching, stamps
Samuel Bortz, Jr., Mich.; scouts in China; foreign scouts
Graeme Baker, Wyo.; foreign boys on bird study
Frank Boschetti, R. I.; hikes and camping
Francis Carlisle, Pa.; wireless
Martin Dwyer, Ill.; electricity and camping
Bertram T. J. Davis, Cal.; raising money for troop use; aviation
Israel Elkin, N. Y.; western boys about trapping
Harold Fountain, Wash.; boys in Arizona, Colorado, Texas; exchange postcards with patrol leaders; butterflies
Francis Gregory, N. Y.; foreign and American boys about poster stamps and art

### Any Boy Can Do It

**This is the way**

Pick out the name of a boy.
Write a letter to him.
Address an envelope with his name and the right postage.
Put your own name and address on the reverse side of the inside envelope.
Don't seal that envelope.
Enclose it in another, addressed to the boy, in care of Boys' Life. Mail this to us and we will forward it.
If your letter is to a boy in North America or England, put on a two-cent stamp. If it is to go to any other country abroad, five cents.

J. H. D. Heuer, Ill.; American and Canadian boys; Great Lakes and Georgian Bay; photography; wireless; stamps
Willard Merle Harvey, O.; 14-year-old scouts interested in music, camping and cooking
W. A. Logan, Tex.; signalling, tracking, Spanish, photography
James W. Lowry, Pa.; wireless, music; foreign boys 16 years or over
T. McCombs, Mass.; Japanese, English and Scotch scouts
Robert Murray, Cal.; foreign boys; athletics; golf; boys who made automobiles
Dary C. Maxfield, O.; cycling, bird nature and scenery
William C. Moore, Penna.; hikes, first aid, signalling
Erwin Nickel, Wis.; birds, baseball, outdoor sports
Elmer Nelson, Minn.; stamps
Christ Nielsen, Ill.; autos and machinery
Duncan Phillips, Pa.; agriculture
Edward Poppele, N. J.; stamps
Charles Plumb, Kas.; cartoon drawing, exchange photographs; scouts in Colorado
Samuel A. Roth, Ill.; foreign scouts; exchange pictures, magazines and scout news
Carl Seigle, Pa.; first class scouts in Philadelphia
Clyde Sherman, Okla.; boys in British Isles, France, Canal Zone
Randolph Stelle, Pa.; curios; stamps and postcards
Kendall Towne, Cal.; Scouts in San Francisco
Waldemar Voorhees, N. Y.; printing and electricity
Rodolph Valentine, Iowa; patrol leaders
John G. von Hofe, Jr.; N. Y.; merit badges
Malcolm W. Wadsworth, Ark.; foreign scouts
Richard W. Westerman, Ill.; patrol activities and photography; electricity; scouts in South America

#### Foreign

Allen von Muralt, Germany; exchange stamps; writes letters in English, German and French
W. James G. Wyllie, New Zealand; exchange stamps and postcards

The following boys have asked to have their names inserted in our Lonesome Corner list, but since they did not mention any particular subject on which they desired to correspond, we assume they are willing to write about anything. They are:

#### American

| | |
|---|---|
| Paul A. Blackwell, Ky. | Roy R. Couch, Iowa |
| John Celley, Iowa | Arthur M. Chapman, Mass. |
| Erskine P. Caldwell, Tenn. | Harry A. Fidler, Iowa |
| Clifford Howard, Pa. | Russell Hult, Ill. |
| Lester Lockhart, N. Y. | Ralph Peterson, Neb. |
| Harry L. Rice, Okla. | Reid L. Shultz, Iowa |
| Ernest M. Sutherland, Iowa | Kenneth Smith, Conn. |
| John H. A. Sayers, Mass. | Jos. S. Sylvester, Jr., Mass. |
| Ernest Siggins, Colo. | Ronald Swartz, Iowa |
| Clarence Von Gossen, Iowa | Fred E. Weidner, Iowa |

#### Foreign

Chotaro Ito, Japan
Lv. d. Kous, Holland

New boys are still writing letters through this Corner. This can be seen by the large number of names in the following list, which includes both American and foreign boys. Their names are:

#### American

| | |
|---|---|
| Harold Allen, Mich. | Charlie Webb, Tex. |
| Walter K. Alexander, Kas. | S. Russell Allen, Wash. |
| Harry Bowyer, Pa. | Thomas Page Averill, Ky. |
| Charles E. Bludworth, Tex. | Paul Brown, Ill. |
| Keith Betts, Mich. | Russell J. Brock, O. |
| William Brown, La. | Stuart R. Beerye, Va. |
| Douglas Cook, Mass. | Roland Barkley, O. |
| P. Starr Cressy, Conn. | Newell Clapp, Wis. |
| Harold Colwell, N. Y. | Carl S. Coffey, N. C. |
| Henry Reavis Cox, Tex. | Mac Crosby, O. |
| Paul Drzymalla, Fla. | John E. Doen, Jr., Ind. |
| Clyde Estabrook, Vt. | Roy Elmore, Mo. |
| Martin B. Freeman, N.Y. | Roland Ellis, Ark. |
| Frank Gilliam, Tex. | Royal Fulwood, Ga. |
| Ralph Gritzbaugh, Ill. | Virgil Gift, Mo. |
| John Grosse, Fla. | La Montie G. Gist, O. |
| George P. Hunter, Wis. | John Wilford Hix, Va. |
| Percy Harrell, Mass. | Leslie Handke, Wis. |
| Charles Hebert, Pa. | Frank S. Haak, Pa. |
| Stanley J. Jarek, Mass. | Stanley Jones, Cal. |
| Clarence E. Johnson, R. I. | C. Simon Johnson, Ill. |
| Francis Kelly, Mo. | Glen Jefferson, Neb. |
| Norman Kurzvig, Wis. | Edwin Kingery, Iowa |
| Russell Kerlow, Tex. | Hope Kirk, Okla. |
| Kenneth Livingstone, D. C. | Boyd Kooker, Okla. |
| Queston Linson, Tex. | Killian V. R. Lansingh, Ill. |
| Garland McCoy, Kas. | Lester Lewis, Pa. |
| John Maxwell, Ga. | Ova McCoy, Mo. |
| Vincent D. Miller, 3rd, N. J. | Frank Maytham, N. Y. |
| Jack Martin, Ga. | Melvin Mabey, Mass. |
| Herley Moore, Ark. | Rodger Mendes, Cal. |
| Albert Nolan, O. | Max Newcomb, Ill. |
| J. R. Newell, Mich. | George E. Parks, Ill. |
| Herbert Peach, Ga. | Lee M. Pullen, W. Va. |
| Roy V. Price, O. | W. Lester Richards, Md. |
| T. S. Repplier, N. Y. | Glen F. Rupert, O. |
| Elmer A. Reed, Kas. | Carl Ranger, Mich. |
| Melvin L. Roberts, Tex. | Harold Swales, Pa. |
| Fletcher Rider, N. Y. | John Swanke, Wis. |
| John D. Seylar, Iowa | Oscar Swanson, N. H. |
| W. J. Sholar, Jr., Mass. | La Fayette Sory, Tex. |
| Otto Smith, Ill. | Philip Smith, Pa. |
| Ed. Satterwhite, Ga. | Orlin Thomas, Cal. |
| Harley Semple, Iowa | Joseph Vloch, Jr., Kas. |
| Carroll Thomas, Va. | Ralph H. Wagner, Pa. |
| Ernest Voss, Wis. | Earl D. Wooddell, N.Y |
| Bennie S. Williams, Va. | George R. Ziph, Mo |

#### Foreign

| | |
|---|---|
| Philip Dunn, Canada | Clarence Gardiner, New Zealand |
| Norman Glanoe, West Australia | St. Elmo Hart, Hawaii |
| Walter Hammond, Eng. | Matt Holt, Jr., British Columbia |
| Hiram K. Naipo, Hawaii | Harry L. Ross, Hawaii |
| Leonard Russell, Eng. | George Taylor, South Africa |

# The Moonshiners in the Jungle

By WALTER WALDEN

Illustrated by Norman P. Rockwell.

*"I rowed with a good will, for my hopes were rising."*

Chapter VIII—(*Continued*).

WHEN we crawled up our secret path to the edge of the thicket, daylight was not yet advanced enough to make objects in the grotto discernible. But soon we were able to see that where the still had stood there remained only some pieces of wreckage. And presently we made out the main portion of the boiler, lodged in the thicket.

After having waited some time on the chance of the men coming to investigate, squirming impatiently, James spoke up.

"What do you say to going around to the road on this side of the creek? We can see them sooner if they come; and if they go in we can come back here."

For answer I began to crawl down the path to the canoe.

We got out into the pine woods to the south, and then moved east till we got to the little open place in the hammock, where the moonshiners used to wait for darkness before driving into the grotto to the still. We moved rather cautiously, but had almost stepped into the place when we saw Uncle Bill's horse and wagon.

We slunk back into the brush. The horse was tied to the trunk of a palm, and seemed alone.

We waited, crouching in the brush, above half an hour; but neither of the moonshiners came. It was getting irksome.

"Perhaps they went in when we were coming," offered James. Before I had made up my answer I heard a movement in the brush to the east, and then Uncle Bill stepped into the small open place.

He stopped and scratched his head in thought for some moments; then started untying the horse. But he evidently changed his mind, for he suddenly tightened the knot again—to the disappointment of the horse—and started off down the half-made road, afoot.

We followed, keeping under cover of the bushes.

When Uncle Bill came to where the road to the ford branches to send a trail to the water by the thicket, and thence into the grotto, he stopped. We then saw Bat Mason coming from that way. As he approached we saw that he carried a flour sack half filled with goods.

I thought to myself: "He's got the things out of his cache; he's going to run away."

Uncle Bill stood waiting, and as Bat Mason came near, he said to Uncle Bill:

"There hain't much left o' thet thar still."

"What you-all got there?" asked Uncle Bill, pointing to the flour sack.

"Oh, them's my belongin's," said Bat.

"Where be ye goin'?" asked Uncle Bill.

"I certain ain't goin' back to town—to shake hands with no revenuers," said Bat.

"There hain't no revenuers!" declared Uncle Bill.

"Well, ef there ain't there soon will be. I got news o' that," returned Bat. "I lights out now, when I has the chance."

"Wal, then," said Uncle Bill, "I reckon hits time we settles up."

"There ain't no more settlin' up, I guess," said Bat, putting down the flour sack.

"They's a right smart comin' for thet last load, I reekon," said Uncle Bill.

"I reekon they ain't," said Bat, with an evil twist of his head. "I keeps thet for the time lost—you waitin' on sick folks."

Uncle Bill stared fury.

"I reckon you-all don't leave these parts till ye settles up," he said, ominously.

Bat put his hand behind him.

"I reckon, anyway, you knows too much about me," said Bat, and he jerked into view that big revolver of his.

I shook with terror for Uncle Bill; and, on impulse, seized James's gun and rushed into the open, the gun at ready—James at my heels.

BAT saw us, snatched up his flour sack and darted into the brush.

I heard the twigs crackle and saw the brush wave for some distance the way he went. I felt there was no doubt he thought revenue officers were at our backs, and so he was little likely to return.

Uncle Bill turned. There was some astonishment in his look. But immediately his clean-shaven upper lip and his goat's whiskers stuck forward, showing his mouth to be pursed in anger. His hands were clenched in hard, white knots, and he looked in the direction Bat Mason had gone.

"Consarn his skunk hide!" he said. "Ef I'd a-thought to a-taken my gun along he'd not got away! He pulled his gun on me!"

He said it painfully. He spoke as if to himself. One could see that pulling a gun on him was, to Uncle Bill, an unforgivable insult.

When Uncle Bill turned his eyes on me again I noted a kindlier look in them than I had seen for some time past.

"I reckon he's done fer good," he said, pushing his old hat over one ear with scratching his head.

He asked no questions, nor made any talk that showed any curiosity regarding our presence there at the nick of time. His mind seemed busy with other things.

"I got my horse up here," he said, pointing up the road; and he started forward, James and I following.

"I sespicioned he was up to some devilmint," Uncle Bill mumbled to himself as he strode ahead.

Presently he turned in his tracks.

"Did you-all hear a big shootin' last evenin'?" he asked.

We nodded "Yes."

He turned and stalked forward again and spoke, much as if talking to himself:

"I shore seen the almighty hand o' righteousness he tol' about—I shore seen hit!"

James and I nudged one another.

"I shore seen hit!" Uncle Bill mumbled to himself. "I shore seen hit!"

Then we got to the horse and wagon. Uncle Bill began to untie the animal, saying:

"I reckon you-all better ride with me, ef ye be a-goin' home."

Chapter IX

*We Are Kidnapped—Uncle Bill's Escape*

IT was in the friendly tones of former days that Uncle Bill said: "I reckon you-all better ride with me, ef ye be a-goin' home."

Before James or I had time to reply we heard another voice.

"Up with yer hands, all o' ye!" it said.

Bat Mason stepped from the bushes, his

big revolver in one hand, his flour sack in the other.

James and I put up our hands. Uncle Bill's face was white with rage, and his hands clenched at his sides.

"Up with yourn, Bill—*quick!*" said Bat.

Uncle Bill's went up.

James's gun stood against a palm-trunk. Bat stepped over and took it.

"Now you, boy," Bat nodded to me, "you git the rope out o' the wagon."

I got the tethering-rope.

"Now you tie Bill's hands behind him," he ordered.

That went much against the grain; I knew Uncle Bill's extreme sensitiveness to such an indignity. Uncle Bill seemed to discern my trouble and nodded an assent, putting his hands behind him, though he ground his teeth in rage at Bat.

"You know how to make a bow-line," said Bat. "Now you make good ones—tight," he ordered.

I made them under his watchful eye. Then he made me do the same for James, but allowed me to tie his hands in front; after which he had me help the two bound captives into the wagon. He then ordered me to lead the horse, and we started down the road to the ford, Bat following behind, gun on shoulder and pistol ready in pocket.

After passing the ford and getting out of the hummock into the pine forest on the north, Bat ordered me to turn east.

"Go the quickest way you know to thet sail-boat o' yourn," he said. "They say as how you aire a good sailor—we'll see what we can make out o' thet."

So I began to perceive what he was up to. He wouldn't risk our going back to town and setting a posse on him. He meant now to escape in my sloop, *Rambler;* I was to be his sailor; and he was determined to keep us all with him till he was safe away, and there would be no fear of pursuit. That he also apprehended the coming of revenue officers, things he had let drop seemed to indicate.

This fitted well, I thought, with Joseph De Long's possible interest in Bat Mason, as suggested in his letter. And now perhaps my friend, the revenue officer, was on the way and might arrive within the next two days. If there were only some way to cause delay.

My thoughts were interrupted by Bat.

"Has you fellers any grub with ye?" he demanded.

I thought of our camp, and James's pony, and our provisions there. It would hardly do to leave the pony tethered there without water if we were going on a voyage. And the provisions, little as there were, would doubtless nourish us as well as Bat Mason. So I spoke up:

"We've got a little in camp," I said.

"Whar is camp?" he demanded.

"Down the way we're going," I said.

"Wall, go there," he ordered.

When we got opposite our camp in the hummock I pointed.

"It's in there," I said.

"Kin ye drive in?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then do it."

So I led the horse in among the palms of our camp site.

"I reckon I don't walk no more," said Bat, as he observed James's pony and wagon.

As I busied myself with placing our bacon, rice, flour, potatoes and dried peaches into the wagon I found opportunity to whisper to James.

"Write a note telling what's happening," I said.

I tore a bit of paper off the bacon wrappings and got it into James's hands as I pushed the provision-box under the seat. He had his own pencil, which I pulled from his pocket under pretense of getting him his handkerchief.

When we left our camp I was in the seat of the wagon, driving, James and Uncle Bill sitting on the floor of the wagon-box. Bat followed closely in James's wagon, the guns between his knees and a watchful eye out.

James soon lay down on his belly, and I knew he meant to write the note. Fortunately his hands were tied before him. Bumping over palmetto-roots as we were, the chances to use the pencil were seldom. But when I saw a short, smooth space ahead I would wiggle my foot as a signal to James and hold the horse to a steady walk.

Now and then Bat urged haste.

"Hit 'er up there!" he would call. "This here ain't 'xactly no funeral."

Finally I knew the note was finished, for I felt James pushing the paper into my shoe-top. I had an idea in mind that I might find a chance to make James's pony the carrier of the note.

IT was not yet noon when we got to Peace River and the anchorage of my sloop *Rambler.* We drove into the hummock where my skiff lay locked to a tree.

I got orders first to unhitch the horses. It was while I worked to unbuckle the collar on James's pony that I wrapped the note (that James had written) in a handful of Spanish moss and tied it to the pony's mane. Bat would not observe the moss in the mane, but James's father, I was sure, would seek to brush it off, and thus find it tied fast. And so he should discover the note.

The harness all off, I gave the pony a whack that sent him galloping away.

"Here! They ain't no hurry sendin' thet hoss home!" Bat called. But the pony was gone; I'd no doubt the animal would make direct for his barn for a feed of oats.

Then the skiff was unlocked and pushed to the water and the provisions brought down from the wagon. Bat was in much haste, prodding me at my work till the sweat dripped from my chin.

We were all aboard the sloop by noon, dropping down the river on the tide. I sat at the tiller, and was kept busy at times when a puff of the westerly breeze came between the islands to belly the sails. Uncle Bill and James, still bound—now hands and feet—lay in the cabin, while Bat Mason sat near me in the cockpit, holding the gun.

I found time, between whiles, to think of that last time I had dropped down Peace River in the *Rambler.* How different from this! Then Joseph DeLong was with me, and I looked forward to pleasurable excitement in store, and with an agreeable companion, in whom I had great confidence. Now I was sailing again over the same route; but this time unwillingly—under the threatening gun of a surly criminal, for his actions and words he had uttered showed him capable of the worst of crimes; and there was much to make me believe his record was very bad.

Uncle Bill had not spoken a word since the ropes were put on his limbs. I could see by his steadily averted face how he suffered.

*"Bat went briskly across the beach, without a word, and soon disappeared in the woods."*

Bat Mason showed snarling impatience.

"Git some kind o' a turn on her as'll make her go!" he said.

But it was not till we got down into the bay and had rounded the point, heading south, that the *Rambler* showed what was in her. Then she lay over in the beam wind and left the ripples fast behind. For hours she held thus.

When, some time after five, we approached the head of Pine Island, Bat Mason said:

"What island is that?"

"Pine Island," I told him.

"Go inside thet," he ordered.

He had been fumbling in the box of provisions, and brought out some cold sweet-potatoes, rice and dried peaches. He fed himself and handed me a potato. I threw it to James, who shared it with Uncle Bill, holding it to his mouth; at this Bat gave me another. He recognized that a sailor, to serve him, must eat. Some dried fruit was similarly distributed—and water from the jug.

(*Continued on page* 35)

# Dan Beard Tells You How

## To Make a Noggin*

By DAN BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.

THE members of the Camp Fire Club of America, which, as you know, is composed of "boy" scouts anywhere from twenty-five to seventy-five years old, take great pride in their drinking cups which they carry at their belts. These cups cannot be purchased at a store. They are the result of true scout work, and hard work at that. It is against the traditions of the club for a member to wear a noggin made by himself. After he has made a beautiful cup he presents it to some other member. I have two of them—one made by the Vice-President of the club, Mr. George Hubbel, and presented to me, and one made by a whole bunch of the men, each one working upon it so that I should have the result of their united labor.

Every first class scout should carry one of these pioneer drinking cups.

Not only were the cups of our pioneer ancestors made of burls, but the porringers, from which they ate their cornmeal mush, and various other household utensils were also manufactured by hollowing out those warts, tumors or bunions which you see growing upon the trunks of trees.

Select a burl a little larger than the intended cup, because you must allow for the thickness of the bark. Take your jack-knife and cut off the outer rind from the highest point of the knob. Do this to see whether or not there is a hole in the burl, or a decayed spot, in which case discard it. You want a sound burl. (Fig. 1E.)

Now, saw off from the trunk of the tree, close to the tree, the lump or burl as in Fig. 2. To do this, it may be necessary to climb the tree and support yourself with a strap like a lineman (Fig. 1), though if you are lucky you may find one which you can reach by standing on the ground.

There must be a place for the handle where you fasten the thong, and this must be allowed for as that shown in A, Fig. 2.

If you have a vise handy, hold your burl in the vise before you remove the bark, then bore a number of holes in the upper surface as shown by Fig. 3, after which, with elbow grease and perseverance, you carve out the inside.

When you have made a rough hollow, you may peel off the bark and then you must use great care not to make a hole through your cup, for many a good noggin is spoiled by carelessness in digging out the inside.

Almost any wood is good material for a noggin. Maple, cedar, spruce, white pine or birch can be worked into a beautiful one, while oak, although hard to cut, when finished gives probably the most serviceable one. I made one of wild cherry for Mr. George D. Pratt, President of the Camp Fire Club, and Treasurer of the Boy Scouts of America.

Many a cup of tea have I quaffed from a noggin in the far North, and many a delicious draught of cold spring water have I imbibed from a burl noggin in all parts of the wild country. The noggin is typically an American article and typically a scout article and it is just the thing to busy yourself with this month.

When you have the cup thin enough to suit your fancy (but not thin enough to be easily cracked and broken) smooth it both inside and out with sandpaper—do not leave it half finished—then put it in a pail of linseed oil and leave it soak overnight, or for a day or two, after which polish it up by hand with the use of a flannel rag or a piece of buckskin.

If you will take some beeswax and melt it, then pour some turpentine into the wax and stir it up until you make a thick paste then rub this paste thoroughly into the cup, you will get a surface that will take on a beautiful polish which nothing but hot water will destroy.

But!! Do not, under any consideration, bring your turpentine near the fire, or even in the room where there is a fire; take the melted beeswax away somewhere, where there are neither fire, candles or lamps burning, and then it will be safe; the beeswax will not set it afire.

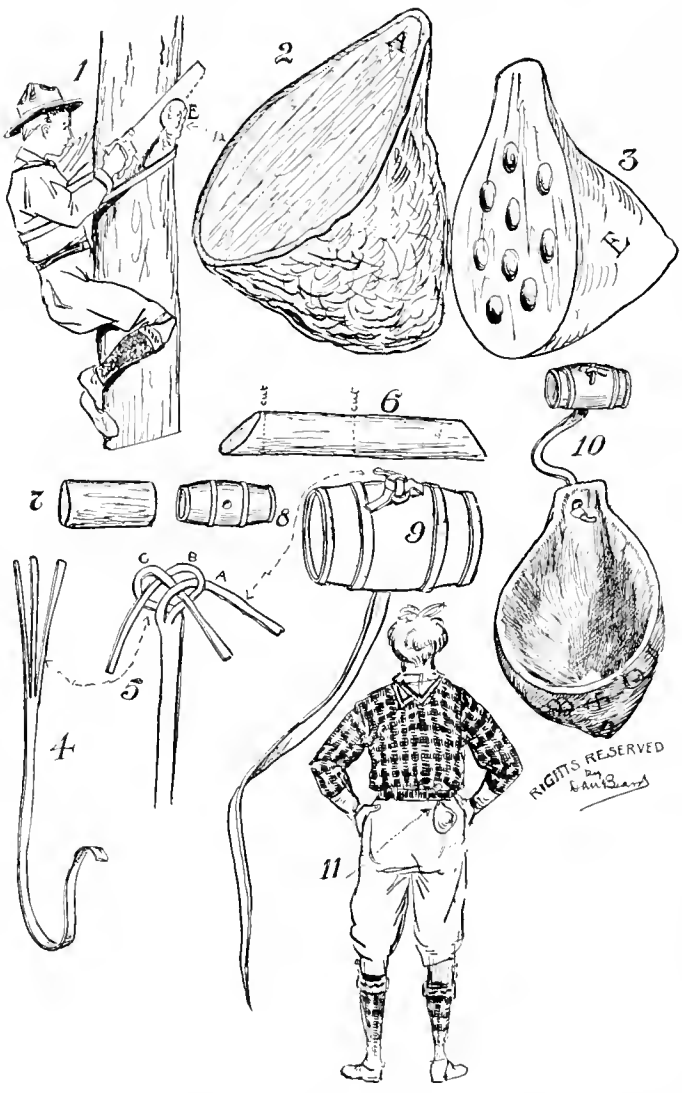
In the handle of the cup bore a small hole, big enough for a "whang" string, that is, a thong (Fig. 4), such as you can buy at the country hardware shops and harness stores for about 10 cents. Slit the end of the whang string into three parts so as to make the knot shown in Fig. 5. Now take a stick of any kind of wood which is easy to whittle (Fig. 6), cut off a piece (Fig. 7) and carve it into the form shown by Fig. 8 to make the seymour. Bore a hole through the seymour, then run your whang string through the hole (Fig. 9) down to the knot which you have just tied; put the other end of the whang string through the hole in the handle of the noggin (Fig. 10) and knot the end so it cannot slip out.

Now, push the seymour up under your belt (Fig. 11) until it protrudes from above and your cup is ready for use at any moment, and if you push it around back of you it will be out of the way.

Tell your Scoutmasters to urge every First Class scout to produce a noggin of his own manufacture and that will set the boys going. Of course, some Second Class fellows may be clever and persistent enough to make a good noggin.

Go to it!

The fewer tools you have the more pride you can take in your cup.




* Copyright, 1915, by D. C. Beard.

# A Mobilization of Scouts for a "Railroad Wreck"

By ARMSTRONG PERRY

*The Mobilized Scouts at First Aid Work*

ACCIDENTS will happen. In a serious emergency, when many persons are injured, can the boy scouts be depended upon to get there with needed equipment, act as a unit and control the situation?

The scout officials of a string of towns and cities lying along the Hudson (Peekskill at the upper end and Yonkers at the lower) decided to find out. On March 27 they arranged that an "accident" should take place. The date and location were known only to a committee, which was as secretive as the source of real calamities. On Friday, May 7, seventeen scoutmasters received a premonition—otherwise referred to as a "hunch"—that the next day something was going to happen at Dobbs Ferry, and that they and their scouts should be on hand at three o'clock.

Two hundred scouts, getting out of bed on Saturday morning, ready for a joyous and care-free day, were confronted before lunch time with peremptory summonses which meant an afternoon of strenuous toil in which muscles and brains would be tested to capacity, but which promised plenty of excitement.

They reached the place of mobilization without knowing why they had been called. But they came prepared for all sorts of emergencies. The combined equipment which they brought included: 3 tents, 740 feet of rope, 7 signal flags, many boxes of matches, 5 woolen blankets, 2 rubber blankets, 15 bicycles, 1 pail, 34 sanitary drinking cups, 12 axes, whistles, 2 knives, 11 canteens, 3 knapsacks, 2 bugles, 1 pocket flashlight, 4 first aid kits, 6 splints, 1 cooking outfit and plenty of staffs.

They acted as a unit. Lining up at fifty-foot intervals, the troops first made written reports of their numerical strength and equipment to headquarters, then waited for orders. The information given was quickly tabulated, and after inspection all the troops were notified that there had been a "railroad wreck," and each received an order to perform a specific duty—all these orders being sent out at the same moment by messengers attached to headquarters.

The "injured" were smaller scouts, chosen from different troops. Each was tagged to show whether he was bleeding to death from a severed artery or merely groaning with pain from a sprained ankle. These "victims" were sent from headquarters to the scene of the "accident" at double quick. A gray-haired representative of National Headquarters was chosen to run the half-mile with them. Was it a knock or a boost? Anyhow he got there, and is still alive to write this piece about it.

Two troops then went after the injured. By the time they had prepared the sufferers for transportation and carried them to headquarters, field hospitals had been set up by other troops, tents pitched for those who must have shelter, fires were burning and the smell of cocoa and coffee was teasing the fellow with the broken jaw.

There was not much joking—the scouts took it sensibly and seriously. Men who had seen service in the field looked on and marveled at the efficiency of these boys in their 'teens who had been trained by volunteer leaders in such spare moments as home and business duties left them.

It might have been better, of course—and will be the next time—but now the scouts and their public know that if a real catastrophe should occur they have an effective organization ready to respond immediately to a call for assistance. *The Outlook* recognized this, and in its issue of May 26 described this work in a long article, and published two interesting pictures. The magazine called the experiment successful, and said: "The Boy Scout mobilization is wholly constructive."

Why not try it in *your* town—or your county?

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# Medals and Badges

## REPORT OF NATIONAL COURT OF HONOR FOR MAY, 1915

### HONOR MEDALS (BRONZE)

| | |
|---|---|
| Horace Krause | St. Louis, Mo. |
| Charles Krause | St. Louis, Mo. |
| Walter R. Giffin | Lowell, Mass. |

### LETTERS OF COMMENDATION

| | |
|---|---|
| Edward Cowan | Detroit, Mich. |
| LeRoy Haynes | Baltimore, Md. |
| Leslie P. Sewell | Baltimore, Md. |
| Carl Apsley | Baltimore, Md. |
| R. S. Marshall | Baltimore, Md. |

### EAGLE SCOUTS

To win the Silver Eagle these First Class Scouts must have qualified for 21 Merit Badges. It is the highest honor given for winning Merit Badges.

| | |
|---|---|
| Ralph W. Smith | Philadelphia, Pa. |
| George Salak | Racine, Wis. |
| Howard Griffith | Port Allegheny, Pa. |
| Ralph W. Henn | Cleveland, Ohio |
| James W. Holroyd | Jamestown, N. Y. |
| Herbert G. Underwood | Poughkeepsie, N. Y. |

### LIFE AND STAR SCOUTS

Life Scouts hold Merit Badges in first aid, athletics, life saving, personal health and public health. Star Scouts have five badges in addition to these.

| | |
|---|---|
| Ralph W. Smith | Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Ralph W. Henn | Cleveland, Ohio |
| Frank F. Fitch | Prophetstown, Ill. |
| Francis W. Fitch | Prophetstown, Ill. |
| William Hoyt | E. Bridgewater, Mass. |
| Denmead Kolb | Frederick, Md. |
| James A. Simmons | Utica, N. Y. |
| Otto Swesson | Yonkers, N. Y. |
| Russel Hayes | Josephine, Pa. |

**Built Especially for Boy Scouts**

Haversack Fishing Rod and complete angling outfit. Sanctioned by the Committee on Scout Supplies, Boy Scouts of America.

Three piece black enamel, cork handled steel rod, with nickel-plated reel seat; nickel-plated multiplying reel with click and drag; 75 ft. of hard braided casting line; half dozen snelled spring steel hooks; one nickel-plated trolling spoon, half dozen assorted flies; assortment of sinkers; two-colored float—all in a neat carrying case, made to attach to Boy Scout Haversack . . . **$2.50**

Split Bamboo rod, with two tips, making a fly, bait or boat rod; quadruple multiplying, nickel-plated reel, sliding click and drag; 75 feet of pure braided silk line; half dozen hand tied selected flies; 1 dozen double snelled hooks; 2 three-foot double gut leaders; 2 nickel-plated trolling spoons; assortment of sinkers and two-color cork float; all in neat, leather bound carrying case. Made to attach to Boy Scout Haversack. (Steel rod if desired in place of split Bamboo) **$5.00**

Either outfit sent postage free.

**ABBEY & IMBRIE**

*Makers of "Fishing Tackle that's Fit for Fishing"*

**18 Vesey Street, New York City**

*Established 1820*

**The President of this Company, Making the Old Sol Electric Hand and Bicycle Lamps,**

the Old Sol Pencil Flashlight and many styles of Automobile, Carriage and Motorcycle lamps, was once a country boy who worked on his father's farm, and who now wants to give every boy a chance to succeed.

When you consider how many boys and men ride bicycles and motorcycles and the people who have automobiles and carriages—all using lamps—there is a splendid opportunity of earning money by becoming our agent.

To as many boys and young men who will answer the following questions we will make an advantageous business offer:

**Do you ride a bicycle?**
**How many boys and men do you know who ride bicycles?**
**How many people do you know who have automobiles or motorboats?**
**The name of your nearest dealer.**

*Send this information at once and we will make it worth while for you.*

**Hawthorne Manufacturing Company, Inc.**
15 Spruce St., Bridgeport, Ct.

**Bamboo Scout Staffs**

Full size, best quality, 15c each. Carrying charges collect.
Deltour, 901 Jefferson St., Hoboken, N. J.

# The Cave Scout

He Answers the Questions of Boys Who Want to Be Scouts.

HOW'S that for a poem? "Pretty good," you say? Well, I've seen better ones. But it's got an idea in it. How do you suppose the Cave Scout got this idea? By reading letters a lot of you boys write to him.

I'll bet you a nickel if we look in the Question Hole we'll find several letters which suggest that poem I've just treated you to. Let's see, here's one from a boy in Lewiston, Me., whose name is V. J. Couture. He doesn't say what his first name is and I can't guess it. Do any of you scouts know of a boy's name that starts with "V"? But let's have the letter:

*Dear Cave Scout:*

I am a happy-go-lucky boy, way out in Lewiston, Me. I want you to tell me in Boys' LIFE how to organize a troop or patrol. I've tried and always failed. I would be very pleased if you would tell me how to get at it.

Yours respectfully,

V. J. COUTURE.

Well, just to prove my point, let's look again. Here's a letter from Frank Brockman, out in Cincinnati, Ohio:

*Dear Cave Scout:*

Would you kindly inform me how to obtain a Scoutmaster for a scout club?

Yours sincerely,

FRANK BROCKMAN.

I guess I must confess that Frank doesn't ask how he can become a scout. He wants a Scoutmaster, but, of course, he can't be a scout until he finds one, so it really amounts to the same thing.

Let's see what we can do for these boys. What's that? These boys aren't scouts? Jimminy, that's so. I guess I did tell you a few months ago that this cave is only for scouts. But these boys seem to be nice fellows and both of 'em probably will soon be scouts, anyway—what do you say if we let them in? All right? That's fine. I thought you'd do it.

---

Judging from the number of letters that come to National Headquarters, asking how to start scout troops, there must be thousands and thousands of boys in the country who are eager to become scouts, but who can't, some of them because they don't know how to join, and others because they can't find a man to help them.

Let's answer our friend V. J.'s question first. The first thing for you to do is to get a copy of the "Handbook for Boys." This book has 422 pages and 530 pictures. It tells you all you need to know about scouting, to start with, and it costs only twenty-five cents if you buy it at a local store, and five cents extra if bought at National Headquarters, since it costs five cents to mail it. After you have studied this Handbook, Friend Couture, you can follow the suggestions I'm going to give now for Frank Brockman—and all the hundreds of other boys who are up against the same problem.

## "I Want to Be a Scout."

By THE CAVE SCOUT

WHILE sitting in my cave one day
Afeelin' sort of blue,
A newsboy bustled in and said:
"Good morning! How d'do!"
His shoes were split, his pants were ripped,
He hadn't any tie
But 'twould have done you good to see
The twinkle in his eye.
"Hello," said I. "Hello, yerself,"
He answered with a grin.
"What's your name," I asked, "and who
The dickens let you in?"
"My name is Jim, but that ain't what
I came to see about.
Say, mister, tell me how to join,
I want to be a scout!"

AND just to-day a letter came
From some place 'way out West.
It's kind of hard to read it but
I'll try to do my best.
"Dear Mr. Cave Scout," so it reads,
"I know that you will be
Surprised to get a letter from
A feller such as me.
But Billy Jones, he told me that
The Cave Scout he can tell
A boy most anything he asks,
So here's my question. Well,
You needn't laugh, you bet your socks
I know what I'm about—
I'm a farmer boy in Kansas and
I want to be a scout!"

I CALLED upon a friend one day
Who has a little lad
'Bout ten years old, I guess, he is,
And, my! but he was sad.
"Well, well," said I, "why all this gloom,
Did some one punch your head?
Or maybe you've been acting up
And got to go to bed?"
"Naw, that ain't it; I'm mad because
I'm too blamed *young*. You see
Last night the fellers formed a troop—
They're goin' camping, gee!
They'll have a holy circus, but
They had to leave me out.
I'm only ten years old, but gosh,
I want to be a scout!"

IN THIS big land I guess there are
A million boys at least
From Portland on the western coast
To Portland in the east
Who wish, with all their hearts and sonls,
That they could wear a hat
And khaki pants and flannel shirt
And leggings and all that:
And hike and camp and do first aid,
Grow tanned and strong and tall,
And do their good turns every day,
And shinney up a wall!
You bet they want to do it! Can't
You almost hear them shout—
"Won't some one please give me a chance?
I want to be a scout!"

---

"Will you kindly inform me how to obtain a Scoutmaster for a scout club?"

Let us assume that there are a group of you fellows who want to become scouts—enough to form at least one patrol of eight scouts. The first thing for you to do is to call on Mr. J. H. Traeger, Scout Executive for Cincinnati.

"Hey, Mr. Cave Scout, how's that goin' to help me? I live in a small town where there isn't any scout executive!"

All right, then, let's see if we can't figure out a plan that will help you small town fellows, too.

Try your fathers and big brothers first. Explain to them carefully what scouts do and what scouting means. Let them read about scout activities and good turns in Boys' LIFE. Then, if none of them is willing to become a Scoutmaster, probably all of them will be willing to help you find one. And the more people there are looking for something, the more chance there is of finding it, so you will have made some progress, even if you haven't yet landed your man.

Then talk the matter over with the pastor of your church. Hundreds of our Scoutmasters are preachers. And say, fellows, they make mighty good Scoutmasters, too—they sort of lose that solemn, Sunday look when they get out with a group of boys. If your pastor doesn't know much about scouting, it will be up to you to "educate" him. Ask him to write to Headquarters for information, and he will receive some "dope" that will make him sit up and take notice. If your preacher can't be your Scoutmaster, make him promise to help you—then you'll have one more looking for a man for you.

Work this same scheme on the bankers and editors and lawyers and doctors, and the first thing you know you'll have pretty near the whole town hunting for a Scoutmaster.

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Meantime, you ought to be doing other things. Let the people in your community know what Boy Scouts are good for. You can get suggestions from every issue of Boys' LIFE. For instance, you might offer to keep the public square (if you have one) free from all rubbish, or to take charge of raising and lowering the flag every day. If your town doesn't have any flag-pole, you might start a campaign to get one. A troop in Florida last year presented their city with a fine clock. Hundreds of troops have helped out in local clean-up campaigns and hundreds of others have acted as guides and ushers

when conventions were held in their towns.

Here's an idea that just came to me. Make a big sign and paint on it the words, "WE WANT TO BE BOY SCOUTS." March up the street in a dignified, orderly way every Saturday morning, carrying this sign. This will help you to make people know that you want to be scouts and that you mean business.

You can also advertise your desire to become scouts by writing letters to the editors of your local papers. Tell them how much fun scouts have and tell them all about the fine things Boy Scouts do. Tell them you can't be scouts until you can find some good man to lead you, and ask them to print your letters or write an editorial about scouting and about your need for help. You'll find that the majority of newspaper editors will be mighty glad to help you. They are a fine lot of men, as a rule, and are usually eager to help any cause that works for better citizens.

But the very best thing you can do is to just live up to the Scout Law. You expect to be scouts some day, so you might just as well get some practice. Show people, by your daily good turns, what kind of fellows scouts are. Folks will notice it and appreciate it.

---

Here's a little story to show how this plan actually works out. A man in New York, who has recently been elected to one of the borough Scout Councils in that city, and who is an enthusiastic scout booster, was recently asked how he happened to become interested in scouting.

"Well, it was just this way," he said. "I have a hedge around my place that I am very proud of. It is a beautiful hedge and I used to get pretty mad at a bunch of boys in the neighborhood who made a practice of smashing it down. They used to go tearing through it until I threatened to buy a shotgun to keep them off my property. But all at once I noticed that these boys had stopped breaking through my hedge. I wondered what was the reason, so I began to make some inquiries in the neighborhood and found out that these boys had become scouts—that they had learned to respect property rights, and were busy now having a good time that didn't harm anybody or anything. I thought it over a while, and watched the boys carefully, and then I said to myself, 'By George, if this Scout Movement can turn a gang of reckless, destructive boys into a group of young knights, with a keen sense of honor, I'm going to get into it myself,' and here I am!"

---

If none of these schemes we have talked about succeeds in landing you a Scoutmaster, we will have to try another plan. Pick out some man whom you think you would like to have and then go after him hard. Have Headquarters send him some scout bulletins, call on him often, and tell him if he doesn't help you out, you probably never can be scouts.

He'll probably come back at you with the old excuse, "I haven't time." Then you must be prepared to meet this argument. Show him that you can already tie your knots, that you already know the composition and history of your flag and a whole lot of other things about scout work. You must be able to convince him that you are so keenly interested in scout-

(*Continued on page* 29)

# The Price of Progress

THE Panama Canal stands as one of the most marvelous achievements of the age. Into its construction went not only the highest engineering skill, but the best business brains of the nation, backed by hundreds of millions of dollars.

Suppose conditions not to be foreseen made it necessary to replace the present canal with a new and larger waterway of the sea-level type, to be built in the next ten years.

Also suppose that this new canal would be the means of a great saving in time and money to the canal-using public, because of the rapid progress in canal engineering.

This sounds improbable; yet it illustrates exactly what has happened in the development of the telephone, and what will certainly happen again.

Increasing demands upon the telephone system, calling for more extended and better service, forced removal of every part of the plant not equal to these demands. Switchboards, cables, wires and the telephone instrument itself were changed time and again, as fast as the advancing art of the telephone could improve them.

It was practical to do all this because it greatly increased the capacity of the plant, reduced service rates and added subscribers by the hundred thousand.

In ten years, the telephone plant of the Bell System has been rebuilt and renewed, piece by piece, at an expense exceeding the cost of the canal.

Thus the Bell System is kept at the highest point of efficiency, always apace with the telephone requirements of the public. And the usefulness of the telephone has been extended to all the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy* *One System* *Universal Service*

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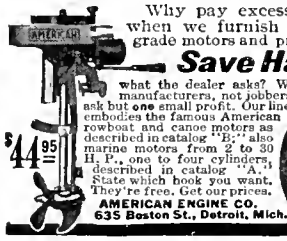

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Accurate scale drawings and knock-down parts of model man-carrying machines that will surely fly. Every man and boy should build one of these fascinating models.

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Be sure to read our big advertisements in the May and June issues of this magazine; they will surely interest you.

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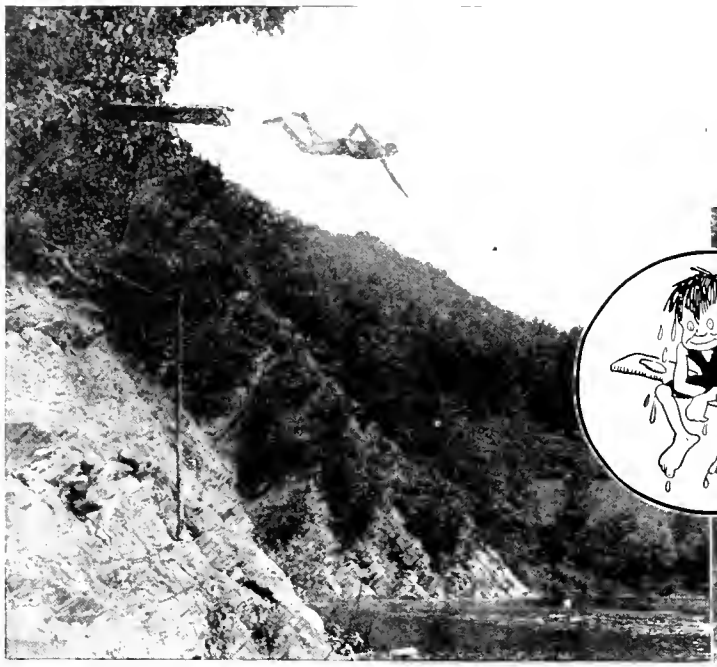
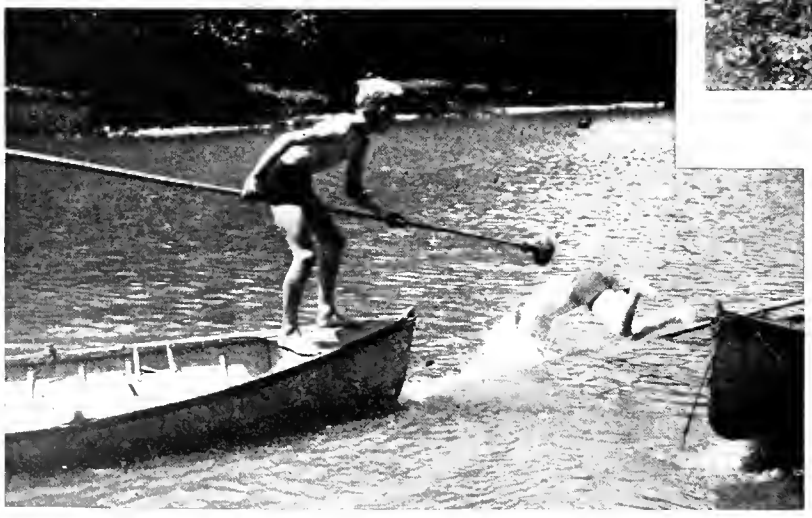
# Aquatic Scouts



THE BOY ON THE BANK HELD HIS BREATH, TOO
At Still River Camp of Bridgeport Scouts.

"It took the boy on the rock an hour to d
who took th



TILTING—A Popular Camp Game and Laughmaker.

He Was Thre
When Tom H
Tex., S

OH, SPLASH!—At Black River Falls, Wis.

Breaking a Grip To Save Them Both.

# n Their Heyday

it," states F. Clay Viets, of Youngstown, O.,
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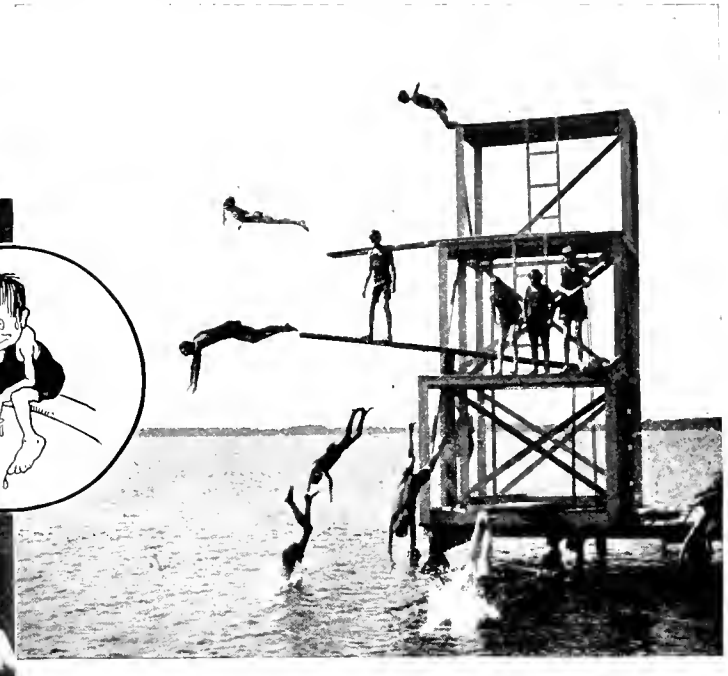
ped Him.

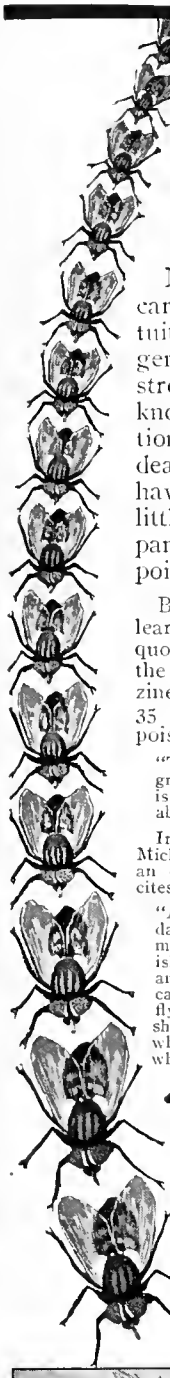
Making Him Breathe Again.



ALL IN! And One of the Smallest from the Very Top!—Taken at The Woodcraft School, Culver, Ind.

WHO'S HESITATING? Why Doesn't Some One Lead Off? (Conneaut, O.)

ANOTHER "ALL IN" PICTURE—Scouts at Mt. Washington, Md.



# What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year:

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of the Michigan State Medical Journal, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

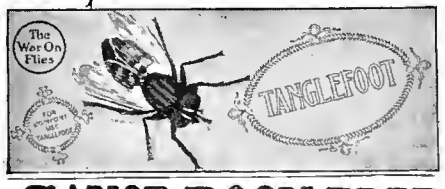
**TANGLEFOOT**

"The Sanitary Fly Destroyer"
Non-Poisonous

*Catches the Germ With the Fly*

The new metal Tanglefoot Holder removes the last objection to the use of Tanglefoot. 10c at dealers or sent postpaid—two for 25c anywhere in United States.

THE O. & W. THUM CO.
Dept. 230—Grand Rapids, Mich.




**CANOE BOOK FREE**

Canoeing makes you "hungry as a bear"—puts color in your cheeks, sparkle in your eyes, strength in your body. Book tells about paddling, sailing and motoring in a Kennebec. Describes perfect style, great speed, strength, lightness. Write now.

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**"Old Town Canoe"**

*The sign of canoeing fun. Send for Catalog.*
OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 497 Middle St., Old Town, Me.

*Mention* BOYS' LIFE *in answering advertisements*


# Notable Boy Scout Events

## The Life Savers

By Armstrong Perry

BEAVER BROOK, at Lowell, Mass., is deep, damp and dirty, especially in April. Walter R. Giffin, a second class scout, of Troop 11, is short, slight and snappy all the time.

Two small boys were playing in a boat in Beaver Brook on April 3. Half of them fell overboard. The other half made noise enough to attract the attention of the Scout, who was playing some distance away. A three hundred yard sprint, a flying dive into the cold water, shoes and all, and the Scout had the drowning youngster by the arm.

A boy without Scout training probably would have pronounced the little lad dead, for he was unconscious and cold, but Giffin applied artificial respiration until life returned. Then he carried the child to its mother.

The National Court of Honor awarded a bronze medal to Scout Giffin.

## Richmond Scouts Aid Confederate Veterans at Reunion

Under the leadership of their scoutmasters and W. J. B. Housman, Scout Executive, the scouts of Richmond, Va., worked unceasingly during the Confederate Reunion held in that city June 1, 2 and 3.

They were on duty day and night at the railroad stations and on stands at every street corner, they acted as guards, carried messages and in a number of cases rendered first aid in an efficient manner.

That their service was greatly appreciated is shown by the many favorable comments of the newspapers and by Lieutenant-General George P. Harrison, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, in his general order declaring the reunion of 1915 at an end.

## More Than 2,000 Boy Scouts in This Great Camp

*View of a Part of the Big Philadelphia Camp*

One of the largest boy scout camps ever held was that of the Philadelphia and New Jersey scouts at Haddonfield, N. J., on May 29, 30 and 31. In all 2,250 scouts and scoutmasters were accommodated in five miles of tents, numbering 500, which were arranged in divisions by troops.

The inspection of the camp in the afternoon by Scout Commissioner George D. Porter resulted in the awarding of a silver cup to Troop 3 for inspection and of a troop banner to Troop 92 for general efficiency, with honorable mention for Troops 92 and 96 in the first instance, and Troops 52, 24 and 109 in the second.

## Community Welfare Scouts

This picture shows the first of the Denver, Colo., Boy Scouts to be awarded the Community Welfare Badge. This was a very notable occasion. Speeches were made by the Mayor, Dr. J. M. Perkins; Mr. I. A. Humbard, Secretary of the Board of Charities and Correction; Mr. John F. Healy, Chief of the Fire Department, and Phelix O'Neill, Chief of Police. The city officials are delighted with the results of this idea; the work done by the scouts being thorough and extensive.

To become a Community Welfare Scout a scout must meet these requirements:

1. He must be a First Class scout or a Second Class scout, with at least half of his First Class tests passed.

2. He must send in at least three correct reports of Community Welfare violations or civic assistance.

3. He must have the recommendation of his Scoutmaster or, in his absence, of the Commissioner that he is a good scout. He is then recommended to the Court of Honor and the Commissioner of Public Welfare for the honor of Community Welfare Scout of the City and County of Denver.

## Birmingham Scouts Help

At Birmingham, Ala., where a wall fell recently and buried nearly a score of people under an immense pile of brick and mortar, the Boy Scouts rendered valuable assistance in the work of recovering the bodies of those who had been killed and rescuing the injured, under the direction of Dr. Elwyn Ballard and Scoutmaster E. F. Cleveland. The Scouts served coffee and sandwiches to the men who were working frantically to remove the debris. More than thirty gallons of coffee were served to the reseuers, the Scouts being on the job night and day, working in shifts. Birmingham newspapers speak in the highest terms of the excellent service of the Scouts.

### IN MEMORIAM

Scout William J. E. Frazee,
Troop 4, Kansas City, Mo.

Scout Howard A. Lauer,
Troop 4, Kansas City, Mo.

Scout George Everson,
Troop 50, Boston, Mass.

Scout Donald Jaycox,
Troop 3, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

## A Self-Governing Troop

Here is Troop 121, of New York, which has 56 members and an average of 90 per cent attendance at all meetings. It is absolutely self-governing, the Scoutmaster, Mr. Arthur C. Eckstein, acting in the capacity of an advisor.

Mr. Eckstein is a teacher, principal of recreation centers, club organizer for the Board of Education, principal of vacation playgrounds, and a student of sociological conditions in New York.

Each patrol of the troop conducts its own afternoon meetings for advancing in Scoutcraft, and the troop meetings are held on Friday evening at the Beth El Sisterhood Settlement House, 329 East Sixty-second street. They have a troop library and a meeting room in which lectures are given regularly. The boys conduct a troop paper, they have given a minstrel show, and they have weekly outings. They also have a Health Corps, working in co-operation with the Board of Health, and a Bicycle Corps.

"I am happy to announce," writes the Scoutmaster, "that through the kindness of Mr. Mortimer L. Schiff, Troop 121 will be able to go to camp this summer."

## A Summer Circular Letter

Last summer the members of Troop 16, Baltimore, Scoutmaster John Henry Skeen, were scattered all over the country as soon as school closed, but in order that they might keep in touch with each other, a circular letter was started. Each scout would add to the letter a brief statement of his experience, and many of them would paste on photographs illustrative of their summer pleasures. Scoutmaster Skeen sent this "round-robin" to Boys' Life, and it was a most interesting document.

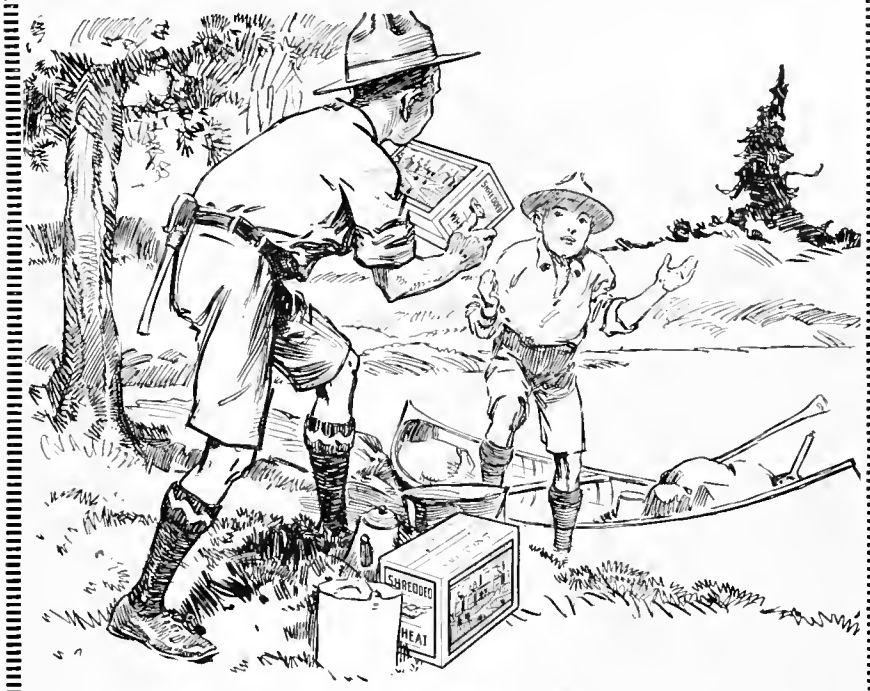
Troops whose members are scattered during the summer months can get a great deal of fun out of such a circular letter, and after the season is over, and their troop meetings are resumed, they will have a composition to add to the troop museum which will be a source of pleasure for years to come.

## National Boy Scout Rally in China

More than 200 boys took part in the First National Boy Scout Rally of China, which was held in Shanghai, on May 19, in connection with the Far Eastern Athletic games.

A preliminary announcement which was sent to national headquarters gives a long list of events in patrol competition, individual competition, and troop display work. These competitions were open to Chinese, Japanese, Filipino and Siamese Scouts, while all foreign Scouts resident in China were invited to participate in the troop display work.

*The Boy Scout in China*, an interesting magazine published in Shanghai, has been received by Boys' Life.


**The Natural Outdoor Food for the Natural Outdoor Boy—**

# Shredded Wheat

The natural food because it is the food of Nature. All that is good, pure and nutritious in the whole wheat berry is caught and stored in every shred. Light, nutritious, easily digested, its flavor is always fresh and new.

After the morning plunge in the lake or the early fishing trip, at night at the end of an active day, at any time when the body needs food, a bowl of milk with SHREDDED WHEAT will bring vigor back to the tired muscles and enjoyment to the tired camper.

Try it this year on outing trips—you will find it a never-failing source of comfort and pleasure. It is easy to pack and carry, easy to keep crisp, easy to serve and store.

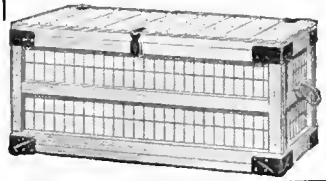
**"There is health and vigor in every shred."**

Made only by

**The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, New York**

## CAMPING CHEST FOR BOY SCOUTS

Better than a trunk—stronger, cheaper, greater capacity. Excellent for provisions and camp utensils. Has capacity for tent as large as 12 x 14 feet. Made of tough wood slats woven with galvanized wire. Strong dovetailed frame, reinforced at corners by specially designed steel metals. Solid $\frac{3}{8}$" cover. Inside measurement, 39" x 16" x 15½". Furnished with hasp for padlock. Can be checked as baggage same as trunk. In camp can be used as a table or seat. Weight, 40 pounds.



**SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

If you cut out this ad and send it to us we will grant you this especially low price to introduce this splendid and useful chest. Price, set up ready for use.....$2.10 f. o. b. Watertown, Wis. Price, K. D. (saving 2/3 freight).. 1.85 f. o. b. Watertown, Wis. Make up a club order, get these chests in the knock down and save considerable in expense and freight.

G. B. LEWIS COMPANY, SOLE MFRS., WATERTOWN, WIS.

# Hurrah Boys Camping Time Again

Pack your kits and "hike" to the woods. But don't forget a bottle of 3-in-One Oil, or the self-sealing Handy Oil Can that fits so snugly in a hip pocket.

3-in-One is a real vacation necessity. Keeps everything in working order and prevents rust on guns and tools. Best gun and pistol oil. Oils hammer, trigger, break-joint and magazine just right. Keeps inside of barrel bright and prevents leading. Nothing so good as

## 3-in-One Oil

for a stiff fishing reel. Also keeps lines and flies water-proof. Put 3-in-One on shoes and leather leggings—makes 'em soft and water-proof.

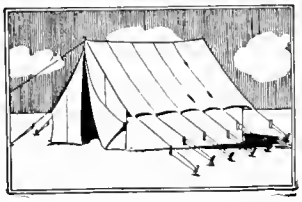
All stores: 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz. (½ pt.), 50c. Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz., 25c. If your dealer does not carry these cans we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One, for 30c. Ask for 3-in-One and avoid substitutes.

**FREE**—Sample and Dictionary of uses.

**Three-in-One Oil Co.**
**42 ELM. Broadway, New York**



# BOYS! BUY-A-TENT



## GREAT TENT BARGAIN

*ORDER NOW*

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| 5 x 6 Wall Tent - - - - - | $3.40 |
| 7 x 9 " " - - - - - | $5.53 |

Made of 36 inch 8 oz. high grade Duck. Complete with poles, stakes and ropes.

*Terms: Cash in advance.*

**MODEL TENT COMPANY**
**916 Summit St. Toledo, Ohio**



# Camp Guide FREE

Write today. Get our great "Camp Guide," which tells all about camp life; how to lay out a camp; what to take along; what to do when you get there. We will send this great book absolutely free. Just send a post card. Do it NOW.

**Army Shelter Tent**

Order at once—only $2.25. Same tents that are in active service in U. S. Army. Write for details. H. Channon & Co., Dept. B 157, 102 N. Market St. Chicago



# WHITE FOOT OIL

## POISON IVY REMEDY

Relieves all itching. Cures Poison Ivy Poisoning, Chegoe Bites, Chafing, Sun Burn, Itching Piles. No smarting or burning when applied. A free can to any Scout Master. Sold by Druggists or shipped by Parcel Post. Price 25 cents.

**WHITE FOOT REMEDY CO., Centreville, Md.**


# A Scout Is Helpful

LITTLE STORIES ABOUT BIG STUNTS OF MANY TROOPS.

CLEVELAND, OHIO. — Scout Commissioner Mook has received from the Welfare Department of the State Government a letter expressing the appreciation of the Citizens' Clean-up Campaign Committee for the enthusiastic co operation of the Cleveland boy scouts in that campaign.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—In the recent sanitary survey conducted in this city 3,900 calls were made by boy scouts and 1,417 reports of unsanitary places were turned in to the Health Department. The boys were highly commended for their work.

HICKORY, N. C.—The boy scouts of Hickory have cleaned up the cemetery with results which so impressed the citizens of the town that they have subscribed funds to keep it in good condition. The scouts have also cleaned out a spring along the road so that travelers can get clean drinking water. In the clean-up-day campaign the boys distributed circulars for the Chamber of Commerce. This troop has thirty-one members, of whom twelve are First Class and eight Second Class. The boys enjoy their two troop libraries with their 375 books and magazines.

FALMOUTH, IND. — Scout Scribe Lowell H. Collyer has reported a "good turn" done by the Falmouth Boy Scouts recently. Falmouth is a town which is not incorporated and for that reason there is no local law against the speeding of automobiles. In the main part of the town there is a double turn in the road which is likely to cause a serious accident. To warn automobile drivers of this danger the Falmouth Scouts, at their own expense, have painted and erected the sign which is shown in the picture reproduced herewith.

UNIONVILLE, CONN.—Rev. David S. Wheeler, scoutmaster of Troop 1, has established a very practical connection between his troop and the local volunteer fire company, some of whom formerly were active scouts in Mr. Wheeler's troop. The company has granted the troop permission to hold its meetings in the fire headquarters, and the firemen give the scouts instruction in firemanship. When a fire occurs the scouts report to the fire captain, then hold themselves ready to execute his commands.

DENMARK, S. C.—During clean-up week, April 5 to 10, the boy scouts did good turns by cleaning up the streets, picking up papers, etc. They also cleaned up an old marble works office, making it look like a new building. This is to be the future meeting place for the scouts and the Civic League.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.—On the last day of clean-up week, in April, the scouts of Troops 1 and 2 made an inspection of the entire town, reporting all places left unclean. They also assisted in the I. O. O. F. Convention, distributing programs, aiding the Information Bureau, and clearing the streets along the line of march. During the parade they took positions along the line, armed with sanitary drinking cups and ice water. More than five thousand "drinks" were served in this way. To show his appreciation of their work, Scoutmaster Moyer, of Troop 2, who is an Odd Fellow, announced that he would treat all the members to a free "movie."

MUSKOGEE, OKLA.—In the true scout sense, the boys of this city were "prepared" and rendered great service during the Southern Commercial Congress, April 26-30. There being few street signs in the city, a week in advance they marked the names of the streets on the cement sidewalks at every corner, for the convenience of the visitors. They studied the city maps, becoming familiar with all the streets and points

*First Aid Tent of the Muskogee Scouts During Commercial Congress.*

of interest, and learned the street car and jitney lines. Each boy was given a "Scout Guide" badge, which gave him free transportation on street cars and access to the fair grounds. At the Headquarters of the Commercial Congress one of the boys put in wiring for a push button, which was used in signalling for scouts from the various troops. Several First Class and Eagle scouts were on duty at the headquarters during the entire week. A first-aid tent was pitched, with scouts in attendance. The boys showed marked efficiency in all they undertook —meeting trains, handling the crowds during the parade, fire department demonstration, races, etc., and each evening at the band concert and court of honor entertainments. These boys received many letters of commendation and thanks from prominent men who attended the Congress.

ROCKVILLE CENTER, N. Y.—On Memorial Day the scouts took entire charge of the parade in which there were over one thousand children, besides the Mott Post of the G. A. R. They were also very busy in the recent clean-up week. Their baseball team hasn't lost a game.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—The scouts of this city were of valuable service during the meetings of the Southern Sociological Congress, and the Southern Baptist Union, helping as ushers and guides, as well as furnishing information to the strangers who came to town.

OAKMONT, PA.—Fifty scouts of Troop 1, 2 and 3, accompanied by seven dump wagons and fifteen men, recently cleaned up the city of Oakmont. More than one hundred wagon loads of refuse were collected in one day and hauled away. In the evening a council fire was lighted and a city official decorated each scout with a "100 Per Cent Duty" badge, to be worn for thirty days.

EDWARDS, MISS.—Patrol leader B. F. Suttle, Jr., writes that the scouts have participated actively in a very successful clean-up campaign in Edwards.

TIPTON, IND.—The boy scouts of Tipton have donated a flagpole, sixty feet high, which cost them $50, and it has been erected on the library grounds.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—The scouts of this city played a big part in the Conference for Education and Industry in the South, held here recently. They escorted delegates and acted as pages, ushers and messengers at the larger meetings.

BOLIVAR, TENN.—The scouts of Troop 1 were very active during the West Tennessee Baptist Sunday School Convention in this city, meeting trains and showing the delegates to the houses assigned to them and ushering every night at meetings.

PORTLAND, ORE.—Three boy scouts rendered efficient aid in the fire which recently destroyed one of the homes in that city. The boys, Robert Downing, Glenn Webster and John Tuna, discovered the fire, sounded an alarm and then ran to the house to assist the owner. But in spite of their efforts the house and most of the furniture were burned. The boys were commended for their promptness of action.

*Just what you've been waiting for!*

**THE AUTO-WHEEL**

**Trek Wagon for Boy Scouts**

Designed especially for scout troops. Meets every requirement of hiking or camping trips.

**DON'T BREAK YOUR BACKS**

carrying packsacks and blankets. The **Auto-Wheel Trek Wagon** will carry full camping equipment for the whole troop—tents, kits, rations—everything. Solves the transportation problem.

**READ THESE SPECIFICATIONS!**

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Has standard AUTO-WHEEL construction—*real* roller bearings, *real* auto type wheels. Bessemer steel axles with trim, dustproof hub caps, oval spokes and solid steel tires. Absolutely the easiest wagon to pull with a load—and it has more speed than can be used except for play.

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On Otsego Lake, 2½ miles from Cooperstown, N. Y. Arrangements can be made for troops to camp in the **Fenimore Cooper District.** Plenty of room for 10 or 12 troops. Nine miles of lake; boating, fishing, swimming; extensive woods for ideal scouting; baseball games, running spring water. Write for particulars to the

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Say, Boys! Have you made up your mind what you are going to be? Shall it be a trade, a profession, or something in the mercantile line? How would you like to become a Watchmaker and also take up Jewelry work and Engraving? It is a nice, clean business and a trade that pays good salaries.

Address HOROLOGICAL DEPARTMENT, Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill., asking for full particulars.


# Caught in an Undertow

By Walter Walden.

IT was on one of those long sand islands that make Sarasota Bay, in the Gulf of Mexico. I was a lad of fifteen.

Our little schooner had been driven into the bay by a storm that continued to rage nearly the whole night long. In the morning I wandered over to the outside of the island, where, fascinated, I looked on the monster waves that rolled in and boomed on the wide beach.

I slipped off my clothes and plunged into the incoming billows. It was wonderful sport, to be lifted high and tossed on to the beach. And all might have been well had I not been venturesome; I struck out to get a taste of the rollers a little way from shore. And then suddenly I felt a powerful sucking at my feet and legs.

It was like a fierce demon had got me by the limbs and was pulling me out to sea.

The next surge lifted me out of that clutch and carried me a little way back toward the shore, but as it turned under on the beach and came back, I was seized again and dragged by that fiendish power farther and farther out. Struggle as I would, I felt helpless in that clutch. I became frantic. I sobbed. I knew it was the undertow—that awful ebb that had pulled so many to their death.

Then in my extremity—phenomenon of the mind!—suddenly there flashed in my memory a story I had read years ago, in which the hero had been placed in just the same desperate situation; and telling just what he had done to save himself and regain the beloved land.

I imitated that other lad in the story. I kicked with my feet and legs to keep them above the surface, helping by forcing my chest and face into the water as much as I could, not to suffocate. This I did when each ebbing undertow began to pull. So each ingoing wave carried me toward shore; and I held my own at each reflux, kicking vigorously, slapping the surface with my legs, and so keeping them out of that under rush of water out to sea.

The struggle was a long one—I have no memory how long; but at last a wave set me with my feet on the sands. I dug my toes in and ran for my life. The next wave only helped me onward to safety.

I lay on the dry sand of the island for some time, utterly exhausted, looking up into the blue sky, and thanking the Power that gave me memory and strength, which had saved me.

---

### What Man Owes to the Dog.

The domestic dog is the most complete conquest that man has gained in the animal world, says Baron Georges Cuvier. The whole species has become our property; each individual belongs entirely to his master, acquires his disposition, knows and defends his property, and remains attached to him until death; and all this, not through constraint or necessity, but purely by the influence of gratitude and real attachment.

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U. S. Cartridges (in the red, white and blue boxes) were first made for Boy Scouts. Their success was so striking that today thousands of the most experienced shooters in America use U. S. Ammunition.

**US .22 Calibre Short Cartridges for BOY SCOUTS**

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Write for our free book, "How to Use Firearms." We'll mail it without charge.

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In every case the article advertised is first submitted for examination, as evidence that all claims made with reference to it are as represented.

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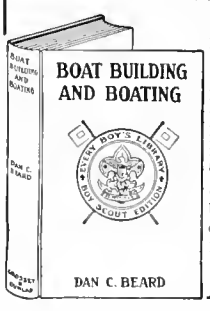


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**Note:—In these Tents Scouts' Staffs are used for poles by tacking leather washer to staff which catches in 1½-inch rings sewed in top of tent.**

**Rings all hand-sewed. See tents rolled up on shoulders of two end Scouts, ready for a hike.**

Above cut shows part of Troop No. 1, Boy Scouts of America, Toledo, Ohio, with their No 1 Army Khaki-Dyed Tents manufactured by us.

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Every advertisement is carefully investigated before insertion in BOYS' LIFE. Readers can help us maintain this valuable service by always mentioning BOYS' LIFE when answering advertisements.


# With the Scouts Afield

BUFFALO, N. Y.—The Council of Buffalo arranged for an outing for first class scouts on June 11. During the afternoon and evening several unique events were run off and at the evening mess the main event was flap jack making, each scout using such ingredients as he chose, although the council furnished a recipe. A campfire followed, with a general discussion of merit badge examinations, songs, jokes, etc.

As usual, the scouts of Buffalo co-operated with the veterans in paying respect to their dead on Memorial Day, marking the graves with flags and decorating with flowers.

These scouts took part in a Flag Day celebration on June 14 and helped also to dedicate the new clubhouse of Troop 29 on that day.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Troop 1, Scoutmaster Otto Wistnba, has secured a plot of ground near the Exposition Grounds, upon which they have erected a scout cabin. They extend a cordial invitation to all visiting boy scouts to call upon them when they reach San Francisco. Troops intending to go there should drop Mr. Wistuba a postal card about a week in advance so arrangements for their entertainment may be made. Cards should be addressed to Mr. Wistnba, Room 301, Lachman Building, San Francisco.

HEBRON, NEB.—The boy scouts, under the direction of Scoutmaster W. D. Morton, participated in the ceremonies at the unveiling of the Oregon Trail Monument on May 24. The monument, which is about two miles north of the city, is the largest one marking the route of the historic trail. Governor Morehead and other state officials were at the ceremonies.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—On May 11 there were seventy troops of scouts in this city officially registered at National Headquarters, and there are still five months left before the close of the registration year. This indicates that Buffalo's record of last year will be considerably exceeded

SAVANNAH, GA.—Accompanied by Scoutmaster G. S. Sullivan, the members of Troop 3, East Side, took a three-days' bicycle hike in the country. After various tumbles, accidents more laughable than serious, stops for repairs, supper at a convict camp, a night's lodging at a tabernacle, observation trips through the woods to study the trees and animal trails, and many other interesting happenings, they finally reached their destination, Egypt, Ga. The homecoming trip was equally exciting and interesting.

LAWRENCE, MASS.—The boy scouts of Lawrence were presented with a flag by the ladies of Trinity Church at a recent troop meeting. The scouts had invited their parents, and, besides regular troop business, the boys gave a demonstration of camp life, the last part of which was a night scene at a scout camp, which was picturesque and impressive.

BOSTON, MASS.—A new and interesting troop of scouts has recently been formed in Cambridge under the leadership of John Federkiewicz, scoutmaster. The membership of the troop consists of Anthony Lebiedziewicz, Casimir Trocki, John Radlubowski, Edward Nagoszewski, Sigmund Nagoszewski, Mike Rucenka, Joseph Makiewicz, Andrew Michalkiewicz, Joseph Dougenik, Anthony Jelowiecki, John Baranowski, Anthony Mareinkicurg, Anthony Dobhicurib, John Larasz, Anthony Rominski, John Romaniechi, John Remissewski and Joseph Dyiegicleiski. Messrs. Zenon Wojciecrowski, John Soszynski, and John Szmuch constitute the Troop Committee.—*From the Boston Record.*

DUBUQUE, IA.—Troop 4, under Scoutmaster Abbo E. Abben, is making splendid progress. The boys enjoyed a cross-country hike to the home of the parents of one of the scouts, ten miles from the city. The scoutmaster noticed seventeen good turns done during the trip. This troop plans to go camping for a week this vacation. Troop 3 has made three hikes, and while on one, May 1, they passed through five townships and three states—Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa. This troop gathered three barrels and four boxes of old clothes and took them to charity workers who had sent out an appeal for such things. There are thirty-two enrolled members, and more wish to come in.

GRAYSON COUNTY, TEX.—About 150 scouts of this county, from the towns of Sherman, Van Alstyne, Howe, Denison and Whitewright, went on a hike to Woodlake recently, and there enjoyed boating, swimming, a ball game, friendly boxing and wrestling matches, besides signal practice, woodcraft and cooking. A play given by the Van Alstyne troop in the Woodlake Opera House made a big hit. A scout meeting was also held at which each scoutmaster made a short speech about scout work. This hike was of great benefit to the scouts, as each member made at least one new friend, and also got an idea of just how much progress his troop was making in comparison with others.

*The wireless demonstration at the big Detroit Scout Rally on May 22.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—At the annual field day of the Kansas City boy scouts, Troop 1, composed of First Class scouts, retained the honor flag, winning it for the second time. This troop won the highest number of points for the whole day, 352 points, the events in which they took part being water boiling, first aid, signalling and drill. Results by other Troops were: Troop 18, 335 points; Troop 27, 295 points; Troop 41, 282 points; Troop 28, 276 points.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Two Boy Scouts, Cambrick Norris and George Button, members of Troop 13, won first place in the "rollermobile race" held in this city on May 15. This rollermobile contest is one of the most interesting events of the year in Birmingham. This is the second year that Troop 13 has taken first place in the contest, which is open to all boys in the city. Their victory gives them permanent possession of the cup offered by the street railway company. Out of the four races boy scout teams won three firsts, two seconds and one third. In the track meet held by the Birmingham Athletic Club, in which teams from three states competed, Scoutmaster Gilbert Ritchie, of Troop 17, won a total of 21 points and was awarded a cup as the best all-around athlete in the meet

VINELAND, N. J.—Twenty-five boy scouts of this city are planning a bicycle hike covering territory each day so that they will spend the nights in the following cities, Philadelphia, Coatesville, Lancaster, Gettysburg, Frederick, Md., and arriving at Washington, D. C., on Saturday afternoon. At Gettysburg they will have a free automobile tour of the battlefields.

SCRANTON, PA.—Members of Troop 9 are receiving instructions from Chief Ferber, of the fire department, to prepare them in passing their examinations in firemanship.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Troop 42, which was organized on March 12 with twelve members, had grown to 25 members on April 30, according to a letter from Assistant Scoutmaster Abraham J. Lemberg. The boys have a club house and library, and all have outfits, for which they earned the money. All are prepared to pass the Second Class tests. The troop invites all scouts to visit their headquarters.

MARISSA, ILL.—The scouts of Marissa have for their headquarters a four-room house, for which, through the courtesy of the owner, they pay a rental of only $1 a month. They are expecting to give a show soon with slides presenting members of their own troop.

MIDDLEBURY, VT.—The members of Troop 5, of Middlebury, hiked to Grand View Mountain on May 7. On the way they destroyed many nests of tent caterpillars, and while resting in front of a house they were invited in by the owner to see his museum. They ate their lunch on the mountain side, then continued to the top, where they spent about an hour.

NORWOOD, PA.—After the scouts had secured pledges from nearly every citizen in the community, dedicating honor and life to the defense of the country and to the support of President Wilson, Scouts Edward Ackroyd and George Mundell, accompanied by the Rev. Stanley Billheimer, journeyed to Washington. They were graciously received by President Wilson, who said he appreciated their loyalty and earnestness.

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS.—When they opened

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This **14-K Diamond Point Fountain Pen** is made of good quality Para Rubber, with black chased cap and barrel, well polished. The construction is simple and cannot get out of order, overflow or fail to write, the feeds being the same as used on all standard fountain pens. Each pen is fully guaranteed, and if unsatisfactory in any detail can be exchanged for a new one.

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**BOTH** this **DIAMOND POINT FOUNTAIN PEN** and the **CLUTCH PENCIL** sent to you for **ONE** yearly subscription to **BOYS' LIFE** at $1.00.

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Please send, all charges prepaid, the DIAMOND POINT FOUNTAIN PEN and the CLUTCH PENCIL advertised by you, for which I send you $1.00 for a year's subscription to Boys' Life.

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*Note: Pen and Pencil and the Magazine will be sent to separate adaresses if requested.*


their new headquarters, the Corpus Christi scouts were presented with a fine American flag by the Woman's Relief Corps of that city. The boys are installing a wireless station and a library.

PENSACOLA, FLA.—Having been presented with a fine cutter by the Navy Department, the nautical Scouts of Pensacola are now busy with plans to erect a permanent boat house.

SARASOTA, FLA.—The nautical scouts of this town recently took a four days' cruise down the bay in a motor schooner "Sadell."

BOSTON, MASS.—Boy scouts of District 4, Greater Boston, which includes Malden, Melrose, Everett and Wakefield, recently held their annual field day, on which occasion they were addressed by Mayor Adams of Melrose.

ROME, N. Y.—Troop 7, composed entirely of newsboys, held an athletic meet recently in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, under the direction of Scoutmaster L. C. Townsend.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—More than two hundred Scouts took part in the parade in this city on Memorial day and also assisted the Sons of Veterans in decorating the graves.

DETROIT, MICH.—Troop 34 has made what it thinks is a record in wall-scaling at the fourth annual field day. An eight-man team started thirty feet from a nine-foot wall and scaled it, finishing thirty feet on the other side in 19 4-5 seconds. Scout Frank E. Watt requests that any troop which has beaten this record write to Dr. J. H. Sowerby, Field Secretary, Detroit.

KENWOOD, N. Y.—About 175 to 200 boy scouts attended the field day of the Kenwood troops. This was the first of a number of field days and rallies to be held in the Central New York district this summer.

TWIN BRIDGES, MONT.—One of the most interesting troops of scouts in the state is that in the State Orphans' Home. They have a scout band and are planning a camping trip for the summer and one to the state fair in the fall.

WASHINGTON, PA.—On Memorial Day the four troops of boy scouts, assisted by the Grammar School girls, had charge of decorating the graves of the soldiers. They also took part in the parade and conducted an emergency first aid tent in the cemetery when needed.

HOUSTON, TEX.—In the Field Day on April 21, with many interesting events, Troop 7 was the winner. The Scout Movement has had wonderful growth since the field day a year ago, there being but two troops then and ten now, and the people of Houston are strong in their expressions of praise and appreciation of the activities of the boys.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Troop 17 was presented with an entire camp outfit by the Men's Club of the Sanford Street Methodist Church, a gift which was especially appreciated at that time, as they were planning for a three days' hike to Little Falls.

CHILTON, WIS.—The Boy Scouts took active part in the Memorial day exercises conducted by the G. A. R.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—Money sufficient to take care of their camping trip this summer was earned by Troop 3, as a result of an entertainment and scout play which they gave in May.

NAPOLEON, OHIO.—The members of Troop 1 gave an entertainment, clearing $25, which went into their camping fund. These boys write that they gained a lot of scout knowledge and pleasure from the film, "The Adventures of a Scout.'

SAN LEANDRO, CAL.—Assisted by the Camp Fire girls, the boy scouts of San Leandro gave a camp benefit show at which they cleared over $47. They expect to have thirty boys in camp this summer.

WOBURN, MASS.—Troop 3 has been presented with a fine parade flag by the Sons of Veterans Auxiliary of this city.

GOTHENBURG, NEB.—Under the direction of Mr. Leslie Rich, their Scoutmaster, the thirty-two boy scouts of this city organized this spring are progressing rapidly. All members now have uniforms.

LEIPSIC, OHIO.—Scoutmaster O. O. Ireland, of Troop 1, tells us about his Assistant Patrol Leader, Richard McKeen, who, during the absence of his father, the Chief of Police, takes entire charge of the city bloodhounds, whenever there is need for their use.

DETROIT, MICH.—St. John's Troop 4 publishes a little blueprint magazine each month called "Scout News." It is produced entirely by the troop.

CROWN POINT, N. Y.—Scout Gordon T. Russell, of Troop 2, Factoryville, writes of an interesting three days' hike to Whiteface Mountain, about one hundred miles distant.


# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

SCOUT Law means a Good Turn—sharing with your patrol anything so good as Beech-Nut Peanut Butter.

With bread or crackers—delicious and wholesome.

Selected Virginia and Spanish nuts—the acrid hearts *completely* removed—lightly roasted, and ground to a creamy butter. Scouts know what is best.

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Send name of your Scout Master to PROVE you are a Boy Scout and we will send you 36 sets Gliding Casters. Sell 10c set and earn $2.34 in a few hours. Sell more if you like and earn more. Keep it up and when vacation comes earn plenty Christmas money. We also send 12 Free Demonstrating sets. Any Boy Scout that couldn't earn $10.00 a week in spare time selling Gliding Casters couldn't sell bread in a famine.

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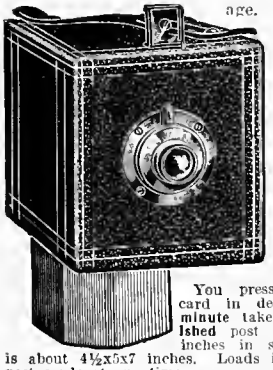

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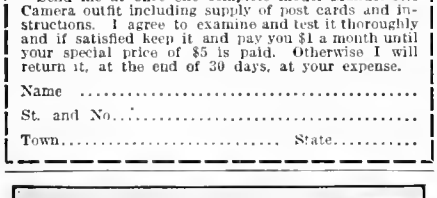

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**E. SUMTER SMITH, Principal**




# The Young Cannon Builders

(*Continued from page* 9)

ful of the powder out of the can, tipped it into the cannon's yawning muzzle, and rammed it home with a wadding of paper, grass and dirt.

"Now, fellows, how about it?" asked Reddy, bending over the priming hole with lighted punk in hand, "now for the big noise."

Reddy had held his punk dangerously near the primer.

BOOM!

THE roar was ear-splitting. The flash was blinding. Yellow, sulphurous smoke enveloped everything. But through the cloud Jed saw a great jagged chunk of gas pipe go whirling through the air and strike Reddy full in the chest. He saw the horror-stricken face of his chum looking at him through the haze. He saw—

Did he? What had he seen? He was dazed. Was it all a horrible dream? He was flat upon his back himself, and there were terrible pains shooting up his left arm. He was frightened. What was the matter? His hand was sticky with something warm and wet. There was a numbness about his knuckles. He held the queer feeling member up before his eyes. And what he saw made him sick with horror!

It was not a hand. It was a blood-smeared stump, red and lacerated. Two fingers only could he see— No, no, he must be wrong! This was not real! It couldn't be! He tried to count them! "One, two——" The hideous smoke seemed to curl in again! The world grew black!

*BOOM, boom, boom, bang, bang,* roared the Fourth all through that long, hot, sultry day. But Jed did not hear it. All those hours until darkness fell he tossed and turned in the delirium of fever. "One—two——" he counted over and over again but went no further. And all that day an anxious mother watched him, smoothed his pillow when he wrinkled it, brought him water when he called for it, and cried and cried each time he tried to count.

*Boom, boom, boom,* the Fourth was waning. The big clock down stairs was striking eleven when Jed, his delirium gone, opened his eyes and looked up at his mother. Boom, boom, boom, bang, bang; he heard it come rolling in at the open window and he shuddered.

"Mother," he asked, "Mother, is Reddy here?"

"No, dear."

"I thought I saw him."

"You were probably dreaming, dearie. Please try to go to sleep again."

"But, mother, where is Reddy?"

"Oh, my boy—dear son, don't ask. He's—he's—Oh, Jeddie—he was killed!"

*Boom, boom, boom,* growled the voice of the furious Fourth, and Jed, a-tremble, turned his face to the wall and sobbed.

# Scouts Planning a Happy, Safe Fourth of July

BOY SCOUTS throughout the United States are making preparations for the observance of Independence Day and, as last year, the universal thought is to incorporate the scout ideal of helpfulness, which makes any good time better. In places where Fourth of July celebrations are under the direction of civic authorities, or committees of local citizens, scouts co-operate; in places where adults do not take the lead, scouts have an opportunity to "start something" that will be at once entertaining, safe and patriotic.

Some of the Fourth of July activities of scouts last year will indicate what scouts do on such a splendid occasion—and suggest what other scouts *can* do.

At Burlington, N. J., the troop in charge of Scoutmaster Scholl organized a big celebration, a feature of which was the raising and dedicating of a municipal flagpole which was presented to the city. The scouts had entire charge of this ceremony.

At Capac, Mich., the Boy Scouts, in charge of Scoutmaster J. B. Lomas, formed an escort of honor for Governor Ferris, the guest of honor.

At North Wales, Pa., the scouts, in charge of Willard L. Amther, directed an elaborate program of athletic events held in honor of the opening of Recreation Park.

A Chicago troop maintained a first-aid camp throughout the day, so that they would be prepared for any accidents that might be suffered by persons celebrating in an "unsafe and insane" manner.

At Passaic, N. J., Scoutmaster Heuser's troop assisted the police in maintaining order at the celebration and in doing picket duty at the parks throughout the day. They also helped guard all bad crossings.

At Waterbury, Vt., the scouts in charge of Scoutmaster Boiconrt, gave an entertainment consisting of games and scout activities for the benefit of patients in the State Hospital of that city.

In St. Paul, Minn., the scouts for several years have been used for "policing" the children's parade and maintaining order at the big municipal celebration held on Harriet Island, in the Mississippi River.

National Headquarters will be glad to receive reports of scout participation in Fourth of July celebrations this year.

## Fire Fighters

SLATERSVILLE, R. I.—The Slatersville scouts, under Scoutmaster Roland B. Carr, rendered great service in the fire which swept through the town on May 12, destroying three houses, two barns and about $10,000 of standing pine timber before it was checked. The scouts took active part, passing water, fighting the fire in the woods, watching exposed buildings and helping the burned-out families with their household goods. A log cabin constructed by these scouts during the past few months, although in the path of the fire, escaped damage. Those who deserve credit for their work are Patrol Leaders Carl Christiansen, Earl Lunn, Chester Maynard and Scouts Frank Burrows, William White, Napoleon Burchard, Ernest Smith, Raymond McCulloch, Edward Johnson, Arthur Schmidt and Clifton Maynard.

LEAD, S. D.—Scouts Bernard Field, George Fogelsong and Clarence Manion, of Troop 1, discovered a fire that started in dry grass near a summer cabin in the Spearfish Canyon. After severe fighting with old rags and sacks, which they wet in the river, they saved the cabin.

# Insulators

By L. S. DALE

ONE evening, in a storm, a heavily charged power wire broke where it passed over a railroad track. The current, running wild, made the storm look like a piker. It flashed and roared like a Howitzer, dug hap-hazard trenches all around, splintered the ties and bent the 20 pound rails as if they were hairpins. And the great cotton mill across the river—a minute before alive with the throb of machinery and in a blaze of light—dropped out of sight as if by magic. The power was gone.

How did it all happen? The "fixers" soon found out. An insulator had gone out of business. What's an insulator for? To keep power in its place.

In a few minutes the artificial storm was over; a new insulator permitted the current to get through to the mill and, as if Aladdin had rubbed his wonderful lamp, the mill reappeared, the wheels were singing, the lights bright.

How about YOUR insulator? Haven't any? Sure you have. Your TEMPER is YOUR insulator—again to keep power in its place. When it goes out of commission you too let your "current" run amuck. Perhaps you take it out on the cat, or on somebody's face, or maybe you just bang the door and fume around by yourself "saying it."

Anyway you are wasting power. Suppose you take it out on your algebra or history, on painting the fence, or chumming with the wood pile! THAT won't injure anybody else's disposition, and it will help yours; in a little while you will learn to keep your insulator in perfect order, so there will be few blow-outs, or none.

Right?

## The Cave Scout

(*Continued from page* 19)

ing that you are ready to set your own pace, and make him understand that he will not have to waste his time teaching you things—that his job will be to give you your tests after you have prepared yourselves, by your own efforts, to take them.

Probably he will hesitate at first, but if you keep at him, showing him more and more what scouting means, he can't help getting interested after a while. Don't get discouraged. Stay with it long enough and you are sure to win.

The Cave Scout is willing to guarantee that these suggestions he has made will work if persistently followed. A lot of you fellows who have "pep" and ambition will follow them and become scouts. Others, who are too blooming lazy to do anything for themselves, will fall down flat as a pancake and never find their way into this great boys' brotherhood. There is no room in scouting for a lot of flabby weak-knees, for scouts have serious, important work to do. So, if any of you haven't backbone enough to see a proposition through, you'd better take warning right now and not tackle the job at all, for you'd only be in the way of the fellows with real sand in their gizzards. F. J. P.

***Attention!***

**Boy Scouts and all Boys:**

**Here is your chance to earn a vacation trip.**

You can do it without interfering with your daily duties, during your spare time. Our tour plan will enable you and other members of your troop to visit

**The Seashore, The Mountains, The Panama-Pacific International Exposition**

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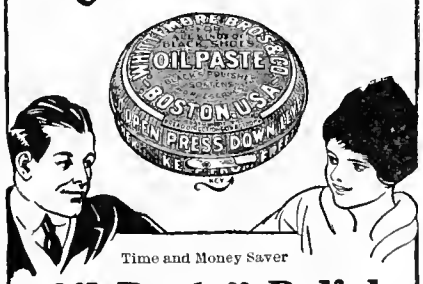


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## Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

(*Continued from page* 9)

TEN days later the football season was over. He had played in another game. He had built three bird houses and had sold one. He had one dollar and sixty-five cents saved, and two completed bird houses in the shop.

When the last game was over, when the last whistle had sounded, Don carried his football togs and stored them away in the attic. For the first time in his life he did not regret the end of a season of play. He was eager to sell bird houses, eager to plunge more fully into the life of Wolf Patrol and of Chester Troop.

Once more he started to canvass for bird houses, taking a sample from door to door. When he had taken eight orders he returned to the shop. It was now time to build.

He delivered the two houses that were already completed. The money in his bank advanced to the astonishing figure of two dollars and sixty-five cents. His lumber bill didn't worry him now, and he was sure of a dollar earned and saved. That night Barbara walked with him to the village store. He took a minute's peep into the window, looked away and quickly recited a list of the articles displayed. Barbara gave a low laugh.

"Nothing to fear about your observation, Don," she said. "Does that fit you for your second-class examination?"

Don shook his head. "I must know how to make a fire in the open and how to cook meat and potatoes."

"Maybe Dad could show you," said Barbara.

To his pleasure his father proved to be well versed in the art of firemaking and of cooking in the open.

Next evening, after Don had finished another bird house, he came upstairs to wash for supper. Barbara met him in the hall.

"You and Dad camp out tonight," she laughed. "You're going to get your first lesson in building a fire and cooking."

(*Continued in August* BOYS' LIFE)

## How "Don Strong" Began

DON STRONG wants to enter the Chester high school — not to study, but to play football and baseball under Mr. Wall, the Latin teacher, who coaches the team. Don thinks his sister Barbara wants him sent to work; but when his father tells him he can have a year at school, he learns Barbara has been pleading for him.

Alex Davidson, a widow's son, also is ambitious to enter high school. Alex works all summer. Don learns that Alex has twenty dollars saved. Amazed, he goes around to Alex's house for a look at a boy who has saved that much money, and finds Alex wearing a boy scout uniform. He sneers at scouts; but later, when he discovers that Mr. Wall is the Scoutmaster, he enters the troop, and works enthusiastically.

Earning a dollar for his second class requirement does not prove easy. He weeds flower beds and mows grass and later begins building birdhouses and selling them. Don fails to make the team, but becomes a substitute. Ted Carter, a shiftless lad, worms his way into the boy's good graces. Because Ted is always buying sodas, Don takes money from his bank and buys sodas, too, and his savings shrink. Finally, egged on by Ted, he quits the squad, but returns to it, realizing it is his duty to his school. Soon Don is shifted to the first team.

A theatrical company goes to town. Tickets are twenty-five cents each. Don has planned to go with Ted, but football practice has kept him from doing much on his houses, and he can't afford the expense. He knows that his lumber bill has to be paid or interest will be added. Worried, he fears he has "bitten off more than he can chew."


# Play Ball!

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# The Treasure-Hunt Prize Winners

The judges in the contest based on the story, "A Treasure Hunt for Real Gold," published in Boys' Life, make the following announcement of prize winners:

FIRST PRIZE.
*Fifteen books from "Every Boy's Library, Boy Scout Edition."*
Awarded to Troop 2, Ilion, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE.
*Ten books from that Library.*
Awarded to Harold Hendrickson, Seattle, Wash.

THIRD PRIZE.
*Five books from that Library.*
Awarded to Clifford L. Sayre, Crafton, Cal.

HONORABLE MENTION.
*Each one book from that Library*
Awarded to:
Clyde Colson, Quitman, Ga.
Carlos Fallon, Peru, N. Y.
Harold Bracy, New London, O.
Edward Stern, Pittsburgh, Pa.
David H. Corkran, Jr., Middlebury, Vt.

Observations by the Judges.

When a small object, concealed in a large territory, must be found within a limited time, the searching party should include every trained person available. The territory should be divided, the party organized, and definite tasks assigned which will ensure the careful inspection of every foot of the ground until unmistakable clues are found and followed up.

Troop 2, Ilion, N. Y., would have found the gold if the troop had been at Wilcox Corners and used the method which it worked out. No one who reads its story can doubt this. The scouts in this troop did not go one by one, as some contestants did, each trying to get the gold and glory for himself. They did not depend upon chance, or dreams, or imagination. They planned their work in such a way that they were bound to turn up a clue if there was one in existence.

Nearly all the stories submitted were good. The true spirit of Scouting was usually present. Many a scout stopped to chop the wood or help his mother wash the dishes before he started on the hunt. Most of those who found the treasure divided it with their companions or put it in the troop treasury. A little girl who helped her brother with his spelling told us so in a letter, so that no undeserved credit should be given.

We congratulate the winners, and ask the others to remember that every honest effort brings its own reward. Muscles exercised by honest labor grow stronger, minds engaged in creative thought grow brighter, wills cultivated by self-discipline learn to control themselves and others, spirits trained in kindness and generosity win the respect and love of all mankind.

## The First Prize Winner

Prepared by Troop 2, Ilion, N. Y.

"WILL the meeting please come to order?" It was the scribe who calmed the excited voices of those about him. "The troop leader has a few words he would like to say to us."

"You all know why this meeting is called," he said. "Wilcox, the creamery man, is going to give a hundred dollars in gold to the one who finds it within a mile of the creamery. How are we going to find it within five days? The scribe will take your suggestions one at a time. What is your idea, Scout Hadley?"

When this early morning meeting was ended every one was hopeful, for they had nearly five full days.

"Now, there are thirty-two of us," said the leader as he started to sum up their plans. "That is one man to every building and its yard, and leaves three to follow the trail of the Rubber Heels or any other new trail that may be found. We will spend the first two days on the building and yards. The third day is for the cemetery and all the land on this end of the lake; the fourth is for the other end of the lake, including the woods and twin pine trees. The fifth day will be spent on the island. Don't forget to climb every tree, look in all knot holes, hollow trees and birds' nests, under all loose stones or boards. Every tree you climb should be marked at the foot by two crossed sticks and stone; every loose stone should be turned

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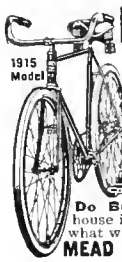


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with the wet side up. This gold will all go in a small tobacco bag, and that is a pretty small thing to find in a mile circle. If we all make sure of our own territory we will find it." They drew lots for the different positions and set to work.

On the morning of the fifth day, as the troop was gathering for its trip to the island, the troop leader saw a boy standing on the outskirts of the crowd. He recognized him as Henky Stowe, nephew of the man who had hidden the gold.

"Would you like to go with us to-day?" he asked of the boy, who was generally too tired to answer until he had been spoken to several times.

"Yes," was the prompt reply, "if you will show me how to cook this stuff Ruth gave me. I didn't know what to bring, but sister had heard Hadley talking about the trips and she knew what to give me, but it's all raw, and I don't like raw potatoes or meat."

These preparations and change of heart surprised the troop leader, but he promptly replied: "Come on, we'll teach you." And the thirty-three marched toward the lake shore, hopeful and jubilant, for they had traced the Rubber Heels almost to the lake shore, and they had also discovered that the little boat had been used on the night that the gold was hidden.

When the eight trips necessary to ferry them across had been completed, and the provisions carefully stored, they were ready for the final search. The rest of the territory had been so well covered, and each scout had so much faith in his fellows, that they knew it must be on the island. The island itself was but one hundred and sixty feet long and about seventy feet wide, so that we are not surprised at their confidence.

They were arranged in a straight line across the island, and at the given command they started to move forward slowly, keeping the line quite straight, so that nothing might be missed. Every loose stone was turned and every tree climbed and marked.

They started their search gleefully in the morning sun and ended it gloomily when the twilight was too thick for good work. They turned toward home, defeated. Seven boat loads had gone and the eighth was on its way, Scout Hadley in the bow, then the troop leader, and so on back to the last seat, where Henky Stowe leaned against the tail board tired and unhappy. He had been the only weak point in their chain of searchers, nor did he need the glances that were cast his way to make him realize it.

They were nearing the shore, leaving the island far in the rear, and, as they all believed, the gold as well.

"Can any one think of another place to look?" asked Hadley.

"No," said one, "we have looked all over now."

There was a long pause. Then, as the boat was nearing the shore, Hadley said: "Did any one look in the boat house?" At first there was no answer, then a younger scout, half asleep from fatigue, said half aloud: "Yes; I did." "Well, there is no other place I can think of." "Nor I," "Me neither," came various replies. "Did any one look in the boats?" said the sleepy scout. There was no reply. "Suppose each one of you feel around you, then; if there are any holes too small for your fingers, use a flash light." "It isn't near me," every one declared as the boat scraped on the bottom and they leaped ashore.

They leaped ashore—all but Henky, who sat staring into an apparently empty box.

"What's the matter with you," asked the troop leader. "What are you staring into that tin box for?"

"Why—why," he began breathlessly, "Uncle Henry told me to clean out this bait box that I left dirty, and here in the corner is—is the gold."

And so the boys marched home, defeat turned to victory and a slow, listless boy turned to a lively pioneer.

## Scout Refuge for Wild Life

Through the efforts of Ernest E. Jones, President of the Oakmont, N. Y., Boy Scout Council, leases have been obtained on about one hundred acres of wooded land which the Boy Scouts of Oakmont will take charge of as a haven of refuge for the birds and game. This refuge is being stocked with pheasants and other wild game, which will be protected by the watchfulness of the Scouts.

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## Shirt

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No. 514. Standard khaki .....$1.00
No. 515. Light weight khaki ..... .75
No. 516. Woolen ..... 1.50
Also No. 531. Cotton athletic undershirt or camp jersey... .25

## Shorts

Made similar to running pants. Have pockets and belt loops. Order by age size only. Add parcel post for 1 pound.

No. 511. Standard khaki .....$0.50
No. 512. Woolen ..... 1.75

## Stockings

Olive drab color. Turned down below knee. The footless ones are used with half-hose which may be thrown away when worn through. This avoids blisters caused by darns. Don't forget to mention size. Add parcel post for 10 ounces.

Woolen .....$1.25
No. 527. With feet.
No. 527A. Footless.
Cotton ..... .30
No. 528. With feet.
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## Hat

Special for summer uniforms. Heavy khaki drill. Ventilated crown with detachable hat cord. Be sure to give size. Add parcel post for 10 ounces.

No. 504..... $0.50

Regulation Scout Hat. New model. Olive drab felt; ventilated crown, silk band; detachable ties. Shipping weight, 1 lb.

No. 503..... $1.25

## Belt

Made of olive drab webbing with gun metal fittings, including snap hooks for attaching equipment. The patent buckle allows it to be put on and off quickly. Shipping weight, 5 ounces.

No. 529..... $0.40

## Haversack

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By FREDERICK N. COOKE, JR.

Secretary, Committee on Scout Supplies

WELL, he isn't exactly a quartermaster because that's a military title, but for want of a better name we will just call him that for the present. Come to think of it he never has had a real scout name since he came to National Headquarters. There is the "Scout Librarian," the "Cave Scout," etc., but no handle for the scout who is trying all the time to find out what boys need or want in the way of supplies and equipment—and to get these for them.

Perhaps some of you readers of BOYS' LIFE will think of a name for this scout and let us have it.

### LET HIM KNOW

Possibly you have called the equipment man all kinds of names at times when something has gone wrong with your uniform or supplies! And that's the first thing we had better talk about.

The Quartermaster wants to know when things *do* go wrong.

It's your privilege to kick if you spend money and don't get every cent's worth that's coming to you. When you give up a dollar—or a nickel—it must be "for value received." And that's what goes with every piece of scout equipment—a guarantee of service. If you don't get it, holler! If you discover something that has slipped by the Quartermaster you'll do the best kind of a good turn by speaking up, so that whatever it is may be corrected before some other scout gets a hold of it. Perhaps we'll have to have a regular "trouble blank" to be enclosed whenever you are sent supplies. Then surely we ought to hear from you when things aren't right.

Then there's the other side of it. When you find something good with reference to equipment share it with other scouts by writing the Quartermaster about it.

### WHY THIS SCOUT'S UNIFORM IS CLEAN

Recently at a scout rally and field day some one asked the equipment man how to wash uniforms so they would not shrink and turn white.

"Why, I know," said a scout from up the Hudson, who was present. "My mother has washed mine two or three times, and look at it." We did, and then everybody wanted to know how it was washed. So we'll let the scout tell the secret:

"Be sure to use lukewarm water. This is what saves the khaki from shrinking. Mother makes good strong suds using any pure white soap. Once I asked her if she wouldn't get more dirt off by rubbing the soap right on the garment and she told me that was what made other Scout suits white after washing."

"She does not scrub my coat and breeches on the washboard," the scout continued, "but lays them on the back of the board and scrubs each garment hard with a stiff brush. This is what gets the dirt off and afterwards a good soaking in clean cold water rinses away all the soap."

"Does she iron them?" asked a Tenderfoot.

"No," was the reply, "for that would make them look shiny. She wrings some of the water out with her hands, and the weight of the water left in the garments helps them to dry evenly, and any wrinkles can be smoothed out."

### TO KEEP THEIR COLOR

We thought we had the full story at this point, but along came a good suggestion from another scout. He said he had read a long time ago that after washing a uniform in this way and rinsing it thoroughly there was a good stunt to keep the khaki looking fresh. Naturally everybody wanted to know about this.

And here is the suggestion: "Save the grounds from the coffee pot for a couple of days and make a second rinsing water for the uniform by the addition of these grounds. The coffee really acts like a dye and takes away any whiteness which might appear if all of the soap were not carefully rinsed out of the uniform."

Now you see what helpful information scouts have to share with each other. You have probably made some discoveries yourself. Write the Quartermaster about them and give him a chance to pass them on.

### ABOUT EQUIPMENT IN GENERAL

Scouts frequently write to ask questions about equipment and complain that they do not have sufficient access to the supply catalog. The Department of Equipment and Supplies publishes at least two catalogs a year, and any scout can have a copy by sending a postal to the Department at National Headquarters, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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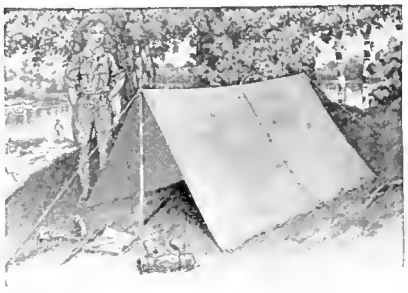

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## The Powder Mill

(*Continued from page 6*)

the King's red troopers. They were riding along. They were singing:

Boot—saddle—to horse—and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.
Boot—saddle—to horse—and away!

The last "away" came to him as if shouted by a thousand horsemen.

HE awoke and jumped to his feet, amazed to discover that a real troop of red-coats was riding down upon him with a clatter of hoofs and clanking of sabers. Before he could fully appreciate what was happening a young officer had sprung from his horse and grasped him by the arm.

Curiously enough, Duncan was unable to keep his presence of mind, as he had always planned to do in time of danger, and he could only stare stupidly at the brass buttons on the officer's coat and try to make out the motto over the lions. He felt his knees trembling. He was unaware that the officer was speaking to him until he was given a vigorous shaking. Then in a twinkling his brain cleared. He measured the distance to the gate where his kite was tied. Two troopers had dismounted and were standing by the gate. Resolving to signal to Phil at any cost, he deftly twisted himself loose from the officer's grasp and darted toward the gate. But there was a sharp order from the officer, and the troopers turned in time to intercept him in no gentle manner.

"Keep away from that, you young devil," shouted the officer, now so angry that his face was as red as his coat. "A signal, I suppose, eh? Well, I'll put an end to that!" And he strode toward Duncan, flashing his sword out of its scabbard in one quick motion. Duncan thought that his end had come; but he breathed again when the irate officer strode past him and slashed in two the cord which held the kite. As the kite came toppling down to earth Duncan felt the strength of a regiment within him; for now the village would be warned and these troopers would have no easy time. He started to count them, but was quickly interrupted by the officer's commands.

"Here, tie that rascal up to the sign-board! And prepare all for action!" There was a stir among the troopers as they dismounted, tightened their saddle girths, loosened their sabers, and carefully primed their heavy pistols. Duncan was led over to the sign-board, where he was quickly tied so firmly that he could not budge.

"Now, young fox," said the officer, "I guess you won't be able to interfere with our plans," and for a moment held the point of the naked blade under Duncan's chin. Then, turning, he cried:

"Quick, men! To horse!" Other orders followed fast. "Sanders, take ten men south on this Boston turnpike for three hundred yards. Jenks, take twenty on past the ford and stand guard on yonder hill. The rest follow me! Have your flint and steel ready. Forward!"

Off they went with a gallant show that made Duncan thrill, even though he hated them for serving a tyrant king.

It appeared to Duncan like the troopers were riding in a mist. The thongs about


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his wrists and ankles began to cut into his flesh cruelly. He saw the troopers reach the ford. While some continued on up the hill, others dismounted and rushed into the pine woods.

Then came the welcome ringing of the village church bell. Phil had done his duty! The alarm was given!

It seemed only a moment until Duncan saw a blotch of red on the turnpike. This drew near rapidly, until it came upon him with overwhelming noise and clatter. He seemed buried in an avalanche of black horses, red coats and sabers—the Tories were fleeing the way they had come! The next instant they were gone.

THE men folk from the town came clattering by ahorse a few minutes later. Seeing Duncan, they drew rein and cut the cords that bound him. Phil was by his side in a moment.

"That kite strategy worked mighty well, Duncan," said Phil.

"So it seems," said the released boy, stretching himself. "Hurry up, you men, and catch the Tories, and tell that smart captain I want to thank him for cutting the kite string for me."

"Did the captain do that?" cried Phil, not understanding.

Then Duncan gleefully told of his adventure.

"Well," said Phil, "I guess the captain will remain unthanked for a while. He was going like greased lightning when we saw him last, and I don't think he will stop very soon."

## Moonshiners in the Jungle

(*Continued from page* 15)

WHEN we neared a smaller island, between Pine Island and the mainland, it was nearing dusk. I was ordered to make a landing there. I turned the sloop in as near to the beach as I dared and cast the anchor. We all got to the beach in the skiff, and I soon had a fire sending smoke up to the palm-tops. Fried bacon and flap-jacks made our supper; I was cook as well as sailor. Dusk came on rapidly. Bat Mason had me gather wood for the fire.

"Ye've got to keep thet fire goin'," he said.

I was not averse, for the fire was the only cheerful thing in prospect. James and Uncle Bill lay on the ground within the circle of light from the fire; Bat sat with the gun on his lap, the big revolver frowning out of his pocket; I sat on the third side near my pile of wood. There was not a contented being there. Bat was not the least uncomfortable of the lot—having three to guard. He stood up and thrust the ram-rod down each barrel of the gun to measure the loads.

"Thet left barrel has buck-shot," he said, satisfaction in his tone.

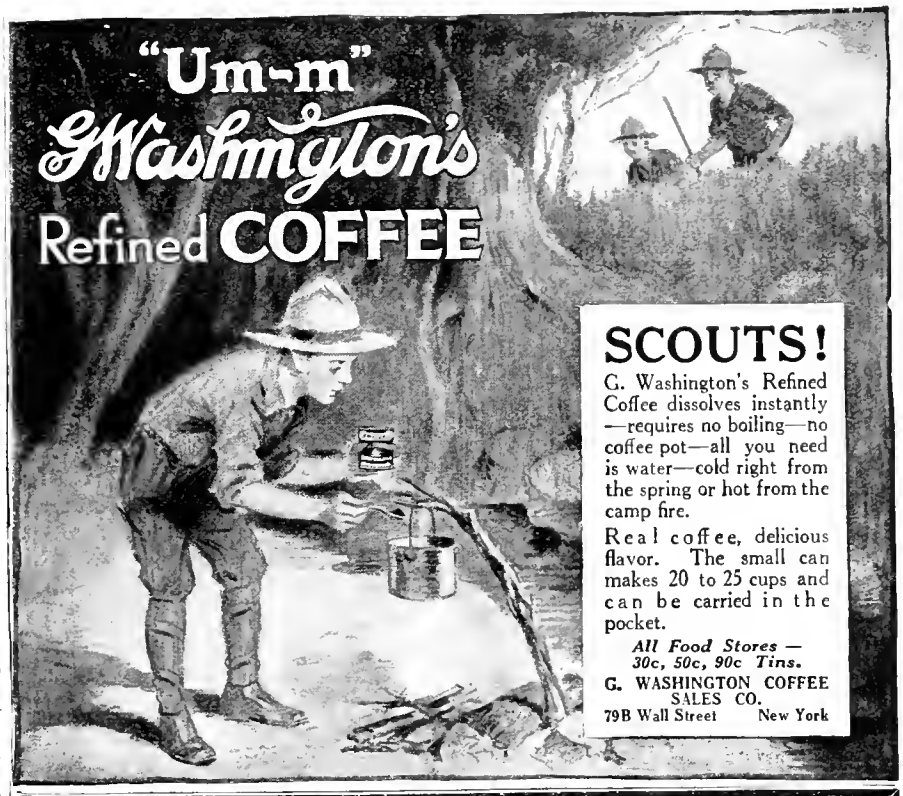
I didn't contradict him, though somehow I'd rather he hadn't found it out.

It was quite late when I voiced a question that rankled in my mind.

"How far are you going to take us?" I asked.

"Hey? What business is thet o' yourn?" he said. "Hit'll be a long way t'other side of the Caloosahatchee—thet much I'll tell ye."

My spirits fell lower at that. What if he meant to make us take him to Key West? That might take a week. How I wished for Joseph DeLong!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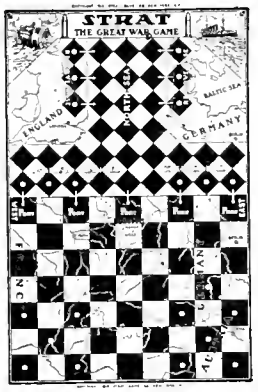


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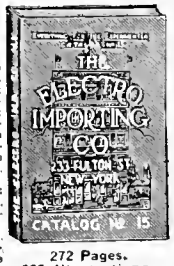


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It was some time past midnight, I supposed, when I noted that, as Bat nodded, Uncle Bill edged himself toward the fire. I guessed his purpose, and, when mending the fire, I pushed some glowing embers with my stick away toward Uncle Bill, who gave me a look of gratitude. Very cautiously Uncle Bill squirmed toward the coals, and I maneuvered to keep a smoke rising between him and Bat.

This was going on for about an hour, Bat not any the wiser, when at last Uncle Bill got his back and his bound hands to the glowing coals. He dug a depression in the sand with his fingers, and, though he couldn't see what he was doing, managed to get some coals into it.

Uncle Bill got his wrists over the red coals, and I could smell the singeing rope. I knew that Uncle Bill must be searing his flesh, too, and I writhed within.

---

Finally I saw the wrists part with a jerk, and I knew Uncle Bill had won. Then came a gradual squirming back, and turning over, Uncle Bill keeping his hands behind him, as though still bound. But how should he free his legs?

BAT presently roused himself for a look at Uncle Bill and James across the fire. But Uncle Bill lay with his face to the fire, his hands still behind him.

When Bat had subsided and begun to nod again I cautiously got my pocket-knife open; and, rising as if to mend the fire, I managed to get near enough to drop Uncle Bill the knife. With this he worked insidiously, his knees bent and his arms stretched at his back.

Then, finally, my heart beat in my throat fearfully as I saw Uncle Bill pull himself together for a dash.

It came! He leaped to his feet and dug the sand with his toes.

Bat was aroused on the instant—snarled like a dog and cocked the left hammer of the gun. He pulled the trigger. The cap snapped; but the charge of buck-shot failed to explode. Cursing, he let fly with the barrel of small shot. But Uncle Bill was out of view in the dark.

Bat then threw down the gun and drew the big revolver.

Is there any folks livin' on the island?" he demanded.

"There are people living at the lower end of Pine Island," I told him.

Then he swore again.

"If I sail down there they'll head me off," he said, pondering.

It was plain he thought we were on Pine Island; instead, as I knew, we were on a smaller island between Pine Island and the mainland. Uncle Bill would hardly be able to swim across to Pine Island. But it was not for me to undeceive him.

"Here, you!" he began. "You put thet bacon an' flour an' peaches in my bag."

I complied.

He then looked to see that James's bonds were intact and ordered me forward down to the skiff. He took his place in the stern thwart and I pushed off.

"Now you go right across," he said.

I rowed with a good will, for my hopes were rising.

When the boat's prow grated on the sands of the mainland Bat Mason scrambled out. He went briskly across the beach without a word and soon disappeared in the woods.

(*Continued in August* Boys' Life)

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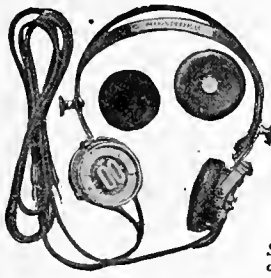

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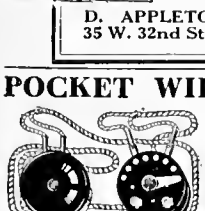

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# How a Scout May Help His City

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This essay was awarded the prize offered by Mr. Charles L. Pollard, Executive Deputy Scout Commissioner of the Council for Manhattan and Bronx, for the best essay on this subject. The contest was open to all scouts, of whatever grade, in the city. Milton Weinstein is a First-Class Scout, and is fifteen years old.*)

By SCOUT MILTON WEINSTEIN,
Troop 122, New York City.

THE Boy Scout Movement was brought into existence for the purpose of making Uncle Sam's sons honorable and useful citizens. In this way the ambition of a scout is directed toward the welfare of his country, but it is in his city, in the community where he is known, that he can make the good be does directly felt.

*Scout Weinstein*

The best way in which a scout can serve his city is by being a true scout and trying the best he can to live up to the oath he made when he became one. If he does this he gains a sense of self-respect. Self-respect? Well, what does this mean? It means that you feel that you are always ready to do the right thing, no matter how hard it may seem. That causes others to respect you, and at the same time you respect yourself. So the scout that lives up to his oath will develop a sense of self-respect and honor, and all those with whom he comes in contact, especially a boy, will be influenced by the good example he sets.

THE SCOUT AND THE TRUANT.

This boy, because of this influence, will become attracted to our splendid movement. It is in this way that the scout can help to solve one of the most trying problems of his city today—the boy truant problem. The scout can be of real service to his city by assisting the Board of Education. The Board of Education sends the boy who goes wrong to some institution. But how can the influence of an institution compare with the real personal influence of some worthy scout appointed to be his official guardian? The scout's duties should be to become this boy's friend and help him up along the right road from which he has wandered. To see him often and make him feel it is worth while to do the right thing.

I feel sure this is not a too great responsibility for a scout, and his city would reap a great benefit if the Board of Education would co-operate with the scout officials and the scouts in solving this boy truant problem. This would not only help the city morally but financially.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

Each city department is a field in itself, that offers many opportunities for usefulness to the scout who is willing to do things. Take, for instance, the Health Department. We all know its rule is that all garbage and ash cans are to be covered. If this rule is not complied with, the escaping odors and germ-breeding dust will cause disease. The scout could help protect his city from disease by making it his business to see that this law is enforced.

Another important element is that he should assist in enforcing the "Pure Food Laws." First, by having the right to report on the way loose can milk is kept in stores. To see that all foodstuffs are kept in a sanitary condition, especially that bread and pastry are covered from flies in summer, in the various kinds of stores selling it. The same precaution should be taken in inspecting the street fruit and candy stands.

PREVENTING FIRES.

Now we will consider the Fire Department. We boy scouts can help this department by inspecting tenement houses. To report if the fire-escapes are not kept clear and clean. To inspect basements and report if full of rubbish, and if oils, benzine, paint, etc., are kept in dangerous places. Since the Fire Department co-operates with the Building Department, we could report our inspection of the condition of

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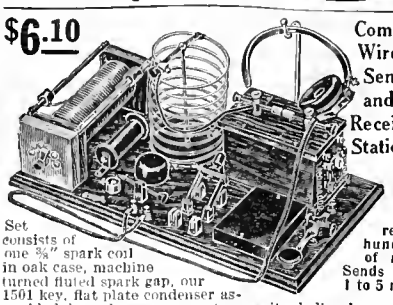
**$6.10** Complete Wireless Sending and Receiving Station



Set consists of one ¾" spark coil in oak case, machine turned fluted spark gap, our 1501 key, flat plate condenser assembled in oak case, correct capacity helix, buzzer and switch to tell if the detector is working, tubular fixed condenser, bare wire wound double slide tuner of high capacity. Our new triple action cat whisker detector, 4 capacity loading induction coil that allows you to get Arlington and the long wave stations. Send stamp for our large catalog "L" of remarkable values. If possible, call and see our stock.

Will receive hundreds of miles. Sends from 1 to 5 miles.

**THE HANDEL ELECTRIC CO., 138-140 Centre St., New York**

**"THE ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTER"**

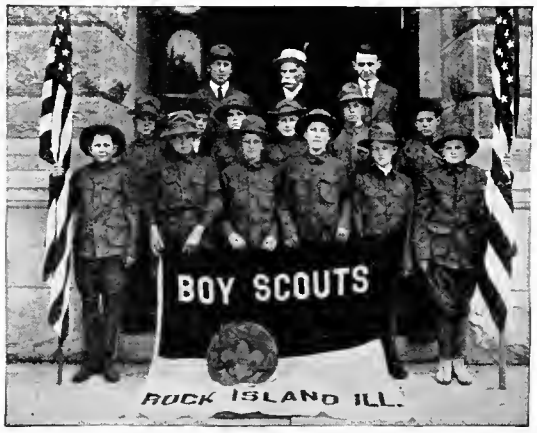
The big electrical Magazine for those who dabble in electricity and *Wireless*. Chuck full of experiments. Intensely interesting. Monthly prizes of $5.00 for best experiments. Amateur Electrics, wireless news, Complete *Electric Course* etc. 50 to 100 illustrations. Only **50c a** *year* in U. S. and Canada. **On all News-stands. Send for free sample.**

**Electrical Experimenter** 238 Fulton St., N. Y.

**GIVEN** with one yearly subscription ($1.00) to BOYS' LIFE, "A Bunch of Buckskins," 4 Great Color Drawings of "Western Scouts," by Frederic Remington.



*Mention* BOYS' LIFE *in answering advertisements*




# Troop No. 4 of Rock Island, Illinois

Has just received a camping trip prize of $100.00, in addition to $48.55 in commissions already saved by our Troop Finance Plan.

The *Rock Island Scoutmaster* says: The plan helps boys to help themselves, which is what boys need; it has opened the eyes of the public to the fact that the Troop is training the boys to be men of service, and it has not interfered with any other Scout duties.

The *Mayor of Rock Island* says: What we need is more business concerns like The Curtis Publishing Company, which is to be commended for the business training afforded boys by the Troop Finance Plan. I have personally noted the result of this training in Troop No. 4. I am a booster for the Curtis Plan of training boys.

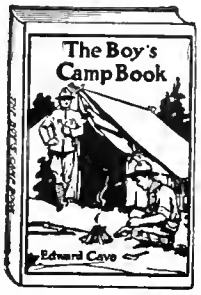
Five hundred other Troops are earning money and training their Scouts by this plan.

If your Troop is handicapped by lack of ready money, write to us for information about our Troop Finance Plan.

*Box 939, Troop Finance Section*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania




## BOY'S CAMP BOOK *By EDWARD CAVE*

New, illustrated, cloth-bound edition; containing everything the boy camper should know, with full instructions for camping under all conditions. Numerous helpful illustrations by Norman P. Rockwell.

OUR OFFER—For One new Subscription to BOYS' LIFE, the official Boy Scout magazine, at $1, we will send the "BOY'S CAMP BOOK" FREE, all charges prepaid by us.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York

tenement houses. By this I mean reporting hallways found obstructed and toilets kept unrepaired. If hall steps and banisters are in an unfirm condition. It is also important to notice if roofs are kept whole and clean, and that the skylight windows are unbroken, so that the weather conditions will not affect the tenants.

### Scouts and the Police.

It is true the scout can make his usefulness felt in each of these departments, but I shall now speak of the one department of a city in which the scout is a real need. It is strange to say he has not, as yet, been considered in this light. I have reference to the Police Department. I wish in this article to bring to their notice that with the aid of the scouts the department would put their work on a higher basis.

Let us take the problem of the children's court prisoner. What becomes of him when he is released or put on probation? Who gives him the chance to go straight and help him not to drift back to prison again? Nobody, as far as I know, and even if there are a few institutions or societies who do care, can't the boy scout help along?

You will probably smile and say that we are too inexperienced to undertake such work. We are not. We can arrange a system by which we could obtain positions for released prisoners. I suggest that the Police Headquarters division send the names and addresses of released prisoners to the Boy Scouts' Headquarters, who will have a list of investigated positions and will try to secure suitable work for the released young man or boy. He will be taken in charge of, a good talking to will be given him, as it always tends to soften a man's heart. And as long as he will feel that somebody cares for him and is anxious to see him go straight the chances are that he will go straight.

A scout can always make himself useful to this department by taking care of lost children or by returning them to their parents. In regard to helping the Red Cross Division of this department, a scout should have the privilege of rendering first aid to those stricken, before an ambulance arrives. Many times the policeman who arrives on the scene of distress is so busy calling an ambulance and managing the surrounding crowds that he must neglect the patient. The boy scout is not permitted by a policeman to render first aid. The scout should be, because he is trained to do it.

### Protecting Park Property.

And now we must not overlook the Park Department. The park is an important element in the welfare of the people of a city, most especially for the poor, for it is their only place of recreation and rest from the heat of the crowded streets. Well-kept parks are the health-preserving stations of all large cities, for the babies, for small children, for grown children, and for adults. A scout could help this department in various ways. First, by seeing that children do not destroy trees, shrubs and plants. That refuse from individuals and parties is gathered into receptacles placed for that purpose. That benches are not defaced, and by protecting the public from abuse of rowdies. This would be an easier task for the scout if the department of parks would grant him authority by giving him a badge that should show that he had these privileges.

### The Benefit to the Scout.

Why not have a certain number of troops appointed to serve each city department? We would, of course, be giving much benefit, but let us not forget that we would be receiving benefit as well. To begin with, our city would give us the opportunity to put into practice the training and knowledge we have learned. Every scout is in the city's debt, and it is his duty to do all in his power to pay up by making his city the finest, healthiest and happiest place in the world to live in.

Let all the scouts join in and help; then I guess we will have a mighty fine country.

---

## Scouts Eager to Sell Waste Paper

Since the publication in the May Boys' Life of news of how scouts of Vermilion, O., earned money by selling old newspapers and magazines to the New London Waste Paper Company of New London, Ohio, this company has received inquiries from scouts in all parts of the United States. The manager advises Boys' Life that they can buy only from troops within 150 miles of New London; beyond that distance freight charges would exceed what the paper would bring.

He says scouts can obtain names of waste paper firms in the nearest city by corresponding with the Chamber of Commerce.

STAMPS

*[No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.]*

**THE WAR MAY END THESE POSTAGE STAMPS**

European War Packet; Belgium, Turkey, Germany, England, France, Russia, Bosnia, Japan, Servia and Austria-Hungary—50—all different, 25c. Approval sheets at 50% discount. Albums 30c to $55.00. List and monthly paper free. Scott's Catalogue, 1000 pages, paper covers, 85c; cloth $1.00 post free.

**SCOTT STAMP AND COIN COMPANY**
**127 Madison Avenue, New York City**

WE BUY STAMPS. 108 all different. Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps.
**C. Stegman, 5951 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.**

**POSTER STAMP COLLECTING.** World's Greatest Fad. Thousands of varieties, both art and advertising stamps. We buy, sell, and exchange POSTER STAMPS. 25 advertising poster stamps sent prepaid for silver dime. Our color stamp and price list for postcard.
THE HOBBY SHOP HARTFORD, CONN.

**ALL - FOR - 10c** **SPECIAL U. S. LOT**
5 Spanish War Revenues.
10 U. S. Envelopes, cut sq., incl. War Dept.
8 Civil War Revenues.
6 New York State Revenues.
**CROWELL STAMP CO., CLEVELAND, O.**

**SNAPS** 200 different Foreign Stamps for only 10c. 65 diff. U. S. Stamps, including old issues of 1861 and revenues $1.00 and $2.00 values, for only 11c. Our pamphlet which tells "How To Make a Stamp Collection Properly" free with each order. **QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., Room 31, 604 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio**

WE BUY STAMPS. **STAMP ALBUM** with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Old Mexico, Malay (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., 10c. 100 diff., Jap. N. Zld., etc., 5c. Big List, Coupons, etc., **FREE!** 1000 Fine Mixed 20c. 1000 Hinges 5c. **Agents Wanted, 50%.** WE BUY Stamps. **HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

**$$—OLD COINS WANTED—$$**
$4.25 each paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. $2 to $500 each paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1895. Send 10c. at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. Get posted; it may mean your good fortune. C. F. CLARKE & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 10, Le Roy, N. Y.

**STAMPS FREE** 100 all different stamps from all countries, free. Postage 2c. Mention this paper. Large album, 15c. If possible send names 2 collectors. We buy stamps.
**QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio**

**ALL FOR 10c**
100 varieties used stamps.
1 packet stamp hinges.
1 pocket stamp album.
1 set Venezuela, 2 varieties
1 set Ecuador, 2 varieties.
10 varieties unused stamps.
**Lake View Stamp Co., 520 Union Bldg., San Diego, Cal.**

**1000 Mixed for 12 Cents**
This is our regular 25 cent mixture containing about 200 varieties and is sold only to those applying for our approval sheets.
**FAR WEST STAMP CO., Box 711, TACOMA, WASH**

**FREE** Dandy Packet Stamps, Big Illustrated List, $1.15. Free Coupon. Sample Peelable Hinges, Etc., Etc. For name and address 2 active Stamp Collectors & 2c postage. **U. T. K. Stamp Co., Utica, N. Y.**

**ATTENTION!** Illustrated Stamp Album, 560 spaces, 250 hinges and 100 varieties, 5c.
**WRIGHT, 210 Tyndale St., Roslindale, Mass.**

**STAMPS.** 105, China, &c., stamp dictionary and list 3,000 bargains 2c. Cata. stps. of world 12c. Agents, 50 per cent. **A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A9, Boston, Mass.**

Boys, Genuine Remington Typewriters, $10.00 cost $97.50, guaranteed two years. Free, a course in speed typewriting. Send for proposition. Agents Wanted. Harlem Typewriter Exchange, Dept. B. L. No. 207 West 125th St., New York City.


*Mention* BOYS' LIFE *in answering advertisements*

# About Exchanging Stamps

By FRANK L. COES

A SCOUT asks how to prepare his stamps to send to other scouts for exchange. This may help a lot who are using the BOYS' LIFE "Lonesome Corner," so I will make it plain. If you can afford it, "approval" books holding about fifty stamps solve the problem. If you cannot afford these, cut some sheets of paper of a size to fit easily into your letter envelope, number them in order and mount ten stamps on each sheet, mounting on one side only. You can sew these together into a book or fasten with a wire clip, or a McGill fastener. Mark each stamp with its price and have total of each page show at its foot. Be sure to mention in your letter how many stamps, how many sheets and the total value you send, and keep a record yourself. Don't try to sell dirty, torn or heavily cancelled stamps. The cleaner your sheets and stamps are the more you will sell.

*A New Zealand stamp surcharged "Samoa"*

Always agree as to the basis of exchange *before* you send any stamps for approval or selection. With these things in mind I don't see how you can get into any very serious difficulty over the exchange question.

It helps greatly if you use the pricing system in vogue with the exchange clubs, as follows: Below the left-hand corner of the stamp mark its catalog number. Below the right-hand corner, your selling price. If your selling price is less than the catalog price, make a double entry in the form of a fraction; the catalog price above the line and your selling price below. Make your figures small and neat. Use ink if possible.

It is wiser to use net figures than to offer a discount from catalog, because it saves errors and time.

### A MICHIGAN BOY'S "FIND."

The paragraph I wrote telling you of opportunities of finding stamps in vacation time brought a reply from a scout in Michigan. He says he thought of a house in his town while he was reading the article, and the next day after school he made a trip. He is evidently a lucky boy as well as an observing one, for he found "a flour sack three-quarters full of old papers, among which are many stamped checks and documents, one of them with a $20 revenue on it, and letters back to 1870."

He wound up with a postscript like this: "What is a seven-cent Treasury Department in perfect condition worth on the cover?" That special one is catalogued at $2.50, and if Bill found one he is lucky and has a good start toward enough to buy his album, or more stamps. He tells me he has moved his collection four times, and wants a real blank album.

### HOW TO MAKE AN ALBUM SOON.

In an early issue of BOYS' LIFE I'm going to tell you exactly how a scout made his own blank album—and the description, with the illustration, will be so clear that any boy can do the same.

**Every Boy Scout**

should own the famous

**BIRD GUIDE**

by Chester A. Reed. It tells all about the birds, their peculiarities, their nests, their eggs. It is issued in pocket size, and there are over **200 Color Pictures.** With this Guide in your possession, you will know all the birds—you will be able to tell them by their song. You need a copy on your camping trips. Mail the coupon for this beautiful book NOW.

The "Bird Guide" and a subscription for one year to BOYS' LIFE, both for $1.30.

**BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA,**
**200 Fifth Avenue,**
**New York City.**

Please send me a copy of the "Bird Guide," by C. A. Reed, illustrated with 200 color pictures, and descriptions of all birds, and a year's subscription to BOYS' LIFE, both for $1.30.
(*All delivery charges prepaid by us.*)

P. S.—If BOYS' LIFE subscription is not wanted, cross off and remit 80 cents for Bird Guide only.

**The Greatest Discovery Ever Made**
**for the Removal of all Dirt, Grease, Stains, etc.**

NO SOAP — CONTAINS NO GRIT — ANTISEPTIC
NO WATER — NON-POISONOUS — SAVES LABOR

**A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY OF UNUSUAL MERIT**

Cleans and Protects the skin. Makes the Hands Soft and White. No Injurious Chemicals. Non-Inflammable. Will not Injure Varnish.

Removes dirt and grease from clothing without injury to the fabric. Cleans glass, paint, iron, leather, wood. Will remove ink. For insect bites, burns, sunburn, chap.

**INDISPENSABLE IN HOSPITALS—INVALUABLE TO ALL WHO PERFORM MANUAL LABOR**

**SCOUTS, ATTENTION.**

VALUABLE GIFTS FOR READERS OF BOYS' LIFE.

The Bradlee-Wood Company, Inc., owners of a wonderful new discovery just being placed on the market, described above, are offering a big list of gifts to boys who become interested in their plan. Among the gifts are baseball suits, gloves, bats, etc., or Cash.

They want all the readers of BOYS' LIFE to write for this complete list of valuable gifts, together with full information as to how you can get the very article you most desire. Address Bradlee-Wood Company, Inc., 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York City, giving name, address and age.

**Keewatin Academy** and outdoor tutoring school for Boys
Winter Home at **St. Augustine, Florida.**
Summer camp at Mercer, Wis. Camping trips in Minnesota and Canada.
Address **REGISTRAR, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.**


*Mention* BOYS' LIFE *in answering advertisements*

"Biking"
Joys for Girls and Boys

Away, away this summer day! What joy was ever like "Biking?"

Spinning along the road, coasting down the grades, turning aside to rest in the cool forest glades, filling lungs with the flower-laden air—you and the dear companion.

Can you beat it? Every ride, whether to work or to play, joy-giving, health-building fun, if your "Bike" is equipped with the dependable ball-bearing

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

You pedal with ease and coast when you please. There's no limit where the New Departure won't give you a prompt, smooth stop.

Never slips, binds or locks—is dependable always. No repairs, no rust—heavily nickel-plated and handsome in design.

BOYS AND GIRLS—write us today—a postal will do—simply say "Tell me how to win a Gold Watch, Chain, Stick Pin and Cuff Links."

New Departure Mfg. Co., 101 N. Main St., Bristol, Conn.

The Brake that Brought the Bike Back

Better Bicycle Tires For Less Money

$2.48 Each Smooth Tread
$2.75 Non-Skid

It is no longer necessary to pay as high as $4.25 to get the best in bicycle tires.

Goodyear-Akron tires will give you longest wear and maximum beauty and safety—yet they cost but $2.48 each for smooth tread or $2.75 for non-skid. We give you this tremendous saving through wonderful factory efficiency. Goodyear-Akrons cost more for material than most tires selling at nearly twice their price. But our wonderful factory organization makes our manufacturing cost far lower.

Besides, we are content with a very small profit. So you get these leading tires at prices that have never before been approached.

Up to 10,000 Tires a Day Goodyear-Akron Bicycle Tires are built in a factory where the output runs as high as 10,000 pneumatic tires in a single day. They are made with the same care that won leadership for Goodyear Automobile Tires and Goodyear Motorcycle Tires. Small wonder, then, that Goodyear-Akrons bring greater value at lower price.

ASK YOUR DEALER. Responsible dealers will always get Goodyear-Akrons for you from our nearest branch when they have none in stock. They know that you cannot approach the value of these tires for less than $4.25. Our prices are the same everywhere—$2.48 each for smooth tread, $2.75 for non-skid. Accept no substitute.

GOODYEAR AKRON

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires (2384)



# Quarry Troop's Fourth of July

(*Continued from page* 4)

As for the bull, he stood there grunting and pawing the sod furiously, his fiery eyes fastened on the lone figure.

But it was not in Dick Austin's make-up to flee from a bull. Instead, he shouted: "Come on, you old son-of-a-gun," and he actually kicked the red silk flag into the air to tantalize the animal. This was too much for the beast. When he saw the red flag flaunted at him by this puny human he let out a bellow and charged.

DICK was on his toes in an instant. With a twist of his hand he started the loop circling about his head, while his eyes were fastened on the enraged animal charging toward him with lowered head.

Nearer he came! Dick could see the red in his distended nostrils; he could see the cords and arteries in his massive neck and shoulders standing out under his velvety skin. He could feel the ground tremble under the pounding of his heavy feet. The next instant those short, ugly, black-tipped horns might be buried into his flesh and he would be tossed into the air. And if he dropped limp and helpless he would be stamped to death. The beast was twenty feet away now. His head dropped lower for the final plunge. He lunged his great body forward.

But the boy was not there! Like a panther, Dick had leaped behind the flagpole, but not until he had hurled the whistling loop straight at the charging animal's feet. Then with a quick turn he snubbed the line about the pole.

The next instant the great beast's legs were jerked out from under him and with a roar of rage he turned a complete somersault and crashed to the ground, every bit of his wrath jarred out of him by the stunning impact.

In a twinkle Dick came from behind the pole and with the lariat still in his hands rushed toward the prostrate animal. Two dexterous twists were all he made and the hind legs of the bull were lashed as fast as the front ones and savage Ponto was helpless.

AFTER the members of the Quarry Troop had viewed the municipal fireworks in front of Town Hall that night they gathered at headquarters to discuss the day's events before going home. But there was only one event to be discussed, and that was on the lips of every individual in town.

"By Jove, I called him a coward," said Bud Weir. "But if there's a fellow among us who has as much sand as he had—I—I—well, by crackey, there isn't any."

"Well," said Bruce thoughtfully. "It's this way—ah—er—I mean— Aw, shucks, I can't express it the way I want to, but he surely didn't shirk the duty for which he was prepared. He told me this morning that lassoing cattle (roping he calls it) and riding horses is part of a day's work where he comes from."

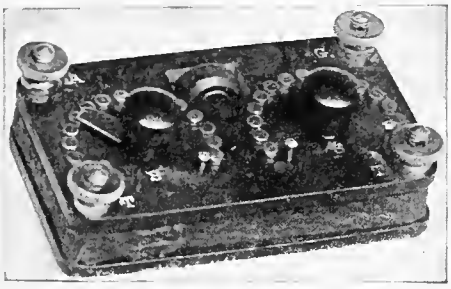
"I don't care if he is skittish about machinery," said Romper Ryan emphatically, "I'm going to see that Dick Austin becomes a scout before he leaves Woodbridge; he's the kind of a chap we need."

---

*Another Quarry Troop story, by Mr. Crump, will appear in an early issue of* Boys' Life.

# New Wireless Outfit for Boy Scouts

**Every Troop Should Have a Wireless Squad and Every Squad Should Have This Outfit in Camp This Summer.**



The exact measurements of this instrument are 3 x 1¾ x ⅝ inches; weight 3 ounces.

## MULTUM IN PARVO

This instrument is indeed "much in little." It is a marvel of efficiency and compactness, for it combines the CRYSTALOI DETECTOR, which is superior to any other, with a COMPLETE AND PERFECT RECEIVER.

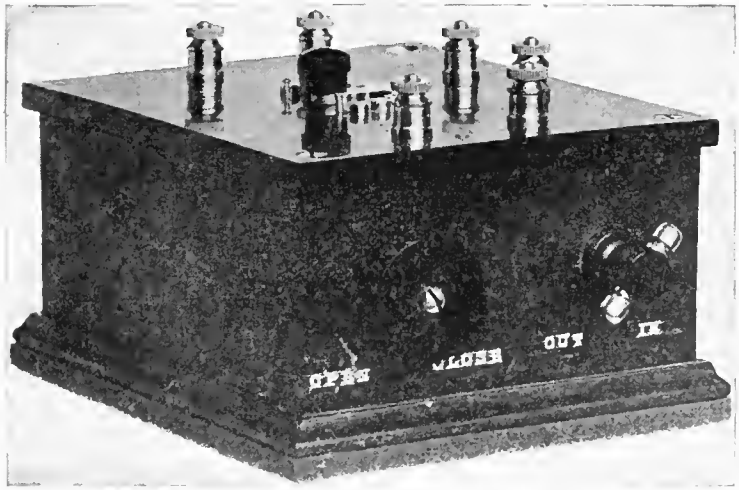
The Crystaloi Detector especially designed for us becomes far more sensitive when used in combination with our Multum in Parvo. This compact little instrument has a wave length ranging from 50 to 3,600 meters, and **will go into your vest pocket.**

**Price, $20.00.**

## MULTI-AUDI-FONE

This instrument increases the audibility FIFTEEN HUNDRED TIMES, and when used with the MULTUM IN PARVO surpasses all other wireless devices on the market.

The amplification is so great that by attaching a horn to the 'phones you can hear the signals all over the room.



The exact measurements of this instrument are 4½ x 3¼ x 2½ inches; weight 12 ounces.

Remember that the Multi-Audi-Fone, the only actual amplifier yet invented, will work equally well with all detectors, including the Audion, and when used with any wireless set will double and even triple the distance, and renders audible hundreds of stations that you can get in no other way, bringing out all nearby stations as well as those thousands of miles away.

**Price, $30.00.**

These instruments in combination have a receiving range of 3,000 miles. They are beautifully finished in triple nickel plate and made of hard rubber composition.

The Multum in Parvo and the Multi-Audi-Fone are both "FOOL PROOF," and **will last a life time at a cost of only six cents per month for batteries.** Compare this with what it will cost you to maintain some other instruments. You will find that the upkeep for a single year will buy one of these instruments. The high amplitude buzzer designed by the Crystaloi Company for their detector will be furnished with this outfit.

## We Challenge Comparison

Knowing the superior merits of our instruments, we would be glad at any time to enter them in a competitive trial with any wireless apparatus costing any amount up to $3,000. We feel sure our instruments will give better results.

| | |
|---|---|
| **Multum in Parvo** | **$20.00** |
| **Multi-Audi-Fone** | **30.00** |
| A specially wound Extra Sensitive Double Head Set is furnished with each outfit | 5.00 |
| **Complete outfit** | **$55.00** |

**To show our interest in the Boy Scouts, we offer this complete outfit for $40.00**

*THIS OFFER IS GOOD UP TO SEPTEMBER FIRST ONLY*

Illustrated Circular and Full Information Gladly Sent Upon Request

**MULTI-AUDI-FONE,** 275 Morris Ave., ELIZABETH, N. J. (H. S. NORTH and C. N. FOWLER, Jr. doing business as Multi-Audi-Fone)

The Carey Printing Company, New York

All you have to do is to go to the *right* store.

Remember, they are finished to a finish and just as good as possible, inside as well as outside. They have *snap* and *looks*, wear long and feel fine, and cost no more than ordinary.

The upper is without collar — the center is made with convertible in-or-out collar, so a fellow can *be prepared* — the lower with high-or-lo collar.

If the dealer you ask says "We haven't it", drop us a postal and we'll direct you to the KAYNEE shop in your or a nearby place.

NEW YORK
220 FIFTH AVENUE

THE K&E COMPANY
(K&E Blouse Makers)
KAYNEE BUILDING CLEVELAND

CHICAGO
603 MEDINAH BUILDING

# BOYS' LIFE

## THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

AUGUST
10 CENTS

Stirring Stories by *Heyliger, Crump, Walden, Elderdice, Rouse, The Cave Scout and Dan Beard*

## *Attention!*

# Boy Scouts and all Boys:

### Here is your chance to earn a vacation trip.

You can do it without interfering with your daily duties, during your spare time. Our tour plan will enable you and other members of your troop to visit

### the Seashore, the Mountains, the Panama-Pacific International Exposition

or any place you wish to go.

With each package of Sanitol that you purchase from your dealer for your own use or your friends' use, you will receive one Mile Card which will pay for ONE MILE OF TRANSPORTATION on any railroad or steamship line when redeemed by your dealer for cash.

This is an easy way to get a free vacation trip. Or—if you prefer to spend the money in other ways, you can purchase what you like. Perhaps you need a Baseball Outfit, Camping Outfit, Canoe, Football Outfit, Bicycle, Wireless Set, Roller and Ice Skates, Camera, etc. You can easily earn whatever you desire by using SANITOL and getting your friends to do so.

Everybody knows how good the SANITOL preparations are. Everybody needs Tooth Powder, Tooth Paste, Tooth Brush, Face Cream, Shaving Foam, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Health Soap, Shampoo and many more of the Sanitol preparations.

Use SANITOL yourself and get your friends to use it, and insist on getting a SANITOL MILE CARD with each package.

Your Druggist will furnish you the SANITOL MILE CARD with each package. If your dealer should happen not to know about it, write us a letter and send us his name. Address Free Tour Department.

## Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co.

**St. Louis, Missouri.**

# "SWAT THE FLY"

*SCOUTS!*

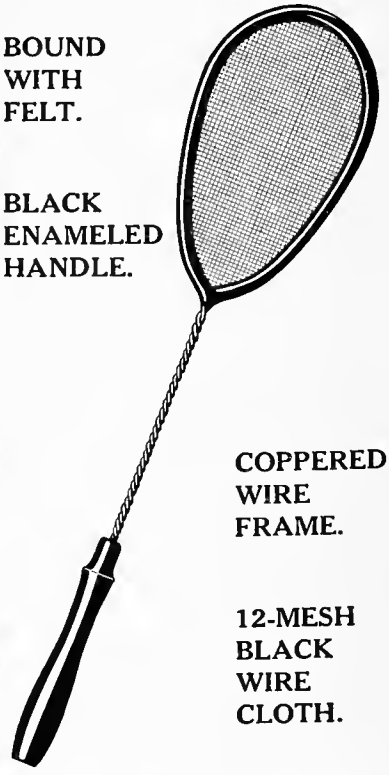
SUPPORT THIS MOVEMENT, GAIN SOME PRACTICAL BUSINESS EXPERIENCE, PUT SOME MONEY IN THE TROOP'S TREASURY, AND MAKE SOME MONEY FOR YOURSELVES, BY SELLING

Registered

## SWATMOR

Trade Mark

## FLY KILLER



BOUND WITH FELT.

BLACK ENAMELED HANDLE.

COPPERED WIRE FRAME.

12-MESH BLACK WIRE CLOTH.

**Best quality of material and workmanship throughout, insuring maximum durability.**

## $6.50 per Gross

(Express prepaid on one gross or more)

**SELLING PRICE 10c. EACH**

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# BOYS' LIFE

## THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

WALTER P. McGUIRE, Editor

Associate Editors:
DAN BEARD and ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Vol. V. AUGUST, 1915 No. 6


## Leading Features This Month


**Cover Design** ..... *By Norman P. Rockwell*....
**The Quarry Troop Life Guards** ..... *By Irving Crump* ..... 2
**Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol (Continued)** .. *By William Heyliger*..... 5
**How to be a Forest Ranger—Now** ..... *By Henry S. Graves*..... 7
**A Baseball Comedy of Errors** ..... *By J. Raymond Elderdice*... 8
**Dan Beard Tells You How** ..... *By Daniel Carter Beard*..... 10
**Moonshiners in the Jungle (Conclusion)** .... *By Walter Walden*..... 11
**Fatty Masters Tries to Think** ..... *By William Merriam Rouse*.. 13
**Boy Scout Life Savers** ..... *By Armstrong Perry*..... 14
**Funny Fotos—Two Pages of Smiles** .....16-17
**In the Scout Cave** ..... *By The Cave Scout*..... 18
**Scouts' Questions Answered** ..... 19
**Life, Star and Eagle Requirements Changed** ..... 20
**Boy Scouts Around the World** ..... 21
**Our Lonesome Corner** ..... 22
**The Fun Scouts Have** ..... 24
**With the Boy Scouts Afield** ..... 26



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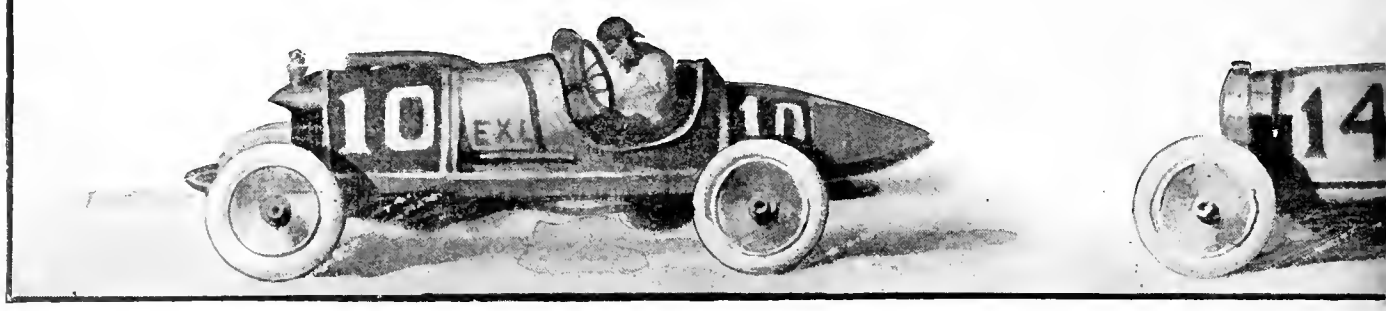
# The Quarry Troop Life Guards




## The Woodbridge Scouts Have an Unexpected Summer Outing as a Motorcycle Beach Patrol

By IRVING CRUMP

Author of "The Boy Scout Smoke Eaters," "Quarry Troop and the Movies," Etc.
Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

BRUCE and two companions, Romper Ryan and Jiminy Gordon, were passing the Post Office just as Morton McCabe, the little old man who delivered mail in the southern district of Woodbridge, came down the broad stone steps.

"How are you, Mr. McCabe," saluted Bruce.

"Hello, boys; fine, fine, thanks. Say, did you get your letter?" said the diminutive postman, who always talked very fast and tried to crowd as many sentences as he could into a single breath.

"Letter?" demanded Bruce, "what letter?"

"Why, I left a letter up at headquarters for you this morning. It was addressed to you, care of Quarry Troop No. 1, of Woodbridge. Came from Old Harbor Beach, Maine. Saw the post-mark. Big letter. Looked important."

"Is that so? Thank you, Mr. McCabe," said Bruce.

"Who do you know at Old Harbor Beach, Bruce?" asked Romper.

"That's what I was wondering. I can't figure it out. The letter must be meant for all of us, or else it wouldn't have been mailed to headquarters. Come on, fellows, we'll see what it is."

TEN minutes later the three lads arrived at headquarters. There was the big blue envelope sticking under the door. Bruce picked it up and ripped it open, while his companions crowded around and looked over his shoulder. Hastily the patrol leader's eyes ran through the first paragraph. Then, as if he could not believe what he had read, he started to go over it again.

"Out loud, out loud. Don't be so blamed stingy," said Romper, who was eager to hear the news it contained.

"I—er—aw, say, this must be a joke. Gee, if it isn't, it's the biggest piece of luck the troop has had in some time. Listen, fellows:

*Bruce Clifford, Chief of the Motor Cycle Fire Department, Woodbridge, Vt.:*

MY DEAR BRUCE:

From what I have heard of your motorcycle fire department I have come to the conclusion that the members of your troop are exactly the boys I need to help me this summer. I would like to hire the services of ten scouts to take charge of a motorcycle life-saving corps I am organizing at Old Harbor Beach.

I own all the bathing concessions here and we have a strip of the finest beach along the Atlantic Coast. It is fifteen miles long, just as firm as concrete. The bathing here is treacherous at times, however, and there have been several lives lost so far this Summer. I do not care to have any more such accidents and I want a good crew of life savers to help me. This crew will cover the beach on especially designed motorcycles. I know you scouts are trained in first aid work and are well fitted for these duties, and that is why I am eager to have your services. Of course I want only the ten best swimmers in the troop.

It is necessary that you come to Old Harbor Beach at once, as the International Automobile Races will be held here next week, and these with several large conventions will bring thousands of people to Old Harbor from now until the end of the Summer. I will pay transportation for ten scouts and will board you and pay each of you $5.00 a week. If these terms are satisfactory, wire me at once and I will send a check to cover expenses.

Very truly yours,
J. ARTHUR HERRICK,
President, Old Harbor Improvement Association.

"By Jiminy, what do you think of that?" exclaimed Gordon in amazement.

"Jove, I can't believe it. Seems like a —well, I think some one is making fun of us," said Bruce. "Wait, I'll read it over again and see if I can see a joker in it somewhere." Once more he read it aloud, while Romper and Jiminy Gordon listened.

"Sounds mighty good on second reading," asserted Romper.

"It sure does," exclaimed Gordon enthusiastically, "and just think, fellow, if we go we can see the Internationals. Jove, I was looking over the entry list in the paper this morning. The best automobile drivers in the world will be there — St. Clare, DuBlan, Osterhaut, and—and—best of all, Dan Dacy, the American, who has been smashing all of the old records. The papers say Dacy is the favorite. He's going to make a new record in everything from five to fifteen miles and trim the Frenchmen and the Germans an—"

"Oh, say, quit! We're not there yet. Gee, you almost make me believe I'm really going," said Romper.

"But what's to prevent?" demanded Jiminy.

"Well — well — I don't know, unless this letter is a joke."

"We'll find out if it is or not by sending a wire immediately," said Bruce, who had been thinking the situation over.

"Yes, but first why not get the troop together and see if we can get ten good swimmers whose parents will let them go? We can call a meeting this afternoon and send our telegram tonight," said Romper.

"Right-o; good suggestion," said Jiminy.

"And I really think we should submit the whole thing to Mr. Ford and get his opinion before we take definite action. If some one is joshing us, he'll be able to see through it all right."

BUT subsequent events proved conclusively that the letter was not a joke. The scouts called their meeting immediately, and after a careful study of the troop's merit badge list, and a painful process of elimination, the ten oldest and best fitted scouts of the troop were selected to become members of the life-saving crew. Then Bruce, Romper and Jiminy took the letter to Mr. Ford and gave him the whole details of the case.

Mr. Ford read the letter slowly, carefully considering every detail. Then he laid it down and removed his glasses.

"Well, boys, if you want my opinion on the whole matter, I would say that you were quite the luckiest lot of chaps I've ever heard of. I spent a summer in Old Harbor Beach three years ago, and, of course, I met Mr. Herrick. He is quite the finest man I ever hope to come in contact with; big, stout and jovial, and as good-hearted as can be. If your parents will let you, I would advise every one to accept the offer."

"Crackey, we *are* in luck, fellows. I move we telegraph our acceptance right away," said Romper.

"I move we turn the matter over to Mr. Ford and let him telegraph. He's our Scoutmaster, and I'm sure Mr. Herrick would feel better about the whole thing if he found he was dealing with a grown-up person," said Bruce.

"Right," said Jiminy and Romper.

"Well, if that's how the wind lies, I'll do it," said Mr. Ford; "only you boys consult your parents first and tell me what they have to say."

"Whoope-e-e, we will see the Internationals!" exclaimed Jiminy.

"Yes, and we get a month at the seashore. When'll we start?" demanded Romper.

"Just as soon as the money arrives. About Tuesday, I should guess," said Bruce, as the lads left Mr. Ford's house.

IT is hardly natural for ten thoroughly healthy scouts to be confined to the restricted limits of a day coach for four solid hours without becoming extremely weary of the monotony of it all. Bruce and the rest of the members of Quarry Troop No. 1 became quite restive before the long journey to Old Harbor Beach ended. Indeed, the lads were thoroughly pleased when, after the engine whistle had emitted a prolonged shriek, the conductor poked his head in at the door and drawled—"Old Har-b-o-r—, Old Harbor Beach! Next stop Port Junction."

"Thank goodness we're here at last," exclaimed Nipper Knapp, as he began to gather his luggage together.

"That's the best news I've heard today," insisted Bud Weir, swinging his suitcase to his shoulder and crowding out into the aisle with the rest of the scouts.

A stout, good-natured looking man, with a little five-year-old girl in a bathing suit perched on his shoulder and a big collie dog romping by his side, was easily the most conspicuous individual on the long station platform. Bruce caught sight of him as he descended the steps of the coach.

"That's Mr. Herrick, or I'm a duffer at guessing," he said to Romper, who was just behind him.

"You're not a duffer, for here he comes to welcome us," said Ray Martin, who had overheard the remark.

Indeed, as soon as the big man saw the group of uniformed scouts leaving the train he hurried toward them.

"Hello, there, boys. I'm the one you're looking for, I guess. My name's Herrick."

"My name is Bruce Clifford, Mr. Herrick," said the patrol leader, extending his hand, "and these are the life-savers you have been looking for."

"Good, I'll learn your names later, boys, and if I don't, I'll give you names that'll be just as good, won't I, May? Boys, this is my daughter May. Now come along with me to my office on the pier and I'll outline just what my plans are. I want you to go on guard as soon as you can, for the crowd at the beach is getting larger with every train that pulls in. The Internationals start tomorrow, you know. The racing cars are all here. For a week past they have been tearing up and down the beach from sunrise until the bathers begin to turn out for their morning dip. Sort of tuning up for the big events."

"Will we be able to see the race?" asked Gordon eagerly.

"I don't see why not. They start tomorrow and will last for three days," replied Mr. Herrick.

"Won't that be great," exclaimed several as they fell in line behind Mr. Herrick and accompanied him through the resort toward the pier.

OLD HARBOR BEACH was like all other high-class watering places along the Atlantic Coast, only a great deal larger than the average. At least a dozen tremendous hotels were located on the heights back of the beach. There were the usual number of shore restaurants and candy stores, too, and a boardwalk that stretched along the entire waterfront. Below this was a great wide beach of pure white sand as firm as a well-paved road, and fairly crowded with bathers. This beach was known throughout the world as an automobile race course, and many a speed record had been made on it.

"So this is the famous Old Harbor Beach race course?" said Jiminy, as he eyed the straightaway.

"That's what it is, son, and if you'll look away down there you'll see a number of low green sheds. Those are the garages where the speed maniacs store their high-powered cars."

"Jiminy!" whispered Gordon, thoroughly awed.

MR. HERRICK'S office was in the big white building at the shore end of the steel recreation pier. Without any ceremony he ushered the lads into the room and had them make themselves at home. This invitation the scouts accepted by promptly taking a seat on whatever was handiest, including window sills, tables and even the floor; Mr. Herrick sat down at his desk, while the collie curled up at his feet and his daughter took her place on his knee.

"Scouts," he said, "there have been three very sad occurrences at the beach this summer, and while in each case the fault lay entirely with the bather, I feel very much disturbed by the accidents, and I don't want any more to take place this year. I have called upon you boys to help me prevent them. Remember, from now on you lads are the guardians of the lives of bathers at Old Harbor Beach." He spoke the last sentence very impressively.

"Here's my plan," he continued after a pause. "Last Winter I was out to California, and at one of the beaches I saw a motorcycle life-saving corps that had been organized by an old-time life-saver. It pleased me so much that I decided to have the same sort of a patrol on my beach. I ordered two motorcycles built along the lines of the machines used there. They arrived here two days ago and are now in their garages waiting for you. These cars are equipped with all kinds of life-saving and first-aid devices, including a stretcher, a pulmotor, bandages and medicines of all kinds. There will be two men to a motorcycle; a driver and a man on the tandem seat, ready to spring from the wheel and plunge into the surf and make a rescue. He should be the best swimmer of the pair, of course.

"All along the beach I have had signal towers built, each of which will be manned by a scout. He will keep constant vigil, and, at the first sign of trouble in his vicinity, he will flash a warning to the next tower. The scouts in that tower will flash the signal on until it reaches the lookout at the garage. Then the motorcycle will be off to the scene of trouble, tearing down the beach at a mile-a-minute clip. How does that strike you?"

"Great," exclaimed several of the scouts in unison.

"Well, don't get the idea that it's all fun. Indeed, it's mighty serious business, I'll have you know. On your quickness to respond to an alarm and upon your bravery and cool-headedness in a crisis will depend a human life, perhaps several of them," said Mr. Herrick.

"We realize that," said Bruce soberly.

"I guess you'll do, all right. I've heard a great deal about you Vermont scouts and I guess you'll be able to do what I

ask of you and do it right. Now, if you are ready, we'll go down to one of the garages; there are two of them. If you will look out of the window you will see one about a mile down the beach there. The other is a mile to the north of us. The distance between the two stations includes all of the beach reserved for bathers and it will give each machine about a mile to patrol.

"The garages have just been completed. Each will contain sleeping accommodations for five boys. You will divide your crew into two patrols, with a leader for each patrol. One patrol will occupy the north station and the other the south. There will be two life savers and three watchmen to each patrol. Do you understand?"

"Indeed, we do," said Bruce.

"Good," said Mr. Herrick. Then, after sending his little daughter out on to the beach to romp with her collie companion, he continued: "Come on and we'll inspect your new quarters." And, with Mr. Herrick in the lead, the scouts filed out upon the pier and down a long iron stairway to the beach below.

*"Well, boys," said Mr. Ford, "I would say that you were quite the luckiest lot of chaps I've ever heard of."*

THROUGH crowds of bathers the lads made their way until they arrived at a long, low structure built near the boardwalk. This was the south station.

Carpenters and painters were putting the finishing touches on to the building, and it looked to the scouts as if they were going to have a capital home in which to spend the month of August.

Inside the big double doors were two rooms. The rear room was equipped with five white iron beds and several chiffoniers and wash stands, while the front apartment contained the life guards' motorcycle.

"Jiminy, look at that machine," exclaimed Gordon, who was the first one to enter the building.

"Crackey, it's the best make on the market, too," said Nipper Knapp, examining the maker's name plate.

"Bet it will burn up the beach, eh, fellows?" said Romper.

"It sure will. It's a two-cylinder tandem. It'll make fifty miles an hour, or I'm no judge," said Bruce enthusiastically.

"Like it, boys?" queried Mr. Herrick, who had been watching them as they inspected the apparatus.

"Like it! Gee, we couldn't help but like it. It's a corker. But what's that side car paraphernalia, that long box and the cigar-shaped tin can and the reel with wire cable on it, and all that?"

"I'll explain that to you right away," said Mr. Herrick. "That long, flat-topped box on the side car serves several purposes. When you want to take an unconscious person to the emergency hospital over on Beach Avenue you can use the box as a stretcher. Just put your patient on to the top of it and while the man on the tandem seat holds him fast the driver can rush the machine off to its destination at top speed; regular mile-a-minute ambulance service, you see.

"Under that flat top are a lot of interesting things. The box contains several compartments in which are all sorts of first-aid preparations, including bandages, medicines, aromatic stimulants and the like. And, last of all, there is a pulmotor."

"Oh, I've heard of the pulmotor and always wanted to see one in use," said Bud.

"Well, I'll tell you how they work," said Mr. Herrick. "It is the latest thing in the way of first-aid appliances. It pumps oxygen into the lungs of an unconscious person automatically. Firemen and life savers all over the world are using them now. That blue tank there contains oxygen. This machinery under the glass covering is a pump that works by the pressure of the oxygen. A little of the oxygen escapes from the tank and moves the pump, which forces the life-giving gas into those long pipes. That muzzle at the end of the pipes is placed over the victim's mouth and nose, and in that way the oxygen enters the lungs. You boys can study the directions for its use on the cover of the box here. When you have a pulmotor around you won't have to resort to the artificial respiration drill described in your Handbook. Try it out on each other until you know exactly how to handle it."

"You bet we will. We'll work out a regular rescue exercise, won't we fellows?" said Bruce.

"Right-o," exclaimed half a dozen lads in unison.

"Fine. Now, I'll explain the way a rescue is made by the California lifesavers. That reel of wire cable and the cigar-shaped float attached to the rear end of the side car is a very important factor in rescue work. The float has a life belt attached to it, as you can see. When a rescue is to be made the motorcycle comes to a stop at the water's edge and the man on the tandem seat leaps off and seizes the float. He buckles the life belt on to him as he plunges into the water and the man on shore reels out the cable as the rescuer swims to the person in trouble. When the life saver reaches the man or woman he is after he does not have to struggle to keep afloat, for the buoy holds him on top of the water. If he has to dive for the drowning one, he merely unbuckles the life belt and when he comes to the surface the buoy is right there for him to seize hold of, or, if he chose to, he could strap it fast to the one he is trying to save. The wire cable is very light, but very strong, and when the buoy is made fast to any one, the man on shore hauls away and drags the body out, just as he would haul out a big fish."

"Jove, but *that's* an outfit for you," exclaimed Romper.

"Well, I'm glad you like it, scouts. The outfit in the north station is identically the same. I didn't spare any money to have your equipment the finest."

"That's mighty good of you," said Bruce.

"Why, it's to my own interest, lads. A single life saved is worth more to me than all the money I've put into this scheme. Now it's up to you boys to make good my investment."

"We'll do it," shouted the scouts in unison.

"All right, boys, that's all I ask. I'll leave you now. You can organize your own patrols and select your own leaders without my help. When you get hungry, go to the Pine Grove Hotel. I've arranged to have all your meals served to you there.

"You can spend the rest of the afternoon becoming familiar with the apparatus, and I guess you'll have all the time you want to practice during the next two or three days, for while the races are on no bathers will be allowed on the beach. Well, goodbye and good luck to you."

And the genial bath house proprietor left the scouts to their own devices.

"JIMINY, fellows, I can't believe it. Some one pinch me, please. I want to see if I'm awake. Just think of being in charge of such an outfit," said Gordon after Mr. Herrick had left.

"It does seem like a dream, doesn't it?" said Bruce, examining the contents of the first-aid chest that formed the body of the side car. "Come on, let's dig into this and see what we have to work with."

That invitation was unnecessary, for several of the lads were rumaging through the chest while others were inspecting the machine and still others were wandering through the building looking their new quarters over. So occupied were they in this pleasant occupation that they completely forgot the time. Indeed, it was after six o'clock before they realized it. And since six o'clock was the dinner hour at the hotel the lads hustled off up the beach to find their boarding place.

For an hour after they left the hotel the scouts wandered through the resort acquainting themselves with the place. At eight they all returned to the south station, for they realized that they still had a great deal to do that evening.

(*Continued on page* 15)

# Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

Author of "The Winning Hit," "Off Side," "Quarterback Reckless," Etc., Etc.

Synopsis of earlier chapters is on pages 27 and 28.

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL.

*"I want to settle my account," he said importantly.*

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued*).

DON gave a delighted shout at the prospect of camping and hurried out into the yard.

He found his father scraping up dry twigs and leaves and helped him.

"This is the start, Don," he said. "It's like old times."

"Did *you* camp when you were a boy, Dad?"

"Often." Mr. Strong bent down and showed Don how to arrange his tinder. Then the boy struck a match, cuffed his hands to shield the tiny flame, and touched it to the dry pile. Carefully he fed the twigs and leaves, and after that some solid sticks.

"What are we going to cook, Dad?" Don asked, eagerly watching the dancing flames.

"Potatoes and meat." After a while, when the fire had formed a bed of coals, Mr. Strong showed the boy how to bury the potatoes. Then he had Don cut a stick from a tree, split one end and inserted the meat. Shielding his face from the heat the scout held it out over the fire to broil.

"Gee, this is great!" he cried in his excitement.

The night, black and starless, came down upon them. Don drew closer to his father, not in fear but in comradeship. Presently the meat was done. The coals were raked away. The potatoes were brought forth.

"Shall we eat here or indoors?" Mr. Strong asked.

"Not indoors, Dad," cried Don. So they sat in the dark and watched the fire die away. Don sighed.

"Pretty good meat, Mr. Cook," his father said as he chewed it.

"Fine! We'll do this again, won't we, Dad?"

His father laid an arm across his shoulder. "You bet we will," he said quietly.

Saturday, when he went to Mr. Wall's house for the troop meeting, he told the scoutmaster that he was ready for his second-class tests.

Scout work, that night, was soon over. The boys began to discuss plans for the winter. Mr. Wall promised a snow hike, and later, when the river froze, a hike on ice skates. Alex Davidson suggested that the troop feed birds.

"We're going to put out bird houses in the spring," he argued. "We might just as well start now with food shelters. Each patrol could have charge of its own shelters."

The scouts gave a yell of approval. Mr. Wall smiled.

"The birds win," he said. After a moment he became serious. "I like the idea of feeding birds," he told them. "It's good advertising."

"Advertising?" asked a puzzled voice.

"Advertising," Mr. Wall repeated. "You didn't know that scouts advertise, did you? They do. Every scout advertises the organization. If he's a good scout, if he lives up to his oath, people who notice what he does will say good things about boy scouts. That's advertising.

"That's one reason it's good to build food shelters and maintain them. People will notice these shelters. They will ask, 'Who is that?' And the answer will be, 'Chester Troop of boy scouts.' That's the sort of advertising we want, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Alex. Davidson, and the others agreed. It was a new thought.

DON struggled with a problem as he walked home that night. If it was good for scouts to advertise in the right way, wasn't it good for other people? His father, for instance? His father was a good mechanic. His father did good work. Why shouldn't his father advertise?

Before starting for school next day he sank a stout post into the ground over near the north corner.

That afternoon he built a small signboard and gave it a first coat of white paint. Later in the week he nailed the sign to the post. The black lettering was neat and well done:

ROBERT STRONG,

CARPENTER AND JOINER.

"Dad!" he called, when it was all finished.

Mr. Strong came up from the carpenter shop.

"Like that?"

His father smiled, pleased. "Of course, I like it. It's a corking sign. Putting some ginger into the business, aren't you?"

"I thought it might help trade," he explained. "That's advertising. Mr. Wall says good advertising is fine."

"That's mighty good advertising," said Mr. Strong heartily. Just as he re-entered the shop with the smile still on his lips, Alex Davidson came down the road.

"Don!" he called.

Don went over to the fence.

"Some of us have been talking things over," said Alex. "It doesn't seem right to use Mr. Wall's library for meetings. We're going to get our own troop headquarters."

"How?" Don asked eagerly.

Alex shook his head. "Don't know yet. We're all thinking and trying to find a way. See if you can think of something."

Don looked startled. "Gee! I could never think of anything like that."

But the matter stuck in his mind. After supper his mother sent him on an errand. On the way he passed the place where the two trolley lines crossed. This spot was known as the "Transfer Station" because of the number of passengers who changed cars at this point.

A small brick and concrete structure served as a waiting room. It had all the appearance of newness. In fact, until a week ago a low, frame building with one room——Don gave a low whistle.

"Wonder where that shanty is," he muttered.

It would be just big enough, he thought, for a meeting place. He wondered if the trolley company had any use for it. It had been a miserable apology for a waiting room. The roof had leaked. The door would not stay closed. Some of the window glass had been broken and had not been replaced. Don wondered if the structure had been thrown on the scrap heap. If he asked the trolley company——Gee! what an adventurous thought that was.

That night, after many false starts, he wrote this letter:

Chester Trolley Company,
Chester.

Gentlemen:

I am a member of Chester Troop, No. 1, Boy Scouts of America. You have built a new waiting room at the Transfer Station, and maybe you have no use for the old wooden waiting room. If you have no use for it, will you please tell me whether you would make a present of it to Chester Troop, No. 1, Boy Scouts of America? We need a meeting room and would be very glad to get it.

Respectfully yours,
DONALD STRONG.

P. S.—I enclose stamp for reply.

Don read the letter over five times. The postscript pleased him especially. It was crisp and businesslike, he thought, to enclose a stamp. He took the letter down to the post office and dropped it in the mail slot.

THAT was Thursday night. Friday he sold two bird houses. Saturday morning his thirty days was up, and his account with the lumber company was due. He took the money from his bank and walked down to the lumber office.

"I want to settle my account," he said importantly. He counted out the exact amount as though it was an everyday matter for him to call and settle a bill.

The cashier smiled behind his hand. "Quite right, Mr. Strong. Thank you."

Don turned toward the door.

The cashier coughed. "Ah—do you want a receipt?"

Don flushed. What a chump he was to forget a receipt. When he came back to the desk his confidence had vanished. He took the receipt, said a hasty "Thank you," and hurried from the place. He wondered if the clerks in the office would laugh at him after he was gone. He felt a sense of vexation. He had tried to play at business, and he had bungled the game.

However, as soon as he reached home, his vexation passed. A letter awaited him. He read it eagerly:

Mr. Donald Strong,
Chester.

Dear Sir:

The Chester Trolley Company takes pleasure in donating to Chester Troop, No. 1, Boy Scouts of America, a frame building, formerly used as a waiting room. This building now stands in the rear of the car barn on the Chester Turnpike, and can be removed at any time.

Sincerely yours,
H. R. BLACK,
Sec. to the President.

*"A letter awaited him. He read it eagerly."*

Don gave a shout of delight. When Barbara came running to see what was the matter, he showed her the letter and together they rejoiced. But after a while Barbara's practical mind began to look ahead.

"How are you going to furnish the place?" she asked.

Don hadn't thought of that. Four bare walls and a bare floor wouldn't do at all.

"I—I guess I know a way," he said.

After dinner he walked to the store of the Chester Furniture Company. A card in the window said that goods were sold for cash or on credit. Don entered.

"I'd like to see some things," he said to the first man he met.

"Certainly," the man gave him a glance of surprise. "Chairs, tables, beds, sideboards——"

"Oh, just chairs, and a table and—and maybe some benches. We want them for our meeting place—boy scouts, you know. Could we buy them on credit?"

"Just a moment," said the salesman. "You had better talk with our manager."

So the manager was brought from some place in the rear of the store. He was a short, stout man, well groomed and soft spoken, and he listened attentively while Don told of how Chester Troop had secured its meeting place from the trolley company and now wanted to furnish it.

"You have a leader, I suppose?" the manager questioned.

"A scoutmaster? Oh, yes, sir. Our scoutmaster is Mr. Walt."

"Of the high school faculty?"

"Yes, sir."

The manager nodded to the salesman. "I guess it's all right."

For the next half hour Don selected industriously—six plain chairs at fifty cents each, one table at a dollar and a quarter, two benches at one dollar each, and three framed pictures for three dollars. Don thought the pictures were gorgeous.

"They'll look swell on the wall," he said.

"Certainly," the salesman agreed politely.

"How—how much will we have to pay?"

"About fifty cents down and fifty cents a week."

Don drew a sigh of relief. That was all right. If each fellow put in five cents a week the troop could easily pay the fifty cents.

In the front of the store they found the manager waiting. "Does Mr. Wall know of this purchase?" he asked.

"I'm the only one who knows about it so far," Don said proudly.

The manager raised his eyebrows. "Oh! Well, suppose you talk this matter over with Mr. Wall and with the troop."

"I'm going to," the boy said. "I—I guess we must pass resolutions before we can buy. I wanted to pick out the stuff and find how much it would cost so I could tell the fellows."

"Quite right," said the manager. He held open the door and Don passed out. Gee! how easy it was to get things when you knew how.

Back in the store the salesman gave a shout of laughter. "How is that for nerve?"

The manager shook his head. "Great boy," he said. "Leave that list at the desk. Mr. Wall may O. K. it, and then we'll know just what's wanted. Great Scott, think of a boy walking in here and picking out ten dollars' worth of furniture as though he was spending two cents. What's the world coming to?"

Don, quite unconscious of the stir he had created, walked home well satisfied. A meeting place thoroughly furnished! He had done it all alone. The Wolf Patrol would be proud of him.

He decided to keep this a secret from Barbara. When the meeting place was all ready and the furniture was in it, he'd take her down and give her a surprise.

(*Continued on page* 27)

*"It doesn't seem right to use Mr. Wall's library for meetings. We're going to get our own troop headquarters."*

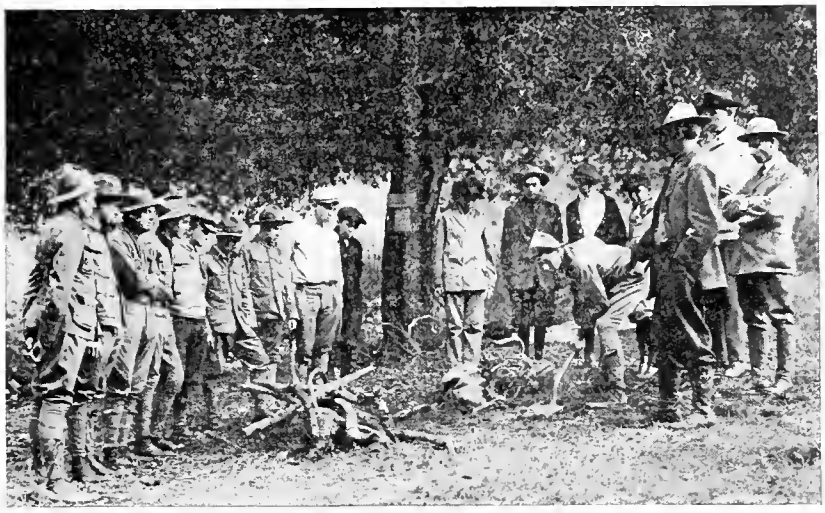
# How to Be a Forest Ranger—Now

By HENRY S. GRAVES

Chief of the United States Forestry Service.

IN many parts of this country boy scouts and other fellows as well, are taking an active and important part in the work of conserving the nation's forest resources, which is the duty of rangers and other members of the United States Forest Service. These boys really are forest rangers in the best sense of the term, although they have no title as such, wear no regulation uniform and get no pay for their services. For they do better than anything else the most important and far-reaching thing of all the many, many matters which Uncle Sam's trained rangers are paid to do. That is, they teach other boys—and grown-ups, too—how to use the woods without destroying them. They know what are the benefits and the beauty and the wonder of the woods and why it is wrong to be wasteful and destructive of the trees which Nature plants for man's benefit.

*Design of the Forestry Merit Badge.*



*Pomona, Cal., scouts receiving instructions in forest fire prevention from Forest Ranger Sloan.*

### What a Real Rangea Does

A real ranger who rides his horse through the vast, timbered wildernesses of the National Forests, watching for fire, issuing permits to persons who need wood or other things, building roads and trails and keeping selfish folk from abusing the public privileges, spends much of his time teaching people how to keep from destroying the forests.

He never misses a chance to tell a man or a boy, a woman or a girl, why fires must not be started in the brush and leaves, and how, if the young trees are cut or burned, there will be no new growth to replace the old trees when they die or have to be felled for lumber. He explains that trees keep the ground from drying up and that, if all the trees are taken away, there will be nothing then to hold back the rain water that it may seep gradually into the lakes and streams, but instead, there will be floods, washouts and landslides when a heavy rain comes, and parching dryness during the season when there is no rain.

### What Can You Do?

Suppose, for instance, you are a boy scout and that you live near a farm whose owner lets fires start in his woods and sweep through them and other woods near by. Then, if you want to be a forest ranger, you can show that farmer that fire, even a small blaze which runs through only the fallen leaves and low bushes, kills all the seedlings, the tiny trees which have just poked their fresh green tips above the ground. That means, you will say, that there can be no young trees to grow up and take the place of the big ones which die or have to be cut down.

If you look at woods where the ground is burned over often, you will see almost all the trees are old. You will also see that many of these old trees have fire-scars and holes at the bottom, which let rot into the heart of the tree. Such trees die before their time, and if cut down make less lumber than round trees would. Fires do not pay, from any standpoint.

### What's Unfair and Unmanly

Moreover, you can teach other boys not to drop burning matches in the woods or leave campfires untended; you can explain how selfish and wasteful it is to destroy or permit the destruction of the forests, which have such a necessary and beautiful part in the life and work of the people of any country; you can try to make them see that it is unfair and unmanly to do anything which will deprive others of the beauty and material benefits afforded by the forests. If some man or boy had done something to kill all the trees in your neighborhood, you not only wouldn't have any shade in the summer time, but you couldn't go woods-scouting and there would be no homes for the wild animals and birds.

### Help on Signs

In the National Forests the rangers put up signs along the trails and at the look-out stations warning campers, tourists and other persons not to start fires by being careless or thoughtless. Boy scouts can sometimes get owners to want signs put up on their land, asking people not to make any fires, and can offer to put up signs if the owner will furnish them. Such signs will help to prevent fires, but there is nothing like actually *talking* to people to teach them how cruelly selfish it is and needlessly wasteful to harm or destroy the woods.

### Did You Ever Plant a Tree?

Another thing that the ranger does is to plant trees where they are needed. In this example, he is already being followed by a great many scouts and other boys who plant seeds in small nurseries to grow young trees for transplanting and set out saplings for shade and other useful purposes. Some states will furnish young seedlings for planting, on application to the State forester, and wherever there is a State forester he can be written to for information on how young trees may be grown from seed at home.

So it must be quite plain that it isn't hard to be a forest ranger, even though one does not live near a National Forest or is not old enough to enter the Forest Service of the Government.

## REPORT OF NATIONAL COURT OF HONOR FOR JUNE, 1915

HONOR MEDALS

| | |
|---|---|
| Marcellus Hatcher | East Orange, N. J. |
| Harvey Keiderling | Passaic, N. J. |

### EAGLE SCOUTS

To win the Silver Eagle these First Class Scouts must have qualified for 21 Merit Badges. It is the highest honor given for winning Merit Badges.

| | |
|---|---|
| Charles Webb | Wellsboro, Pa. |
| J. E. Knott | Boston, Mass. |
| Paul E. Stevenson | Boston, Mass. |
| B. Roming | Harrisburg, Pa. |
| John H. Keller | Harrisburg, Pa. |

### LIFE AND STAR SCOUTS

Life Scouts hold Merit Badges in first aid, athletics, life saving, personal health and public health. Star Scouts have five badges in addition to these.

| | |
|---|---|
| J. E. Knott, Jr. | Boston, Mass. |
| Paul E. Stevenson | Boston, Mass. |
| R. M. Thomas | Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| John H. Keller | Harrisburg, Pa. |
| B. Roming | Harrisburg, Pa. |
| H. Fred Gramm | Harrisburg, Pa. |
| C. Willard Smith | Harrisburg, Pa. |
| Edwin H. Draper | Greeley, Colo. |
| Robert Hoskins | Hartford, Conn. |
| Walter Johnson | Hartford, Conn. |
| Bernie Goodrum | Pittsburg, Kans. |
| Richard Stevens | Homestead, Pa. |
| Carl Skinner | Fairview, Kans. |

### STAR SCOUTS

| | |
|---|---|
| J. Roy Zoeller | Homestead, Pa. |
| A. H. Wyman | Homestead, Pa. |
| Gordon T. Runcie | Camden, Ind. |

Total number of Merit Badges issued in June, 1,056.

# A Baseball Comedy of Errors

By J. RAYMOND ELDERDICE

Author of "A Victory Unforeseen," "Hickey Edits," Etc.

Illustrated by F. RIGNEY.

*"Run, Hicks, run! It's your third strike!"*

*THE account of this "wild and weird" baseball game at Bannister College is published (slightly abridged) in* BOYS' LIFE *by courtesy of Mr. Elderdice, the author, and of D. Appleton & Co., who in the early fall will include this entire story, with tales of other exciting school experiences of the ever-amusing T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., in a book which will be called "T. Haviland Hicks, Sophomore."*

PERHAPS the most graphic method of chronicling that colossal conflict, the Sophomore-Freshman baseball game, would be to quote from the "write-up" of "Scoop" Sawyer, Baseball Editor of The Bannister *Weekly*, whose picturesque account appeared in the Commencement issue of that periodical.

Before detailing the contest by innings, the embryo journalist made a few general remarks as follows:

SENSATIONAL FINISH ON BANNISTER FIELD! WILD AND WEIRD BASEBALL!

On Saturday afternoon that annual combination of Farce-Comedy, Burlesque, and Continuous Vaudeville, more generally known to Bannister as the Sophomore-Freshmen baseball game, was perpetrated on Bannister Field by Captains "Butch" Brewster and "Roddy" Perkins, aided and abetted by twenty or more accomplices. This "Slaughter of the Innocents" and "Crime in the Name of Baseball" was witnessed by a vast and enthusiastic crowd of four hundred, including Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, members of the Faculty, townspeople, "Marcellus" Jones, the Smithson sweep, and a yellow dog, name unknown!

Promptly at 1:30 P. M. Captain Brewster's so-called nine took the field, and for fifteen minutes vainly endeavored to delude the long-suffering public into believing that they were practicing! Then Captain Perkins' aggregation followed this heinous example and illustrated the old adage, "Six of one, and half a dozen of the other."

Several of the Senior-Scientifics, equipped with powerful telescopes, made heroic efforts to discover some *real* ball players, but the total number seen could be counted on the thumbs of the left hand. The infielders could not have stopped a ball with a writ of *habeas corpus*, while an Act of Legislature would have been necessary to start an outfielder after a fly.

When Umpire "Soc" Osterhaus (as an umpire, he is a splendid checker-player) shouted "Play Ball," the Sophomores took the field, for what purpose is unknown. "Don" Carterson, who will never divorce Walter Johnson from his job, entered the box for 1919, with Captain Brewster playing the role of "The Man in the Iron Mask." Amid vociferous rooting from extremely partisan members of the two lower classes, the annual baseball classic (?) was on.

Of "Don" Carterson's pitching we have to remark that his control was absolutely phenomenal. Having gathered affidavits from students of unimpeachable veracity, we can state without fear of contradiction that in the two innings he officiated, the Sophomore hurler did not hit anyone in the grandstand, or throw a single ball over the left field fence. Evidently laboring under the delusion that he was a French soldier shooting at a German aeroplane, Carterson persisted in aiming at a point fully six feet over his catcher's head. Varying this performance, he became insanely positive that the home-plate was a target, and he registered several bull's-eyes. As a result of his obsession so many Freshmen promenaded that it soon resembled a Bowery Bread Line at midnight. After two innings of Carterson's officiating as Transportation Agent, Captain Brewster requested that he forget the location of the box as well as he had that of the plate, and inserted "Ichabod" into the melee as embryo Mathewson.

With the Freshmen proud possessors of ten runs, as a result of countless passes and five hits off Carterson's delivery, "Ichabod" proceeded to take the situation in hand. "Ichabod," who has boasted that he can pitch horseshoes, but never mentioned baseball, showed up as first team timber, and not a Freshman crossed the home-plate after the second inning. However, with ten runs in the Treasury, this seemed unnecessary.

In the interim, while Captain "Roddy" Perkins' pitching would have won the game (with the Boston Red Sox and Ty Cobb back of him), the Freshman team seemed determined to give the 1919 crowd the game as a Christmas present, or as a token of affection. In order to make it appear that there was no foul plot to this effect, while Ichabod held them scoreless after the second inning, '20 quietly handed the Sophomores a run at frequent intervals.

The entire Freshman team composed a cast, presenting a modern version of "A Comedy of Errors." The outfielders seemed to have sworn not to catch anything more than public attention, while the infielders apparently thought that they took part in a football game, for they punted and drop-kicked the ball with marvelous ability, to the great enthusiasm of all football lovers present.

However, Captain "Roddy" either "tightened up" or "cut loose" after the scores stood—Freshman, 10; Sophomores, 4, in the fifth; and from then until the final frame the virgin soil of the home-plate remained untrampled by alien foot. To keep the contest from being monotonous, Umpire "Soc" Osterhaus seized the opportunity to demonstrate, to the satisfaction of all (except the players), that if he had to earn a living at umpiring, he would starve to death.

In the last half of the eighth inning——

"SCOOP" Sawyer and The Bannister *Weekly* may be left astern now, for it was in the last of the eighth that the game really began, in the estimation of the joyous upper classmen. At this juncture History began to be manufactured, and the weary spirits of the spectators became enlivened, for T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., of whose presence in the Titanic struggle all hope had been lost, entered the 1919 batting order. As the score was ten to four for the Freshmen, and the game nearly ended, the hilarious ecstasy of the crowd at Hicks' debut may better be imagined than described.

*"They punted and drop-kicked with marvelous ability."*

T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., toward the end of the eighth inning divorced himself from the 1919 "dug-out" and navigated nonchalantly toward the grandstand. Having howled encouragement to Captain "Butch" Brewster's nine until his shouts resembled the vocal efforts of a bullfrog with bronchial trouble, the blithesome youth felt justified in seeking the society of the sky-larking upper classmen.

As the sunny Sophomore drifted toward the stand his lurid bathrobe flapping grotesquely at his heels, he stopped suddenly, for a tremendous outburst from the spectators deafened him.

"Hello," said Hicks, as the tumult suddenly ceased, leaving a strange stillness. "Somebody got hurt? 'Sukey' Sykes—knocked out—sliding head first into third base! I wonder——"

He hesitated. Several collegians were bearing the injured gladiator from the field, stunned, but not seriously hurt. Umpire Osterhaus, a big megaphone in hand, after a consultation with Captain Brewster and the 1919 nine, was striding importantly toward the stand to make an announcement. A moment later Hicks beheld Butch, Beef, Pudge and Ichabod dashing excitedly toward him.

"Hicks," began Captain Brewster, earnestly, "just listen——"

And he wrathfully explained that the 1919 substitutes, believing the game irrevocably lost, had rushed to the gymnasium showers so as to be sure of a bath before supper; this (this alone, indeed) made it absolutely necessary.

Butch's voice was drowned by Umpire "Soc" Osterhaus, who, aiming his big megaphone at the spectators, was bawling out the announcement:

"T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., now playing right field in place of 'Sukey' Sykes. Change of batting order. Ichabod batting in Sykes' place. Hicks in Ichabod's. Hicks now at bat for '19. Two out; last half of the eighth."

ALMOST in a trance the paralyzed Sophomore, thus pitchforked into the game, wabbled toward the home-plate, while from the stand the enthusiastic

shouts of the delighted upper classmen sounded.

"'Ray! Ray! Ray! Hicks will save the day! Hicks! Hicks! Hicks'"

"Aw, he couldn't hit a barn with a scatter gun."

"Let him bat with a board, Roddy."

"Don't mind them, old man," begged Butch, worried, but Hicks said, "Bah!" in his scorn of them, seized a bat, swaggered toward the stand and struck what he believed was "Home-Run" Baker's camera pose. The crowd yelled, but stilled the tumult with uplifted hand. Then the fun-loving Sophomore shouted:

"Fellow Bannisterites! The great moving picture drama—'HICKS, THE HOME-RUN HERO!' will now be staged. I am sorry there are not three men on bases, for *only* at such times can I knock a home-run! However, I shall proceed to win the game for old '19. My class calls on me, and——"

At this juncture angry Butch Brewster seized Hicks and dragged him to the home-plate. His knees wobbling, and the bat shaking nervously in his hands, the alarmed youth, batting woman-fashion, struck out—one, two, three; just like that!

THE exuberant upper classmen, who now felt they were "getting their money's worth," roared their delight. While they were shouting big Butch Brewster, corralling Hicks, handed him a glove and in chaste English expressed his unqualified opinion of that grinning youth.

"Hicks," he said, with grim emphasis, "if *brains* were ammunition *you* wouldn't have enough to shoot a cap pistol off. Now take this glove and stand in right field and—*do your worst!*"

The Freshman half of the final inning passed without untoward incident, as Ichabod's splendid pitching held them scoreless. Out in right field T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., by the simple process of doing nothing, attracted all the attention, and "Shakespeare" Sawtelle, envious of Doc MacGruder's laurels, shouted a humorous parody:

"Twinkle, twinkle, baseball star,
How we wonder who you are!
Out in right field, on the job,
My, but Hicks looks like Ty Cobb!"

It must not be supposed that the blithesome Hicks was in the least perturbed by this continuous storm of jeers, ridicule and sarcasm, or that the hilarious collegians meant anything by it. T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., was the most popular youth at Bannister. By his harmless braggodocio and his funny swagger, entirely assumed, he made everybody laugh all the time and brought his punishment on himself, and it is hard to say who enjoyed the chaffing more, the students, or —Hicks!

When 1919 came to bat in the last of the ninth, with the score ten to four against the Sophomores, and Hicks, having made the last out the previous inning, no one dreamed that the festive youth would again have a chance to imitate either "Home-Run" Baker or the immortal "Casey." Roddy had been pitching steady ball, giving his team mates no opportunity to kick the game away, and not a cloud appeared on the horizon of 1920's blue sky.

Taking careful aim, James Roderick Perkins hit "Beef" McNaughton fairly in the back with the ball, though that elephant did not become exhausted from his efforts to get out of the way. Following this, to show his marvelous accuracy, Roddy smote Ichabod in the ribs, a difficult feat, as the lengthy youth presented a very thin sideview. Thanks to an error by "Biff" Pemberton, the agitated 1920 catcher, second and third base soon became occupied by the two Sophomores.

Then, with the spectators taking a mild interest, the Freshman pitcher reformed temporarily, and struck out "Skeet" Wigglesworth on three pitched balls! Following this Captain Butch Brewster, by way of gentle reproof, leaned against one of Roddy's fast ones for a two-bagger, scoring two runs. This feat raised the hopes of 1919, the enthusiastic interest of the upper classmen, and the score to ten to six, all at one fell blow!

"Go get 'em!" was the cry. "A garrison finish! You can do it."

Utterly carried away with excitement, "Cherub" Challoner, a rotund youth, swung frantically at two balls so far over his head that a vaulting pole would have been more appropriate than a bat. Then he steadied down and aroused futile hopes by getting three balls, after which he showed his gratitude to Roddy Perkins by gracefully striking out. As this made two out, Butch on second, and "Billy" Harnsworth, a woefully weak hitter, at bat, the crowd made unmistakable evidences of departure.

*"Just leave it to me, Butch," the sunny Sophomore chortled.*

However, since Billy could not hit the ball, the nervous Roddy courteously hit the Sophomore, carefully picking out the left shoulder; whereupon the second year batter promenaded to first, being greeted heartily by Butch Brewster, who had grown lonesome on second. After this event the spectators decided to wait a few minutes longer, because there were signs in the atmosphere that "things might happen!"

With two on bases, and two out, "Pudge" Langdon selected a choice spot back of shortstop, and dropped a beautiful "Texas Leaguer" thereon, which act won him generous applause from the spectators and caused a near riot among the 1919 rooters, as the bases were full! Following this illustrious example, "Chub" Chalmers, who had never hit a ball, drove a short single to right field, scoring Butch, and keeping the bases crowded! With the score 10 to 7 in favor of 1920, and the noise and chaos approaching the thunderous din of a combined earthquake, artillery-battle and cyclone, the tumult suddenly died, for—in the ninth 1919 had batted around, the next hitter was—Thomas Haviland Hicks, Jr!

"It's *all over!*" groaned Captain Butch Brewster, taking a long lead off second base. "Three runs to tie and four to win—two men out—the bases full—and Hicks at bat! *Good night!*"

TO do the happy-go-lucky Hicks justice, he appeared to realize the solemnity of the occasion. It was all right to be jocular when the score was ten to five, two out and a runner on second, but now—with the bases congested, and three runs needed to tie, and himself about to make the third out, the final one of the game—it was time for serious reflection!

"Casey at the Bat!" howled the upperclassmen, and the hilarious Freshmen, the tension relieved now, took up the cry. In truth, every one believed the game was ended, for it would require but a few seconds to strike out the nerve-shaken Hicks. However, he *might* get a base on balls, which would bring that heavy hitter, "Beef" McNaughton, up, with the score then 10 to 8, for a run would be forced in by a pass!

"Strike out Hicks!" shouted the Freshmen. "Hicks—the Hitless Wonder! All right, Roddy—three pitched balls will do it—they'll end the game!"

Three pitched balls *did*—but in an unexpected way!

In Hicks' nervous, intensely excited frame of mind Roddy could have heaved the sphere at the second-baseman, and the Sophomore would have struck at it! Determined not to get out on called strikes, the desperate Hicks resolved to swing wildly, in the shadowy hope of hitting the ball! With this in mind, and not hearing his team-mates' imploring shouts to "Wait him out!" the second edition of "Casey" struck madly at two balls that aviated far above his noble brow!

"Str-r-rike TWO!" pronounced Umpire "Soc" Osterhaus excitedly.

"It's all over but the shouting!" howled the happy Freshmen, and the upper-classmen, following a Bannister tradition, left the stand and crowded together to give their class yell for the victorious nine!

(*Continued on page* 28)

# Dan Beard Tells You How

## To Make a Backwoods Crane, and Backwoods Napkin Rings*

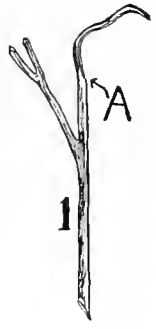
By DAN BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.

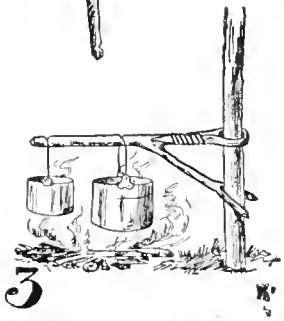
WHENEVER we produce anything for Boys' Life which has a camp flavor to it, which suggests the odor of bacon and flap-jacks, the freedom of tent-life or life in the open, it is always popular with the scouts. Those trammels that we published seem to have been just what a number of our readers were waiting for and the echo of the trammels is still resounding in the editorial office.

### A New Crane.

All my readers of course know that before there were any other scouts in the world there were here in America the scouts of the Boy Pioneers, Sons of Daniel Boone, and Acting Scoutmaster Victor Aures, of Troop 61, Boy Scouts of America, Buffalo, is one of the scouts who has graduated from that first society. He is one of our old reliable stand-bys and pupil, and he can turn out some very practical and ingenious scout inventions. After that trammel article was published, Acting Scoutmaster Aures sent us what he calls the "Backwoods Trammel." It would more properly be a scout trammel, as the scout staff is used, and to it the rustic contrivance is attached.




Then, again, it is not a trammel at all, but a rustic crane just such as are found in the old-time fireplaces, the differences being that the ones in the fireplaces are made at the blacksmith's shop and made of iron. So, if Victor Aures will allow us, we will call this the Scout's crane, or, if he would rather have it so, we will call it the Backwoods crane. It is made of forked branches such as are shown in the illustration, Fig. 1.




Forked branches such as shown in the illustration can be easily found in any woods, but care should be exercised in the selection of material. Trees with tough bark, such as basswood, etc., are safest, as no small share of the weight of the kettles will rest upon the bark loop.

The size of the crane depends, of course, wholly upon the individual using it and the number of kettles to be used. After securing the material and trimming it to represent Fig. 1, the strip of bark which is left attached to one end of the fork (Fig. 1A) is whipped back and tightly secured to the fork with cord in a vertical line above the smaller fork (Fig. 2).

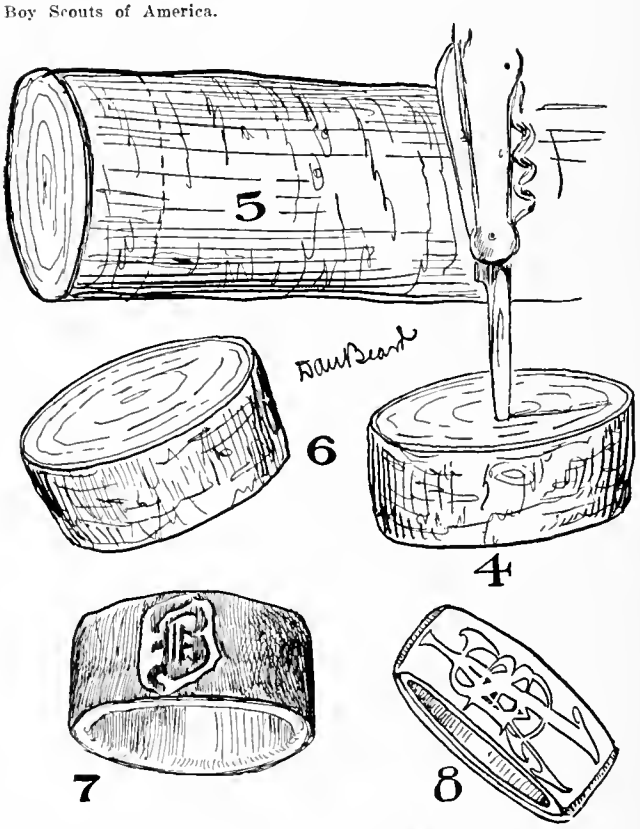
This crane has advantages over other styles of trammels in that it may be readily adjusted to any height by simply drawing it with the kettles upward or slipping it downward.

A scout staff placed vertically in the ground makes an excellent crane support. Care should be taken in making the bark loop not to make it too small; it will not matter if it is a trifle larger in diameter than desired, as the weight of the kettles will prevent its sliding downward. A couple of notches should be cut in the top of the trammel to prevent the kettles from sliding, as shown in Fig. 3.

### A Scout Napkin Ring.

As usual, I went camping last winter with a lot of comrades in the mountains of Pike County, Pennsylvania, but we were out for hikes over the mountains and through the snow looking for tracks—the tracks of foxes, wildcats, lynx, rabbits, mink and all the different little mice and wood rats. Because we wanted to give our time to this interesting work or play, we did not cook our own meals except the noonday lunch. We ate our breakfast in the kitchen of the summer club, we were out all day on our hikes, and we ate our dinner, or supper, as one may choose to call it, at night in the same club house kitchen.

The table was that of a good old-fashioned farm house. We had tablecloths and napkins, but we had no napkin rings—nothing to mark our particular napkin so as to tell it from our neighbors'. Up there in the mountains there are no stores and but very few houses, so we could not buy ourselves napkin rings, but we solved the problem by making our own rings out of the material the forest furnished.




### How to Make Them.

Usually we selected a sapling of birch, which we sawed into sections of the proper width. Then we cut out the center part of the wood of a section, Fig. 4, after it had been sawed off from the sapling, Figs. 5 and 6. We carefully cut away all but the sap wood from the center of the section, as in Fig. 7, after which we busied ourselves carving our initials upon the bark.

We did this by first marking out the initial letter, then cutting away the bark from around the tracing, allowing it to remain on all that part included by the letter itself. Then, you see, the initial stood there, a raised letter with the bark on it, which, if it was well done, was often very beautiful.

When they were finished and the edges smoothed with sandpaper some of the white birch rings had the appearance and lustre of opals. Some of them were not so well done, but they were all good napkin rings and all genuine scout work.

By looking at the accompanying diagrams any scout with gumption can see how to make a set of napkin rings which will be a credit to the table of a farm house or country house and be especially appropriate for one of these so-called bungalows and equally so for a permanent camp.

Such articles of scout work make appro-

(*Continued on page* 32)

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# The Moonshiners in the Jungle

By WALTER WALDEN

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

*"I blew a song with the whistle."*

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued*)

I DREW a great breath of relief when Bat walked into the woods, and, with an oar, pushed off. My heart was dancing with joy, and I noted the campfire on the island was burning briskly as I turned the skiff's nose toward it.

The gray of dawn was in the east as I pulled toward the sloop. As I drew near I saw two figures by the fire.

"Hurrah!" I called.

Both Uncle Bill and James came down and pulled the skiff up on the sands.

"He's gone!" I said. "He thought this was Pine Island and you had gone for help, Uncle Bill."

Uncle Bill put out his hand and grasped mine warmly.

"I reckon maybe I kin make it up to ye some time, Nathan-ee-al," he said with his old friendliness.

"There isn't anything to make up, Uncle Bill," I said.

"I'm a durned ol' fool!" he said. "But I'm a-learnin'. I shore seen thet haind o' righteousness."

James and I exchanged meaning looks.

"Them preachers shore knows what they is talkin' 'bout," he went on. "They ain't no good ever comes o' goin' agin the law."

I felt a little uncomfortable over the trick we had played on Uncle Bill. But I couldn't think of running the risk of undoing, in any degree, the good that had been wrought in Uncle Bill's character by telling him our part in the "hand o' righteousness." And then, while the hand he saw was only a physical representation, yet it served very well as a symbol for the real and invisible hand of righteousness spoken of by the minister.

Daylight was coming rapidly. We put the last half-dozen sweet-potatoes in the hot ashes to roast. And then Uncle Bill took the ax, and, selecting a cabbage-palm whose leafy top was close to the ground, he showed us how to cut out the bud. It makes a very pleasing vegetable, with a taste not unlike the center part of cabbage.

After our breakfast on roasted sweet potatoes, rice and palmetto-cabbage, Uncle Bill brought out his Jew's harp and played "Old Dan Tucker" and "The Arkansaw Traveler" with his old vigor.

Suddenly he stopped; a brooding expression was in his face.

"I shore would like to ketch thet thar skunk," he said. "He pulled his gun on me—an' they ain't nary body ever afore tied me up like a yearlin' calf—or a rooster."

The "rooster" sounded ludicrous to James and myself, and we grinned broadly. But there was no smile in Uncle Bill as he thought of how he had been demeaned by Bat Mason.

James was examining his gun, whose left barrel had so fortunately failed to go off in Bat Mason's hands. That barrel had not been used for so long that the dews had soaked into the pin-hole in the nipple, obliterating it with rust, so that the fire from the cap could not reach the powder.

"Fetch hit hyah," said Uncle Bill. "I'll fix hit fer ye."

Then he did an astonishing thing. He got out his Barlow and whittled a splinter of fat pine knot and drove it hard into the nipple.

James and I looked at one another, open mouthed. In wooderaft Uncle Bill had never before shown any such stupidity.

"Naow," said Uncle Bill, "stick on a cap an' aim at thet tree."

James, appearing a bit foolish, complied.

At the pull of the trigger—"Bang!" went the charge of buckshot.

Uncle Bill chuckled at our astonishment.

We were all half dead for sleep, and were not long in dropping off, in spite of the brightening day.

I dreamed a mess of things, none of which remained in my memory. At last I heard, ever so faintly, that old familiar and peculiar note of Joseph DeLong's whistle. It was so moving to my consciousness that it was only a dream.

Then suddenly I started—I thought I heard it again. Was my imagination playing pranks on me? I was rigid and held my breath nearly a minute.

There it came again! It seemed to come across the water from the mainland. I scrambled to my feet and looked across. There was a group of horsemen on the beach.

It was Joseph DeLong, the revenue officer—sure. No one else would have that whistle.

I ROUSED Uncle Bill and James with a "hurrah!" and ran down to the beach and waved a coat.

I saw something that looked like an answering wave.

My companions were now beside me.

"It's Joseph DeLong," I explained.

The position of the sun showed that it was past noon; a westerly breeze was blowing. We hastily threw everything into the skiff and rowed out to the sloop, whose anchor and sails were up in a hurry.

In twenty minutes we cast anchor a hundred yards from the beach, and all hands climbed into the skiff and made for shore. Besides Joseph DeLong we recognized James's father and mine.

The revenue officer seemed as happy to see me as I him.

"And where's your captor?" he finally asked. "He certainly wouldn't be losing this fine breeze if he had that sloop."

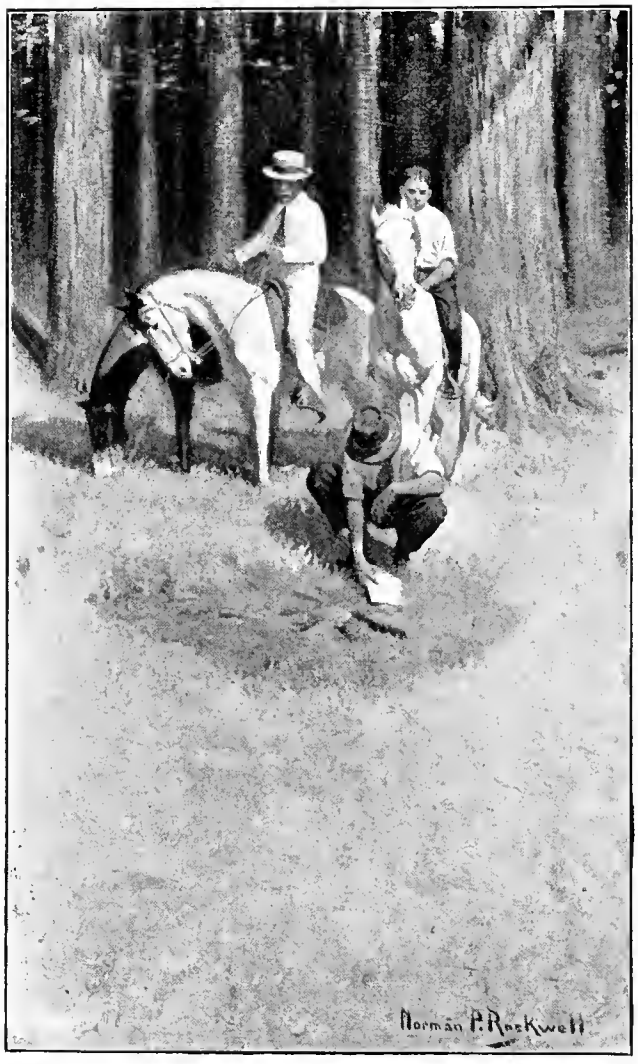
"He hied out," I said. And then I told him how it happened.

"Well, I must get him," said Joseph DeLong; "that's what I have come down for. Do you know—Tom Wasson got out of prison two days before your letter came. And the guard who helped him ran away with him; and he's down in this country—going to join your Bat Mason. It was he wrote that letter to Bat Mason that you copied. If I'd had that copy two days sooner I could have headed him off.

"And now, Nat, boy," he continued, "that Bat is one of the smugglers. His real name is Bat Johnson. He was another shore watch with Tom Wasson. The other four smugglers finally made up their minds that Bat had peached on them, causing them to be caught. So, to get revenge, they told me about him; and they identified him in that photo you sent. 'Only you git 'im,' they said. I promised them I would, and I guess *we* will, Nat, boy."

James's father told about the coming home of the pony, and how he had tried to brush off the bit of moss and it wouldn't brush; and then how he discovered the note when he pulled at it. Then Joseph DeLong had arrived from the north, inquiring for Nat. The rest followed naturally.

"Well," began Joseph DeLong, "it's time I was on that chap's trail."




*"Under a stone near the ashes I found a note from the revenue officer."*

Uncle Bill, so soon as he had learned the revenue officer's errand, had started off down the beach to where I had landed Bat. He now returned and announced that he had got that "skunk's" trail.

The party split up. My father turned home to set the folks' minds at rest as to what had become of us two boys and Uncle Bill; James's father gave over his pony to Uncle Bill, who set off with Joseph Delong on Bat's trail; Mr. Howatt joined James and me on the sloop. We three set sail for Fort Myers, down on the Caloosahatchee River, there to meet the two horsemen, if, as Joseph DeLong surmised, the trail should lead that way.

"We'll likely be there ahead of you. If not, wait till you hear from us, if it takes a week," called out Joseph DeLong, as we three started toward the sloop in the skiff.

BEFORE we had our sails up the two ponies with their riders had disappeared in the woods.

With a good, fair breeze our voyage down the coast and up the Caloosahatchee was uneventful. We cast anchor before the town of Fort Myers at about seven o'clock, and when we reached the wharf in the skiff we were met by a man who said:

"I have a note for Mr. Nathaniel Wilson of the sloop *Rambler*."

I confessed my identity and the man produced the paper. It was from Joseph DeLong. It read:

*Dear Nat:*

We arrived about 5. We lost the trail down the river. But I have just learned that a chap of our man's description crossed the river in a boat six miles below here.

We are starting immediately. Mr. Carlton, who hands you this note, will furnish you with three horses —to follow.

Go to Blount's place, down the river, and get further directions from him.

Your friend,
JOS. DEL.

We filled saddlebags with provisions and ammunition for James's gun. Then we started, reaching Blount's place by dark. We slept there and at daybreak were set on a trail by Mr. Blount that would take us to Gonzales's, on the coast, a six hours' ride. At that point further directions were to be left by Joseph DeLong.

That six hours saw us through pine woods nearly the whole of the way, now and then skirting bay-heads or ponds; at times we would enter a bit of hammock to ford a creek.

About twelve miles out we came upon a small heap of newly-made ashes and signs of a camp recently abandoned. Under a stone near the ashes I found a note from the revenue officer.

4 A. M.

*Dear Nat:*

We camped here. Hope you get this. You will hear from me again at Gonzales's. If no one is home, look for a note on the door, or jamb.

JOS. DEL.

It wanted an hour of noon when we got to Gonzales's, on the coast. A full-whiskered old Spaniard answered our knock.

We asked if he had anything for us.

"One, two, three," he counted us. "Ah, I have ze papier." And he brought Joseph DeLong's note from his table. It read:

*Dear Nat:*

We are going in the old Spaniard's boat. But you follow the shore around till you get to the point at the south side of the bay. Wait there—or, if possible, I will leave a note. Follow any fresh blazes you may see.

JOS. DEL.

We saw the two ponies, left by Joseph DeLong and Uncle Bill, in a corral in the hammock.

It must have been about five miles around the arm of the sea to the point. The sun was at its highest and blazing hot when we got near our goal. Pines grew fairly close to the water here and fraternized with the palms.

We noted fresh blazes on the pines a hundred yards from the point. Following these guides, we finally came to DeLong's note.

*Dear Nat:*

Look for my *bird* between the tall palm and his little brother. Make him sing at intervals of two minutes. Keep out of view of the island.

JOS. DEL.

The two palms were not hard to identify; the one tall, the other—two feet distant from it—with its top almost at the ground. Midway between I unearthed the revenue officer's wonderful whistle. While James and his father kept back under cover, I crept into a bit of brush down nearer the point, looking out on the Gulf of Mexico. The island referred to by Joseph DeLong lay off about half a mile. It seemed about a third of a mile in extent from north to south.

I blew a song with the whistle—it seemed more a song than a blast of sound. I waited what I thought must be two minutes and blew another.

THEN, at once, a boat appeared, coming out of a growth of mangrove. The oarsman was Uncle Bill. We tethered our horses to graze, and were soon in the boat with Uncle Bill and being ferried across to the island.

Joseph DeLong greeted us on a wee stretch of sand beach in the midst of the mangrove.

"Well, Nat, boy," he said, "do you want to see a couple of your old friends?"

He led me up through the brush till we came in view of a well made board shack. Three steps took us across the bit of clearing at the back.

He set me at a freshly made gimlet hole, and my eye took in a portion of the interior, including a table, at which sat two men, drinking—demijohn, cups and revolvers on table. They were Bat Mason and Tom Wasson, who had so recently escaped from prison. They were so far gone with drink as to have lost much of their powers of articulation, mumbling their words much after the manner of babes in cradle. Tom Wasson was talking.

"I r-reckon tha' p-prison guar'—I—I r-reckon tha' prison guar' iz—iz—sittin' on tha' w-wharf w-waitin' fer me—yet."

And he laughed his drunken laugh.

We soon retired to the brush, where were the others.

"Bat's in there," I said to James.

"We shore has thet skunk treed naow," said Uncle Bill, pulling his goat-whiskers with a chuckle.

Joseph DeLong explained that it would be easy to capture the two men now, but that he was sure from their talk that they had a cache on the island somewhere, and he meant to seize the goods it contained. It was a case of wait till they were sober and should go to dig it out.

Presently the revenue officer crawled to the shack and returned with the information that the two were laid out asleep.

It was a tiresome wait, the balance of the day. At dusk Uncle Bill rowed over and watered the horses. A watch was kept during the night—turn about.

## CHAPTER XII.

### *What We Find at Last in the Island Sands.*

ABOUT three of the morning, Uncle Bill, who was on watch, noted a light in the shack and roused Joseph DeLong.

(*Continued on page* 30)

# Fatty Masters Tries to Think

## A Cartersville Story With a Punch—Several of Them!

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

Author of "Strawberries and Scoots"

Illustrated by F. RIGNEY

*"You just wait," Fat told him. "It's a-coming pretty quick and coming good."*

AFTER Fatty Masters got caught in the fence and walloped by Gramp Hawkins instead of John Nelson, the boy scout, he was mad. Fat was mad, I mean. I guess he was the maddest boy in the world.

"I'm going to get even with that feller for making friends with Gramp and not getting licked like we planned," said Fat. "I had to eat off the pantry shelf for most a week. It ain't right."

"You ain't able to lick him," Grunter Perkins said. "You better get Bunk Carson to think up a plan."

That riled Fatty up some more, for it was my plan not working that was at the bottom of his eating off the pantry shelf.

"I guess Bunk Carson ain't the only feller around here that can think," Fatty told him. "I can think up ideers just as good as he can, if he is a minister's son."

"What's your ideer?" Smitty Henderson asked him. Smitty is stronger than any two boys in Cartersville. He is strong in his arms, but not in his head.

"Never you mind what it is," said Fat, real peevish. "If you fellers want to do it you can see John Nelson get his soldier-looking clothes all mussed up."

"Going to make the Scoot scoot?" Smitty asked him. And then Smitty laid down and rolled over and laughed himself most to death. It was the only joke he had ever cracked, and he was so tickled it made the other fellers tickled, and the more he laughed the more they laughed. All but Fatty. He had his mind busy.

"DO you want to try my plan, or not?" he said, after things had got quieted down some.

"What do you think, Bunk?" Smitty asked me. "Better try Fat's ideer?"

I figgered on using what Pa would call diplomacy, which is letting the other feller get into trouble and you getting the benefits. My other ideer hadn't worked good, and if I tried again and got left the fellers might take it out on me. If Fat's plan didn't work they would have to come to me for ideers again, and even if it did work he couldn't keep on thinking up others, for he didn't have an ideer of his own once in a dog's age.

"Sure, we better try Fat's ideer," I told Smitty. "He got the worst of it before, and now it's fair for him to figger things out his own way."

*Fat turned round and round, and almost fell off.*

Fat cheered up right off. Besides him and Smitty and Grunter and me, there was Slats Sanders, Pieface Sherman and Runty Brown. Fat said that was enough for his plan.

"I got things partly fixed," Fat told us. "I been talking to Nelson and I asked him what made him stand up so straight and if he didn't get tired doing it. He said no, it was exercises. He showed me how he waggled his arms and bent over and bobbed up and down. That was when I got my ideer. I made him promise to show the rest of you fellers if you wanted him to. I'll go get him right off."

"Don't sound like much to me," said Grunter Perkins when Fat had gone.

"Me neither," said Smitty.

But I kept still. Great oaks from little acorns grow, as Pa would say.

PRETTY soon Fat came back with the Scoot and he was real friendly, but not slobbery. Sometimes I almost think I could like that feller, if I hadn't made up my mind not to. He said sure he would show us his setting-up exercises, he called them.

"Ain't you mad about our trying to get you into a scrap with Gramp Hawkins?" Slats asked him.

"I wasn't the one that got the worst of it, why should I be mad?" said Nelson. Everybody laughed but Fatty.

Fat bounced around like a rubber ball and said to come along, he knew where there was a fine, level place for us to exercise. He took us to Squire Thompson's lot and started to climb the fence. Everybody but him and the Scoot stopped. Fat twisted up one eye and I knew he was trying to wink. His face is so fat he can't wink good.

"Come on," he said. "What's the matter? Things is all right."

"Go on," I whispered to Smitty, "prob'ly it's all in his plan."

So Smitty climbed over the fence and, of course, when he did, everybody else did, too, even little Runty Brown.

The reason they had stopped was because Squire Thompson keeps sheep and he has got a ram that is a terror. If the Squire wasn't justice of the peace he would have been arrested long ago, Pa says. Pa has never got over the time that ram chased him into an apple tree. But I figgered it was safe for us to go into the pasture if Fatty went himself, for he most always looks out for his own hide.

FAT marched us clear out into the middle of the lot, a long way from any fences or trees or anything. I didn't feel comfortable myself, but it was a case of have to. The first man to run is always the one to get the blame for being afraid, even if everybody else runs right afterwards.

"Now go ahead, Scoot," said Fatty, grinning. "Show 'em how to set up them exercises, like you showed me."

Nelson stood up in front of us, with his back toward Squire Thompson's barns and buildings way off across the field. He told us to line up so we had our backs to the rear end of the pasture, where there was some rocks and trees and where the sheep most usually went in the afternoon to get into the shade.

Those exercises of the Scoot's struck me as first class. He had fifteen of them, and by the time we'd got through with 'em once Fatty had sweat off two or three pounds, I guess, and Slats Sanders and Grunter Perkins was mad. Little Runty Brown had to set down and rest.

"Fine plan you got," Grunter whispered to Fat, and Slats stepped on Fat's toes.

"You just wait," Fat told him while we were bending over and touching our feet for the second time. "It's a-coming pretty quick and coming good!"

FAT was right. It was. I happened to look between my legs when I bent over and I saw it. The Squire's ram had come out of the shade with a couple of ewes to see what all the fussing around in his pasture was for. He shook his head as if he didn't like it worth a cent.

I guess nobody but me saw him, for the other fellers were pretty busy with the exercises. The ram pawed around some and pretty soon he made up his mind to take a hand in that exercising himself. When he put his head down and hunched himself up and started I thought that Squire Thompson's pasture was no place for a minister's son.

I lit out for the nearest fence, which looked like it was about four miles off.

"Hey, Bunk, where you going?" yelled Smitty, but I didn't stop to tell him. I knew just how Pa had felt when he climbed up in that apple tree and I agreed with him about Squire Thompson.

The rest of the fellers must have seen the ram about that time, for I heard Nelson yell out:

"Steady, fellers, steady! Don't run!"

That sounded like almighty fool advice to me and pretty quick, not hearing anything coming behind me, I turned around to see if they took it. I kind of wanted to look at the battlefield, for I hadn't ever seen a real war except in pictures.

*I saw Smitty flop up in the air and come down on one ear.*

The humans was retreating as much as possible, but it was not enough. That is, they had all retreated except the Scoot, and he was yelling to stand fast. But the Squire's ram didn't pay any attention to Nelson. He seemed to have his heart set on Smitty Henderson.

Smitty was ahead of everybody else, making for the fence on the other side of the pasture from where I was. The ram went right on past the others and pretty soon I saw Smitty flop up in the air and come down on one ear.

Then the ram turned around and faced the rest. He was a knowing critter, for he'd picked the fastest runner and now he had the others all headed off. Of course, they turned around and run in my direction. But, shucks, that ram wasn't tired a bit.

NEXT time he picked Slats Sanders, for Slats was ahead coming back, and it did my heart good to see them come together. The ram hit him a different kind of wallop from what he had Smitty, and Slats went skittering along on the ground like a baseball. After he got to going slow enough so I could keep count he rolled over fifteen times.

By that time the Scoot had given up trying to do anything. He had grabbed Runty Brown and was carrying him over to the fence on my side and laughing fit to bust himself. I had been running backward and was most to the fence when the ram got through with Slats and turned around to pick out another one. Next he took Pieface Sherman and let him know he was in Squire Thompson's pasture, and then he went after Grunter Perkins. I had got so it hurt to laugh any more and I wished he would stop.

All of a sudden I remembered Fatty and looked around for him. He had got himself up on top of a rock over near us. It was just high enough so the ram couldn't get on it and just big enough for Fat. He sat there looking kind of brick color in his face and sweating like a pitcher of ice water. I yelled to him to come over to the fence, but he didn't play any attention to what I said at all.

Bimeby the ram got everybody tended to once apiece and then he saw Fat and went and danced around the rock, pawing and shaking his tail. Fat turned around and around and almost fell off trying to face him. He made me think of a cat on a fence trying to keep her mind on her feet and a dog at the same time. The Scoot yelled that he would get the ram away while Fat made a run for the fence, but Fat said no, he had run all he was ever going to, if he lived to be a hundred years old.

PRETTY soon all of the fellers had got around to our side of the pasture. Every one was sore some place, but Smitty was worst, for he was sore in his feelings because he was a big feller and got bumped by a ram just like the rest of us. Pride goeth before you stub your toe, as Pa would say.

"Didn't you fellers know there was an ugly ram in that lot?" Nelson asked him.

"We all ought to have stood our ground."

"Never mind what we didn't know," Smitty said. "I got something to say to Fat Masters right off."

Smitty spit on his hands and I could see that maybe after all it was a good thing for Fat that he had that ram between him and Smitty Henderson.

"Hey, Fat," yelled Smitty, "what was the ideer you had when you got us out there?"

Fat looked around at him kind of hot and worried and peevish.

"I figgered the Scoot would stand still like he did in Gramp Hawkins' strawberry patch and the Squire's ram would knock him galleywest," Fat yelled back.

"What did you figger would happen to us?" Smitty asked him.

"I forgot all about us when I was figgering," said Fat.

The Scoot was laughing so he pretty near fell off the fence, but Smitty didn't laugh. He hitched up his galluses and pulled his hat down.

"All right, Fat Masters," he said. "You want to be glad that ram is out there now, for when he gets ready to go to bed you're going to get walloped so you'll think you're in a thrashing machine."

All he could say didn't make any difference to Smitty, for he's terrible set in his mind. I guess Fat and Smitty and the ram would all been there yet if Squire Thompson hadn't come out. He chased the ram and cuffed Fatty and sent him home and took Smitty by the collar and gave him a good start toward his Pa's blacksmith shop.

There is no use in Fatty Masters trying to think.

*The ram got everybody tended to once apiece.*

"SMITTY HENDERSON GETS REVENGE," another smashing Cartersville story, will appear in the September BOYS' LIFE.

# Boy Scout Life Savers

By ARMSTRONG PERRY

ALL that is needed to make this a regular story is for the hero and heroine to grow up and—but Boy Scouts don't care for all that slush. The rest of the plot is all there—the circus parade with its elephants, lions, tigers, prancing steeds and funny clowns; the crowd with eyes and mouths wide open taking it all in; a sudden swerving of a heavy team in charge of an inexperienced driver. One of the leaders snorts and rears—a child screams and falls directly under the menacing hoofs. An exclamation of horror from the crowd, a mother's frantic cry, a flash of khaki, and a brave scout is beside the child in her perilous position. An instant later the cruel hoofs descend, but in that instant the scout has pulled the girl from the jaws of death, escaping destruction himself by only the narrowest of narrow chances.

"Just a good turn," he told the mother; "a scout is expected to do one every day." Would he accept some money? "No, thanks!" Can you beat that? On Circus Day, too!

This happened in Plainfield, New Jersey, on May 8, 1915. The name of the hero is Harvey Kiederling, age, 13. The National Court of Honor of the Boy Scouts of America awarded a bronze medal to him.

MARCELLUS HATCHER, Troop 18, East Orange, N. J., was sifting ashes in the back yard on February 5 when he detected smoke coming from the house next door. Unwilling to leave his work without permission, he told his mother, who ordered him to go on with his work. The smoke cloud grew larger. He reported it to his mother again and once more she told him he should pay closer attention to his ash-sifting job. Finally the smoke came pouring out in such volumes that he decided he must investigate.

Forcing an entrance, he heard a child crying with fear. He groped about until he found the tot and took it out the front way. His mother, at last realizing the seriousness of the situation, came at his call and cared for the little one. Then Marcellus ran to a box and pulled in a fire alarm and waited to show the firemen the way.

"They got there before me because I was so tired I couldn't run any more," says Marcellus in his affidavit, but at that stage of the game he had a right to take it easy. The National Court of Honor awarded a Bronze Medal.

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WILLIAM P. LYON is a Tenderfoot in the troop at the Eastern Delaware County, New York, Y. M. C. A. A prominent citizen of Hobart, where Lyon resides, was overcome by gas from the engine of his automobile while lying under it at the garage on January 14. He was dragged out by two other men who were nearly overcome by the gas themselves before they discovered that the man under the car was unconscious. Scout Lyon was quickly on the scene. He started artificial respiration, but an injured wrist compelled him to turn the work over to others. He directed the first aid treatment until a physician arrived. So the prominent citizen was brought back to life.

As Scout Lyon had incurred no risk, a letter of commendation was the highest award which the National Court of Honor could give.

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## The Quarry Troop Life Guards

(*Continued from page* 4)

WHEN the electric lights were lit and the scouts were comfortably situated in the bedroom of the station, Bruce called a meeting. The four best swimmers were selected first. They were Jiminy, Romper, Bud and Bruce. After a vote Jiminy and Bruce were selected to man the motorcycle in the south station, while the two others were appointed operators of the apparatus in the north station. The six remaining lads were appointed lookouts to man the beach towers. Three were attached to the north station crew, of which Bud was made leader, and the other three were appointed members of Bruce's south station crew.

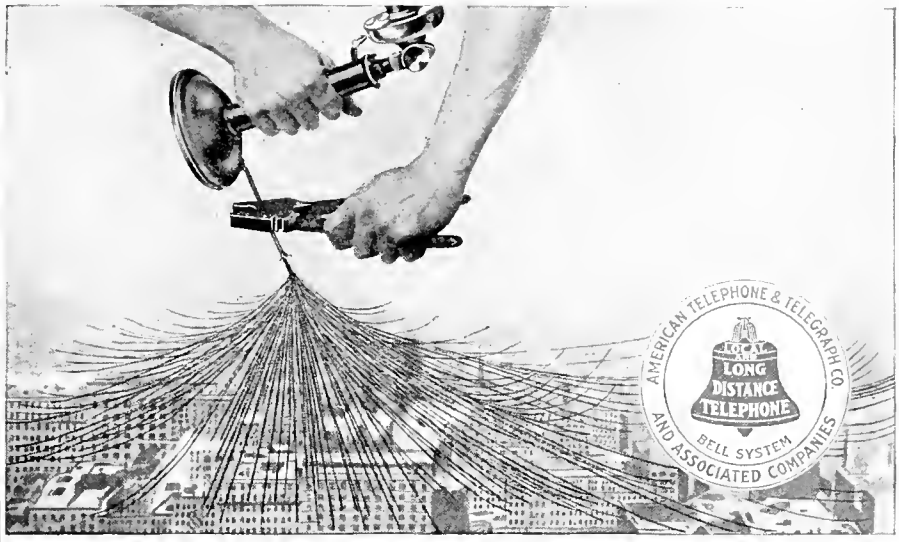
Before the meeting adjourned it was decided that all ten scouts remain in the south station for the night, since there would be very little work for them to do next day. Bruce also thought it wise to have all the lads together while they were learning to use the pulmotor and becoming familiar with their apparatus. Then, too, the south station was better located to afford the lads a view of the automobile races next morning, which counted for a great deal.

By sleeping two in a bed and disregarding any slight discomforts the ten lads found that they could occupy quarters meant to accommodate only five. And after a round of pillow fights and similar noctural diversions they were finally all tucked in and ready for sleep.

"Well, good-night, fellows. Hope we all sleep comfortably," shouted Romper after the lights had been turned out.

"Good-night yourself," shouted Jiminy. Then he added, "Hi, fellows, the Internationals tomorrow! Whoop—e-e-e!"

(*Concluded in September* Boys' Life)


# If a Giant Cut the Wires

Suppose all telephones were silent, and that for forty-eight hours you could not even call a telephone exchange anywhere in the Bell System to ask what the trouble was!

Imagine the confusion which would prevail—with personal visits and messengers substituted for direct, instant communication; with sidewalks, street cars and elevators jammed; with every old-fashioned means of communication pressed into service and all of them combined unable to carry the load.

The instant contact of merchant with customer, of physician with patient, of friend with friend, would be severed; the business man and the housewife would lose the minutes and hours the telephone saves them. The economic loss would be incalculable.

There would not be time enough to do the things we are accustomed to do, and social as well as business life would be paralyzed.

Such a condition is almost inconceivable. The Bell System has developed telephone service to the highest degree of usefulness and made it so reliable that its availability is never questioned. It has connected cities, towns and the remotest places from coast to coast, and has taught the people the advantages of nation-wide telephone facilities.

Plans are made, buildings built and businesses run with Bell Service taken for granted, and yet we have to imagine what it would mean to be entirely without telephones before the great value of this ever-present service can really be appreciated.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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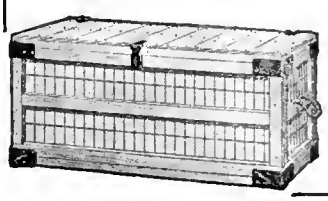

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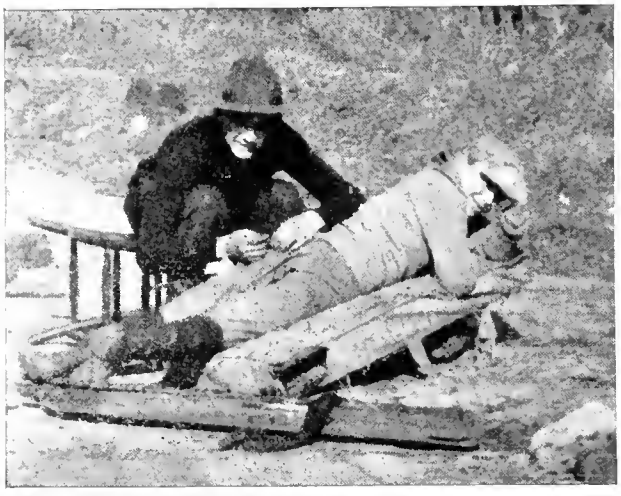
# Comic Capers



"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine"—But, Be Careful!
From Troop 26, New York City.

A Study in Posing.
From Scoutmaster James N. Robinson, Fulton, N. Y.

A Pair of "Fussers" in the Boston Scout Camp.
From O. E. Loomis, Scout Commissioner.

"A Scout Is Cheerful"—Here's a Picture of a Bu
From F. C

Good-bye, Doughnut, Hole and All!
From Scoutmaster H. Spence, La.
Crosse, Wis.

A "Baker's Dozen"—Count 'Em!
From Scout Donald Martin, San
Benito, Texas.

"A Pair of
From Scout Har

# Cut in Camp

of Youngstown, Ohio, Scouts That Proves It.
IETS.

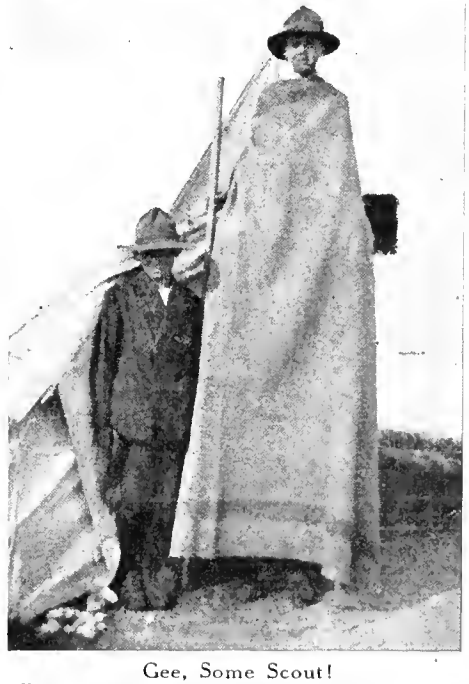
Even the Dog Learns Telegraphy.
From Scout G. Malcom Van Dyke, Moosic, Pa.

"Washing Their Ears" at the Boy Scout Camp, Pensacola, Fla.

n Products."
Meyer, Pekin, Ill.

The "Clean-Up Squad."
From M. S. Laird, Scoutmaster Unassigned, Cleveland, Ohio.

Oh, for Just One Swat!
From Scoutmaster L. C. Osterhout, Davis City, Neb.



Gee, Some Scout!
From Assistant Scoutmaster C. G. Sistare, Groton, Conn.

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Three piece black enamel, cork handled steel rod, with nickel-plated reel seat; nickel-plated multiplying reel with click and drag; 75 ft. of hard braided casting line; half dozen snelled spring steel hooks; one nickel-plated trolling spoon, half dozen assorted flies; assortment of sinkers; two-colored float—all in a neat carrying case, made to attach to Boy Scout Haversack . . . **$2.50**

Split Bamboo rod, with two tips, making a fly, bait or boat rod; quadruple multiplying, nickel-plated reel, sliding click and drag; 75 feet of pure braided silk line; half dozen hand tied selected flies; 1 dozen double snelled hooks; 2 three-foot double gut leaders; 2 nickel-plated trolling spoons; assortment of sinkers and two-color cork float; all in neat, leather bound carrying case. Made to attach to Boy Scout Haversack. (Steel rod if desired in place of split Bamboo) **$5.00**

Either outfit sent postage free.

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"3 in One" prevents rust on steel rods, prevents cracking of cane or bamboo rods and makes all joints fit snugly. Makes silk or linen lines stronger and last longer. Prevents twisting and tangling.

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# The Cave Scout

## He Talks About the Scout's Big Job

By F. J. P.

I'VE got about the biggest job a fellow ever had;
I'm a scout.
It keeps me humping night and day, but still, you bet, I'm glad
I'm a scout.
I must be clean, and brave, and do a good turn every day,
Be helpful, friendly, true and kind, and take no tips for pay,
And "Be Prepared" for any blooming thing that comes my way;
I'm a scout.

By jinks, I almost never have a chance to take a rest;
I'm a scout.
For everybody knows that I must try to do my best;
I'm a scout.
Gee, folks have got their eyes on me from morning until night
To see how I behave myself—I'm never out of sight,
It certainly is up to me to do the job up right;
I'm a scout!

HELLO, there, scouts! Come on in here out of the sun and cool off! I thought you were all so busy camping that you wouldn't find your way into the cave this month. But I'm mighty glad you're here.

"Say, Mr. Cave Scout, what makes you look so solemn today?"

Do I look solemn? Well, it's enough to make anybody look solemn to think about what a whale of a big job it is to be a scout—and that's just what I was thinking about when you fellows came in.

I've just been reading a lot of reports from all parts of the country, telling about the serious, important work scouts are doing. In the past few weeks a number of scouts have saved lives, many others have worked like heroes to save property from destruction by fire, and thousands of others have served their country and their local community by volunteering their services in Fourth of July celebrations.

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You bet your life, Scouting has grown to be a mighty serious thing. It hasn't been very long since people were saying: "Oh, it's just a kid's game—a fine thing to give the boys a good time, but it can never accomplish anything worth while." Today these same people are saying: "The boy scouts are an important feature of community life, and we couldn't get along without them."

There is only one thing that can explain this change in people's ideas about the scouts, and that one thing is the fact that scouts have MADE GOOD.

It's mighty nice, isn't it, fellows, to know that scouts have made good? But just think what a big job this puts up to us for the future! People know now just what a scout is supposed to do—and they are going to expect every scout to do his duty. People are going to expect bigger things from scouts from this time on than they ever have before—and it is up to the scouts not to disappoint them.

That is why being a scout is such a big job.

But we don't want to get scared out just because there is a big job to be done. Men who have the right kind of stuff in them are always glad of an opportunity to tackle a big job, for big jobs, successfully accomplished, produce big results. One of the finest things about Scouting is the fact that it gives every scout a chance to do a big job.

Big opportunities make big responsibilities. (Golly, but I certainly *am* in a serious mood today!) And a big responsibility rests on every scout in the organization.

---

Did you ever stop to think what a dickens of a lot of damage to the scout organization one boy can cause? Suppose, for instance, Mr. Jones sees Scout Smith shooting birds with an air rifle. Mr. Jones tells his wife about it, and when Mrs. Jones goes to the meeting of the Woman's Club, where the subject of Scouting is discussed, she says: "Well, I don't think this Boy Scout organization does what it claims to do. Kindness to animals is one of the laws, and just this morning my husband saw Willie Smith shooting birds. And Willie Smith is a scout." This report gives all the members of the club a bad opinion of scouts. And these women tell the "Willie Smith story" to other women, and there's no telling where it will end. Mr. Jones goes to a luncheon with a group of men, and the subject of Scouting is brought up. Mr. Jones tells the "Willie Smith story" again, and still further harm to the scout organization results.

But that isn't fair, you say. Just because one scout doesn't behave himself is no reason for knocking the whole organization. Well, maybe not. But the fact remains that people *do* judge the scout movement by the actions of those of its members with whom they are brought in contact. Just as soon as a boy becomes a scout, people watch him to see if he makes a slip. And if he does, BANG, the scout movement gets a crack in the eye!

And every time the scout movement gets a swat in the eye, every member of it is injured.

Every time a scout breaks the law, you, and I, and every scout, has a right to get sore about it, for we are all members of the same organization, and we all must share in whatever criticism is brought against our brotherhood of boys.

Personally, scouts, when a fellow goes into a thing, I like to see him play the game according to the rules. And it is the same way with Scouting. When a boy becomes a scout it is up to him to follow the rules of this great club. This is especially true since no boy is forced to join—he comes in of his own free will.

There is a double responsibility resting on every scout. In the first place it is his duty to respect and obey the rules of the brotherhood with which he has chosen to cast his lot, and in the second place it is his duty to use his best influence with other members to prevent their committing acts which would reflect discredit on the organization.

---

Well, the Cave Scout has laid down the law here in pretty stiff terms, but he doesn't want any of you to get the idea that he is "crabbing." The vast majority of scouts live up to their obligations nobly. The best proof of this is the fact that the movement has made such rapid progress and has won a position of such high respect in the public opinion of the country.

Boy Scouts are capable of doing a big job; they have done it in the past; they will do it in the future!

THE CAVE SCOUT.

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## Scouts' Questions Answered

*Q. When one scout meets another, whether comrade or stranger, for the first time in the day, should he give full salute or half salute? Does a scout of America use the left hand in shaking hands, as the English scout does? May a patrol change its name once it has chosen one?—A. E. L., Iowa.*

A. The half salute or scout sign is no longer used in America. The scout salute, that is, the fingers clasped in the proper position and raised to the forehead, is now used for all occasions. The left hand is no longer used in giving the scout grip. A Scoutmaster has the authority to change the name of a patrol.

*Q. If a scout meets a scout of another troop, is he supposed to salute?—Scout K. S., Conn.*

A. It is a courtesy for a scout to salute when meeting another scout, a troop, or a scout official.

*Q. Must there be eight or more boys to organize a troop of boy scouts?—J. H. T., Pa.*

A. While it is a fine thing to have eight or more boys to start with, National Headquarters will be glad to permit troops to organize with smaller numbers, providing the other requirements of registration are met with.

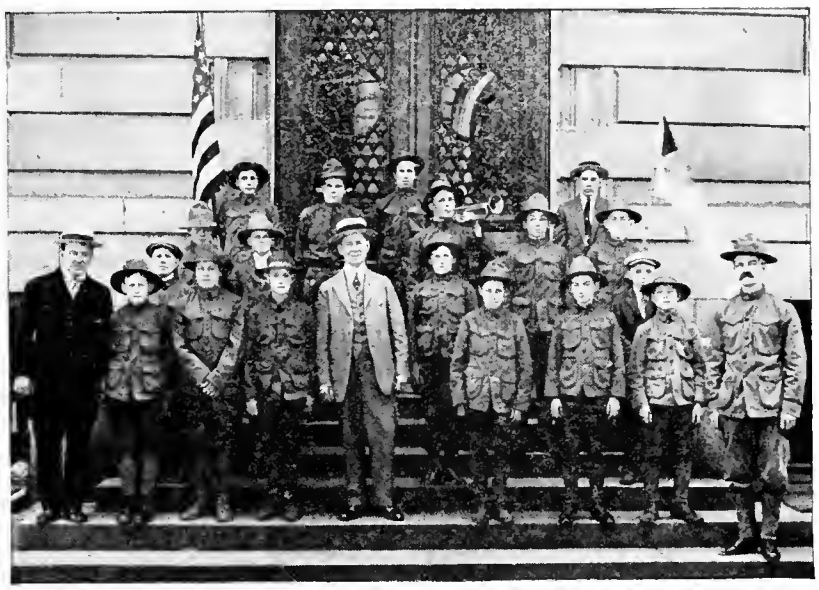
*Q. What class of Boy Scouts does a Boy Scout belong to after he has passed his 18th birthday? Can a boy be put out of the Scout Movement if he smokes cigarettes?—M. G., Illinois.*

A. There is no maximum age limit. In other words, a scout does not have to leave a troop merely because he has passed his 18th birthday, but will continue as he has in the past. A scout who has reached his 18th birthday will usually be fitted to hold some office in the troop.

There is no direct Scout Law which would make it necessary to expel a boy because he smokes cigarettes. A boy who smokes is more often in need of the help which the scout work will give him than any other boy and should be treated with consideration. However, he should make every effort to break this habit, which injures him mentally and physically. In a number of states there are laws against boys having cigarettes in their possession. Therefore you have plenty of ground for insisting that no scout shall smoke, for certainly a boy cannot keep his Oath if he is practising a habit which injures him mentally and physically.

*Q. Could a boy be a Lone Scout even if he could be with the troop at all times, if he wanted to be a Lone Scout?—A. J., Mass.*

A. Wherever it is possible for a boy to attend troop meetings regularly he should do so. The Lone Scout program will be developed for the benefit of those boys who are so situated as to be unable to meet with troops.

# Troop No. 11 of Paterson, N. J.

saved $117.63 in six months—won $90.00 in our Camping Trip Offer—and they're not satisfied. They say they will win first prize in the big Club House Offer

"Selling the Curtis Publications not only has benefited my Scouts in salesmanship, but it has made them brighter and better boys. The training they have received will cause them to be better fitted to take up their life work,"

writes the Paterson Scoutmaster.

The Mayor of Paterson so approved of our plan that he stepped into the picture we were taking of Troop 11.

By our Troop Plan you can completely equip your Troop and earn as much as the Paterson Troop has earned. Write today for our Finance Manual for Scoutmasters.

*Box 976, Troop Finance Section*

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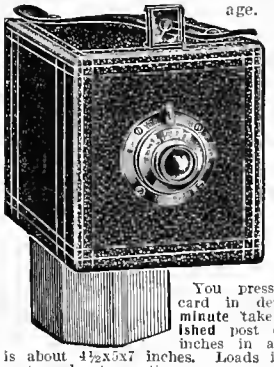

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No difference who you are or where you live, we will send you the complete Mandel-ette outfit absolutely on approval and give you 10 days to test it. If not satisfactory return it. If you wish to keep it, simply pay $1.00 on arrival and $1.00 per month until our special price of only $5.00 is paid. When you see what elegant pictures it takes—so quick, so easy, with no trouble at all—you'll be surprised.

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No red tape of any kind. Monthly payments so small you'll not notice them. Lots of fun and big profits.

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Plain instructions and everything complete with outfit so you can begin taking pictures the moment it arrives. We guarantee that even a child can operate it. Mail coupon right now. No risk or obligation to keep camera.

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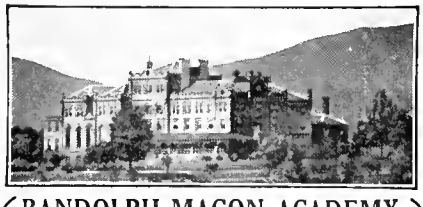

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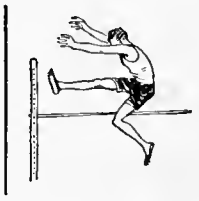
**For Boys** **Bedford City, Va.**

A school where a boy receives a thorough training for college, scientific school or business. Student body of 175, strong athletic teams, clean sports. Our students excel in scholarship and athletics at college—465 graduates have received full college degrees or entered professions in the past 18 years. $255 covers expenses of school year. Ask your parent or guardian to send for catalogue. Address

**E. SUMTER SMITH, Principal**


# Life, Star and Eagle Requirements Changed



| | | Under 110 Lbs. | Under 125 Lbs. | Under 140 Lbs. | Over 140 Lbs. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Running broad jump | 12 ft. | 13 ft. | 14 ft. | 15 ft. |
| | Running high jump | 3 ft. 9 in. | 4 ft. | 4 ft. 3 in. | 4 ft. 6 in. |
| | Standing broad jump | 6 ft. 9 in. | 7 ft. 3 in. | 7 ft. 9 in. | 8 ft. 3 in. |
| | Standing high jump | 3 ft. 2 in. | 3 ft. 4 in. | 3 ft. 6 in. | 3 ft. 8 in. |
| 2 | 50-yard dash | 7 3/5 sec. | 7 1/5 sec. | 7 sec. | 6 3/5 sec. |
| | 100-yard dash | | 13 sec. | 12 3/5 sec. | 12 2/5 sec. |
| | 6-potato race | 27 sec. | 26 sec. | 25 sec. | 24 sec. |
| 3 | 20-yard swim | 17 4/5 sec. | 17 1/5 sec. | 16 3/5 sec. | 16 sec. |
| | 40-yard swim | 39 sec. | 38 sec. | 37 sec. | 36 sec. |
| 4 | Pull up | 6 times | 8 times | 10 times | 12 times |
| | 8-lb. shot-put | 24 ft. | 28 ft. | 32 ft. | 36 ft. |
| | Push up from floor | 10 times | 12 times | 14 times | 16 times |
| | Rope climb 18 ft | 15 sec. | 13 sec. | 11 sec. | 10 sec. |

ALL scouts have the ambition to wear some day the tri-color ribbon with the Silver Eagle pendant from it. All, therefore, will be glad to know that the Committee on Badges, Awards and Scout Requirements has made alterations in the regulations which remove the oft-made objection that certain tests were too severe for the average boy.

The requirements for the Eagle Badge now read:

"The Eagle Scout Badge is now awarded to any First Class scout qualifying for 21 Merit Badges. These 21 badges shall include First Aid, Physical Development, or Athletics, Life Saving, Personal Health, Public Health, Cooking, Camping, Bird Study, Pathfinding, Pioneering, Civics and any ten others."

It will be noted that in the requirements as they now stand Athletics has been made an *alternate* with Physical Development instead of a specified requirement and that Civics has been substituted for either.

### The Life Scout Requirements

The Life Scout Badge is now awarded to "all First-class Scouts who have qualified for the Merit Badges of First Aid, Physical Development, or Athletics, Personal Health, Public Health, Life Saving or Pioneering," thus making athletics an alternate for physical development.

In the Merit Badge for Athletics an important change has been made in requirement No. 5 which now provides that the scout must qualify in one event, according to his weight, in each of the groups specified in the new table of athletic standards, printed above.

### The Physical Development Changes

Tests No. 4, 6 and 7 for the Physical Development Merit Badge are the ones that have been modified by the committee.

It will be noted that Test No. 4 is made more specific and somewhat easier. In test No. 6 it is now necessary to teach the drill to two instead of six boys. In test No. 7 it is now specifically stated that the games required are scout games, and, inasmuch as there are 73 games given in Chapter 8 of the Handbook, no boy will find it difficult to pass this test.

## Revised Requirements For Physical Development Merit Badge

To obtain a Merit Badge for Physical Development, a scout must:

1. Produce satisfactory evidence of habitual good posture.
2. Have no remediable physical defects uncorrected.

3. Produce satisfactory evidence of daily practice of hygienic habits and a thorough knowledge of a standard book on hygiene.
4. Pass three of the tests, according to the weight, in the Athletic Schedule. (See page 35, 13th edition, Handbook for Boys.)
5. Demonstrate proper form in running high jump, hurdle and shot-put.
6. Make up a daily drill of ten exercises for scouts, giving proper exercise for whole body; present evidence of having practiced this daily for six months and having taught the same to two or more boys for a period of three months. (See chapter on Health and Endurance.)
7. Demonstrate reasonable efficiency in two outdoor games requiring physical development and give evidence of having taught at least ten scout games to a group of boys and know ten more. (See Chapter VIII.)

## Daylight Hikes at Night!

From Fairbanks, Alaska, Scoutmaster H. H. Lumpkin writes telling of the interesting hikes of the scouts during the cold winter. During the summer months, he says, the boys can hike as readily in the night as in day, since they have entire daylight from the first of June to the last of July, and he offers to send Boys' Life some midnight pictures of these hikes.

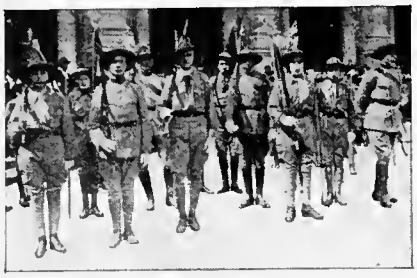
### Helped Birds—Won $50 Cup.

The boy scouts of St. Mary's, Pa., are elated at having the honor of erecting more houses for the protection of birds than any other similar organization in the State, and thereby winning the beautiful $50 silver cup awarded by the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

### For Elmer H.

If Elmer H., of Chicago, will write to the Cave Scout again, giving full name and address, he will receive some information in reply to his recent inquiry.

## Boy Scouts Around the World



*Italian Scouts on Review in Rome.*

ITALY.—National Headquarters has received a letter from Mr. Carl Cattapani, K. C., Commissioner of the Boy Scouts of Italy, in Nocera Inferiore, Italy, telling about the first national convention of the Italian Boy Scouts, which was held recently in Rome. Mr. Cattapani encloses with his report a number of interesting photographs showing the scouts engaged in various activities on the occasion of this convention. One of these pictures is reproduced herewith, since BOYS' LIFE feels sure that the Boy Scouts of America will be glad to see how their brother scouts in southern Europe look.

TURKEY.—Even in Turkey the boys enjoy scouting. There is an active troop in Smyrna under Scoutmaster E. R. Harlow, of the International College.

THE PHILIPPINES.—Lieut. Kiser of the Philippine scouts in the American army has organized a troop of boy scouts in the town of Zamboango. The boys are keenly interested in scouting and put the scout law into action daily. They have cleaned up their village and have also taken hikes. These Moro scouts are the first boys of their race to show kindness to animals.

JAPAN.—The boy scout movement in Japan is growing constantly there being some 500 boys in the troops of the city of Tokyo alone. There are also troops in other cities and these boys besides attending to the regular scout program make themselves useful in campaigns against injurious insects, and in learning simple engineering work.

INDIA.—The last census, taken late last year, showed there were 2,065 boy scouts in India. An interesting demonstration was given by the members of the Fifth Calcutta Troop when Lord Carmichael presented the King's flag. Not a scout was in sight when the visitors arrived, and they naturally thought the boys were late. At the blast of a whistle, however, over 150 scouts dashed forward, waving their patrol flags and yelling their patrol cries. At a second whistle every scout dropped in his tracks and became absolutely motionless and silent. On another signal the parade formed, and the colors were presented.

JAMAICA.—There are now six troops, 208 scouts, on the island of Jamaica.

ENGLAND.—Besides doing coastguard duty, and helping in the offices of the war department, etc., the English scouts have a fine opportunity for helpfulness in assisting the farmers who are naturally short of labor during the harvest season. In many places this service is rendered as a substitute for the usual summer camp, in return for the board and accommodations which the scouts receive.

CHINA.—News items in "The Boy Scout in China," a paper printed in Shanghai, read much the same as they do in BOYS' LIFE, telling of scout concerts, presentation of a play, "A Day in the Life of a Scout," practice in the regular activities, competitions between troops and raising money for their various needs.

FRANCE.—All of the scouts of France are, of course, eager to be of service to their country at home, but only those whose averages in their school work rank high are selected. Those called are given a month's suspension from school work and half of this time is spent on day duty and half on night. These boys carry messages, conduct visitors through the wards of the hospitals, distribute flowers, play games with the wounded soldiers, read to them, write letters for them and otherwise make themselves useful.

HAWAII.—In the Hawaiian Islands there are Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiians and Portuguese as well as Americans in the scout troops. One of the most interesting hikes of these scouts from the city of Honolulu is a five-day hike around the island of Oahu.

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SHREDDED WHEAT is the stuff that muscle is made of. The vigor of living and the health of the sun and soil are in every shred.

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**Every Scout Should Have One**

Note:—In these Tents Scouts' Staffs are used for poles by tacking leather washer to staff which catches in 1½-inch rings sewed in top of tent.

Rings all hand-sewed. See tents rolled up on shoulders of two end Scouts, ready for a hike.

Above cut shows part of Troop No. 1, Boy Scouts of America, Toledo, Ohio, with their No. 1 Army Khaki-Dyed Tents manufactured by us.

**No. 1**—Scout Tent—4x6 ft., center 3 ft., wall, 1 ft.; 8 oz. U. S. Army Khaki-Dyed, double and twisted filling duck. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... $4.00

**No. 2**—Scout Tent. Same Size. 8 oz. double and twisted filling White Duck. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... 3.50

**No. 3**—Scout Tent. Same Size. 8 oz. Single Filling ordinary Khaki-Dyed. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... 3.25

**No. 4**—Scout Tents. Same Size. 8 oz. Single Filling White Duck. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes ..... 3.00

If poles are not wanted deduct 5%

Special Prices in lots of twenty-five. Terms net cash in advance unless otherwise arranged. Special Tent Catalogue and Samples furnished Free on request.

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A SCOUT OFFICIAL'S ENDORSEMENT: "With the boy's welfare in mind, I most heartily endorse Tent No. 1."

(Signed) GEORGE M. PROCTOR, Scoutmaster, B. S. of A., Decatur, Ill.



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# Our Lonesome Corner

AROUND THE WORLD! Really, it seems that before long your Lonesome Corner Letters will be going to (and coming from) every country on earth.

Everybody's camping now—and so, of course, the Lonesome Corner boys are writing about their camping experiences. It's a fine thing to write about—and think what fun other boys will have reading what you do this summer. Then won't it be fun to read about other boys' fun when they answer your letters?

There are loafing hours in camp—why don't you improve yours by writing letters like the scout is doing in the picture on this page?

### Pick Your Hobby—Write Now

Here we are again with a big bunch of names of boys who want to correspond about their own particular hobbies. They are:

Forrest Armstrong, O.; 14-year-old scouts.

Richard Beghtol, Colo.; English scouts.

Samuel Blumenthal, N. Y.; England, China, Japan, Alaska, Canada, France, Germany, Russia, Australia.

Harold F. Benner, Cal.; scouts living in Eclaire, Wis., or around there, interested in first aid and life saving.

Clem Bush, Okla.; scouts who work at soda fountains.

Leo Bollinger, Okla.; telephones and electricity.

Howard A. Brettle, N. Y.; foreign boys; scouts who are ministers' sons.

Clark O. Bynum, Okla.; electricity, photography, art.

Walter Bairum, O.; electricity, wireless.

Luther E. Boggs, W. Va.; reading hooks, collecting old and foreign coins; boys in Europe, Asia, Pan-America.

Douglas Cook, Mass.; patrol leaders; camping, hiking, second class scouts; scout work.

H. V. Fitzpatrick, Ga.; camping and fishing.

Abe Glassman, Pa.; foreign scouts about the war; American boys.

David Hagan, Md.; signaling, scout bands, drum corps.

Harold Hotz, Ill.; will correspond about patrol work.

John Hincken, N. J.; stamps and foreign newspapers; American scouts west of Mississippi; preferably scouts from Japan, Belgium and Italy.

Nick Hamilton, La.; South America, Spain, Japan, France.

Eugene Haisch, S. D.; fancy poultry, truck gardening, boy inventors.

Wilbur Harding, Ind.; hikes, woodcraft.

Ralph Hendee, Pa.; boys in America and foreign lands.

Peter Johnson, Conn.; bird lore and flowers.

Bennie Koplovitz, Ill.; foreign boy scout news.

John Klem, Ind.; American and foreign scouts; photography.

Joseph Leonard, Pa.; photography, natural history.

Truett C. Lusk, Ark.; stamp and coin collector; views and minerals from anywhere.

Joseph Lennon, R. I.; boys on Pacific Coast and west, interested in show-card writing and exchanging post-cards and newspapers.

Lonnie C. McMillan, N. C.; merit badges, printing, athletics, pets; electricity.

Maurice W. McNair, Va.; camping, cycling, exchanging post-cards.

Nelson D. Montgomery, N. J.; foreign money.

Johnson Neff, Mo.; nature study, especially ornithology.

Conrad K. Roland, Pa.; bird study, drawing.

Henry Rozan, N. Y.; Polish scouts in their own language; camping hikes, patrol leaders in Florida.

Eber L. Russell, N. Y.; Indian relics.

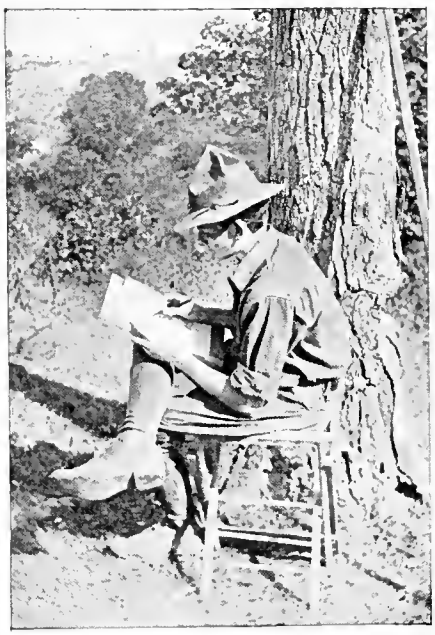
Fletcher Rider, N. Y.; foreign scouts; patrol leaders; cycling.

Clarence Senior, Mo.; stamps, post-cards, foreign insect collecting.

Earl Sandstrom, Conn.; school topics, studies, class scraps, etc.

Verlin Sweeley, Iowa; American and English boys.

Clarence B. Sutor, Ohio; boys in warring nations.



## Any Boy Can Do It

### This is the Way

Pick out the name of a boy.

Write a letter to him.

Address an envelope with his name and the right postage.

Put your own name and address on the reverse side of the inside envelope.

Don't seal that envelope.

Enclose it in another, addressed to the boy, in care of Boys' Life. Mail this to us and we will forward it.

If your letter is to a boy in North America or England, put on a two-cent stamp. If it is to go to any other country abroad, five cents.

Boyd N. Shertzer, Okla.; violin music, hikes, camping trips, postal cards, stamps, scrap books, baseball; write about scouting.

Walter Socolofsky, Kans.; 13 and 14-year-old American and foreign boys.

Vernon B. Townsend, Me.; camping, hiking, Japanese boys.

Albertus Towner, Ill.; foreign scouts, ancient history of America.

Randolph Yeager, Pa.; wireless and electricity; stamps of foreign lands.

Harold Mason, Mass.; scout news, camps, etc.

Leon Penniman, Ill.; cycle scouts in Illinois.

Peter Caucanas, of France, writes that he desires to correspond with American boys who can write French.

### New Joiners of the "L. C."

Following are the boys who asked to have their name inserted, and since they did not mention any particular subject about which they desired to correspond, it is assumed that they will be glad to get letters about anything; but in writing to them be sure you tell something interesting. Their names:

Gerald Allenden, Cal.
Oscar DeHart, Ind.
Takashi Koga, Cal.
Frank Kinard, Ga.
Irving Manning, Cal.
Wallace Masters, Cal.
George Pitts, Cal.
Frank Stovall, Cal.
Julian H. Turner, Ga.
Melvin Wilson, Cal.
Siegfried Wallner, Mass.
Oliver Curtiss, Cal.
J. Talbot Harlan, Cal.
Edwin Kingery, Iowa
M. W. Leckenby, Col.
Wilbur C. Mundt, S. D.
Oscar W. Parker, Ore.
Ralph W. Roby, W. Va.
Franklin Thompson, Va.
George A. Wolgamott, Iowa
Clifford Wilson, Cal.

The following lists contain the names of both American and foreign boys who have sent letters through Boys' Life since our last issue. Any boy ought to be able to pick a boy in the state or country he most desires to learn more about, and send him a good letter. Perhaps the boy you write to is as anxious to hear about your

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Time and Money Saver

**"Oil Paste" Polish**

For *all* kinds of Black Shoes
Blacks, Polishes, Preserves
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Ask Your Dealer for

**Whittemore's Shoe Polishes**

**There is a Difference in Polishes**



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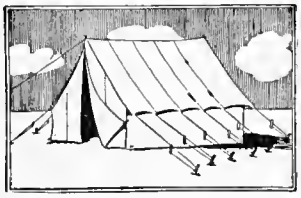

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| 7x9 | Wall Tent..$5.53 | | 12x14 | Wall Tent..12.69 | |
| 9½x12 | " " .. 9.11 | | 14x16 | " " ..17.09 | |

Made of 36 inch 8 oz. high grade Duck. Complete with poles, stakes and ropes.

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Sturdy—Enduring—Ask Your Dealer


state as you are about his state or country. The list:

AMERICAN

| | |
|---|---|
| Vivian D. Austin, N. C. | Richard Boyd, O. |
| L. W. Atlee, Tex. | Holmes Burnett, Col. |
| Luther Alman, Ind. | Clifton Bradley, Mass. |
| Yomie J. Bryant, S.C. | Edgar A. Burt, Pa. |
| Clarence Barrow, Ind. | Verne H. Barnes, Ill. |
| Raylor R. Brinkerhoff, Kans. | Albert Bullivant, Cal. |
| Berton Ballard, Cal. | Wm. A. Burke, O. |
| John Brander, Jr., Pa. | Floyd Cox, Mich. |
| Howard M. Bommer, N. Y. | Warren W. Chamberlain, Ark. |
| Harold Collom, Pa. | Harry De Vries, Ia. |
| Louis Clonnen, Conn. | Geo. L. W. Errickson, N. J. |
| Gardner Deane, Ark. | Albert Fryberger, Col. |
| George Dickson, Col. | Remick S. Ferguson, Mass. |
| Howard H. Eutzly, O. | Sedgwick Gold, Conn. |
| G. Challiss Franklin, N. J. | Chas. Gehring, Ind. |
| Archie Green, Jr., N. C. | Gerald Hakes, Mass. |
| Frederic Gardner, Mo. | Hugh M. Hay, Jr., Pa. |
| Victor G. Goldsmith, Minn. | Wesley Hauser, N. Y. |
| Claude W. Harkins, N. J. | Frank Kingman, Mass. |
| Julian Hogan, Ark. | Robt. Kuykendall, Cal. |
| George Hawk, Pa. | Frank Lockmiller, Tenn. |
| Orville Kiest, N. Y. | John L. Livingstone, Ind. |
| Evan Lyon, N. Y. | Mason Lowe, Ia. |
| Richard Lyon, N. Y. | Leonard Moody, Tenn. |
| George W. Lind, N. J. | E. Abbott Martin, Ga. |
| Calvin McClure, Ind. | Warner Overton, N. Y. |
| Thomas Mitchell, La. | Harold Phillips, Ill. |
| Sterling Pool, Tex. | Gerald M. Poley, Ill. |
| Edwin B. Plimpton, Ia. | |
| Theodore A. Phillips, Conn. | Earl Owen, Ind. |
| Jack Polhemus, N. Y. | Maurice Robineau, N. Y. |
| Arthur Princz, N. Y. | Hinton Raper, Ga. |
| Henry Raola, N. J. | David Richardson, Neb. |
| Eugene Royer, O. | R. F. Slaughter, Jr., Kan. |
| Claire Rickel, Neb. | Jay Stafford, Ind. |
| Tom Slater, Mich. | Saml. Sacks, N. Y. |
| Wm. Seabrook, N. Y. | Wm. B. Steele, Pa. |
| James B. Simmons, Miss. | Jesse Stallis, Tex. |
| Caskey Settle, Mo. | HallTownsend, Ark. |
| Donald Short, N. D. | Lamont Van Woert, N. Y. |
| F. Fagan Thompson, Tex. | John H. Willard, Minn. |
| Welden F. Vedder, Neb. | Arthur Williams, Ky. |
| Don E. Woods, Ga. | |
| Harold Ault, N. Y. | |
| John S. Arnold, Va. | |

OTHER LANDS THAN OURS

| | |
|---|---|
| D. J. Anderson, Scotland | Samuel Searson, England |
| George Acquah, Jr., Africa. | Charles L. Smith, England |
| A. J. Byrne, Australia | Eddie Cooke, Australia |
| E. C. Ankrah, Africa | George G. Jago, England |
| Harold Benson, England | Thomas Johnson, England |
| Edw. F. Booth, Australia | A. Kemp, England |
| Ted Creagh, Ireland | Alfonso Lomo, Porto Rico |
| W. J. Hooper, England | Ernest M. Monaghan, England |
| Victor Johnson, England | Alan Macdonald, England |
| P. Jackson, England | R. H. Nunn, England |
| Matthew Lennox, Scotland | Norman F. O'Gorman, Australia |
| Jas. McGinnity, New Zealand | Edw. R. Paling, England |
| Ted May, England | Harold Roberts, England |
| Harry Marsden, England | Edwin J. Strickland, England. |
| J. Newton, England | Earl B. Stilson, Japan (blind) |
| Manuel Perez, Cuba | |
| Lewis Raymond, New Zealand | |

NEW RULE ADDED

Attention particularly is called to a new Lonesome Corner rule which states that all letters sent to BOYS' LIFE to be forwarded should have the return address of the sender on the *reverse* side of the *inside* envelope. This will prevent letters from going to the dead letter office, and will enable writers to know if they fail to reach the boy addressed.

## Scouts Fight a Hard Fire

A large group of Richmond, Va., Scouts had occasion, recently, to show their appreciation of the work of Mr. John Stewart Bryan, President of the Richmond Council, when a serious brush fire started on his estate. The fire had gained headway and a sixty-mile wind was blowing. It was hard work, and several of the Scouts received burns on their hands and faces, but they finally extinguished the blaze.

**BOYS— Be Good Shots**

If you would like to be an expert marksman you must be as careful what cartridges you buy as World's Championship rifle shots are.

**.22 Calibre Short Cartridges for BOY SCOUTS**

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A New Scout Book

***Boy Scouts of the Wildcat Patrol***

By WALTER P. EATON
**A story of Boy Scouting**

This story is a continuation of the history of Peanut and the other characters which appeared in previous volumes by this author. Some of the former characters have developed into Scout Masters themselves and the story shows what they have learned in the way of Boy Scouting and how they passed it along to others. Other volumes in this series are **The Boy Scouts of Berkshire, Boy Scouts in the Dismal Swamp** and **Boy Scouts in the White Mountains.**

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A real live story for real live scouts

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**THE AUTO-WHEEL**

**Trek Wagon for Boy Scouts**

Designed especially for scout troops. Meets every requirement of hiking or camping trips.

**DON'T BREAK YOUR BACKS**

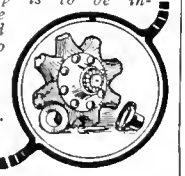
carrying packsacks and blankets. The **Auto-Wheel Trek Wagon** will carry full camping equipment for the whole troop—tents, kits, rations—everything. Solves the transportation problem.

**READ THESE SPECIFICATIONS!**

Tail board is raised or lowered with adjustable chain. Tongue and top are both removable. Strongly braced at all points—handsome ash and maple body is finished wear and weather proof.

Has standard AUTO-WHEEL construction—*real* roller bearings, *real* auto type wheels. Bessemer steel axles with trim, dustproof hub caps, oval spokes and solid steel tires. Absolutely the easiest wagon to pull with a load—and it has more speed than can be used except for play.

*Write for full description and prices, stating whether canvas top is to be included. Don't lag—the camping season is here and you need this wagon to save you work.*



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I want your Indian relics and you want my money. Boy agents needed in every town in our country to find and ship Indian relics for cash.

Send post-card with address and get my circular telling all about it. Lots of money is easily made by hustling boys. No risk. Now is just the time to find arrows, spears, axes, etc.

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**BOY SCOUTS** Obtain our dandy American Cook Kit for Boy Scouts. Free for just a little work. Get particulars quick. **Lentz Distributing Co., Dept. B. Lancaster, Penna.**

# The Fun Scouts Have

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Treasure Island, twenty-five miles up the Delaware river from Trenton, N. J., an island of fifty-one acres, accommodating two hundred boys at one time, is where the general camp of the Philadelphia Scouts is held. The Council of this city also owns a tract of land at Homesburg, Pa., where a cabin has been built and is making arrangements for camping sites on farms near the city, in order that the boys will have a better chance to get out in the open.

BOSTON, MASS.—Because of its location on one of the three large ponds within a quarter of a mile of its site, the Boston scout camp is called "Three Pond Camp." Situated about four miles from the seacoast in a thickly wooded and hilly country there is unusual opportunity for exploration and over-night hikes. One day each week the whole camp hikes to the seashore, and spends the time in the surf or fishing and clamming.

IN THE RAMAPOS.—The scout camp of Bergen and Rockland counties is Camp Moffat at Sterling Pond in the Ramapo Mountains. With Scout Commissioner John R. Banta, Hackensack, N. J., as chairman, Scoutmaster L. J. Stewart, Sparkill, N. Y., Camp Master and Scoutmaster E. P. Beebe, Mahwah, N. J., secretary, the scouts are having a profitable and happy summer outing.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Houston scouts going to Camp Sandy Hook this year are enjoying the benefit of the fine new dining hall, recreation room and camp kitchen attached. This camp is on Shell Point, one of the best camping spots in the Bay District.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Within six miles of the city of Tahlequah, on a high bluff overlooking the Illinois River, with an Indian stomp ground within a mile hike—this is Camp Tahlequah of the Oklahoma City and Muskogee scouts. Fishing, boating and swimming are available, and a "fox chase" is promised by an old hunter.

DETROIT, IOWA.—The camp of the Detroit scouts is on a deep bay on the shore of Harsen's Island. Nearby is a large field for baseball and other games, and close to this a dense woods.

NEWARK, N. J.—The scout camp is at Camp Allamuchy, in the green hills of Sussex County, N. J. Baseball, basketball, races, hikes, scout work, marshmallow roasts, impromptu entertainments and council fires have been arranged.

FOREST HILL AND BLOOMFIELD, N. J.—In the beautiful mountains of Orange County, near Monroe, N. Y., on the western shore of the lake from which it takes its name, is Camp Mombasha, the summer home of the scouts of Forest Hill and Bloemfield, N. J. Mr. C. F. Hennes is the camp director.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Scouts in the Birmingham district have a delightful camp at Caldwell, Ala., which they call Camp Borden Burr.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—For the third successive season the Buffalo scouts are at Camp Ohiyesa at Cascade Park, near Springville, N. Y. Last year the boys built a small dam in Cattarangus creek which has improved the swimming. Ohiyesa is the name of Dr. Eastman, the Sioux Indian, author and lecturer, who is director of the camp.

CHICAGO.—Because of the previous good times, for the fourth year the scouts of Chicago are encamped on Crystal Lake in "The Land of the Ottawas" (White Hall, Mich.). They call their camp O-wa-sip-pe, and the plans include expeditions to Big Blue Lake, Twin Lakes, Indian Burying Ground and Duck Lake, research for Michigan snipes and a hunt for the long lost pot of gold.

ALLEGHENY COUNTY, PA.—Camp Chief Red Oak, on Connoquennessing Creek, near Ellwood City, Pa.—this is where, under the leadership of Chief Grizzly Bear (Mr. C. L. Smith), camp director, the scouts of Allegheny County have their good times. The days are spent in various activities by the different troops, each cooking its noonday meal and with a campfire, lighted in true Indian fashion, as a climax each evening.

RICHMOND, VA.—Sixteen members of Troop 12, with Scoutmaster Ashby B. Pyle in charge, returned about July 15 after a notable visit to Niagara Falls. On the way there they camped in Washington, visiting the National Museum, Zoo, Navy Yard and other places of interest. They stopped also at Baltimore, Philadelphia and Buffalo. At Niagara they camped about two weeks and made short trips into Canada. Last year this troop had a fine long hike in the Shenandoah Valley.

STEUBEN COUNTY, N. Y.—Conducted by Special Field Scout Commissioner Ira M. Sitterly, the Steuben County (N. Y.) Boy Scouts are taking a summer hike. They left home on July 19, and when they return on August 2, they will have visited the New York State Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, New York State Fish Hatcheries, Curtiss Aviation Fields, Cornell University, Elmira Reformatory, Arnot Art Gallery and many other interesting points. Each patrol has a trek cart carrying a tent, cooking utensils and other equipment. The keynotes of this hike are recreation, fresh air, fellowship and education.

NORFOLK, VA.—In the field, track and swimming meet Troop 16 rolled up the highest score, 41 points, and was awarded the prize pennant. With 37 points, Troop 7 won second place, and Troop 13 was third with 36.

MAMARONECK, N. Y.—Boy Scout Day at the Orienta Yacht Club, with competition in water sports—swimming, two and four man canoe races, canoe tilting and sardine race—was greatly enjoyed by the members of Troops 1 and 2.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Not satisfied with the clean sweep made in the athletic events in Potomac Park several weeks before, Troop 21, Takoma Park, won the highest honor in the Annual Field Meet on June 19, scoring 21 points and finishing first in many of the events. In the specialties Troop 16 performed the banner stunt—installing a telegraph system in a downpour of rain. Troop 21 carried off second place with "music" from a full band, the instruments being improvised on the principle of tissue paper over a comb.

WENHAM, MASS.—In the local field meet of the towns of Beverly, Topsfield and Wenham the Scouts of Wenham won the championship. After the events the national flag was brought forward by a Grand Army man while the scouts rendered the customary salute.

ROME, N. Y.—Scout Scribe Harold Cooper reports of the participation of Troop 8 in a "safe and sane" celebration on July 4. The boys took part in the parade and also held a Field Day with a relay message delivered to the Mayor of Rome.

ARDEN, N. C.—The Wolf Patrol of Troop 1 recently made an overnight hike to Busbee Mountain, and though it rained severely, the leanto which they built did not leak, and all had a fine time.

*Learning knots from Mother Nature.*

*Photograph by Scoutmaster Alfred H. Loeb, Philadelphia, Pa.*

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—Members of Troops 1 and 4 spent the week of June 5 to 12 camping on the Medina river, near San Antonio, practicing various scout activities and making surveys and maps of the river and surrounding country.

STONINGTON, CONN.—An interesting mock trial was a feature of a recent meeting of Stonington scouts, the motive of the trial being a supposed bank robbery for which several members were "arrested." The trial was such a success that the troop is thinking of repeating it in public.

CAMERON, MO.—The local scouts were in camp near Perrin during the week of June 15 to 22. The co-operation of the railroad officials in having one train a day stop at camp, the telephone service supplied by the local company and the rural free delivery of mail all contributed in a large measure to its success.

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Over 100 scouts, representing every troop in the city, enjoyed an outing at the expense of the local council on May 29. A trip in a special car, a short hike, a

baseball game, swimming and scout practice were features of the day, with "eats" provided by the council. This is the first of a series of treats to the scouts out of an appropriation from the budget for this purpose.

BRYAN, TEXAS.—Troop 1 enjoyed a five-day hike to the Brazos river, where several boys qualified for badges. They also gave a benefit recently, making about twenty dollars.

NORWOOD, OHIO.—The programme of the field day, held here on June 5, showed many interesting events, one being a relay team message from Mayor Spiegel of Cincinnati to Mayor Engelhardt of Norwood. Other events were tennis, baseball, signaling, etc., and in the evening there was a lawn fete and strawberry festival, speeches by the Mayor of Norwood and Scout Executive Traeger of Cincinnati, and the awarding of prizes.

DAHLONEGA, GA.—Scoutmaster W. M. Barnett reports that his troop has had several outings, fishing and swimming, and are planning for camp in July.

KEY WEST, FLA.—At the recent field day of the scouts here, more than 3,000 people watched the many events. Prizes awarded to the victors were blue ribbons bearing in gold the words "Scout Day."

MERIDEN, CONN.—In a contest between Troops 2 of Waterbury, and 5 of Meriden, the latter won eight out of ten events. The wall scaling was done with a team of fifteen in 59 seconds, and included a run of fifty feet. Troop 5 of Meriden will challenge any troop in Connecticut to a contest on scout lines, including swimming.

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LYNDEN, WASH.—The scouts of Lynden had a very successful ten days' camp on Widby Island. A trip to Fort Casey, and a sight of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, were interesting events, along with bird study, wireless telegraph, cooking, etc.

## "The Quartermaster Says"

### Chats with the Equipment Man

By FREDERICK N. COOKE, JR.

Secretary, Committee on Scout Supplies.

The Supply Department at National Headquarters has just received another shipment of bamboo scout staffs from Japan, and you may be interested to know the story of their life.

The bamboo is grown in very large tracts on the west coast of Japan. It is cut close to the ground and loaded into small boats. After a slow journey of from two to three months these boats land their freight at Kobe, a large port on the Izumi Sea. At Kobe the poles are stacked in the sun to dry, a process which takes from one to three months more. When they are thoroughly dried they are carefully inspected.

After cutting, the poles are heated over charcoal fires, which drive the oil of the bamboo to the surface, thus completing the drying and seasoning of the wood. When hot the poles are pliable and in this condition they are straightened in forms or by bending with notched sticks.

When this process is finished the bamboo is again heated and thoroughly cleaned. It is next sent to the packing room, where the poles are put in bales. Then they are ready for shipment from Kobe via trans-Pacific boats, which land them at Tacoma, Washington. From this point they are brought overland to New York City.

From the cutting of the bamboo to the time when the finished staff is landed in this country nearly a year is required for the various operations which have been described.

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## Hartford Scouts Fight Fire

Returning from the Memorial Day parade in Hartford, Conn., Hartford boy scouts discovered several barns burning. One of them immediately turned in an alarm and the others, without waiting for the firemen, started to get the horses out and to fight the flames with their coats and sacks.

When the firemen did arrive, the boys assisted them with the hose and also acted as guards. In all they saved ten horses and prevented a greater loss of property.

The scouts who deserve special mention for their presence of mind and courage are Reuben Rosenblatt, Meyer Gross, Louis Shapiro, Jos. Tannenbaum, Jack Malley, Saul Lipman, George Forman, Sam Cramer, Max Grone, Scout Wolf.

The National Court of Honor has sent a special letter of commendation to these scouts, through their commissioner, Mr. G. S. Ripley.

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FREDERIC L. COLVER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of April, 1915.

JOHN A. NUGENT, Commissioner of Deeds for the City of New York.

Certificate filed, N. Y. County, No. 30. My Commission expires April 14, 1916.

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# With the Scouts Afield

BUFFALO, N. Y.—After four months of strenuous work, Troop 29 has dedicated its new club house. This building, which is a one-story frame structure, 20 x 30 ft., is set in a lot 60 x 145 ft., which allows plenty of space for recreation grounds, etc. In front is a steel flag-pole more than fifty feet high, surmounted by an eagle; in the rear is another pole, donated by the local telephone company, which is to be used for a wireless station. The troop has a wireless patrol.

THORNDIKE ME.—Troop 1, Scoutmaster Lewis S. Hogan, was organized just a year ago with twelve tenderfoot scouts; it now has one First Class scout and fourteen Second Class, a number of whom are ready for most of their First Class tests. This troop has solved its finance problem by building and selling ladders. The boys go into the woods on meeting day, get the material and make the ladders in the scoutmaster's home, where they have a work bench. Ladders are in great demand by the farmers, and they receive $2.50 for a twenty-foot ladder. Plans are being made to build a log cabin, the scoutmaster having donated the land, and a farmer has given permission to cut the logs from his property.

WAGONER, OKLA.—While traveling with a wagon train en-route to Texas, eleven-year-old Willis Moore got lost on the prairie. But in one hour from the time they received notice of his disappearance, the local squad of scouts had found him and returned him to his mother. These boys have been active in many ways. They erected a fifty-foot steel flag-pole at their headquarters, and on this and the campus adjoining they displayed 130 flags on Flag Day. A uniformed squad salutes the flag each morning and evening with twelve guns, one representing each Scout Law. These boys have purchased a tent and established a camp in the rear of their headquarters.

MILO, ME.—A fire department of two companies is to be formed by the scouts here. They will have the use of the old reels and hose of the village fire department, and will be trained by Chief F. H. Rogers.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Twenty-one Second Class scouts (the entire membership of the troop), in six months is the record of Troop 8 of the Calvary Methodist Church of East Orange. The Young Men's Bible Class of that church has just presented the scouts with a large American flag, and the ladies of the church have given them a troop banner. This troop also has the distinction of having discovered what has been chosen the permanent camp site of the East Orange scouts. This is on the Passaic river, and is a very fine location. The scouts were encamped there over Memorial Day.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Troop 44 spent a very pleasant month in their annual camp at Lillys-on-the-Lake, under Scoutmaster R. W. Woodroofe. This troop is planning to inaugurate a Camp Saving Fund in the fall, and with the reorganization for regular meetings, classes in first aid will be started. Troop 37 of Cleveland is also encamped at Lillys-on-the-Lake, under Scoutmaster P. S. Crampton and his assistants. A. M. Guhl, Scout Scribe, reports that Troop 70, which was organized in January, has over $50 in the treasury, and also a 14 x 16 tent, all of which the scouts earned. There are now two Second Class scouts in the troop, and many more who are ready for the tests.

UTICA, N. Y.—Gerald Kowalski and Jacob Levine, First Class Scouts and members of Troop 17, won the trophy for signaling in the final contest. A message and answer, each consisting of seventy-three words, were sent and returned in one minute and twenty-nine seconds each. The semaphore code was used, and Scout Levine worked without a reader or writer.

CALLENSBURG, PA.—Scouts of the Buffalo Patrol were busy on Good Roads Day, helping haul cinders and in other ways. On Memorial Day they played a game of ball with a troop of Foxburg, Pa., beating them 19-9.

RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Red Cross Society Bronze Medals for advanced first aid have been awarded to Scoutmaster Charles F. Schulz, assistant Scoutmasters Leon Seward and Walter Somerset, Senior Patrol Leader George Collet, and Scouts Allen Bigg and Harold Risdon of Troop 4. This troop took part in an entertainment given by the Methodist Sunday School, giving a sketch, "A Day in Camp" with an original "Charlie Chaplin."

MCLEANSBORO, ILL.—Troop 3, through the efforts of Scoutmaster R. L. Vance, now has a splendid scout hall, which serves as a place for scout meetings, the practice of their two bands, and a gymnasium.

UTICA, N. Y.—The scouts of Utica responded willingly to the call to take part in the Memorial Day celebration, acting as escorts for the veterans, decorating the graves and in other ways honoring Utica's brave soldiers.

WILTON, CONN.—The scouts took the initiative and Memorial Day was observed with appropriate exercises, with a parade, addresses, singing of patriotic songs and a small silk flag presented to everyone present. The scouts also assisted in decorating the graves of the soldier dead.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Aucoot Camp, on the shores of Buzzards Bay, is where the scouts of Worcester go. As a result of a lecture by Dr. Allen Williams last winter, the boys are making special study of the snakes in the wilds around Mattapoisett. A "jitney hike" will be taken in August by the scouts of the Bethany church troop. They will hire a one-horse wagon, rig it up as a prairie schooner, accompanied by Rev. Frederic K. Brown, and will hike for two or three weeks without any particular destination.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Washington scouts were a busy crowd on Memorial Day. They assisted the G. A. R. in decorating more than 15,000 graves in the National cemetery, including those of officers on which they placed wreaths sent by President Wilson. They did police duty during the services in the amphitheatre, and helped at the unveiling of the Maine monument. The Scout Drum and Bugle Corps and one hundred scouts of the various troops assisted at the flag raising at Bradbury Heights. Washington now has fifty-two troops and about nine hundred scouts. Scout Livermore of Troop 47 is the fourth eagle scout in Troop 47, and the nineteenth in Washington. Merit badges, numbering 1,300, have been awarded. Many of the boys are planning to go to Camp Archibald Butt, 220 having earned premium days by selling tags on Scout Tag Day.

ANADARKO, OKLA.—Besides making rapid progress in their regular scout work, under the direction of their new scoutmaster, H. H. Gay, the boys have conducted a successful clean-up day, given a demonstration of scouting in a school entertainment, and acted as an escort of honor for the veterans on Memorial Day. Plans are being made for an outing to Fort Sill.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—In the contests conducted by Troop 1, Paul Dawkins received first prize, a silver cup; Frank Woodyard, who won second, a silver medal, and a scout axe, was presented to Monroe Rathbone, who won third place. Attendance at meetings, good turns, promotion and merit badges all counted in this contest. On Flag Day the D. A. R. presented an American flag to this troop, and an interesting scout exhibition was given by the boys.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Two hundred scouts were on duty serving as ushers and controlling the crowd at the State Championship Meet at Homewood. Besides acting as ushers, the scouts assisted in placing the boys in the various homes throughout the city which had volunteered to entertain them.

FOXBORO, MASS.—When the Sons of Veterans decorated the graves of the soldiers on Memorial Day a member of Troop 1 accompanied and assisted each one.

RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.—Four life, four star, twenty-nine merit, two First Class and four Second Class badges were awarded at an outdoor meeting of the Court of Honor of the Richmond Hill Council held in Forest Park on May 1. Under District Commissioner Worden the scouts have been very active in clean-ups, in the Fourth of July demonstrations and other civic affairs.

WEBSTER CITY, IOWA.—Scoutmaster Murray McMurray reports many good turns of the scouts during the past winter, such as delivering food and clothing to the poor and sick. On the National Scout birthday they took about forty-eight bunches of carnations for which they had earned the money, to the sick, visiting private residences as well as hospitals. They also held contests in coasting, kite making, gave a fathers' and sons' banquet and assisted in Memorial day exercises. The scout moving picture, "The Adventures of a Scout," which they exhibited in February, netted them $75 for camp expenses.

CONCORD N. H.—On Memorial Day Troops 6 and 8 assisted the veterans and also decorated the graves of unknown dead. They conducted a rest tent for the veterans and kept everyone supplied with ice water. In the evening they took part in a rally, using boy scout slides and posters to advantage. These boys took first prize in a parade during the celebration of the 150th anniversary of Concord, competing against the

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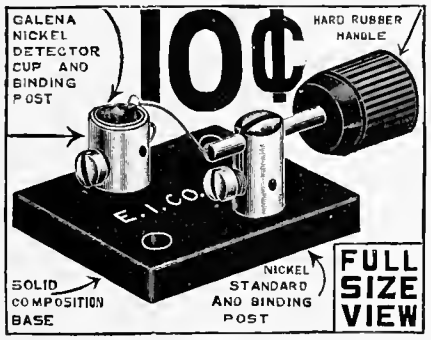


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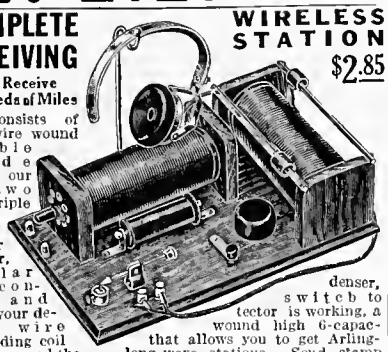

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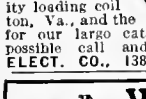

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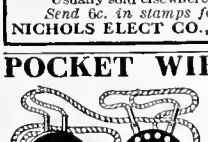

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**Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**


New Hampshire National Guardsmen and the High School Cadets. They also participated in the exercises on Governor's Day, being reviewed by the governor. On June 17 they started on their annual hike, camping at Fort William and Navy Coast Defence at Newcastle, N. H., and visiting many interesting places.

WILLIAMSVILLE, VT.—The scouts took charge of the Sunday evening music in the Methodist Church. These boys, with the Campfire Girls, are beautifying the town by planting flower beds in front of the churches and in other conspicuous places, and have cleaned off the advertisements from the town scales and have repainted the woodwork.

PHILADELPHIA.—At a recent meeting of the Court of Honor 140 of the scouts of this city received Merit Badges.

ARDMORE, PA.—Instructed by the assistant of the fire department and assistant State fire marshal, the Scouts of Ardmore are learning how to fight fires and use the pulmotor. They have been organized into a junior volunteer fire brigade, equipped with a small hose cart and a ladder brigade formed.

GETTYSBURG, PA.—Scouts of Troop 1 are mourning the loss of their scoutmaster, John H. Keller, who while in swimming on June 27, was seized with cramps and was drowned. Mr. Keller was a very fine man and was well liked by all his boys.

BOSTON, MASS. — In cooperation with the Health Department, and the Boston *Record*, the scouts of Boston are engaged in a desperate war against flies. The boys are assigned to different territories in which they make a thorough inspection, reporting to a Health officer at the close of each day. Some of the scouts are specializing in the matter of fruit stands, stables, etc., and others are visiting the residence sections, where in a courteous manner they talk with householders about the dangers of flies.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Forty members of Troop 41 were present at the launching of the U. S. S. Arizona, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, on June 19, after which they attended the Fourth Avenue Subway celebration, acting as an escort to the Borough President and assisting the police in maintaining lines, etc.

NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.—Demonstrating their efficiency in stagecraft, as well as scoutcraft, the members of Advance Troop 7, of New Brighton, S. I., recently rendered successfully a three-act play, "The Perry Boys."

## Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

(*Continued from page 6*)

The troop was scheduled to meet that night at 8 o'clock. Twenty minutes before the hour Don sat in Mr. Wall's library facing the scoutmaster. He had kept the good news as long as he could. Now he would have to tell all about it.

As the boy's story grew, Mr. Wall stared up at the ceiling. Once he interrupted sharply.

"Did you sign any papers at the furniture store?"

"No, sir."

"Are they going to send any goods here?"

"No, sir. I told them I wanted to pick out the stuff, but that the troop would have to pass resolutions. I just wanted to know how much it would cost for what we wanted. The man said fifty cents down and fifty cents a week would be all right."

"But you didn't buy anything or sign any papers?"

"No, sir."

"Oh!" Mr. Wall gave a sigh of relief. "I'll lay this matter before the troop," he said gravely.

## How "Don Strong" Began

DON STRONG wants to enter the Chester high school—not to study, but to play football and baseball under Mr. Wall, the Latin teacher, who coaches the team. Don thinks his sister Barbara wants him sent to work; but when his father tells him he can have a year at school, he learns Barbara has been pleading for him.

Alex Davidson, a widow's son, also is ambitious to enter high school. Alex works all summer. Don learns that Alex has twenty dollars saved. Amazed, he goes around to Alex's


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## NOTICE

In the July issue of BOYS' LIFE a typographical error made the price of the new model Boy Scout hat appear as $1.25. There has been no change in the price of the hat, though it has been greatly improved in quality. The price still remains as formerly, $1.15. Parcel post charges to be added by purchaser.

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house for a look at a boy who has saved that much money, and finds Alex wearing a boy scout uniform. He sneers at scouts; but later, when he discovers that Mr. Wall is the Scoutmaster, he enters the troop, and works enthusiastically.

Earning a dollar for his second class requirement does not prove easy. He weeds flower beds and mows grass and later begins building birdhouses and selling them. Don fails to make the team, but becomes a substitute. Ted Carter, a shiftless lad, worms his way into the boy's good graces. Because Ted is always buying sodas, Don takes money from his bank and buys sodas, too, and his savings shrink. Finally, egged on by Ted, he quits the squad, but returns to it, realizing it is his duty to his school. Soon Don is shifted to the first team.

A theatrical manager goes to town. Tickets are twenty-five cents each. Don has planned to go with Ted, but football practice has kept him from doing much on his houses, and he can't bill has to be paid or interest will be added. Worriedfi he fears he has "bitten off more than he can chew."

In order to earn money for the show, Don works with feverish haste to finish a bird house. The house is so poorly made that he refuses to sell it, but he borrows a quarter from Ted, and together they see the show. When the football season closes, Don has more time to work and his savings grow. He prepares for his second class test and his father promises to help him with his cooking requirement.

## IN MEMORIAM

SCOUT ROYDEN S. PIERCE,
Troop 36, Boston.
SCOUT JOE EVERETT DRENNAN,
Troop 1, Ratcliffe, Texas.
SCOUT AUGUST ZIMMERMAN,
Troop 23, Brooklyn, N. Y.
SCOUTMASTER JOHN H. KELLAR,
Troop 1, Gettysburg, Pa.
ASSISTANT SCOUTMASTER EDMOND C. PECH,
Troop 74, Buffalo, N. Y.
SCOUT HAROLD D. REID,
Troop 3, Malden, Mass.

The members of Troop 3, Cleveland, Ohio, have requested BOYS' LIFE to insert this notice in the official publication as an evidence of their respect for the memory of their former Scoutmaster, L. Lloyd Bickle, who died in camp on August 23, 1914. BOYS' LIFE is proud, indeed, to pay this tribute to the memory of a man who served his country so well by devoting his time and energy to the mental, moral and physical development of its boy citizens.

## A Baseball Comedy

(*Continued from page* 9)

James Roderick Perkins, intensely nervous under the strain, could not have pitched the ball over the plate for a Carnegie medal; however, since Hicks would offer at anything delivered, the Freshman slowly made his wind-up for the third strike. With elaborate care he poised a second, made a windmill of his arms, to the terror of Hicks, and—threw the ball far above "Biff" Pemberton's head!

With a marvelous leap the Freshman catcher succeeded in touching the ball with his big glove, converting a wild pitch into a catcher's error; the spheroid, deflected, rolled thirty feet to one side, and Billy Harnsworth, followed by Pudge Langdon, dashed across the plate. In the meantime the watchful "Skeet" Wigglesworth, who *knew* baseball, even though he could not play it, grasped a startling situation.

"Run, Hicks—*run!*" he shrieked madly, knowing why Butch and Billy had sprinted. "You struck at that ball—it's your *third* strike, and the catcher missed it! *Run—run—run!*"

IT was true! The excited Hicks had taken an unmistakably healthy swing at the ball, several feet over his head, but in a daze he had stood for a second or two at the plate. Now, aroused by Skeet's

shrieks, he plunged wildly toward first base! Biff Pemberton, having retrieved the ball, did some quick thinking—two runs had scored, but the Sophomores still needed one to tie, and two were out—if he caught the tardy Hicks at first the Freshmen would win the game!

With this in mind, and actuated by good motives, Biff hurled the ball, but it went out into right field, to the surprise of the fielder, who stared at it in bewilderment! While this took place, Chub Chalmers, a fair sprinter, turned third base and dashed at top speed for home-plate with the tying run, amid deafening cheers! When the right-fielder finally picked up the ball the speedy Sophomore was nearing the plate, and a throw even from Ty Cobb would have been futile—therefore he made a "bonehead play" and hurled it toward an angry catcher!

"Hicks, Hicks, Hicks!" Every one, it seemed, except the dazed Freshmen, shouted at the debonair youth, who was industriously striving to sprint around the bases, studiously touching each one. "Go it, Hicks—*home-run*, old man!"

As the hard-working Hicks neared third base the frantic Freshman catcher, in striving to pick up the ball as it rolled to him, dropped it again! Finally clutching it, he threw it to the third-baseman—and it was promptly muffed. The ball bounded on toward the left field fence at a slow pace, and Butch Brewster, who had run down to coach, took a desperate chance and yelled:

*"Home*—Hicks! Run, and *slide*—go *home!"*

The frenzied third-baseman, in starting after the ball, caught his toe in the bag and did a beautiful Annette Kellerman dive on *terra firma!* By the time he recovered his equilibrium and the ball Hicks, even with his speed materially reduced because of fatigue, was about to be received with tremendous cheers and open arms at the home-plate! Determined to interrupt and foil this "Come-Coming" delegation of 1919 enthusiasts, he went Biff Pemberton's wild throw to first base one better, and—

The spheroid sailed high over the catcher's head, striking in the wire backstop, which extended to the right of the home-plate. Amid an uproar that no event in history can duplicate, T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., having actually scored a home-run, and added four scores to the 1919 column, thus winning the great Sophomore-Freshman game—*on a strike out*, literally staggered across the plate and collapsed!

SEVERAL minutes later, when "the shouting and the tumult died," and the hilariously happy rooters of old 1919 bore the triumphant players gymnasiumward, while the thrilled spectators still vociferated their unparalleled joy, T. Haviland Hicks, Jr., borne on "Bus" Norton's broad shoulders, looked across several heads at Captain "Butch" Brewster, being transported in similar fashion.

"Just leave it to me, Butch," the sunny Sophomore chortled joyously, with that inevitable Cheshire cat grin on his classic countenance. "I said I would win the game for old '19! And, behold, I have kept my word, for—"

"Yes—" jeered Butch Brewster, though he could not conceal his happiness sufficiently to crush the exuberant Hicks with the proper scorn. "A home-run—on a strike-out! Bah—you are *some* batter, you are!"


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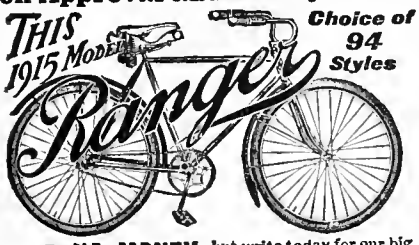


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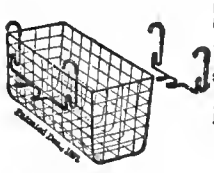

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# Moonshiners in the Jungle

(*Continued from page* 12)

He investigated, and found the two in the shack gathering things together as if for departure.

But it was day before either came out; and then they stepped forth together—I saw Bat was armed. They went direct to the beach (Joseph DeLong keeping them in view—I close behind him). They walked down to examine their boat. They made a keen examination of the mainland; then they turned up the beach and went right into the mangrove.

I held my breath, and I saw consternation in the face of DeLong. They were almost certain to discover our boat.

The revenue officer slipped swiftly around a clump of the brush, and directly I heard him give the order. "Up with your hands!"

Then I saw Tom Wasson running back, and I thought of his revolver on the table. I tore through the brush by a short cut and rushed in and slammed the door of the shack.

The revolver lay on the table. I pounced on it. Then I heard James's father call out: "Hands up!" and I opened the door to see Tom Wasson a captive.

Joseph DeLong and Uncle Bill brought Bat between them, his wrists already shining with handcuffs. Tom Wasson got his pair, and the two were linked together.

DeLong pulled me out of the cabin by the arm.

"Nat, boy," he began, "that mishap went against us—we haven't learned the location of their cache."

I HAD been thinking of that thing during the few minutes following the capture, and fretting my brain for a solution. Small as the island was, it might take months to dig all over it. But when he spoke an idea burst forth.

"I have a plan," I said, "that might make them tell where it is."

His only reply was to show interested attention. So I told him my idea.

"We'll try it!" he said, slapping my back. "We'll begin at once."

Then we went in. He turned flashing eyes on the two prisoners.

"You have a cache here," he said, "and you are going to show me where it is."

They were startled by the first half of his speech, and seemed considerably disconcerted by the assurance he displayed in the latter half. So far my plan was working well.

"We go at once!" he snapped out.

He directed Uncle Bill to lead the prisoners; a task he seemed to relish.

Joseph DeLong led the way; Uncle Bill followed with the captives; the rest of us came behind as spectators.

DeLong made for the beach at a sharp walk. Uncle Bill made the two step lively. Arrived at the beach—keeping his eyes before him (purposely) the revenue officer made a sharp feint as if to go down to the south; then as suddenly seemed to change his mind and turn north.

Keeping a sharp eye out, I noted that the two in chains instinctively held back at the first turn of DeLong, but pressed forward eagerly when DeLong started off north.

A few steps and my friend glanced back to me, and I gave him a nod *to the south.*

"Hold on!" said the officer, "we're go-

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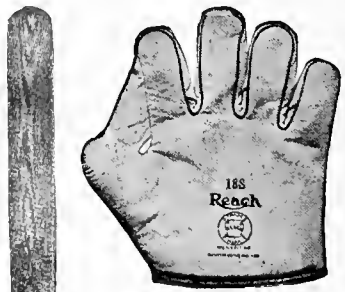


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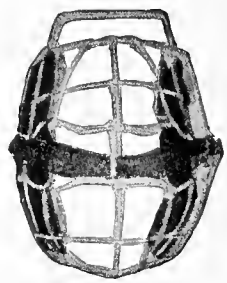

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ing wrong." And he turned south again, moving briskly, keeping his eyes ever in front.

The prisoners gave one another a quick glance, but were careful not to exhibit reluctance. We moved rapidly down the beach—all silent.

Presently both prisoners turned their heads slightly, as if to look out on the water. At this I spat, loud enough for the listening ear of DeLong.

He stopped suddenly, and, noting my glance and nod up through the brush, he turned his steps abruptly that way, moving quite as briskly as before.

I THEN saw the two turn widely astonished eyes on one another. They were plainly mystified—and fearful. I now followed close; all were stumbling forward in the brush. We came out on higher ground, in a clump of cabbage palms. Joseph DeLong moved straight across toward the brush on the farther side.

And now I saw the prisoners cast furtive and fearful glances toward the edge of a bit of mangrove growing close to the palms.

"Ah!" I thought, "they're looking to see if there might be any tell-tale marks."

Joseph DeLong turned and I pointed out the suspected place with my eyes. He stepped promptly over to the place—and then the prisoners plainly shrank with dread. I could not mistake the pain in their faces. The looks they exchanged plainly said: "It's all up now."

Joseph DeLong squatted by the mangrove as his critical eyes went over each detail. Then he said:

"Now for a shovel."

James at once set off for the shack. My friend DeLong called me to him.

"Look there," he said, pointing.

There were three places in a circle where branches of the roots of the mangrove had been chopped off. It was there he set the shovel when James came back.

When he got down in the sand a foot he looked up to me, as much as to say: "I've struck something." He pulled out an armful of sticks.

Then next he pulled into view a shallow box, such as is used for plug tobacco. It was wired to the roots, doubtless to keep it from being washed away in event of a violent storm. A twist loosened the box. Joseph DeLong took it under his arm and pulled me along.

"Wait till we come back," he called to the others.

He led the way into the shack. Here he broke open the box and there were displayed—sure enough—plugs of tobacco. He pried off the top layer and exposed two chamois bags stained with tobacco. One he opened and emptied into his hat.

How beautiful the sight! All the colors glinted in the half light in the hat.

"Diamonds again!" I said. There seemed nearly a score of them.

"Well, Nat, boy," he said, giving me a warm look, "your plan worked great! We'll talk more of that when we get more time."

He entrusted my pocket with one of the bags, the other he placed in a belt at his waist. We then called the others.

NO need to detail the return home. James and his father and I went in my sloop *Rambler;* Joseph DeLong and Uncle Bill took the prisoners across country in a hired rig.

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I told him that, as he was a revenue officer, I couldn't tell him facts in this case, but I would tell him a story.

"Always like to hear stories," he laughed.

So I began: "Once there was a—" And so went on with a recital of all my "moonshine experiences," using, of course, fictitious names. And when I told him how the box and the "hand of rightcousness" business went off, he began—I thought he wouldn't ever get through laughing. And at every recounting of Uncle Bill's telling of the "hand o' righteousness" he'd seen, the revenue officer broke out afresh.

I never fully appreciated the humor of the thing as he saw it; and the minister, when I finally told him the story, though he smiled, took my view of the matter. He said it had a deep spiritual significance, and that Uncle Bill's point of view was, after all, the correct one. However much his physical eyes had been deceived, his spiritual eyes had seen the real thing, and real spiritual results had come of it; which was all that counted, anyway.

James and I cleaned up down there in the jungle at Prairie Creek, while Uncle Bill was gone to help Joseph DeLong with his prisoners up as far as the railway. We buried the remnants of the still at the edge of the smaller stream.

I called on Uncle Bill the day he returned, to learn if all had gone well on the trip.

He was sitting on his back porch playing "Old Dan Tucker" on his Jew's harp.

"Howdy, Nathan-ee-al!" he greeted me.

Then he got out his old Barlow and began to whittle.

"Say!" he began, "thet 'revenuer' o' yourn is a right smart clever chap. But he shore's got a consarned queer streak in 'im. I tol' 'im 'bout thet rev'lation I see—how I see the 'hand o' righteousness' way down in the timber. An' he jes' went right off in high-steericks—jes' like a gal. He jes' losed all control o' himself."

THE END.

## Dan Beard Tells You How

(*Continued from page* 10)

priate presents for a scout to give to his parents or his friends, and a well-made napkin ring makes a bully present for one's scoutmaster, a present that he will be proud to own and will show to his friends upon every occasion.

I use the ring which I brought down from our mountain camp in preference to the antique silver one I have at home, for every scout understands that sentiment is really of more value than gold or silver, and a ring which you made yourself, or your friends made for you while seated round the blazing campfire, is a ring full of associations, associations which give a value that tradesmen cannot hammer into or affix to articles made for commercial purposes.

---

Cats make the most careful toilet of any animals. Lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, rubberlike ball of the forefoot and inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a sponge and brush, and the rough tongue cleans the rest of the body.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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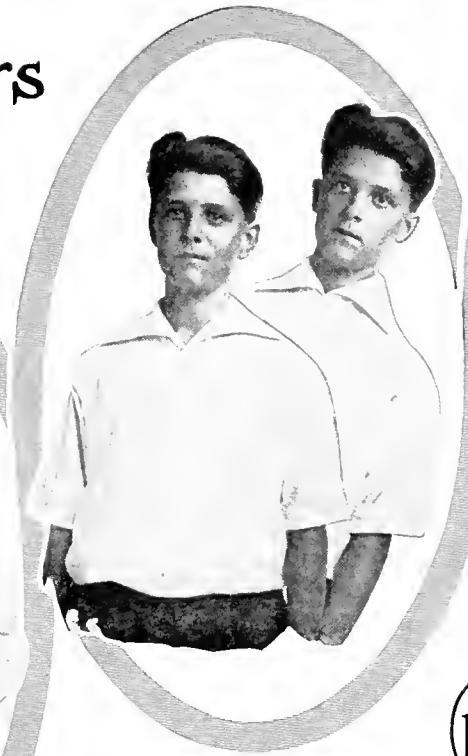

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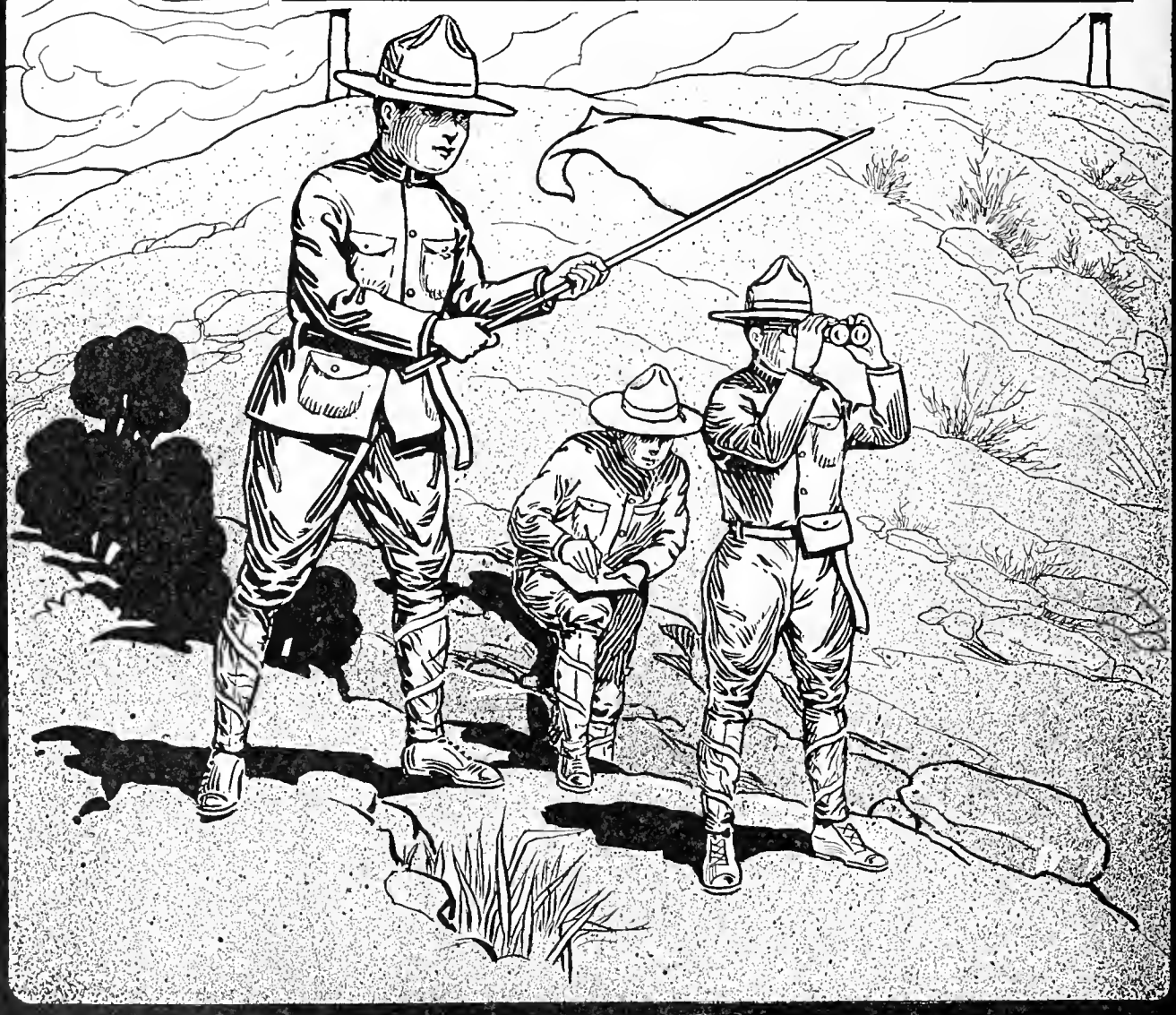

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# BOYS' LIFE

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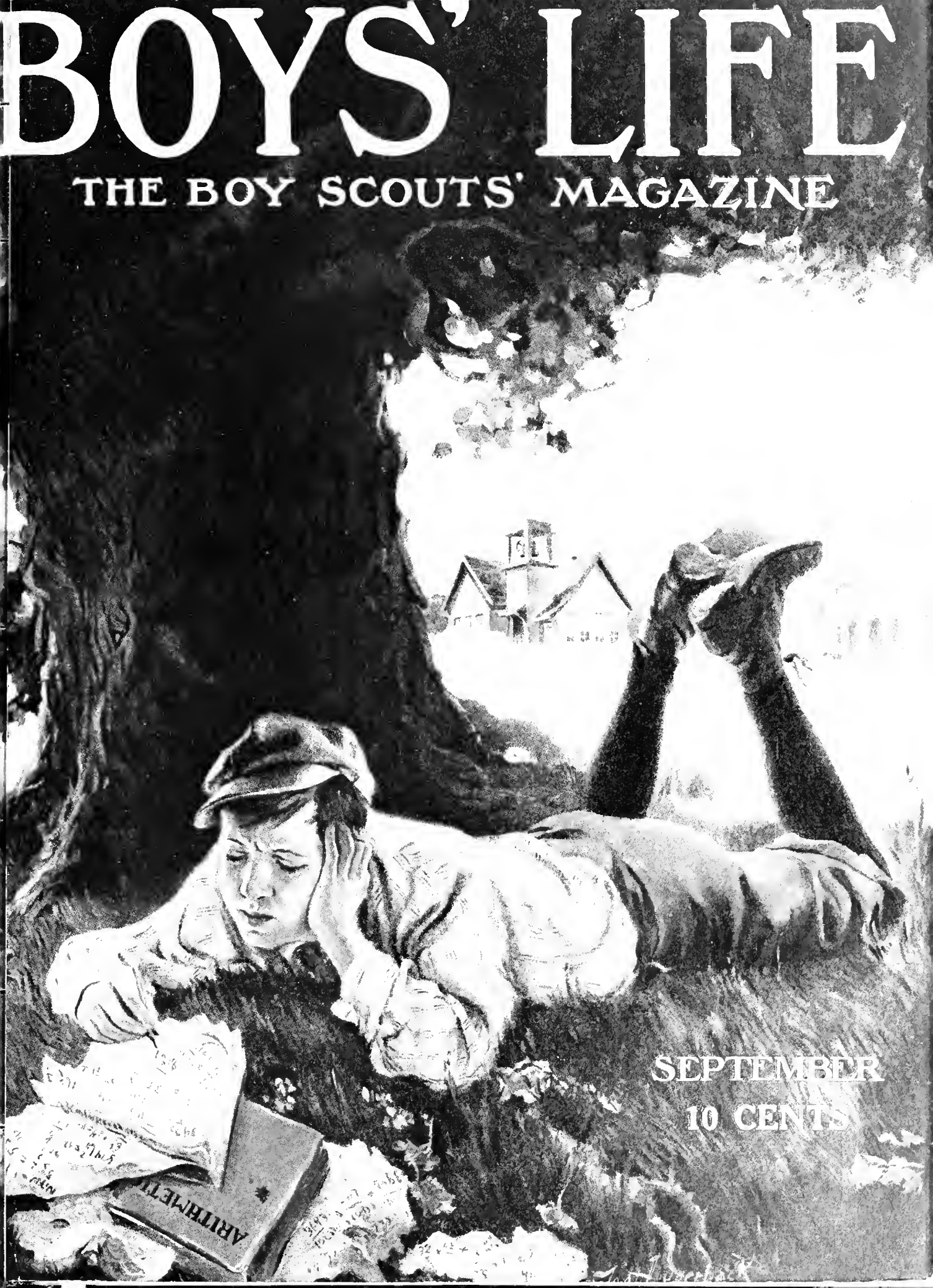


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# BOYS' LIFE

## THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

WALTER P. McGUIRE, *Editor*
DAN BEARD, *Associate Editor*

VOL. V. SEPTEMBER, 1915 No. 7

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## Leading Features This Month


**Cover Design**.....BY WALT LOUDERBACK
**The Duffer** ..... 2
BY HAWLEY WILLIAMS
**Smitty Henderson Gets Revenge**..... 4
BY WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE
**The Quarry Troop Life Guards—Part II**..... 6
BY IRVING CRUMP
**What Schools Do for You**..... 9
BY PHILANDER P. CLAXTON, United States Commissioner of Education
**Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol**..... 11
BY WILLIAM HEYLIGER
**In the Scout Cave**..... 13
BY THE CAVE SCOUT
**The Duffel Bag** ..... 14
BY DANIEL CARTER BEARD
**Red Gilley, Reelfoot Fisher Boy**..... 15
BY A. L. WHITSON
**Dan Beard Tells You How**..... 17
BY DANIEL CARTER BEARD
**The Militant Reformers**..... 18
BY C. V. HULL
**The Fascinating Activities of Scouts**.....20-21
OUR DOUBLE PAGE OF PICTURES
**Boy Scout Life Savers**..... 22
BY ARMSTRONG PERRY
**With the Scouts Afield**..... 24
**How a Scout Made His Own Stamp Album**..... 26
BY FRANK L. COES
**Our Lonesome Corner**..... 28
**Scouts' Questions Answered**..... 30
**Thrilling Acts of Scout Heroism**..... 33
**"The Quartermaster Says"**..... 34



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It is packed full of the finest stories for boys; stories with plenty of excitement in them, plenty of fun of the right sort.

It contains also all the news of the Boy Scout movement.

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# Why Go to School?

A SHORT time ago a boy said to me, "I wish the folks wouldn't make me go to school any more. I'd like to quit and get a job. I don't see what good it is going to do me to learn all about grammar and to study all those dates in history, that are so hard to remember."

"Well," I said, "maybe there's something in what you say. There are some boys who are naturally so stupid they never could learn anything anyway, and they might just as well quit first as last. Now, if you think you belong with those fellows——"

"No," he interrupted hastily, "I could do the work all right if I wanted to get right down to it. But I don't think it would do me any good."

"All right, then," I said, "let's look at it this way. President Wilson thinks a boy ought to go to school, so do all the governors of all the states, all the men in the legislatures, all the judges on the bench, all the doctors, lawyers, bankers, preachers, editors, authors, teachers—why, everybody in the country who amounts to anything believes it does a boy some good to go to school. They believe it so thoroughly that they have spent millions and millions of dollars to build schools for boys to go to. Well, maybe all of these people are wrong and you are right."

"But, *why* do all of these people believe a boy should go to school?" my friend inquired.

"Because school is a place where you learn to solve problems," I answered. "In arithmetic, for instance, you take a certain number of figures, group them in a certain way, and you get a certain result. In grammar you group words in a certain manner and get a sentence. History presents the problem of reading about something that has happened and then remembering what you have read. If you know arithmetic it will be easier for you to remember dates; if you know geography it will help you to remember places, so you see these different studies help each other.

"All this solving of problems is valuable because life is simply a series of problems. They often come all mixed up together and you need a lot of different kinds of knowledge to figure them out. You never can tell when your arithmetic and history will come in handy. This is one thing school gives you—knowledge. But school also gives you practice in using this knowledge in such a way that you can get an answer to the problems of life.

"Come to think about it," I added, "you're facing one of these problems of life right now. 'Shall I, or shall I not, stay in school?' I wonder if you have had enough practice in solving problems to find the right answer to this one?"

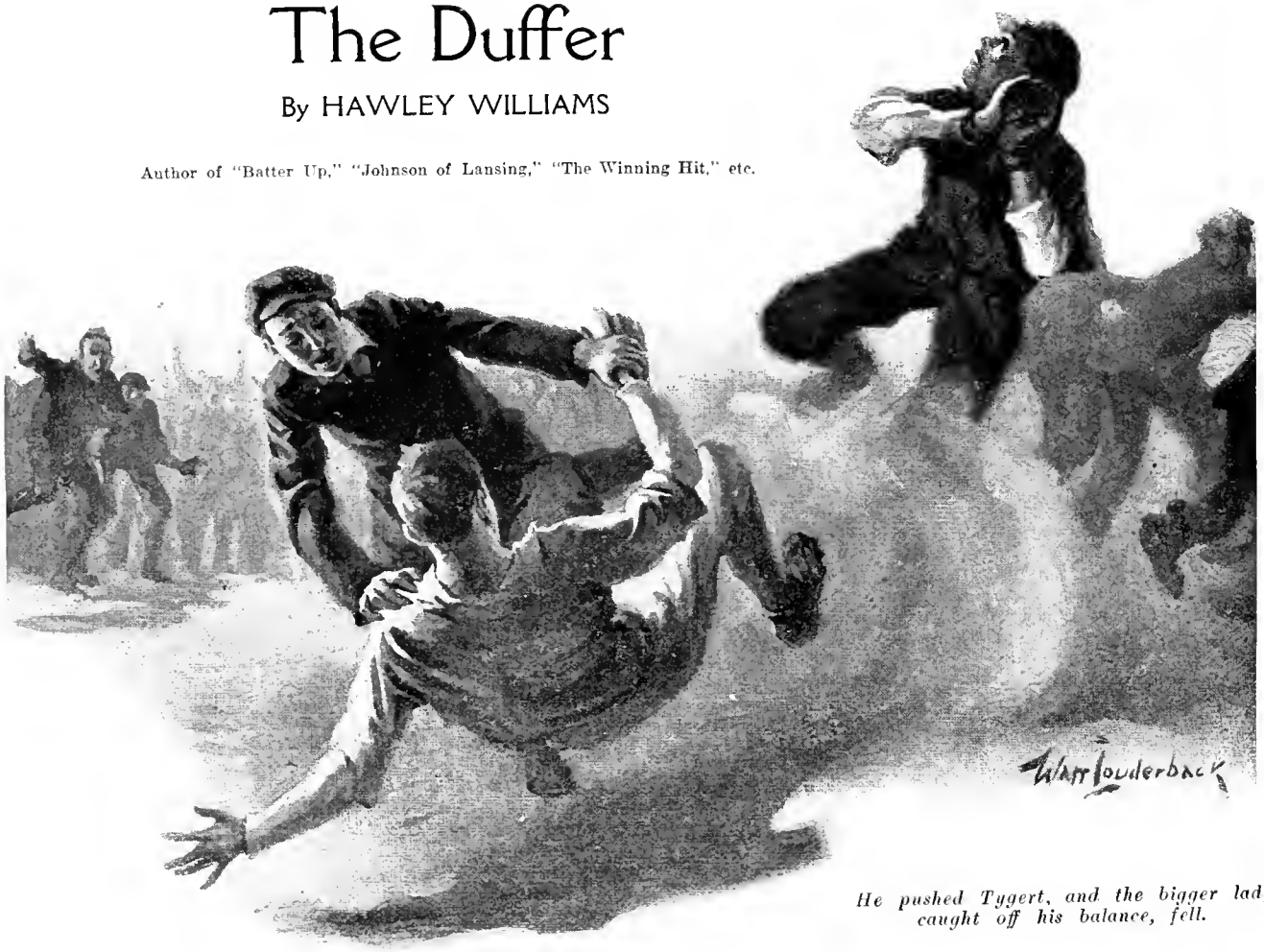
"I'll think it over," he answered.

THE EDITOR.

# The Duffer

By HAWLEY WILLIAMS

Author of "Batter Up," "Johnson of Lansing," "The Winning Hit," etc.




*He pushed Tygert, and the bigger lad, caught off his balance, fell.*

WHEN Larry Sims moved into the neighborhood, the Willow Streeters didn't view his coming with much enthusiasm. He was plainly too light for football and he gave no sign of being able to play baseball. There didn't seem to be any place where he could fit with the gang, and to amount to anything a boy had to take some part in the constant warfare that was going on between the Willow Streeters and the Washington Streeters.

The Willows, a rough and ready, hard-scrapping set of youngsters, were, in a sense, the under dogs. Their rivals lived nearer the county park, and could get lots of practice on the well-kept grounds. On the other hand, the Willows had to practice on the cobbled roadway in back of the paper mill. A bouncing ball might mean a broken window or a cut lip, and a hard tackle and a hard fall in football practice might mean a broken bone and a rush for Simon's drug store on the corner.

Larry talked little, and nobody paid much attention to him, except occasionally "Shoots" Walsh. Shoots was the star pitcher, and whatever Shoots said was law.

"Aw!" said Walsh, "he's a willing little duffer. Let him stick around."

Larry did stick around with the Willows, though in almost complete obscurity—until the evening of the football game with the Washington Streeters at the County Park.

His gang had won. Triumphantly they came back to Willow street and began to rejoice with ice cream and soda and candy in Mrs. Harris' Ice Cream Parlor. Larry stayed out in the street and leaned against the fire hydrant. Big Tygert, the tackle, came running out of the store laughing. He saw Larry.

"Hello!" he said. "You look like a funeral. Are you one?"

"No," answered Larry, "but I like to see fair play. I don't like to see a team slug, and break the rules and do up players."

Now Tygert, by the deft use of his knee, had disabled the tackle who had opposed him. He glared at the smaller boy.

"Trying to get fresh, aren't you?" he sneered. "I'll tell the fellows."

That night, when he came out after supper, Shoots Walsh was waiting in the street.

"Look here, Sims," the pitcher cried, "are you knocking the gang?"

"Oh, no." Larry kicked his feet against a telegraph pole. "Tygert wanted to know why I wasn't doing a song and dance for the team, and I told him I liked to see a game won by clean playing."

"Meaning that our fellows played dirty?"

"Didn't you see it?" Larry asked.

Shoots scowled. "Those Washington Streeters aren't saints."

"What has that got to do with it?" Larry asked mildly.

Shoots didn't argue. He tapped Larry on the chest.

"This gang is out to win all the time," he said. "We play to win—see? A little runt like you can't change things."

"Right's right," said Larry. "You wouldn't play dirty, would you?"

"I'm with the gang," said Shoots.

Next day Larry Sims found himself "prominent" in a surprising way. Several of the Willow Streeters were in his room at Public School No. 34. As he dumped his books into his desk he saw two words chalk-scrawled on the blackboard:

SAINT SIMS

The intended ridicule didn't bother Larry much.

That winter the Willow Streeters organized a basketball team and played at Turn Verein Hall. Whenever the team scored there would be hoots and cat-calls from the gallery and cries of "How is that Saint Sims—fair, eh?" "Give a ruling, Saint Sims," and "Any foul in that, Saint Sims?" at which the Willow street rooters nearly always laughed. Larry watched the contest calmly.

Then, hard pressed by the Washington Streeters, the team began to rough and foul in the many ways possible in basketball. After a while the cries of Saint Sims ceased. Twice there were fights in the gallery between supporters of the two neighborhoods.

In the end the Willow Streeters won—they always won, it seemed. Bill Tygert, with a swagger, led the team from the

court. The spectators filed from the gallery. To-night none of them had mocking words for Larry. Shoots Walsh looked across at him and walked thoughtfully from the hall.

Next day the gang tried to force a gay spirit and ask Larry what he thought of the victory.

"Ask Tygert," Larry answered quietly; "he had the most to do with it." When they told that to Tygert his face became crimson. There were whispers through the gang that Tygert would just about beat Larry Sims up. But the days passed and Tygert did nothing of the kind. For one thing Shoots Walsh was generally around where Larry was.

By the time baseball practice started in back of the paper mill, Larry had ceased to be "Saint" Sims. Some of the gang were now friendly. Instead of pushing aside his ideas as freakish there was a tendency to argue with him. But the arguers never got very far with Larry. He was too direct. He didn't fence. He knew the rules from first to last.

The Willow Streeters that year had the best nine that had ever gone forth from the neighborhood. By the time June arrived thirteen games had been won, and only one had been lost. That was to the Triangles, the Chestnut Street fellows. Shoots Walsh had pitched nine games and had won them all. One of the afternoon papers had printed a story about him, a newspaper photographer had posed him on the county park diamond, and a manager of a state league team was "said" to be after him. Shoots laughed and went off with his catcher behind the paper mill to practice control. But Larry saved every one of the notices.

And so, after a while, came the big game with the Washington Streeters. Larry was, for once, shaken out of his calm. He rode out to the county park with Shoots, and promised huskily to root his head off.

Shoots smiled. "I want you to throw up your hat if I win."

The park authorities had stretched ropes so as to give the players plenty of room. Larry went out to the right field line and squatted. As the game started the rope in that section broke. The spectators charged forward ten feet and dropped to the grass. Nobody came to order them back. Pietro Roandelli, the Willow Streeters' right-fielder, looked over at them.

"Give me room if I have to come chasing that way," he called.

Several yelled out that they would. Then Shoots pitched the first ball and the game was on.

It was a Saturday afternoon battle, and clerks and mechanics from Washington street and from Willow street had thronged to the grounds. The crowd hurled shouts of defiance back and forth across the diamond. Larry, caught up in the excitement, couldn't sit still.

In the first inning the Willow Streeters scored a run. Larry yelled like an Indian. After that his heart was in his throat every inning. For the Washington Streeters had a nine that could hit and a pitcher who was as good as Shoots.

Inning after inning the other team got runners on the bases, and inning after inning Shoots sweated and toiled and held the rivals at bay. Larry, mopping his face, wished that the agony was over.

In the ninth, with two of the Washington Streeters out, Shoots suddenly went bad. He hit one batter, and the next player slashed the ball for a home run. In all the din of yelling that followed, Larry saw only Shoots. He wanted to go out on the diamond and tell his chum not to care—that the hit had been an accident. But, accident or no accident, the score was 2 to 1 and the men and boys from Washington Street were dancing on the field.

Larry had stood up at the start of the ninth prepared to go home happy. Now he dropped on one knee. All of a sudden he noticed that Tygert was next to him.

"I wonder if you'll cheer if the Washington Streeters win," said Tygert.

Larry swallowed hard. How could anybody think he'd be glad to see Shoots Walsh lose? Just then the pitcher struck out the third batter. The Willow street team came to bat for the last time.

Pietro was first up—and Pietro hit for three bases Larry went crazy with joy. When he regained his composure, he found he had been pounding Tygert's shoulders.

"Let up," Tygert growled. "You'll be saying in a minute that it wasn't a fair hit."

Nobody laughed. One or two boys looked uncomfortably at Tygert as though they wished he would keep quiet.

The field was still in a riot. Any kind of hit would tie the score. But neither of the next two boys was able to deliver. The Willow Streeters were face to face with their last chance. The uproar died away.

Shoots Walsh came out to the plate. There was a dogged set to his shoulders. Larry held his breath. Oh, if Shoots would only kill it!

The pitcher's bat caught the second ball. It sailed toward right field. The fielder raced for it.

It seemed that everybody was yelling.

*"But, gee, Shoots, you wouldn't want to win that way!"*

But in all that din Larry heard Tygert's voice:

"Get in his way. Block him off. Trip him."

The ball would drop almost in front of the crowd. Larry jumped to his feet.

None of the others had heard Tygert. Now the big fellow himself lunged out to get in the fielder's way. Larry forgot everything but the injustice of the act.

"Fair play!" he cried passionately, though nobody heard him. "Give him a chance." He pushed Tygert, and the bigger lad, caught off his balance, fell. The fielder, panting, swept past and reached the ball.

The game was over. The Willow Streeters had lost.

Larry thought that Tygert would jump up and hit him. But Tygert lay there on his back and looked up with something of foolish surprise on his face. Larry turned away.

Slowly he followed the crowd from the park and out to the trolley line. He was in no humor to ride, so he walked home. He remembered what Shoots had told him, that the gang's ways were right. How he hated the sight of the cars going past crowded with jubilant Washington Streeters. Shoots had been his best friend and he had helped the other team to win. He felt that Shoots, the only fellow who had really stood by him, would turn against him now.

At that moment he heard a shrill call from behind:

"Lar-rie!" He felt a chill, for it was Shoots' voice. "Now," he thought, "I am in for it."

In a moment the pitcher was at his side, twirling his glove gloomily. "Well, Larry, I surely got my bumps all right to-day," said Shoots. "But I guess a fellow can't win all the time, and that was certainly a peach of a catch that Washington fielder made."

"Did you see how he happened to get it?" Larry asked.

"Yes," said Shoots.

"I am awfully sorry we lost the game," said Larry, "but I just couldn't help butting in when Tygert tried to interfere with the fielder. I suppose you won't have anything more to do with me, now. But, gee, Shoots, you wouldn't want to win a game that way, would you?"

"No, Larry, I guess you're right," said Shoots. "The gang is going to lick the tar out of that Washington Street bunch next time—but we will do it square."

## The Fork of a Tree Never Grows Higher

Some people believe that the fork of a forest tree will gradually grow higher from the ground. If they would investigate they would find that the forks and "heads" of fruit trees are at exactly the same point where they were when first noted. It should be remembered that the base of a fork or a branch of a tree will always remain at the same distance above the ground. The side branches of some trees, such as the elm, usually continue to grow upward, while those of other trees, such as the maples, incline upward when young and as the tree grows older the weight of the branches gradually brings them to the horizontal. This often makes the removal of large branches necessary, which not only spoils the symmetry of the tree, but usually starts decay, after which the tree soon dies.

No street or roadside tree should be permitted to form a fork lower than ten feet from the ground, and all of the side branches to the same height should be removed. If this is done the tree in time will grow a saw log below the branches.

A book on the planting, care and pruning of street and roadside trees may be obtained free by writing to the Indiana State Forester at Indianapolis.

# Smitty Henderson Gets Revenge

## A Plot Based on a Pie on Miss Dobbs' Pantry Window—and What Came of It.

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

Illustrated by F. Rigney

*"The minute he struck those doors they opened right under him."*

I FOUND Smitty Henderson sitting out back of his Pa's blacksmith shop looking most as cheerful as the day after Thanksgiving, when old Doc Hornaday comes around and says a big dose of castor oil would be good for the boy.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello, Bunk Carson," said Smitty.

"What's the matter?" I asked him.

"I'm trying to think up a horrible death for Fatty Masters," he told me, "but I can't figger out nothing bad enough."

I knew what Smitty had on his mind. It was the time he got his dignity hurt by Squire Thompson's ram on account of Fatty's trying to play a joke on John Nelson, the boy scout.

"Some things is worse than death," I told him.

"You think up something, then, that's worse than death," Smitty said. "You got brains."

You never want to deny things like that because other folks may not keep on believing it if you don't encourage them. A word in time is the forelock of wisdom, as Pa would say.

"Yes," I said. "I guess I have."

Smitty dug up a sigh clear from the bottom of his insides.

"I 'spose it comes of being a minister's son," he said, kind of sad and jealous.

"I can't help it," I told him. "Keep still and let me think about death and revenge."

I looked off across the Dobbs lot that was planted with corn and pumpkins this year and all of a sudden an ideer come over me just like a flash of lightning. It did seem as though Fatty had been a kind of stalled ox in the slaughter house lately, and had more than his share of trouble, but what is a feller going to do when a good ideer just comes and laughs in his face?

"Can you let on you're friendly with Fatty for about half an hour?" I asked Smitty.

"What for?" he said.

"Because a soft answer turneth away wrath," I told him. All Smitty can think of when he is mad is to wallop somebody. "You act pleasant to Fatty for a little while and I figger my plan will get so much revenge you won't be able to enjoy it."

"It won't keep us from going to the church picnic on the lake shore this afternoon, will it?" he said. "I heard they're going to have two kinds of ice cream."

"No," I said, "but prob'ly Fatty won't be able to get there—not if the plan works like I think it will."

SMITTY brightened up and we went over to Fatty's house. He was in the back yard blacking his shoes. He started to run into the house, but I yelled that it was all right, Smitty wouldn't touch him, and he came back.

Fatty will do most anything if you know how to go at him. He has got one weakness that is so big there is not much room for any others. Fatty Masters would rather eat than do anything else in the world.

"What you blacking your shoes for?" I asked him, but I knew. "It ain't Sunday."

"Picnic," said Fatty. "It's going to start in an hour or so, maybe, and I want to be all ready. They's two kinds of ice cream and Ma is baking her special chocolate cake."

"I'm hungry now," I said. "It's going to be a good long while before we get a chance at that ice cream and chocolate cake."

"So'm I," Fatty said, "but I've had three doughnuts since breakfast, and Ma won't let me have any more."

"Well, I know where there's a fat pumpkin pie, just baked and all brown and cinnamony on top," I told him. "It could be got now on account of its not being guarded by anybody."

Fat's eyes begun to shine and he licked his chops.

"Where is it?" he said. "Let's go get it."

"Aw, go on and do what you was going to, Bunk," said Smitty. "Don't stop to feed the animals."

I nudged him and I guess he begun to see that I was getting ready to do just what was in my ideer. Smitty thinks mostly with his hands and feet.

"Where is that pie?" Fat asked me again. You couldn't of dragged his mind away from that pie with a four-horse team.

"I'll tell you where it is," I said. "It's setting outside of Miss Amanda Dobbs' pantry winder to cool off right this minute."

MISS AMANDA DOBBS is the school teacher when school keeps and besides her being cantankerous by nature, there are a lot of reasons why she and Fat don't like each other. His face looked hangdog right off and you could see he didn't think much of his chances for that pie.

"Oh, shucks," he said. "There's a lot of candy down in Brewster's store, too! Anyway, how do you know there's a pie outside her pantry winder?"

"Because she was to our house yesterday and I heard her tell Ma that she was going to bake pumpkin pie today and that she always put 'em out the pantry winder to cool off," I told him.

There was considerable more Miss Dobbs had said, but I didn't tell Fatty what it was. I was keeping that to myself. He perked up some, but kind of doubtful.

"There ain't no way of getting it, even if it is there," he said.

"Maybe so and maybe not," I said. "The women folks will be at the church getting

*"There was Fatty looking in at us."*

ready for the picnic pretty soon and Miss Dobbs is always one of the first ones anywhere."

Miss Dobbs lives alone, and all the dog she keeps is three cats. I figgered Fatty was about ready in his mind, so I said to come on and we'd look the ground over, anyway. Smitty had begun to grumble at so much talk.

WELL, just as we got in sight of Miss Dobbs' place we saw her come out and start for the church with a couple of baskets, and so we sneaked around and up through the cornfield. It was more fun than going straight into the yard, but Fatty kicked because it was so much extra work. He hasn't got any imagination when there's anything to eat around.

The woodshed is built out from the back of Miss Dobbs' house. The kitchen door and the pantry winder open into the woodshed. Just underneath the pantry winder there is a hatchway into the cellar, but Miss Dobbs don't use it much, for it hasn't got any stairs and there is a flight of regular stairs going down from inside the house. I knew because I'd been there with Ma.

The woodshed door was open a little crack, which was fine. We went in and it flopped shut behind us and lo and behold there was the pie just as I had figgered it would be, setting on the winder ledge. Fatty couldn't hold himself in any longer. He made a jump for that pie and landed on the hatchway doors. The minute he struck those doors they opened right up under him and he went out of sight like a jack-in-the-box, only he yelled like a jack-in-the-box never did.

I laughed and when Smitty got over being surprised he laughed, too. All the while Fatty was yelling for us to get a ladder or something and help him out. Then I told Smitty how I had heard Miss Dobbs say when she was telling about the pies that she had had some stole and had fixed up a boy trap with her hatchway doors, so the next time anybody stepped on them to reach the pantry winder they would get caught and she'd find them when she got home and know who it was.

"Jiminy crickets, but you've got brains," said Smitty. He was tickled.

WE went and looked down at Fatty. Not really wanting to hurt anybody, Miss Dobbs had put some straw and old pieces of carpet on the cellar floor, so Fatty wasn't even shook up. But he was trapped all right. The cellar is deep and maybe a man couldn't of got out of there, I don't know. Fatty had run up the cellar stairs and found the door locked from the other side, and the cellar winders fastened from the outside.

"Please help me out, fellers, and you can have all the pie," said Fatty. He is scared of Miss Dobbs worse than anything.

"We're going to have all the pie, anyway," Smitty said, and then he held onto me while I reached over from the side of the hatchway and got it. We cut it in two with his jack knife and set down to eat it where Fat could see us. It was licking good pie.

"Ain't you fellers going to help me out?" Fatty asked us, kind of choky. "I'll miss the picnic. They's two kinds of ice cream and Ma has made her special chocolate cake."

"Miss Dobbs'll help you out bimeby," Smitty told him. "Don't worry about the ice cream and cake—we'll take care of it."

Fatty kind of slumped down on the straw like a sack of meal, only he was full of misery instead of meal.

WE was just finishing the pie when I heard a noise and looked up. There was John Nelson looking in at us through the one little winder in the side of the shed, which is about as big as a pie plate, only square.

"Hello," he said. "I heard a yell a few minutes ago and thought maybe one of Miss Dobbs' cats had took sick."

"You going to squeal on us, Scoot?" Smitty got up and doubled up his fists. The Scoot stopped grinning.

"What do you think I am?" he asked Smitty.

"He won't squeal," I said, and then I told the Scoot, which is Smitty's name for him: "The cat you heard was Fatty Masters. He's caught in Miss Dobbs' cellar and I guess most likely it's a judgment on him for getting Smitty Henderson butted by Squire Thompson's ram."

The Scoot laughed and Fatty heard him and set up a yell to be let out.

"Look and see if there's anybody coming, will you, Scoot?" I asked him. I wanted to get him away, for I was afraid he would want to help Fat out. Smitty said let's stay a few minutes longer and enjoy hearing Fatty beg. That made Fatty madder than he had been and he said he'd be darned if he'd let us enjoy him if he had to stay in the other end of the cellar in the dark. We waited a few minutes and yelled all the things we could think of. He didn't answer, but we heard a scraping sound.

"We'd better go," I told Smitty. "Too much of a good thing is sometimes worse than none."

Just then somebody said "Yah!" at the winder of the shed. We both jumped, and there was Fatty Masters looking in at us and grinning all over his face. You could of knocked me down with a feather.

"Is there two of you?" I asked him.

"I wish there was on account of the picnic this afternoon," he said. "The Scoot unfastened one of the cellar winders in front and helped me out."

"I'll fix him!" yelled Smitty.

Just then the Scoot popped up in place of Fatty at the winder. He was grinning, too.

"Maybe you can get out to fix me," he said, "but I couldn't get in when I tried."

We jumped to the door, and sure enough, there wasn't any way of opening it. There was a spring lock that wouldn't open without a key. I hadn't heard that part when Miss Dobbs was telling Ma about her boy trap.

Fatty and Nelson had their heads together peeking in at us.

"Get out of there or I'll throw a chunk of wood at you," said Smitty, and he picked up a pine knot out of a big pile that Miss Dobbs had for kindling. I grabbed his arm.

"Wait a minute," I told him. "Maybe the Scoot will help us out the cellar winder like he did Fatty."

"Honest I would," he said, "but Miss Dobbs has just come back and she's out there in front of the house where the winders are, talking to a woman."

"Yah-h-h!" said Fatty. "Don't worry about the ice cream and cake to the picnic this afternoon. I'll take care of that."

Then both of their heads bobbed out of sight and we could hear Miss Dobbs com-

(*Cont. on p. 35*)

*"Revenge ain't all it's cracked up to be."*

# The Quarry Troop Life Guards

## The Day of the Big Race—and An Unexpected Job for the Motorcycle Patrol

By IRVING CRUMP

Author of "The Boy Scout Smoke Eaters," "Quarry Troop and the Movies," Etc.

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

PART II

BANG—bang-bankety-bang-bang-bang! The ten scouts bounded out of bed at once. All were wide eyed with excitement and wonder.

"What the dickens! An earthquake!" demanded Bud Weir.

Jiminy Gordon was the first one to the window.

"Gee whiz, look at him go!"

"Look at who—what?"

"Why that was one of the racing cars," said Jiminy. "They are tuning up for the big races today. Guess it was a foreign car from the racket it made. All the mufflers off. Couldn't make out just which car it was though. Going so fast it looked just like a gray streak. I——"

"Bur-r-r-r-r, bumpety-boom-boom-bang-bang-bang!"

"Whoopee-e-e, here's another one," screamed Jiminy.

The ten scouts rushed to the front door of the building, ignoring the fact that they were clad only in pajamas and night shirts, and waved to the passing racer.

"Cracky, look at him tear up the beach," exclaimed Bruce.

"Rather early in the morning to risk one's neck, eh? It's only four o'clock. Guess they are doing their last tuning up before the events start," said Jiminy.

"Say, how do they race?" asked fat Babe Wilson. "Do they line 'em up like a lot of sprinters and start 'em when a pistol is fired?"

"Well, they may do some match racing tomorrow, but today I think they will hold all their time trials. They will race to see who can make the best time over the course," said Jiminy.

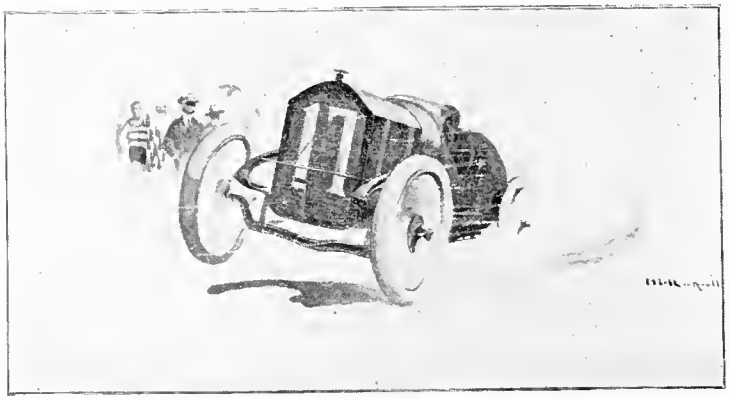
"How fast can they go?" asked Ray Martin.

"Oh, they can make a mile in half a minute. The world's record for a mile is twenty-five and one-half seconds," said Gordon, who was more or less of an authority on automobiles among the members of the Quarry Troop.

"Gee Whizz! Say what can they make fifteen miles in? How long will it take 'em to go the full length of the beach?" asked Bruce.

"Well, the world's record for fifteen miles is just ten minutes flat. That's an old record and Dan Daey says he's going to smash it to smitherines today. Hope he does. Say, fellows, what do you say to going down and looking over the garages before breakfast?"

"Fine, let's get some clothes on and we'll start right away," said Romper.



*"Spat fire all the way down the course."*

DRESSING was only a matter of a few minutes and presently the troop was on its way down the boardwalk toward the point where the series of green-peaked roofs located the garages of the speed maniacs. Although it was not yet five o'clock in the morning there were scores of people on the boardwalk all headed in the same direction.

"Say, this is going to be a big day all right," said Ray Martin, as he noted the enthusiasm that prevailed.

"Right-o, just look at the crowd down there at the garages already this morning," said Bruce.

About each of the low houses were grouped dozens of curiosity seekers. The scouts soon joined the throng and began to inspect the quarters of the racers. Each garage contained a big sullen looking car about which was grouped half a dozen mechanics. These men were tinkering here, tightening a bolt there, or wiping and polishing the great machines as if they were so many sacred elephants. Mechanical parts, pumps, jacks, boxes of tools, cans of oil, extra tires and wheels, cushions and innumerable odds and ends were scattered about each building and everybody seemed to be keyed up to an extreme nervous pitch. On every side could be heard remarks about the cars and drivers, their records and their chances for winning the various events.

The excitement was infectious and before they realized it the scouts were as thoroughly interested as every one else. They began to talk automobiles to all with whom they came in contact and soon picked up a great deal of information about the notables who were to take part in the races.

"Say, Bruce," said Jiminy Gordon suddenly, "there's Dan Daey. See him. That big, tall, light-haired fellow down there. I've seen his picture so many times that I almost feel as if I know him. Come on, we'll go down and see his machine. That must be his garage—yes, it is. See the sign over the door. Vix-Benson, it says. That's the car he's going to drive."

THE scouts followed Jiminy and Bruce and soon found themselves part of a very large crowd gathered about the famous driver's headquarters. Daey was the favorite American in the race, and since he was to operate one of the best known American cars everybody was enthusiastic to see him carry off the honors of the event in which he was entered. He was standing by the door of his garage watching his attendants tinker with his machine, when the scouts came up. The lads pushed their way through the crowd to reach the rope railing about the entrance to the garage, and when the tall racer saw them, he smiled and waved his hand.

"How are you scouts," he said good-naturedly. Then without waiting for an answer he came over to the rope.

"Where are you fellows from?" he demanded.

"Woodbridge, Vermont, sir," said Bruce.

"Woodbridge, Vermont? Well, you came a long way to see the races, didn't you?" he said, a boyish smile playing about the corners of his mouth.

"Well, not exactly. You see we are here on business. That is, we've been hired as life guards at Old Harbor. We're going to patrol the beach for the rest of the Summer.

"O-ho, so you are the chaps Mr. Herrick was telling me about—have motorcycles and all that sort of rigging, eh? Say, boys, that's a great scheme. I saw the original motor cycle life guards work out in California last year, and they're great, too. Hope you have luck." Then after shaking hands with Bruce and Jiminy and two or three other scouts, he turned and entered the garage, for one of his mechanics had called him.

And although Dan Daey did not realize it, this spirit of democracy had won him ten thoroughly capable rooters, for the scouts were more than pleased with his friendship.

"Say, isn't he a corking fine chap," exclaimed Bruce.

"I should say he was; a regular pippin' I'd call him," said Jiminy stoutly. And he looked at his companions as if he dared any one of them to deny it.

The crowd about the garage was growing to tremendous proportions, and it was all that the scouts could do to extricate themselves. When they finally reached the

open beach again, Bruce looked at his watch.

"Say, fellows, it's getting late," he exclaimed; "it's six o'clock and we haven't had any breakfast. I think we will have to hustle over to the hotel if we want to get back to quarters and have a drill before the races start."

"Right-o," exclaimed Babe Wilson, I know it's getting late because my stomach feels all shriveled up for want of something to eat."

"Huh, that stomach of yours," said Jiminy Gordon in disgust, as he took a lingering look toward the garages. A moment later he fell in line with the rest of the lads, who started up the board walk toward the hotel.

ON their way back the scouts paid a brief visit to the north station, but they all returned to Bruce's domain at half-past seven, for the north station crew was rather eager to stay in the vicinity of the lower station for a better view of the races. Then, too, they had decided the night before that it would be well for all of them to practice their first aid work together.

There was very little need for the lookouts to man their tower during this practice work, for they needed no drilling since all of their signaling would be done with signal flags and the semaphore signal code which is part of the examination for all second class scouts.

That being the case, Bruce decided that all of the lads would devote the morning to operating the pulmotor, while the four life savers made frequent plunges into the surf so as to become accustomed to swimming with the aid of the buoy. One after another the lads operated the pulmotor upon a supposed victim until each had learned the proper method of adjusting and strapping fast the mouthpiece, and which screws to turn to start and stop the oxygen pump. An hour of this practice work was quite sufficient, and when it was finished Bruce and Jiminy and Bud and Romper, turn about, took the motor cycle for short dashes up the beach and indulged in a mock rescue. At ten o'clock the drilling was stopped, for the racing automobiles began to appear on the beach in final preparation for the races which were scheduled to start at eleven.

"Say, fellows, that rescue work is some fun," said Jiminy Gordon, as he emerged from the surf for the last time and came toward the station.

"You bet it is," said Bruce, as he shut off the power of the motor cycle and wheeled the machine into its quarters.

"And the water is just snappy enough to feel good, too. You know, I think I'll stay in my bathing suit all day, even though there won't be any bathers to rescue. I want to get tanned up right away," added Jiminy.

"Good idea," exclaimed several, with enthusiasm, and forthwith they all donned the special maroon bathing suits that Mr. Herrick had provided for his life guards. But it is hard to tell whether it was the desire to acquire a good coat of tan or the opportunity afforded them to display their rather pretentious bathing suits, that moved them to take this step. However, fifteen minutes later, a group of ten uniformed and more or less self-conscious beach guards were sunning themselves in front of the south station in full view of the thousands of people who were gathering on the board walk to view the races.

BY eleven o'clock the crowd had increased to a veritable horde. Thousands lined the boardwalk from the garages to the finish line and hundreds of automobiles were parked in every roadway. Special guards, composed of the local troop of boy scouts with their staffs and a troop of militia from Portland had been detailed to keep the sightseers orderly and in position on the boardwalk. They were all having their hands full accomplishing the task, however, for the automobile enthusiasts began to get restless as the time for the start of the races drew near.

At five minutes after eleven the band on the recreation pier, which had been blaring forth popular airs for an hour, ceased, and a moment later the judges made their appearance on the beach. This was a signal for prolonged cheering on the part of the crowd. But the noise stopped when a single individual carrying a black and white flag stepped out into the course and began wigwagging. He was signaling to another individual at the garages, who in turn transmitted his signal to the starting line in the dim distance down the beach.

"That means everything is ready. The first car will start in a moment," said Jiminy Gordon nervously.

Everyone was gazing down the beach, where a tiny black blotch on the sand marked the dozen or more racing cars held ready for the start. Then when every one was waiting tense and silent—Boom! came the muffled echo of the starting gun —"They're off!" cried the crowd, and far, far down the beach the scouts could see the tiniest black speck coming toward them. Soon they heard a curious far-off drone which developed quickly into a grumble, then into a fusillade of loud bangs as the racing car approached. The scouts were all on their feet now, nervous and expectant.

"Osterhout, the German," cried the spectators, as the long, low racer drew near.

Then almost before the scouts could wink, it had roared past, its hood enveloped in blue flames and its driver bending low over the steering gear.

"Gee whiz!" was all that the amazed scouts could say when the big car roared across the line.

*"Again he tried, and his hand closed about the cold wrist of the unconscious man."*

A BRIEF but tense silence followed the finish of the run, for the crowd waited while the judges, by means of an elaborate system of telephone communication with the starters, fixed the time. Presently, however, the huge scoreboard on the recreation pier displayed: Osterhout, two minutes 34 seconds. This announcement was greeted by a roar, for the German had equaled the world record for five miles.

"Crackey," cried Jiminy Gordon, "Dan Dacy will have to go some to beat that. Just think, if Osterhout had been one-fifth of a second faster he'd have smashed the world's record. Gosh, I wish ——"

Boom! Here comes another one!

Silence reigned in the vast crowd again and every eye followed the black speck. "Du Blon," guessed some; "St. Clare," said others; "Wolverton," asserted several enthusiasts.

But before the big racer had traveled half of the course the hum of its engines ceased and the black speck gradually came to a halt. Wolverton it proved to be and his car had developed engine trouble. The Stafford car was out of the race.

St. Clare and Du Blon followed in quick succession, each of them driving their madly flying vehicles to the limit of endurance, but each fell behind Osterhout's mark by several seconds. McCalkin, the ruddy-faced Irish driver, was the next sensation. His was the smallest car of the race in point of length. Indeed, it looked as if it had collided with a telegraph pole and lost most of its hood. But under that snub nose were con-

cealed six perfectly good cylinders that spat fire all the way down the course and shot the car over the finish line two seconds better than the world's record. What a roar of applause greeted the boyish driver when the figures were displayed! Even the scouts forgot for a moment that they were rooting exclusively for Dan Dacy and burst forth in a ringing cheer.

But presently their attention was diverted from this achievement, for word was passed from the judges' stand that Dan Dacy with his Vix-Benson was the next contestant.

"Dan Dacy next!" was the word that passed from mouth to mouth through the crowd. Every one was a-tip-toe with excitement. All eyes were strained on the starting line.

"Gee, I hope he comes through with a new record," said Bruce anxiously.

"He will," asserted Jiminy Gordon positively.

BOOM! Five thousand pairs of eyes were fastened on the tiny black speck that detached itself from the black blot far down the beach, and sped northward. Ten thousand ears were strained to catch the first far-off hum of the motor.

Dacy was coming. His Vix-Benson was burning up the beach. Now the scouts caught the buzz of the motor. It grew louder with the passing of every second. Like a black projectile the car came on, flames from the throbbing cylinders licking about the hood.

"Dacy! Dacy! Danny Dacy! Make it a new record!" screamed the electrified crowd while he was yet two miles from the finish line. Unquestionably he was the favorite.

On came the roaring racer. The car was just a gray blur that hardly seemed to touch the beach, and begoggled Dan Dacy looked like the hooded messenger of death.

Then with an ear-splitting roar the great machine passed the scouts on the last mile of the course!

"By Jiminy, it's a new record or I'll—Oh, mercy! Look! Look! She'll be killed!"

The scouts stood transfixed with horror. Up the beach in the very path of the flying motor stood little May Herrick, clutching a red rubber ball in her hand and looking at the coming machine with horror written in every line of her childish face.

THE whole situation was clear. The tot had dropped her ball, which had rolled out onto the sloping beach. With her mind only on rescuing the plaything, she had pulled herself out of her nurse's grasp and run out onto the race course. And then when she found herself in the path of certain death she had become panic-stricken.

Dan Dacy's heart must have leapt to his throat when he saw the little one in his way. But if it did it in no way affected his nerve. He knew that to turn the steering wheel but an inch meant certain destruction to the careening car and a broken neck for himself perhaps. Yet he braved this hideous fate and wrenched at the steering gear.

There was a terrific roar, a crash of shattered metal and in a cloud of sand the big gray racer turned abruptly and plunged end over end down the beach into the curling breakers. The crowd gave vent to a shriek of alarm when they saw Dan Dacy's limp form shoot clear of the wreck and go whirling, arms and legs flying out toward the point where the combers were breaking.

Like every one of the five thousand witnesses of the tragedy, the scouts stood paralyzed for a moment—but only for a moment. Bruce was the first to gather his scattered wits.

"Quick, Jiminy! We'll get him! Come! He may still be alive! The rest of you fellows follow on foot!"

While he was speaking, Bruce rushed into the station and started the motor cycle. Jiminy was right behind him and an instant later the powerful machine was making forty miles an hour over the sandy beach. Bruce bent low over the handle bars while Jiminy clung on for dear life and sought to buckle the life buoy belt about his waist.

When the machine reached the wrecked motor car Bruce brought it to an abrupt stop. But already Jiminy had leaped from the machine and plunged into the water. With powerful overhand strokes he breasted the breakers. He seemed to shoot through the water, so mighty were his efforts.

THIRTY feet out he saw something bobbing upon the surface of the water. It was Dacy's leather helmet. Toward this Jiminy headed and the water fairly boiled with the struggle he was making to reach the spot. In a few seconds he was near enough to reach out and grasp the black object. But he let go of it immediately and the next moment he was seen to prepare for a dive under the surface. A few feet away he had seen some air bubbles coming to the top.

In a jiffy he had unbuckled the life buoy. Then like a seal the lithe youngster sought the dark green depths, following the line of bubbles. Down he swam, deeper and deeper, for on the white, sandy bottom he could see a dark, shapeless mass turning round and round with the action of the water. He reached out to seize it and his fingers slipped from the driver's leather jacket. Again he tried, and his hand closed about the cold wrist of the unconscious man.

Then he turned and started to struggle upward, dragging his heavy burden after him. It was hard work—terrible work, for he had dived deep and he was badly in need of air. His lungs felt as if they would burst. The blood pressure in his neck and head was almost unbearable. At first he could make no headway. The drowning man seemed to hold fast to the bottom. But he fought hard, for he realized that if he let go of Dacy he would have difficulty in finding him with a second dive. Every moment was precious, too. There might still be a spark of life in the limp form he was trying to rescue.

Up, up, he struggled. Above he could see the light of day. Great green bubbles raced past him. Only a few feet now. Only a second or two longer. Thus did he spur himself onward until suddenly his head shot clear of the waves, and, with a gasp, he filled his tortured lungs with new air.

Ten feet away danced the cigar-shaped float with its life belt, and swimming toward him from the crowded beach were two other scouts ready to help.

Jiminy summoned every ounce of his remaining strength and held the head of the unconscious man above the water. And when the spectators saw that he had actually made the rescue a cheer louder and longer than any that had greeted the racers rent the air.

It was hard work and Jiminy was at the point of exhaustion, yet he tried his utmost to buckle the life belt about poor Dacy. But while he fumbled with the straps the two other scouts arrived and relieved him of the task. Quickly the belt was adjusted and the signal flashed to Bruce, who seized the steel cable and hauled away.

Then the two lads turned their attention to Jiminy and between them aided him into shallow water.

By the time the three swimmers reached the beach the scouts had cleared Dacy's lungs of water and had started the pulmotor. For twenty minutes the lads worked valiantly, doing everything that they could to bring back life in the unconscious man, while the anxious crowd looked on.

Finally their efforts were rewarded. Dacy's eyelids quivered several times, then slowly opened, whereat the crowd gave a mad cry of joy and the scouts had all they could do to keep them from pressing closer.

BUT one man did break through the circle of guards and the lads let him pass. He was Mr. Herrick. Tears of joy coursed down his good-natured face when he saw that Dacy was still alive, and before the scouts could restrain him he seized the prostrated man's hand and squeezed it while he murmured:

"Dacy, Dacy, thank goodness you are still alive. I was afraid you had sacrificed your life to save that little girl of mine."

Then turning toward Bruce, he said, "Scouts, I don't know how to thank you for this. I——"

"Don't try to thank us, Mr. Herrick," said Bruce, "but you can help us put him onto the side car. I think we should get to a doctor's right away, for there may be some broken bones or internal injuries."

And a few moments later the life guard's motor cycle was carrying its first patient to the emergency hospital.

## How to Make a Sunshine Gauge

IT is easy to make a sunshine gauge if you can get hold of a clear round glass ball. You will find that such a ball acts like a lens or burning-glass, the focus being very close to the ball itself. Anything placed at that focus and exposed to the sun will be burnt, or at least scorched.

So you can cut in a piece of wood a half-circle, just a shade larger than the ball, and by means of another piece you fix the ball exactly at the centre of the curve. You then place the instrument facing the south and inclined upwards, so that the sun's rays come to a focus on the edge of the curved wood.

As the sun moves across the sky, the little spot of burning light will travel along the wood, and you have only to place a piece of paper there to get a record of the sunshine throughout the day.

If you divide up the paper strip into twelve parts, each part will represent an hour from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., and the positions of the burnt marks will enable you to tell very nearly when the sun was shining and when not.

A mark will be made when the sun is out, and, of course, your paper will not be scorched when the sun is hidden.

# What the Schools Do for You

## Surprising Information About the Stupendous Educational Activities of Our Government

By DR. PHILANDER P. CLAXTON
United States Commissioner of Education

*The small pieture shows an old type rural school, the large one a new consolidated school in Utah*

*A motor truck carrying pupils to a consolidated school*

*A slower means of transportation*

THE fundamental principle of our American democracy is equal opportunity for all. We are beginning to learn there can be no equality of opportunity without equality of opportunity in education. The inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness recognized as the birthright of all mean something more than the right merely to exist and breathe as beasts may, to possess the untrained liberty of the wild ass of the desert, and to pursue the unthinking happiness of the pig lying fat and lazy in the sun. They mean the right to live the human life, with the fullest education of body, mind and soul.

*Dr. Philander P. Claxton*

We are beginning to learn that to give such opportunity of equality in education to all children among us, white and black, rich and poor, native and foreign born, without regard to the social standing, the partisan political affiliation or the religious creed of their parents, is the first obligation of the state and the highest duty of society.

We are also learning that it is the most important thing for the individual and for society and state. If to any child there is denied an equal opportunity with every other child for that education which will develop its manhood or womanhood, prepare it for the duties and responsibilties of citizenship in our democratic government, and enable it to make an honest living by some kind of intelligent work, then there is nothing that individual or society, nothing that man or God can do that can make good the loss. For the individual child the loss is irreparable, and all society must be on a lower plane, the state less strong and industrial life less efficient as a result.

Therefore, states, counties, cities and local districts combine to promote and perfect our public school systems, and the federal government helps in many ways.

IN every state, in every city and town and in every country district in the United States there is a public school open and free to all boys and girls of school age. In some states children of different races attend separate schools. This is especially true of white and colored children in the Southern states. But some kind of school is provided for all. None is excluded. In all but a few of the states the laws compel parents and guardians to send their children to school, either public or private, or to provide for their education at home, between certain ages. They are not allowed to permit them to grow up in ignorance and illiteracy. To do so is regarded as a misdemeanor. Rightly considered it is a serious crime. That the poor may have as good opportunity as the rich, text-books and all necessary material for school work are provided free in many places.

As yet we are far enough from the actual attainment of the ideal of equal opportunity in education for all. Some

*A typical Southern consolidated school at Washington Parish, La.*

schools, especially in sparsely settled rural districts, are in session only five or six months, or even less, in the year. Some are taught in poor houses with little or no equipment. In some the teachers are ignorant, untrained and unskilled. In some places there are no public high schools. In very many cities and in most rural communities the schools are not fully adjusted to the needs of the children.

But the ideal is becoming clearer every year and the efforts at improvement are stronger and more persistent. Short school terms are lengthened. The United States Commissioner of Education and the state school officers have agreed on a minimum school term of 160 days and an average of 180 days for the country schools. And a nation-wide campaign for this has been begun.

Small country schools with only one teacher and a few pupils are in many states being consolidated into larger schools with more pupils, more teachers, better houses and better equipment. In many places children who live too far away to walk to school are carried in wagonettes, or automobiles at public expense, or their fares are paid on railway or trolley cars. Everywhere better houses are being built, and in many cities, towns and rural communities the most beautiful, best built and most costly buildings are the new schoolhouses.

In most of the new buildings care is taken with the heating, lighting, ventilation, drainage, cleaning and water, so there may be no danger to the health of the children. Walls are tastefully tinted and hung with good pictures to make them beautiful. School officers are always trying to find more comfortable seats and inventors and manufacturers are trying to help them.

More public high schools are opened every year. There are now nearly 12,000 in the United States and more than 2,000 private high schools. Of these public and private high schools more than 10,000 have full courses of four years. It will not be long before every boy and girl in the United States may attend some high school within fairly easy reach of home. Already about 25 per cent of our boys and girls enter high school, and about 10 per cent graduate from high school—more than in any other country in the world. Many people believe all boys and girls should have high school education, and the Bureau of Education is undertaking the task of making high school education universal.

Teachers make the schools, and the schools can never be better than their teachers. Standards of preparation for teachers have been too low, and in most states there have not been enough normal schools for their professional training. But many new normal schools have been established in recent years and all are much better supported. Appropriations for these schools for the professional education of teachers now amount to $15,000,000 a year. Higher standards of preparation for teachers are required. People are no longer willing to permit incompetent teachers to waste public school money and fritter away the time and opportunity of school children.

LONGER school terms, consolidation of weak schools into better and stronger schools, better houses and equipment, compulsory school attendance, free text-books, high schools within reach of all, higher standards of preparation for all teachers—all these help towards the democratic ideal of equal opportunity in education for all. But more important still is the remaking of the courses of studies and the readjustment and differentiation of school work so that every boy and every girl may find in school that work and those studies for which he or she is best fitted and which will best fit him or her for the work he or she is to do in life.

Equality does not mean sameness, but intelligent variety. The work of the school must not only result in general development and culture and give information about the general duties of citizenship, needed by all. It must also help toward making a living. Whatever is needed that men and women should know and be able to do should be taught in the schools unless it can be learned better, more surely and with less cost of time, money and energy elsewhere.

To this end high schools and even the higher grades of the elementary schools now offer many courses and much freedom of choice in the selection of studies. Laboratories for chemistry, physics, biology, cooking and sewing and other things pertaining to home making, shops for work in wood, leather, clay and metal, rooms for typewriting, bookkeeping and other forms of commercial work, print shops and paint shops, soil laboratories, means for testing seeds, gardens, experiment plats, farms and home projects directed by the school are all now considered as essential for school work as are text-books, blackboards and recitation rooms.

Continuation day schools and evening schools open to all are beginning to make it possible for any one to learn anything he needs to know to enable him to live and work better.

## Concise Facts About Schools

12,000 public high schools.
2,000 private high schools.
25 per cent of our boys and girls enter high school.
10 per cent graduate from high schools—more than in any other country in the world.
$15,000,000 appropriated every year for normal schools—to educate teachers in teaching.
More than 600 colleges and universities offer opportunities for higher technical education.
Several of these institutions offer more than 1,000 different courses of study.
$120,000,000 was the income of these institutions in 1914.
$2,500,000 appropriated by the Federal Government every year ($50,000 to each state, including Hawaii and Porto Rico) for colleges of agriculture and mechanical arts.
There are 4,032 free public libraries in the United States.
In these libraries there are 55,534,882 books.
The United States Bureau of Education conducts reading circles for children, for older boys and girls, and for men and women. It also gives instruction in gardening.
The United States Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the states directs thousands of corn clubs, potato clubs, cotton clubs, pig clubs, poultry clubs and other similar clubs for boys, and canning clubs and home-making clubs for girls.

NOR are the American people satisfied with elementary and secondary schools. More than six hundred colleges and universities offer opportunities for higher and technical education, and many of these, especially the state colleges and universities, are free to all who are prepared to enter and do their work. Many have loan funds for those who need them. In most of them boys and girls who are willing may pay their board by some kind of work. In at least one state traveling expenses of students attending the state university are paid by the state.

Some of these institutions of higher learning are growing very rich. Almost all are better supported as the years go by. In 1900 the total income of all these schools was only a little more than $27,000,000. In 1914 it was more than $120,000,000. Several of them offer more than a thousand different courses, and some do a large amount of extension work, especially in agriculture. Some state universities try to make their campus as large as the state.

In each state there is at least one Land Grant College in which agriculture and the mechanic arts are taught. Most of these also offer courses in domestic economy for women. For these schools the federal government appropriates $2,500,000 annually—$50,000 to each state and to Hawaii and Porto Rico. They also have some income from an original land grant made by the federal government in 1862.

THE schools, however important, are not the only agencies by which we are trying to give equal opportunity in education to all. In almost all cities and larger towns there are public libraries free to all, and trained librarians help boys and girls, men and women, select books and make out useful and interesting courses of reading. To get children interested in the library and in good literature many of these libraries have children's reading rooms and arrange for story hours, when skilful story tellers tell to children the great stories of the world.

The Bureau of Education through its home education division conducts reading circles for children, for older boys and girls and for men and women in all parts of the country. Through its school and home garden division it gives instruction in gardening and promotes home gardening through the public schools in cities and towns.

The Department of Agriculture of the United States in co-operation with the states directs thousands of corn clubs, potato clubs, cotton clubs, pig clubs, poultry clubs and other similar clubs for boys, and canning clubs and home-making clubs for girls. All these are educational in a very high and good way.

The Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association and many young people's associations connected with the various churches do much valuable educational work, as do many organizations for boys and girls not connected directly with the state or with any church. Among the greatest of these is the Boy Scouts of America.

A little Polish boy who had been in this country only a little while wrote to a friend in the old country and told him about his public school, with free tuition, free books and all its opportunities. And then he added, "What shall I do for a country that does all this for me? Shall I not love it and serve it?" The same question and the same answer may well be asked and given by every Boy Scout and by every other boy and every girl in America.

And all who read this should determine now to make full use of all these opportunities and prepare themselves for good citizenship, for making an honest living by some kind of useful work and for the fullest and best and happiest life.

To all who will do this I send my greeting.

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## Depths of the Oceans

The greatest sea depth is in the North Pacific Ocean—27,930 feet—or a little over five miles. Other sea depths are as follows.

| | Feet. |
|---|---|
| Northern Atlantic | 27,376 |
| Southern Pacific | 26,588 |
| Caribbean Sea | 20,562 |
| Indian Ocean | 20,358 |
| South Atlantic | 10,704 |

The North Sea and Baltic are the most shallow of great bodies of water, the former being only 442 feet deep, the latter 233 feet.

# Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

CHAPTER V (*Continued*)

Half an hour later, when the meeting was called to order, Mr. Wall faced the scouts.

"We intended tonight," he said, "to have a session on map reading. That, however, will be impossible. I have two important matters to lay before you for your consideration.

"It seems that you have decided that it isn't fair to use my library." Some of the scouts squirmed uncomfortably. The scoutmaster smiled. "You are welcome to the library as long as you need it. But I am glad to see you trying to do something for yourselves. That's the spirit that counts. That's the spirit that gets ahead.

"Scout Strong has been quite active in this matter. If you will recall, the trolley company took away the old waiting room at the Transfer Station. Scout Strong wrote to the company and asked that the waiting room be given to Chester Troop. The company—— But I had better read their letter."

The boys listened attentively while the letter was read. Don saw several of them look at him and he tried to appear unconcerned.

"That wasn't all that Scout Strong did," Mr. Wall went on. "He decided that a meeting place would need furniture. So he visited the Chester Furniture Company. He picked out six chairs, two benches, a table and three framed pictures. These articles will cost nine dollars and twenty-five cents. The furniture company is willing to deliver the goods if the troop will pay fifty cents on delivery and fifty cents a week.

"As you see, you have the offer of a meeting place, and an offer of furniture." Mr. Wall was silent a moment. "It is up to you boys to decide just what you want to do."

DON expected the boys to shout that they wanted the meeting place and the furniture as soon as they could get them. Instead, there was a long silence. The scouts looked at each other, and looked away, and shuffled their feet.

"I don't think we ought to take the waiting room," said a hesitating voice.

Don gave a gasp. Not take it? What sort of nonsense was this?

"Scout Morris has the floor," said Mr. Wall.

Don looked at Phil Morris. The boy's face was uncertain and troubled.

"Maybe I don't look at this the right way," he said. "I don't want any fellow to think I'm a goody-goody, but we're scouts, and if that doesn't mean something to us then we're not the right kind of scouts. The scout law says that a scout is thrifty and pays his own way. Well, if we accept this meeting place, we're not paying our own way. We're accepting charity. We're taking something and giving nothing in return. That doesn't sound scouty."

"Now you're talking," cried a voice.

Phil Morris seemed to take courage at this. "Isn't there some way we can do something that will pay for this house?" he asked.

Don stood up. "That—that old waiting-room was pretty dirty," he faltered. "I thought I was doing a fine stunt when I asked for it. But if it isn't scouty to take it for nothing, maybe if each patrol took turns keeping the new waiting room clean—sweeping it and things like that——"

This time the scouts did shout. They left no doubt that under such a condition they would be glad to get the place.

"We still have the matter of the furniture," reminded Mr. Wall.

Don was not surprised when there was another silence. Without being able to put his finger on the reason, he thought that there was something wrong with this plan, too.

"We can't buy furniture that way," Alex Davidson said at last.

Don sighed. So there *was* something wrong.

## How "Don Strong" Began

DON STRONG wants to enter the Chester high school—not to study, but to play football and baseball under Mr. Wall, the Latin teacher, who coaches the team. Don thinks his sister Barbara wants him sent to work, but when his father tells him he can have a year at school, he learns Barbara has been pleading for him.

Alex Davidson, a widow's son, also is ambitious to enter high school. Alex works all summer. Don learns that Alex has twenty dollars saved. Amazed, he goes around to Alex's house for a look at a boy who has saved that much money and finds Alex wearing a boy scout uniform. He sneers at scouts; but later, when he discovers that Mr. Wall is the scoutmaster, he enters the troop, and works enthusiastically.

Earning a dollar for his second class requirement does not prove easy. He weeds flower beds and mows grass and later begins building bird-houses and selling them. Don fails to make the team, but becomes a substitute. Ted Carter, a shiftless lad, worms his way into the boy's good graces. Because Ted is always buying sodas, Don takes money from his bank and buys sodas, too, and his savings shrink. Finally, egged on by Ted, he quits the squad, but returns to it, realizing it is his duty to his school. Soon Don is shifted to the first team.

A theatrical manager comes to town. Tickets are twenty-five cents each. Don has planned to go wih Ted, but football practice has kept him from doing much on the houses, and he can't afford the expense. He knows that his lumber bill has to be paid or interest will be added. Worried, he fears he has "bitten off more than he can chew."

In order to earn money for the show, Don works with feverish haste to finish a bird house. The house is so poorly made that he refuses to sell it, but he borrows a quarter from Ted, and together they see the show. When the football season closes, Don has more time to work and his savings grow. He prepares for his second class test and his father promises to help him with his cooking requirements.

The troop decides to obtain a club room and Don makes arrangements with the Chester Trolley Co. to use an abandoned waiting room. He also arranges to purchase furniture for the room on credit.

*"Now, I wonder why Mr. Wall gave me that."*

"Buying when you haven't the money," Alex said earnestly, "isn't paying your own way. It's running your nose into debt. Thrift means saving money. Thrift doesn't mean owing money."

"But suppose we are sure we can pay the fifty cents each week?" Don asked.

"Then let's save it," Alex answered. "As fast as we save—— How much do the chairs cost?"

"Fifty cents each."

"As fast as we save fifty cents let's buy a chair. That'll be paying our own way."

Don made no reply.

"I guess there's no need of putting the matter to a vote," Mr. Wall said. "Running into debt is bad. If a boy had one hundred dollars in the bank and owed one hundred and five dollars, that hundred dollars would not be his."

Don suddenly remembered that he hadn't paid Ted the quarter he had borrowed from him for the theatre ticket. His lips twitched. He had one dollar and fifteen cents in his bank after paying his lumber bill. But Ted Carter had a claim on twenty-five cents, and if he paid Ted——

HIS thoughts were interrupted. The meeting was breaking up. He arose and started out with the others.

"Just a minute, Don," said Mr. Wall.

He waited. After the boys had departed the scoutmaster came back.

"Don," he said, "I don't want you to go away thinking that your plan was a failure. Your idea of getting that old waiting room was bully. It lacked only a way to make some kind of payment, and you also found the way. As for the furniture—I'm glad you did that. It gave the troop a chance to think about debt and borrowing. Sometimes boys are careless about those matters."

"Yes, sir," said Don. His eyes were on the rug.

"Just one thing more," said Mr. Wall. "Have your father give you more of the fire and cooking test. A member of the local Court of Honor will be here Wednes-

day afternoon, and he is going to help me give the second-class test."

Don's eyes did not leave the rug. "I—I can't pass them all," he said in a low voice.

Mr. Wall was surprised. "Why not?"

"I haven't earned and saved a dollar."

"But you told me——"

"I know I did," Don cried desperately. "I have one dollar and fifteen cents in the bank at home. But I owe Ted Carter a quarter."

"Oh!" said Mr. Wall. "Sit down, Don." He drew a chair close to the boy. "Suppose you tell me about this. What did you borrow the quarter for?"

"To go to the show."

"Didn't you have some money?"

"Yes, sir. But I didn't want to spend it. I had my lumber bill to pay in thirty days, and I wanted to save my dolla.. So I told Ted ——"

"What did Ted say?" Mr. Wall interrupted.

"He said——" Don hesitated, and his cheeks turned hot.

"I think I ought to know," the scoutmaster said quietly. "This wouldn't be carrying tales, Don. What did he say?"

"He said 'Beans! Boy scouts again!' I—I can't make him understand about saving a dollar. He asked me if I could go if he loaned me a quarter, because that wouldn't be breaking into my bank, and I said yes, and he told me to pay him any time. I thought everything was all right. But tonight when you got to talking about——"

"I know," interrupted Mr. Wall. He began to tap his fingers on the arm of the chair. The room became very quiet. Don could hear the tick of the clock in the hall.

"You and Ted have been pretty friendly, haven't you?" the scoutmaster asked suddenly.

"Yes, sir."

"What did he think about cutting lawns?"

"He laughed at me."

"I see. How much fun did he make of you about football?"

"Not much after——"

"After you came back to the squad?"

Don sighed. "Yes, sir." Gee! how much Mr. Wall knew!

The scoutmaster's chin grew the least bit hard. "Just what did he call you, Don—names, I mean?"

"He called me 'Mr. Weak-knees.'"

"Anything else?"

"'Easy mark.'"

"Anything else? Think."

"That's all," said Don. "Ted doesn't mean anything, sir. That's just his way. But I thought, after what you said tonight, that maybe I shouldn't take my second-class tests if I owed Ted a quarter."

"Oh, you can go ahead on the others," the scoutmaster said, "and perhaps you'll meet the deposit requirement in two weeks. And now as to Ted. I suppose you don't see much of him now that the football season is over."

"He comes around almost every day," Don answered.

"Does he?" said Mr. Wall. He fell into thought and once more tapped his fingers against the chair. Presently he stood up and Don followed him to the hall.

"I suppose you're working on your bird houses while Ted is there?"

"Yes, sir."

"It must be lonesome for Ted sitting around and watching you working."

"I guess it is," Don answered honestly. "He wants me to stop and talk to him."

"You had better wait a moment," said Mr. Wall abruptly. He walked down the hall and hurried upstairs.

When he came back he carried a thin, paper-wrapped parcel. "A little present for you," he told Don. The boy took it and wondered what it could be. They walked to the door.

*"You want that coal in advance?"*

"Don," said the man, "there are some scouts who seem to blunder very often, but, for all that, they're——

"Yes, sir?"

"For all that they're good scouts—mighty good scouts. Good night."

"Good night," said the boy.

He walked home with no more worry about what had troubled him. In some way, Mr. Wall had robbed the matter of its sting.

His mind was principally concerned with the package he held snugly under one arm. What could it be? Had Mr. Wall made a similar present to all the other scouts?

When he reached home the sounds from the kitchen told him that his mother and Barbara were setting bread for the morrow's baking. He slipped up the stairs to his room. Eagerly he broke the string around his package and shook away the paper.

He found a heavy, oblong piece of cardboard. On one side of the card was printing. He turned it to the light and read aloud:

A SCOUT IS CLEAN
HE KEEPS CLEAN IN BODY AND THOUGHT
STANDS FOR CLEAN SPEECH
CLEAN SPORT, CLEAN HABITS
AND TRAVELS WITH A CLEAN CROWD

"Now I wonder why Mr. Wall gave me that," he said.

## Chapter VI.

### *The Meaning of the Sign.*

NEXT morning Don hung the sign on his bedroom wall. Later in the day he slipped a quarter from his bank; and when Ted Carter came around that afternoon Don repaid his loan and squared his books.

"No hurry about this," said Ted. "Keep it if you need it."

"I have plenty," Don explained. "My lumber bill is paid, and there's enough stuff in the shop for four more houses."

"Huh!" said Ted. "What are you going to do with all your money?"

"Save it."

"Not for mine. Come on down to the station and we'll drink hot chocolate and eat cakes until the quarter's gone."

But Don, who had asked his father to help him find a good place for a food shelter, declined the invitation.

"Ah!" Ted growled, "you're getting to be an old woman."

Don smiled to himself. Old woman, indeed. He was sure that the coming winter would give him far more fun than it gave Ted.

Winter was not slow in coming—and it settled for a long, cold stay. After the first few weeks of sleighing and snowballing the average boy of Chester found life pretty dull. But Don found everything full of interest. He thought that he had never been so busy and so happy.

All told, he made and sold sixteen bird houses. He passed his second-class examinations. He bought a uniform and a hat. And with all that, the approach of spring found him with almost three dollars in the bank.

AS for Chester Troop, it passed a joyous winter. With the help of a wagon and a horse the waiting room was carted to a field adjoining Mr. Wall's house. They repaired the roof, the windows and the door. One of the scouts unearthed a second-hand coal stove in his cellar, and that was brought to troop headquarters. A hole was cut in the roof, a pipe was run up and they were ready for a fire. All they lacked was coal.

"And coal," Phil Morris had wailed, "is seven dollars and fifty cents a ton."

But the boys refused to be cast down. The Chester Coal Company had a big plant at the bottom of a rather steep road. Alex Davidson thought of a way out of the difficulty.

"We'll make a bargain with the coal company," he said. "We'll keep the sidewalk in front of their office free of snow, and we'll keep the hill clean and covered with ashes. They have a lot of trouble with that hill when it's slippery. It ought to be worth something to them to have that hill kept so their horses can get up and down easily."

"How much ought it to be worth?" Phil asked.

"Ton of coal, anyway," said Alex. "I'll go and see them."

A sharp young man at the coal company's office listened to his proposition.

"You want that coal in advance?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! And how do I know you'll live up to your bargain after you get the coal?"

"We took that old waiting room from the trolley company," Alex said, "and agreed to keep the new waiting room clean for three months. Ask the trolley com-

(*Continued on page* 35.)

# In the Scout Cave

## Trees and Fighting

By THE CAVE SCOUT
F. J. P.

SAY, fellows, don't you think it is pretty hot and stuffy in this old cave to-day? What do you say if we go outside and sit in the shade some place where the wind can blow on us?

What's that? "Good idea?" All right, then, let's beat it out of here.

Isn't this a whopper of an old oak? Let's sit down on the grass right here and have our little confab about scout affairs.

I just can't help admiring this old tree! How old do you think it is? I wonder if a band of Indians ever squatted on the ground here, like we are doing, to hold a council? How many tons of water do you think have gone up through that stocky old trunk to be distributed to the leaves and branches? I wonder how many birds have sung in this old tree, and how many squirrels have chatted and scolded and chased each other through its spreading limbs? I wonder how many bears have munched acorns on the ground beneath? I wonder—but gee, when you once start thinking about a tree there is no telling where you will get to. A tree is just as interesting as a story book to a boy whose "wonderer" is good for anything.

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It's just about the same with everything you see in nature. But there is a certain point beyond which your "wonderer" refuses to work. Did you ever look up at the stars, for instance, and wonder whether or not anybody lives on them, or whether there are any scouts up there? And did you ever get to thinking about what a little bit of a speck of dust this earth is, and what would happen to us if one of those other great big worlds bumped into ours? When your mind once gets started on this subject you soon begin to think about the great Power that keeps all the worlds where they belong, and then a lump comes up in your throat and you feel kind of queer inside, and your "wonderer" is stuck—it won't budge another inch!

Well, that's the way the Cave Scout feels sometimes about trees. I start out by thinking about the process by which they grow—how they draw minerals and water from the ground, gases from the air and light from the sun and mix 'em all up together to form wood. That's wonderful enough, but when I stop to think about the Power that devised such a marvelous process for making the earth beautiful—well, that's such a big thought that it almost swamps my "thinker."

Maybe that is one reason why I always get riled up when I see a tree that has been needlessly cut down or disfigured.

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I guess I'll have to tell you about a talk I had the other day with a man who lives in a city in Massachusetts.

"I'm afraid" he said, "that the boy scouts are doing more harm than good. There is a good deal of fine timber near the city. Since the scout work has been organized I have noticed that the boys have been playing havoc with it. Many of the big trees have been blazed and marked with signs, while scores of younger trees, two or three inches in diameter, have been cut down for use in building shelters."

"But," I said, "do you know it is scouts who have done these things?"

"I've trailed them through the woods and watched them," he said. "They wore felt hats and leggings."

"That doesn't prove that they were scouts," I argued. "Not every boy who wears a felt hat and leggings is a scout."

But I had to admit, boys, that it might possibly have been a troop of scouts who were responsible for this damage to the forests. Then I came back at him strong.

"Let's look at the other side of this question for a minute. Maybe you do not know that scores of forest fires are put out every year by boy scouts; that thousands of tussock moth nests are destroyed each year by scouts; that this summer thousands of woodpeckers, which were fed during the winter months by scouts, are eating millions of grubs and insects harmful to trees; that every year on Arbor Day, boy scouts plant thousands of trees; that in several States boy scouts are co-operating with the forestry officers in the great work of conservation. Why, in your own State of Massachusetts, boy scout troops have recently co-operated with the forestry department in conducting a tree census, the results of which will be extremely valuable to the forestry officials."

"Well," he said, when I had finished, "I'm glad to know these things. I had no idea the scouts were doing so much to save the trees. I guess, after all, the few trees I saw felled and blazed wouldn't amount to much compared to the great number which have been protected by scouts."

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Yes, fellows, I feel pretty sure that scouts save more trees than they destroy, but I can't see any reason why scouts should destroy any. As a matter of fact I don't think that a genuine scout would destroy or injure trees. I've got so much confidence in you fellows that I would be willing to bet that in nine cases out of ten the destruction of trees, which is charged to scouts, has really been done by others.

Sometimes, it is true, new scouts, going on their first hike into the woods, get a little bit too eager to try out their new hatchets. A boy is not a scout very long, however, before he learns how to use a hatchet properly—and how *not* to use it, which is a bit of lore equally important.

In the majority of cases the trouble is caused by groups of boys, who are not scouts at all. These boys see scouts going into the woods with hatchets and they naturally try to imitate them. Frequently these boys commit depredations in the woods and the scouts get the blame for it. For the sake of the conservation of trees, a work in which every scout is interested, and for the sake of the reputation of our great organization for boys, we should watch for these "counterfeit scouts" and try to put a stop to their activities.

And let's watch those scouts who are occasionally careless with their axes. If we see a fellow "pulling the George Washington stunt," let's take the trouble to explain the evils of tree-damaging to him so effectively that he will never forget them.

The next time I have a talk with this gentleman from Massachusetts I hope he won't have any excuse at all for making a kick.

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"Well, Mr. Cave Scout, this talk on trees has made me think of some things I never thought of before, but I'd like to ask you one question on an entirely different subject."

Would you mind telling me your name?

"I'd rather not tell you that, but I will tell you where I live—Peekskill, New York."

All right, I'll try to answer your question anyway. Let's hear it.

"My trouble is this, Mr. Cave Scout. There is a boy in town whose ideas are entirely opposite to those of the scouts. He keeps making fun of me and the scouts of this city. I take it seriously, and I'd

(*Continued on page* 31.)

# From Dan Beard's Duffel Bag

About the Stylops (so you won't be one) and a Good Scoutmaster (so you will be one—some day).*

By DANIEL CARTER BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.

ACCORDING to my buckskin calendar, this is the wild rice moon of the Indians, the first moon of the Indian Summer, and the Andy Poe moon of the scouts.

Andy Poe was born on the 30th of September, 1742. He was a famous buckskin man of the buckskin period along about Revolutionary War times. He was a great hunter and earned fame by attacking single-handed Big Foot, the Indian Chief, and a companion Indian. Afterwards, when he was an old man, he slew a mad bull which had attacked him, using no weapon but the old tomahawk that he won in the fight with the Indians.

Poe was one of those men who made it possible to settle the Middle West with peaceful farmers. Where he hunted, and occasionally fought with savage men and savage beasts, the land is now thickly populated, traversed by railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, dotted with cities, towns and villages and manufacturing centers, and poor old Andy is unknown and forgotten by most of the inhabitants, although there are people in Wooster, Ohio, who are thoroughly versed in his life and history.

The president of one of our great colleges recently said that a man reaches his full growth at about eighteen or nineteen years of age. If that was the case with our pioneers they must have indeed been "some men" when they were *boys*, for if one of them, when he reached an age where most people are content to doze on their front piazza or in an easy chair in front of the fire, could whip a mad bull single-handed, armed only with a tomahawk about the size of a lather's hatchet, he must have been a corker when he was eighteen.

Old Andy Poe was able to lick a bull single-handed because he had lived a clean, healthy life out in the open. When it comes to an elixir of life, boys, there is nothing can beat Old Mother Nature. That's the reason it makes me glad to know that so many of you scouts are having an opportunity during your vacation to get out into the woods and live much the same kind of a life that the old wilderness men lived. Your National Scout Commissioner would like to be out with some of you right now, with or without a bathing suit, but with a good springboard or a good raft from which to dive into deep water. But in place of that delightful situation, he is busy drawing the picture of a Capricorn beetle with his hands and at the same time dictating the Duffel Bag with his mouth. This doing two things at once is not to be recommended, but when the two things have to be done within a certain time it sometimes becomes a necessity, because none of us wants to be a Stylops. A Stylops is no good in camp or in the field or in the office. We haven't a Stylops among the scouts, I hope.

### What Is a Stylops?

But it has just occurred to me that perhaps you do not know what a Stylops is. In that case, it may be well to let you know. A Stylops is a beetle gone wrong; a dead-beat beetle, a parasite beetle, a beetle that lives off the labors of others, never turning over its hands to help itself. If there are other beetles and tumble bugs and little folks of the insect world wanting to have a swim, and the diving beetle wanted to show the rest of bugdom how to make a high dive, or the whirligig, or how to dive from the surface or swim upside down, there is no doubt that all of them would do their share of the work to prepare for the play—all of them but the dead-beat, good-for-nothing Stylops. He could only show them how to sponge on some one else for a living. Look him up in your natural history, boys, and see how closely he resembles Pinheadus in the newspaper comic.

I am now writing about the Stylops in my new boys' book of Bugs, Butterflies and Beetles, and he is a daisy character on whom to preach a sermon; I don't mean to sit on him and preach a sermon, but to use him as an illustration of the terrible effects which come through the life of a sponge and a dead beat. It does not make any difference whether it is a rich man, a poor man, a bettle or a bug, as soon as it becomes a parasite it becomes degraded. Mrs. Stylops lives in the body of a bee; she needs no eyes or nose, legs or antennae—she needs only a digestive tube and a place and muscles necessary to work the mouth to absorb the food, and a bag to hold it, and also to hold her eggs so that she can propagate hundreds of more dead beats to live off the work of the industrious bee.

So, fellow scouts, when you are building your spring-board or your swimming raft and getting ready to have fun, just remember old Stylops and, when you think of him, do more than your share of the work.

### A Scoutmaster-Judge Watching Birds.

Speaking of work, I recently received a bully letter from Scoutmaster Fitch, otherwise known as Judge Fitch, or the Honorable Joseph Fitch—but Scoutmaster is the title of which he is most proud. He is an awfully hard-working man. There is nothing of a Stylops about him, and the consequence is he has one of the finest troops in Greater New York, although it is but a year old. But when he wrote to me he was on a vacation, and all good workers ought to be able, at the proper time, to be good idlers. Of course, idling is a comparative term; what one may call idling, another person might consider working. Scoutmaster Fitch is idling by preparing a camp for his boys, and taking notes on the birds. He says:

> This place is certainly a bird paradise, and I am enjoying the observation of them during this nesting season as I haven't had a chance to do since I was a boy.
>
> A pair of robins have a nest in the vines on my veranda, not four feet from the dining-room window, and in plain sight as we sit at table. We watch the old birds feeding the little ones as we sit at lunch. There is another nest of robins, with three little ones, in the lilac bushes near the back door, only about four feet from the ground and plainly to be seen.
>
> Yesterday Mrs. Fitch several times went to the front door to answer a rap from without; but could find no one there. It seemed most uncanny. But I finally found it was a red-headed woodpecker boring a hole near the top of one of our piazza posts. I suppose he thought the house was deserted and he could make a quiet nest there. Put that in your Duffel Bag, old scout, but don't tell that I put a fresh coat of paint on the post to discourage him—I did, though."

Yes, Judge, I will tell that, too. The readers of the Duffel Bag all have sense enough to appreciate the fact that even a bird lover does not want his piazza post full of holes when there are plenty of trees around with decayed parts which will better answer the purpose for birds' nests.

### Why the Judge Didn't Win a Race

Judge Fitch, boys, is doing the same kind of work here that our great friend, Judge Lindsay, is doing in Denver. There is nothing of the Stylops about him; he always does his share and more, too.

I can remember the time, a few years ago, when both the Judge and I were young athletes. The Judge was rowing in a four-oared paper gig race. It was a close race and, of course, the Judge wanted his crew to win. It did not win because the Judge pulled until he fell unconscious in the bottom of the boat. I lifted him out and put him in the barge, and applied first aid until we brought him around all right.

The rest of us learned a lesson there, and that was to "be prepared" and not attempt to pull a hard race without previous severe training. However, the Judge was in good enough physical condition to entirely recover from the severe strain and feel no ill effects afterwards. And he is now teaching his boys how *not* to make any such mistake as he did in that race.

So, fellow scouts, don't be a Stylops-Pinheadus, and when you have any task to perform train for it before hand. "Be Prepared." Then we won't have to give you first aid. But if we do, be sure that you reward us by making as good a scoutmaster as the Honorable Joseph Fitch.

Dan Beard

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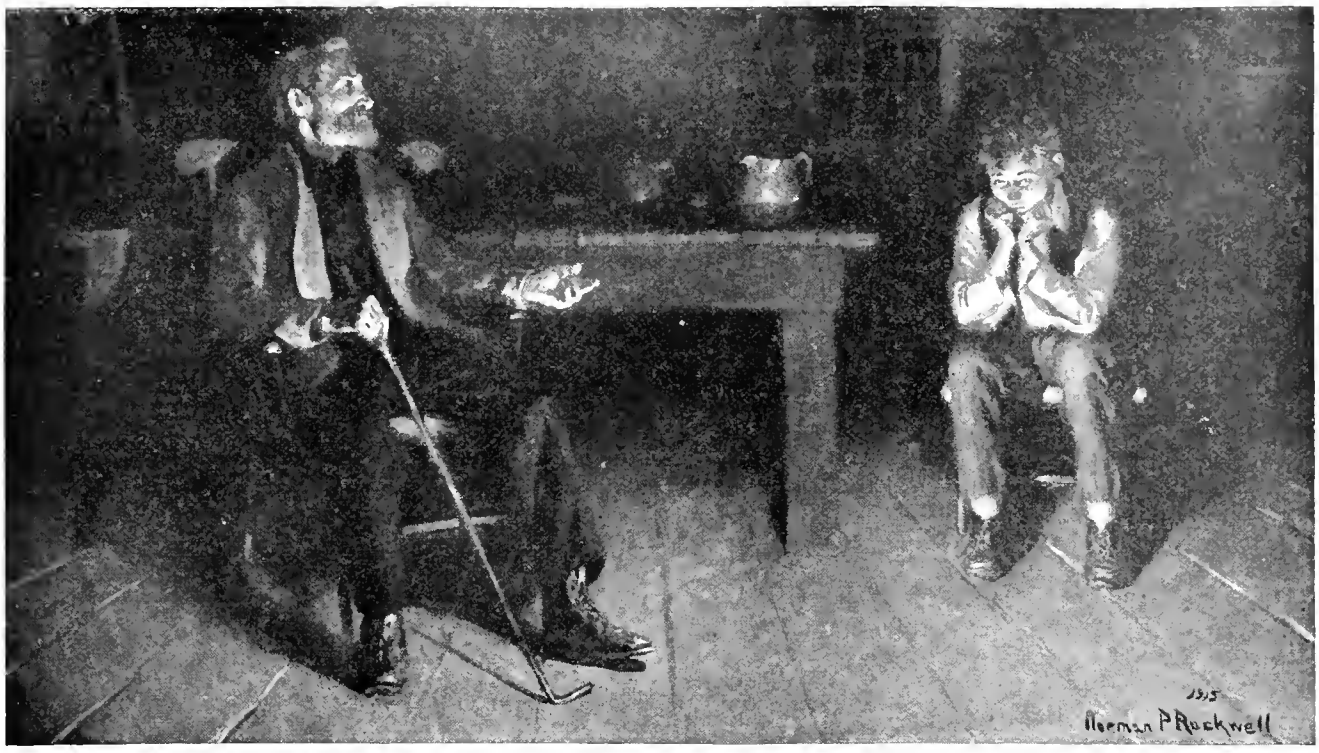
## Financial Campaigns Succeed

A financial campaign in Syracuse, N. Y., in which more than $10,000 was raised to finance boy scout work in that city, was recently completed. The campaign was conducted under the supervision of Mr. H. L. Eddy, who worked as the personal representative of National Headquarters.

A financial campaign in Muskegon, Mich., has recently resulted in raising $2,500 for the Movement




*Red sat with his face in his hands and listened as hard as he could.*

# Red Gilly, Reelfoot Fisherboy

## A Tennessee Mountain Lad's Singular Experience on a Strange Lake

By A. L. WHITSON

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

"IT ain't right and I ain't going to do it," said Red Gilly as he deliberately dropped the end of a great fish-net back into the water.

"Right nothin'! Pull—pull! I tell you, can't you see we'll git a haul here?"

"Yes," assented the boy, "I can see it'd be a load, but I'm tired of gittin' hauls from other feller's nets. They ain't our fish and I don't want nothin' what's not mine by right."

"Shet up!" stormed old Jim Gilly from the other end of the boat.

"But, pap," protested the boy, "you promist me you'd quit a-fish-thievin' when the new year set in, and now I want to begin bein' square."

"Well, let's git 'em this time, Red, maybe we'll not take any more; folks are aller's a-robbin' my nets," complained the man.

"No, they ain't, pap," said Red. "You jest think they air 'cause we steal their'n; but you've gone one too far when you want me to help you steal from Sid Wiley, and I ain't goin' to git 'em this time, nor the next time neither, fer if I did, it'd be the same thing agin tomorrow, and I'm a-tellin' you now I've quit."

"Quit, have you?" shouted the man, infuriated. "I'll see if you've quit. Pull that rope!"

The boy stood and gazed defiantly at him.

"Pull that rope, I tell you," commanded Jim Gilly, "or I'll drown you like a rat."

Without another word Red began slowly to lift the heavy net—heavy from the weight of water and a mass of squirming, wriggling fish.

"Hurry, hurry, now," hoarsely whispered the old man, as they rapidly transferred the fish from the net to the boat. "Better leave a few in the net so's he won't 'spission he's been swiped agin."

The emptied net sank into the water, and the fish-boat slowly moved on towards another—this time the property of the fisherman himself.

One pull at the tightened ropes showed another heavy catch and a few moments later the little fishing-boat stood barely an inch above water.

"Move her careful, Red," the old man cautioned as the boy dropped listlessly into the seat and began to pull the oars.

Slowly the little boat moved in and out among the tree-tops until it reached the open water of the lake. Not long afterwards Red, alone, carried the load of fish on to the dock.

THE first foggy gray streaks of morning fell softly about him as the canoe floated down the long stretch of placid water.

"Ain't she too beautiful fer anything this morning!" mused Red as he gazed on the scene before him. "Tennessee ort to be proud of her," he continued, "fer they ain't but one Reelfoot in the whole world, and jest think, I bin a-livin' here right on her very banks fer fifteen years and didn't know till a few days ago that she hadn't been here since the world begun.

"The book said in 1812 Reelfoot lake was formed by an earthquake. Now I don't know 'zactly what an earthquake is, but since I bin a-studying about it, I do believe that God must'r jest looked down on the world and saw all this long chain of hills a-laying here wasting and he knowed they's too steep and dry fer to be cultivated and far too purty to never be seen, so he jest cracks the brim off about ten of the biggest hills and they went down jest as they was, and now I know why the tree-tops stick out'n the water. They was real live green trees growin' on the high hills when they sunk, and the trees under the water are them what was in the valleys and on the hillsides, and the blue pool what nobody ain't found the bottom of must'r bin the deepest valley of 'em all, and the book said the great father of waters flowed back'ards fer three days. It's my notion the old Mississippi was glad to run back'ards to help make sech a place as this."

The sun peeped over the great hills on the east side of Reelfoot and up went the fog, leaving before the worshipping eyes of the young fisherman a broad expanse of blue, calm water, broken here

and there by the gray, deadened trees that stood above the level of the lake like monuments of cement. And now Red understood that among their roots on the hills under the water was the playground of various kinds of fish, and his boyish heart beat with pride when he thought of the honest catch they had hauled up that morning. Then a sickening sensation passed through his soul at the remembrance of robbing another man's net.

"But I'm done!" he exclaimed aloud as he drew near the dock.

THE words of praise for such a haul fell on deaf ears that morning, and, after receiving the money for his fish, he hurried away silently.

"Here's your money, pap," he said when he entered the cabin.

"Nine dollars," the old man chuckled, "not seeh a bad ketch, Red, is it? Here, go buy you a new gum coat, sonny," Jim Gilly finished, holding a five towards Red.

"I don't want it, pap," answered the boy. "It ain't mine. Sam Hicky needs a coat lots worse than me and the money's his'n by right."

*"Then," he said, sobbing, "my name ain't Red Gilly at all!"*

"Now, listen here, Red," old Gilly began, "you needn't be a-tryin' some of yore old stunts of being good and saintly like. Thought you'd 'bout fergot that foolishness."

"Well, I haven't," returned the boy. "I haven't said nothin' lately, fer you promist me you'd quit thievin' with the new year."

The deep black eyes of Jim Gilly looked fiercely upon the boy and his great, muscled arms ached to shake him.

"You didn't reckin fer a minute I was a-tellin' you the truth, Red?" he growled. "Why, I jest told you that to shet you up fer a spell—but since you're going to be a bonehead I reckin we'd jest as well know how we stand."

The boy didn't reply but sat in silence before the man whose terrible anger had sent a flush of red staining his tanned face—and Jim Gilly grumbled on:

"Our blood ain't never mixed very well, Red," he said slowly, "and yore ma made a mighty bad mistake in a-leavin' you to my keer, but I've had all the trouble a-raisin' of you and now you air able to pay me back—and we ain't done no stealin' yet."

Gilly saw the red deepen in the boy's face.

"Yo're younger than I am, Red," he continued, "and ort to rob five nets to my one. Come on and we'll be real partners this year and 'vide up the cash—half of it if you want to. I don't keer 'bout that, but I want to double any fish record we've ever made."

"Stop! Stop!" came from the boy's lips like a pistol shot on the lake. "I won't listen to yore thievin' plans," he cried, **"fer I ain't a-wantin' to be one, and if you don't mean to keep yore promise I'll clear out. So make up yore mind before I git back."**

The door closed with a bang, and the old man looked about the bare walls of the hut and the anger in his heart disappeared.

"Jest like his mother when he makes up his mind," he mused, "and I jest as well figure on a square deal with him or go it alone," and, bowing his head on his folded arms, he murmured slowly: "I—can't—go it—alone."

OUTSIDE the hut Red Gilly hesitated. Maybe he'd been too harsh, he thought, but the memory of the recent talk sent a fresh gust of madness chasing through his veins, and, unmindful of sun or rain, he dropped into his little homemade canoe and applied his oars vigorously. For a long time he stayed on the water, fighting his own battle whether to leave the lake and "pap" forever or to stay and help him until he would be glad to play square.

Twilight came, and above the great towering hills that surrounded Reelfoot the evening star twinkled. A new moon hung lazily over the western brim, and silhouetted against the northern lake shore Red caught the gleam of a tallow candle.

"Why haven't I thought of Sid Wiley before now?" he wondered, and, rounding the bend south of the Devil's whirlpool, he swiftly skimmed the waters till he reached old Sid's cabin.

"What brings you out, lad?" said old Wiley, as he rested his broad, heavy hands on the shoulders of his favorite. "Didn't you see that bank of black clouds in the so'west? That's a sign of mighty bad weather."

"Oh, go on, Sid," returned the boy confidentially, "you know I ain't scared of storms and winds and clouds—nor the lake, fer I allers feel like if a feller's square they's som'n in his heart what will tell him when to head in."

Old Wiley saw there was something wrong with Red, and, holding him at arm's length, he earnestly studied the face before him.

"What's troublin' you, sonny?" inquired old Wiley softly. "I allers bin yore friend, Red—come on," he pleaded, "tell old Sid."

"I allus thought," said the boy after a pause, "that you was jest erbout as square as they make 'em. You—you wouldn't take nothin' what wasn't yores, would you?" He scarcely whispered the question.

"Not on your life, Red," laughed Wiley. "Why, I reckin' I've had more chanees to steal and git away with it than any other man in these parts—weighing ever' pound of fish that's bin caught and shipped from this old lake for twenty years. Ever'body knows I git a cent on ever' fish I handle, and I can honestly say I ain't never fudged once the whole time, and clean money grows, Red. Why, I was jest wonderin' today what I was goin' to do with all the money I've saved up, since I ain't got no wife nor chil'ern to leave it to. And the int'rest on money, Red, whatever that is, jest laps year after year like clapboards on a roof."

Red drew his chair a little nearer the fire and unconsciously ran his long, thin fingers through his heavy, tangled red hair again and again, while old Wiley sat on the opposite side of the mud fireplace and anxiously waited for the boy to speak.

"You see, Sid," Red finally began in an unsteady voice, "some'n is a-troublin' me, but you'll have to hold up yore right hand and promise not to tell 'fore I let a word out."

Up went the strong old arm of Sid Wiley and a solemn vow was made to keep the secret.

"I reckon," the boy started, "I ain't the sort to be a-cryin'—and I ain't complainin' about the work—I don't mind that, but I've knowed a long time some'n was wrong with our fishin'."

"Well," broke in Sid Wiley, "you don't want to git *all* the fish out'n the lake, do you, and you and yore pa bring in twic't as many as anybody else now. But I understand that. When yore net's full of fish that's the time to go after 'em, and old Jim Gilly never was known to come in second. Why, I see yore all's lantern a-bobbin' on the lake lots of mornings 'fore I git up."

"But," replied Red firmly, "it ort to be ag'in' the law fer any man to go to his nets 'fore daylight, fer 'less'n a man is square hisself he's allers suspectin' somebody of a-robbin' his nets, and nine out'n ten o' them who air seared of gittin' robbed air net-thieves theirselves, and they ain't satisfied a-doin' it alone, but they drag out their sons and teach 'em to rob and steal whether they want to or not."

Instantly Sid Wiley was beside the boy, and, lifting Red's chin with his rough hands until he could gaze down into the honest eyes of the boy that he loved so devotedly—

"Red Gilly!" he exclaimed, "yore pa ain't forced you into no seeh a life—has he? *Has he?*" Wiley demanded. "Tell me, Red. I fit fer you one't when you was a baby, and Jim Gilly got you, but he swore he'd raise you square—and if he's tried to bring you up fer a fish-thief I'll shake his teeth out'n his head. You'se meant fer me anyway."

"Sid!" cried the boy, an old hope reviving in his breast, "oh, Sid, you couldn't be a-meanin' I ain't Jim Gilly's own son, can you?"

Wiley gently pushed Red back into the chair, from which he had risen, without answering, and while Red anxiously waited the old man took down his long-stem corncob pipe from the blackened mantel and filled it with home-made tobacco, then, lifting a red coal from the hearth, placed it carefully on the crushed tobacco. And still Red sat fascinated as he watched the unbroken rings of smoke that Sid Wiley was famous for blowing when he was worried float upward and disappear among the cobwebs in the rafters of the cabin.

"Red, my boy," Sid finally began, "if I'd a-knowed Jim Gilly wasn't actin' square, I'd a-told you long ago what I'm

*(Continued on page 87.)*

# Dan Beard Tells You How

## To Find the Treasure of Pirate La Fitte*

By DAN BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.

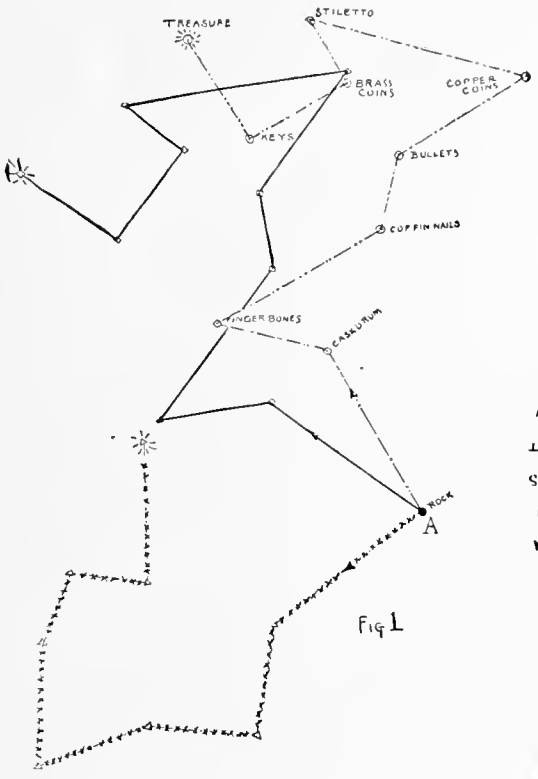


Fig 1

LA FITTE was the American pirate of the Gulf of Mexico, afterwards the American patriot who refused a bribe of the command of a man-of-war, and, if I remember aright, thirty thousand dollars in gold. He is the same man who helped Gen. Jackson out in the Battle of New Orleans. But La Fitte was once a real pirate, and all pirates with any claim to being the bona fide article had a "Black Jack" to hoist in the time of battle, the old black flag with the skull and cross-bones, which formerly struck terror into the hearts of the poor merchantmen of the Spanish galleys and treasure ships. Of course, La Fitte must have had a Black Jack and also treasures, for what is the use of being a pirate if one has no treasures! By the way, one of La Fitte's men, known as Black Jack, used to work for my grandfather on the Mississippi River, when grandfather was in command of the good old barge called "The Rover."

Well—if La Fitte had a treasure, he buried it. Of course, he buried it, pirates always bury their treasures. Who ever heard of one who did not? Then, to make sure that no one should find it, they all had a pleasant custom of killing the men who helped to bury the treasure. This done, they usually made a map which they sewed in the side of their doublet and when they died, the map always fell into the hands of some story book hero.

As luck would have it, we have found La Fitte's notes and they read like this: "Start at the rock in Dead Man's Gulch, near the skull of the Spaniard, travel northwest 70 paces to a cache, where you will find a cask o' rum, from thence, due west 30 paces, where you will find the finger bones of Don Piedro Fiesto. Thence northeast 50 paces, where you will find a cache of coffin nails, thence north 20 paces, where you will find a cache of bullets, thence northeast 40 paces, where you will find a cache of copper coins, thence west 60 paces, where you will find a cache of brass coins, thence southeast 20 paces, where you will find a cache of silver coins, thence southwest 30 paces, where you will find a cache with the keys to the treasure chest, then northwest 30 paces, where you will find a cache containing a brassbound chest full of bars of gold, bags of doubloons and pieces of eight." Fig. 1.

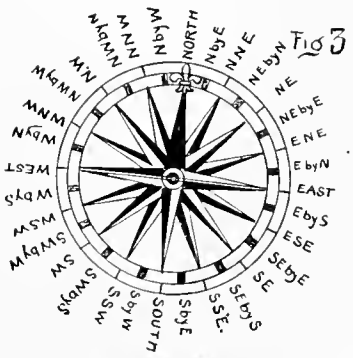


Fig 3

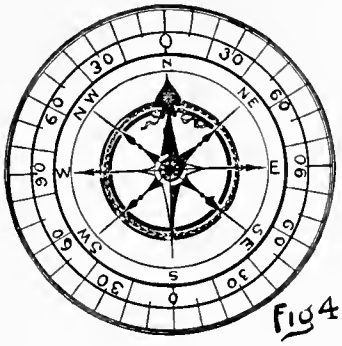


Fig 4

In order to play the game the scoutmaster must carefully lay out the course. At each cache he is supposed to bury things enumerated, but in reality he only drives a small peg to mark the spot. The treasure may be a pocket compass, a scout whistle, a scout knife, scout axe, cooking outfit, or one of my books of "Shacks, Shelters and Shanties," according to what he decides will be the prize.

Then at the peg marked A in Fig. 2, he places the first contestant with a pocket compass in his hand. A is supposed to be the stone in Dead Man's Gulch. The scout holds the compass in his hand and remembering that the black end of the needle is the north end, adjusts his compass until the needle points exactly north, then he sights along the northwest point, gets his line of direction, and steps off 70 paces and hunts for a cask o' rum. He is only allowed a certain time to find each cache, two minutes, three minutes or five minutes, according to the difficulty of the undertaking. The scoutmaster starts him with a whistle and calls time with a whistle.

When played as a game, the first cache counts one, the second two, the third three, the fourth four, etc., and, of course, the one finding the treasure makes the biggest score.

The scoutmaster can hand the pathfinder bits of paper or pebbles, one for each peg found. The pebbles act as counters for the score.

Of course the distances, Fig. 2, may be any number of paces you choose, but each direction should be one of the four points of the compass, that is, the four quarters of the compass, north, south, east and west, or the four eighths of the compass, that is, northwest and northeast, southeast and southwest.

To go any further into the sub-divisions of the compass makes the game too difficult. You will find it hard enough to find the treasure if you stick to the quarters and eighths, and you had better practice first simply on the quarters. That is, go east so many paces, north so many paces, south so many paces, and west so many paces. Fig. 3 shows a mariner's compass and its divisions. Fig. 4 is a pocket compass.

It is allowable for the scout to place his compass on the peg and lie prone on the ground and sight his direction before he begins to pace it. Where there are a

*(Continued on page 34.)*

Fig 2

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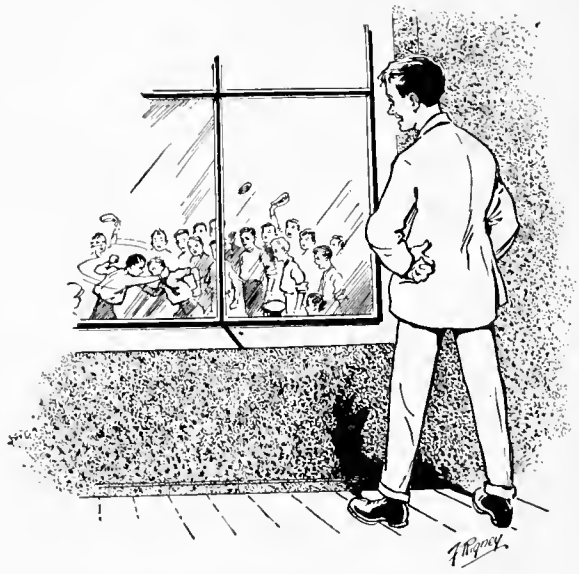
# The Militant Reformers

## How a School-Ground Bully "Got His" and the Part a Teacher Played in His Downfall.

By C. V. HULL

Illustrated by F. RIGNEY



THE schoolroom was a busy place. Here and there a pupil was studying. Others were looking out through the windows, envying the carefree birds which were flitting from tree to tree.

In the back of the room occasional sounds of sly whispering could be heard.

James Perkins, better known to the "fellers" as "Shorty" was laboriously writing on a fragment of paper while keeping one cautious eye peeled in the direction of the teacher's platform. At last he carefully folded the paper and, when a favorable opportunity presented itself, threw it across two intervening rows of seats into the lap of Mary Gowan.

Mary opened the note behind her big geography and smiled pleasantly as she read: "Mary, can I walk home with you after school, I want to tell you something. James."

There was a pretty touch of color in her cheeks as she looked at James and nodded "Yes."

After recess she missed the note and decided to make a thorough search for it at noon as she was afraid some one else might find it. She wished she had torn it up.

Some one did find it. Fred Tower, a big, seventeen-year-old boy in the high school, picked up a piece of paper as he came down the stairs and, out of curiosity, opened it. It was Mary's lost note.

FRED TOWER was a fine type of the overgrown bully. On account of his naturally mean disposition and his crafty ways, the boys of his own age would not permit him to associate with them. Barred from their society he sought consolation and amusement by making life miserable for boys younger and weaker than himself. He took a particular delight in ordering the younger boys to do things which would either cause them physical pain or would get them into trouble. And woe unto the boy who displeased him! Bitter experience had proved to the little group whose actions he dominated, the folly of reporting his misdoings to teachers or parents, for the culprits were made to "walk turkey" or were subjected to some equally painful punishment. And with it all he was so crafty that it was almost impossible to catch him at his meanness. As a result of his domineering and cruel methods with smaller boys, he had been nicknamed the "Czar."

*"Why don't you boys form a club and give him a good licking?"*

When the bell rang for the afternoon recess, the Czar walked out to the playground and looked for Sam Roberts.

"Sam!" he called, "Come here, I got something to show you." Sam, who was used to obeying the Czar, hurried toward the older boy.

"Read this note to the boys and have some fun with Shorty," he instructed. Then he walked away to wait for the leaven to work.

IT DID work too. He had scarcely time to get out of sight before Sam collected a crowd of boys about him and read the note to them. Just after he finished reading and while the boys were still laughing and joking Shorty came up.

"What's the fun about, anyway?" he asked.

Carl Schmidt looked at Shorty with a jeering grin and piped up, "Mary, can I walk home with you after school? I want to tell—"

Shorty saw red in a second. "You got that note?" he interrupted savagely.

"No."

"Who has?"

"Sha'n't tell."

"You will or git a trimmin'," and Shorty started toward him to make good his threat.

Carl knew that discretion was the better part of valor, for he had several times tried issues with James. He backed off, not knowing what to do, but not caring to "snitch" on Sam.

As Shorty came nearer he repeated his threat. "Tell me where you got that note or where it is, or I'll knock your block off," he threatened.

Just then the Czar came to the corner of the building. Without taking notice of the situation, he spoke to Sam, loudly enough for Shorty to hear. "Sam," he called, "what did Shorty say when you showed him the note?"

Sam was surprised and caught off his guard. But now the cat was out of the bag and he wasn't at all sure about handling Shorty.

"Oh, he got kind o' warm when he heard it," Sam mumbled as the Czar turned to go upstairs.

Shorty, walking up to Sam, demanded, "Where did you get that note?"

"None of your business," said Sam.

"What did you go and read it for?"

"'Cause I wanted to."

"Well, it was a dirty trick and you know it."

"Aw, go on! What you goin' to do about it?"

"I'll show you!"

Without further argument Shorty landed a stiff punch on the side of Sam's head.

IT WAS a real scrap. Blow met blow; they clenched, they rolled and they tumbled, only to get up and go at it again. Neither gained any advantage though both were dirty and mussed up. The Czar stood in the upper hall window and watched with interest.

"Soak 'im!" "Clinch with 'im!" "Go it!"

*"Whose is that?" he asked, angrily. "Mine!" Shorty retorted defiantly.*

"Stick to him!" "There! Hand him one!"

It might have lasted for some time but for these and other cries from the interested onlookers which attracted the attention of Miss Milliard, the teacher. As she passed out of the door, the Czar saw her and walked noiselessly across the upper hall into the high school room. But then the Czar was always cautious in his manoeuvres. Miss Milliard came so quietly, and the boys were so interested that they didn't see her until she was near the crowd. Then Fat Killian whispered as loudly as he dared, "Jiggers! Here she comes!"

The warning came too late. Miss Milliard had seen and she spoke sharply:

"James and Sam! You will please stay one hour each after school to-night."

When Miss Milliard came to them a few minutes after the other pupils had gone, both felt that the end of the world had come—or was near. But she soon gained their confidence and drew from them the whole story. Immediately she saw the hand of the Czar in the affair and thought, "What a pity he cannot be punished in some way! He will abuse the boys and lie out of it if I make any report."

But to the boys she said: "James, you know better than to write notes. Please don't do it again. Sam, you should be more of a gentleman than to make fun of anyone as you did of James. Both of you know you should not fight. I hope you will not do it again. But perhaps you are not entirely to blame; there seems to be some outside influence. You were always good friends, too; are you not ashamed and sorry that you fought?"

"Yas'am," they both replied promptly, for they were.

Miss Milliard's sympathy was aroused. She evidently forgot about the note and did not entirely blame the boys for the fight. She made them a proposition for temporary peace. "If you will promise to fight no more this term you may go home now. But if you get in any trouble during school time you will have to stay three hours. If you prefer, you may stay the hour to-night. Which do you wish to do?"

There was no hesitation. Quick as a thought, they answered, "We want to go home."

Five minutes later Miss Milliard stood at the window, smiling as she watched the two boys "dog-trotting" down the road to catch the crowd at the swimming hole.

"Shorty," said Sam as the two boys trotted along, "what did she mean by 'outside influence?'"

"Mebbe she meant Fred Tower; he gave me the note. I s'pose he wanted to see us get into trouble."

THE next morning the Czar grabbed Clif Race by the left arm. Clif cried out in pain. "You big dub! You grabbed me right where I'm vaccinated, and you knew it."

When the Czar saw that the boy was really in pain he laughed and said roughly, "Oh, shut up, you big baby! I didn't know you had a sore arm. But it will do it good to have the scab knocked off."

At noon the Czar placed a chip on Tom Barber's shoulder. "I dare Harry Rice to knock it off," he said.

When Harry hesitated, the Czar continued, "Tom called you a name and talked about you. I heard him. Are you afraid of him?"

Tom dared not dispute the Czar, who continued talking until the two boys fell to fighting. When the Czar saw the teacher looking out of a window, he stopped the affair by saying, "Better quit before Miss Milliard sees you."

*"The anarchists settled down to real business."*

After school the boys discussed the affair.

"Say, Tom, did you say all that he said you did?" asked Harry.

"No, but I didn't dast call hion a liar."

"On the dead, Tom, didn't you say any of that?"

"No, siree!"

"Then he lied to us and stirred up a row just for his own fun."

"Sure. But we can't get even. Ain't he ornery?"

"Oh, mebbe sometime we'll get a chance to square up with him."

Next day the Czar grabbed Bud Fisher by the seat of the pants and made him "walk turkey." When Bud fell forward on his hands and stuck a bad sliver into his palm, the Czar only laughed. "You're awkward and careless; what's the matter with you?" he said as he gave Bud a jerk and sent him on his way.

The next noon Shorty got in the way of the Czar and was roughly jerked aside. "You big rough neck! Ain't you got any sense?" Shorty grunted as he dodged back, rubbing his arm.

"Shut up," the Czar commanded, and slapped him across the face. "You're too sassy."

Shorty went home that noon with a bruise on his nose. At the dinner table his mother noticed the mark and asked James, "how did you get hurt? What is the matter with your nose?"

"Nothin'," he replied evasively.

Mr. Perkins looked up and repeated the question. Shorty knew it was useless to try to evade his father and answered, "Fred Tower hit me."

"What for, son?"

"'Cause he said I was in the way and because he said I was too sassy."

"Isn't he a high school boy?" the father asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What did the teacher say?"

"Aw, she didn't see it, and I didn't say nothin' to her. And if I did the big bully would thump me. Skinny Rasmussen tried it and got his."

AFTER dinner Shorty told his father the whole story of the abuse and tyranny of the Czar. When it was finished Mr. Perkins sat for a few moments in deep thought. Then he suggested a plan.

"Why don't you boys form a club and give him a good licking. The first time he picks on one of you, the rest can jump in. And make him promise to be good before you quit."

The history lesson that afternoon included the Haymarket riots. Miss Milliard tried to explain anarchy to the class and mentioned the Nihilists of Russia as typical anarchists. Shorty understood from the explanation that an anarchist was one who resisted bossing or undue abuse. The lesson completed his father's suggestion. The boys could form an anarchist club and overthrow the Czar. They could not do so as the Haymarket rioters had done, but then there would be a way.

So when the gang met at the swimming hole that night Shorty proposed his plan. "Let's form an anarchistic club," he explained. "You see, it's this way. The big duffer can lick any of us and the teachers can't catch him at his meanness. So let's do like the anarchists. We will form a club and trim him. We'll go ahead and do it our own way, without payin' attention to rules or anything, just like they did at the Haymarket fuss, only we can't quite kill him."

"Well, he ought to be bumbed and blown up, even if it killed him," Sam argued.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," advised Clif. "We'll do like Shorty says and when he picks on one of us, don't run but give an awful yell like you was bein' killed. Then we'll all come and pile on and lick him till he promises to be good forever."

"Mebbe he'll lick us all," objected Skinny Rasmussen.

"Well, you needn't help if you're afraid," exploded Shorty.

"Oh, I'll stick with the bunch," said Skinny.

So it was agreed that the boys should administer justice in their own way.

THE opportunity came the next noon. The anarchists were playing roly-poly—a game in which each player mounts guard over a hole in the sod while an odd player tries to roll a ball into one of them. Then the boy to whom the hole is assigned must run. While Sam was rolling the ball, the Czar came up.

"Give me the ball," he ordered.

Sam obeyed and the Czar rolled the ball into the hole assigned to Shorty. No one ran and the Czar was miffed. No such insubordination had ever occurred.

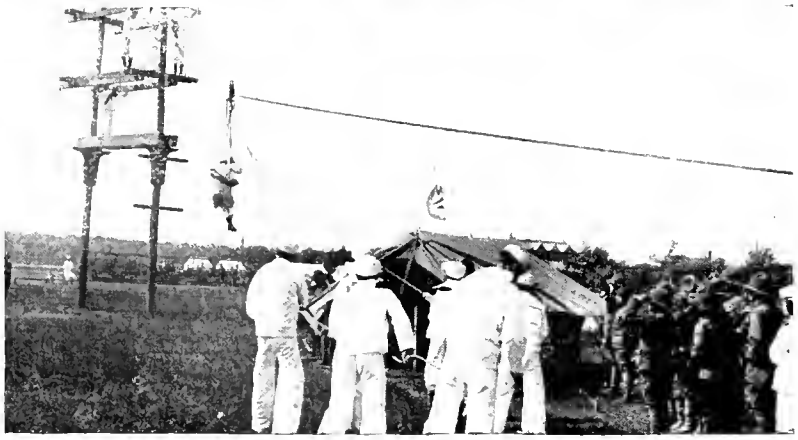
"Whose is that?" he asked angrily.

(*Cont. on p.* 39.)

Camp Handicraft.
From Scoutmaster H. M. Ryder, Wilkensburg, Pa.

A Fire-Lighting Contest.
From Troop 1, Portchester, N. Y.

"Spuds" for Dinner.
From Scoutmaster James N. Robinson, Fulton, N. Y.

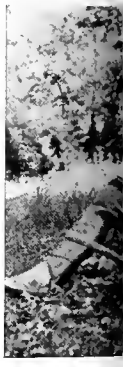


A Breeches Buoy Demonstration.
By a Patrol of Boston Nautical Scouts.

# The Fascinating

(See description o

The Cooking Test.
From Scoutmaster Merritt L. Oxenham.



The Mar
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Ohio Scouts Do a Bit of Pioneering.
From F. Clay Viets, Youngstown, Ohio.

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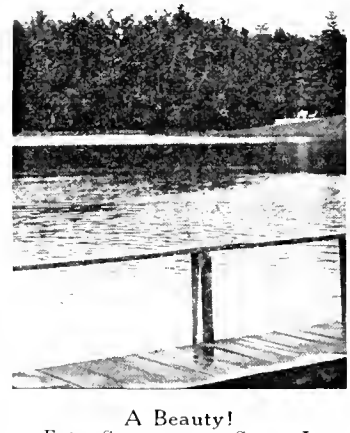
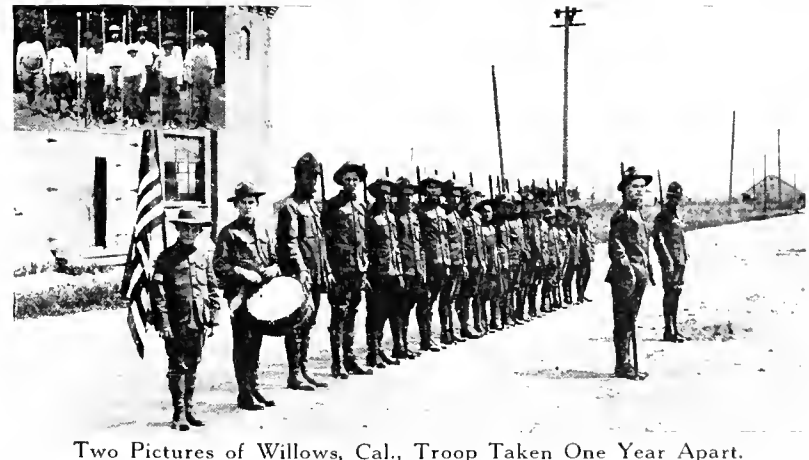


A Beauty!
From Scoutmaster Clyde J. Walsh, Charlotte, N. C.

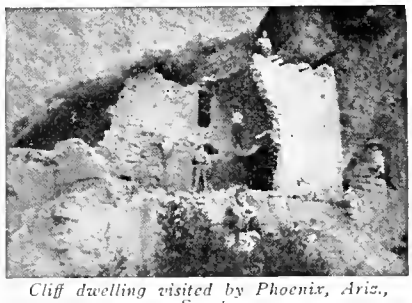
Flapjacks.
From Scoutmaster W. F. Ferguson, Athens, Texas.

Writes
ag."

A Critical Moment.
From Scoutmaster Thomas W. Griffiths.



Two Pictures of Willows, Cal., Troop Taken One Year Apart.
By Scout Commissioner C. E. De Witt.



*Cliff dwelling visited by Phoenix, Ariz., Scouts.*

# With The Boy Scouts of America

Reports of Scout Progress and Activity of Interest to All, from Tenderfoot to Eagle

## Boy Scout Life Savers

By Armstrong Perry

THE Springfield Sunday School, which held its annual picnic at Nine Mile Pond, North Wilbraham, Mass., on June 5th, 1915, would have returned one boy short if there had not been a quick-witted scout by the name of Ernest Waterman in the party. When the other fellows went swimming, Ernest and another scout went out in a rowboat and, after the scout fashion, kept their eyes open for chances to be useful. An eleven-year-old boy followed the swimmers into deep water and went down. He came up, struggled at the surface for a moment and sank again. The crowd on the shore thought he was fooling, but Waterman knew better. A quick dive and a few strokes placed him in a position to reach the drowning lad when he rose again. Caught by the arm, he broke the grip as he had been taught to do, and swam for the shore. Although weighted down by his clothing, which he had had no time to remove, he kept up until friendly hands relieved him of his burden. Patrol Leader Waterman now has a bronze honor medal, which was presented to him by the National Court of Honor.

---

IT took this story over a year to leak out. The rescue was made on May 23, 1914, near the Oakmont Bridge, which spans the Allegheny River, some distance above Pittsburgh, Pa. Chessrown Getsinger and a brother scout were on a hike. When they reached the bridge they were so warm that even the muddy river water seemed inviting. In they went. The first plunge was so invigorating that Getsinger's comrade attempted just a little more than he could get away with. He swam out into the stream, turned and started back. Twenty feet from the shore his strength failed. Getsinger splashing water on himself to wash the mud off, heard a strangling cry: "Oh, Chess!" As he turned he saw his companion's head disappear. Quickly he swam to the spot. The drowning boy clutched at him with such desperate strength that his finger nails pierced the skin on his neck. Getsinger wrenched himself away. He hesitated a moment, wondering if his strength were equal to the task—considering the possibility of getting help—but when he saw his friend sink again, helplessly, he resolved that he would get him out or go to the bottom with him. He dove, missed him, but felt his head as he was coming up. Grasping the hair with one hand he struck out for the shore with the other. The body floated along like a stick and he feared that life was gone, but fifteen minutes of brisk work on the bank removed all danger. The two rode home together on their bicycles. The story was told to only a few confidential friends, but in the course of time it reached a scout official who realized that it should be published for the inspiration of other scouts who may sometime be called upon to act in similar emergencies. The National Court of Honor awarded a bronze honor medal.

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### REPORT OF NATIONAL COURT OF HONOR FOR JULY, 1915

HONOR MEDALS

| | |
|---|---|
| Chessrown Getsinger | Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| Ernest Waterman | Springfield, Mass. |

EAGLE SCOUTS

To win the Silver Eagle these First Class Scouts must have qualified for 21 Merit Badges. It is the highest honor given for winning Merit Badges.

| | |
|---|---|
| R. C. Sutton | Akron, Ohio. |
| Gordon T. Runcie | Camden, Ind. |
| Norman Bull | New York City |
| Sidney Acker | Kansas City, Mo. |
| Lockwood Day | Baltimore, Md. |
| Richard Munson | Pekin, Ill. |
| Frank F. Fitch | Prophetstown, Ill. |
| Lowell Tatman | Portsmouth, Ohio |

LIFE AND STAR SCOUTS

Life Scouts hold Merit Badges in first aid athletics, life saving, personal health and public health. Star Scouts have five badges in addition to these.

| | |
|---|---|
| Milton Lowenstein | New York City |
| Norman Bull | New York City |
| Albert S. Tousley | St. Paul, Minn. |
| Sidney Acker | Kansas City, Mo. |
| Richard Munson | Pekin, Ill. |
| Stuart Wood | Decatur, Ill. |
| Lowell Tatman | Portsmouth, Ohio |
| Edwin Addis | Plainfield, N. J. |

LIFE SCOUTS

| | |
|---|---|
| Ira Edwards | Josephine, Pa. |
| George Axe | Josephine, Pa. |
| Ralph Buterhaugh | Josephine, Pa. |

Total number of Merit Badges issued, 680.

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## Scout Review in Cincinnati

The first annual review of the Bay Scouts of Cincinnati, Ohio, was held on July 17, at the Carson Athletic Field of Cincinnati University.

The review included most of the usual events of a scout exhibition, but several new features were introduced. In a knot-tying demonstration, for instance, a picked group of scouts tied the knots in a large hawser, large enough so that the spectators could easily see exactly how the knot was formed. Then each of the scouts tied the same knots in short pieces of rope and these smaller knots were tossed into the crowd to be retained as souvenirs.

In the bandaging demonstration "victims" were called for from among the spectators. When these subjects had been carefully bandaged they returned to their seats in the bleachers, where the bandages were inspected by the audience.

## Our Double Page Pictures

There are so many interesting things about the pictures on our double page this month that we cannot tell them all in the titles.

The picture in the upper left-hand corner shows the handicraft work of troop 1, Wilkensburg, Pa., at Camp Minneskala. These scouts arranged a pageant production of "Hiawatha" and the paddles shown in the picture were used in this production.

The picture just below shows a wood-gathering, fire-lighting, and charcoal-making contest.

Just below this fire-lighting picture we see members of Troop 1, Fulton, N. Y., engaged in that great camp activity known as "spud peeling." These scouts ought to get the potatoes clean with the whole of Lake Ontario to wash them in.

Nautical Scouting is rapidly gaining in popularity in many of the scout centers of the east and especially in Boston. The picture in the lower left-hand corner shows a patrol of Boston nautical scouts demonstrating the use of the breeches buoy at the annual rally and demonstration of the Greater Boston Council, held recently.

The big picture in the middle explains itself. This happy-looking scout is "Squirrel" Roberts of Troop 26, Youngstown, O. We hope all scouts get as much fun out of Boys' Life as "Squirrel" does. He seems to be nutty about it!

Just below the big picture is a member of Troop 55 of Brooklyn, N. Y., qualifying for his second class badge by cooking "a quarter of a pound of meat and two potatoes in the open without the ordinary kitchen cooking utensils." Certainly a shovel can hardly be considered an "ordinary kitchen cooking utensil."

To the right of this ingenious scout we see our National Scout Commissioner, Dan Beard. At the time this picture was snapped Mr. Beard was having a lot of fun with a small turtle which you can see on his knee. Mr. Beard has almost as much fun with turtles and bugs and frogs and things as he does with boys.

Just to the right of Mr. Beard are two members of the scout troop at Altus, Okla., engaged in a "terrible, death-defying, hair-raising" exploit. Almost makes you hold your breath, doesn't it? But just between us, fellows, this picture is a fake. It's turned up sideways, you see.

In the upper right-hand corner is a group of Ohio scouts engaged in constructing a rustic bridge. This bridge was used in a production of "Hiawatha."

Looks like that fellow had dropped out of an air ship, doesn't it? He didn't, though. He jumped from the top of a boat house at the Boy Scout-Y. M. C. A. camp at Lake Kanuga, Charlotte, N. C.

The picture was sent to National Headquarters by Scoutmaster Clyde J. Walsh.

Just to the right of this crack diver we see Scoutmaster W. F. Ferguson stirring up flapjacks for the hungry scouts of Athens, Texas. Mr. Ferguson's scouts say that he has their mothers "backed off the map" when it comes to making flapjacks.

The last picture on the page shows what progress can be made in one year. The little picture inserted at the top shows Troop 1 of Willows, Cal., a year ago. The larger picture shows the troop as it is today, with about twice as many members as they had a year ago, and with their uniforms and equipment complete. Is there any reason why every troop cannot do as much as these California boys have accomplished?

## "Beanie" and the Bloodhounds

Herewith is shown a picture of Richard McKeen, Assistant Patrol Leader of Troop 1, Leipsic, O., in charge of the city bloodhounds.

A few weeks ago Richard's father, who is chief of police, met with an accident which has caused him to be laid up in the hospital and, in the meanwhile, no one but this boy scout has any control over the vicious dogs.

Whenever the hounds are taken out of their kennels to trace robbers, Richard, or "Beanie," as he is known among the scouts, has control of them and sees that they do their work well. On every occasion the guilty miscreants have been run to earth.

The dogs' names are Dan and Queen, and they weigh sixty pounds each, and when they get started on a trail they lead their young master a merry clip; but he hangs on and with but little assistance is complete master of the situation.

## Catches Pike Bare-Handed

A remarkable fish story has been received from Scout Scribe Harold F. Miller, of Napoleon, Ohio. The incident occurred during the encampment of Troop 1 at King's Grove on the Maumee River. Scout Miller writes that while Scout Harold Clyborne was standing on a bridge twenty feet high over Turkey Foot Creek, he saw a pike with another fish in its gills. Scout Clyborne watched for the pike to appear again, then dove straight for it, and brought the fish up in his arms. The other scouts helped him get the pike to shore, where they found it measured 22 inches long. The fish which it was carrying was a sheephead, 11 inches long.

In the announcement of the Buffalo scout camp, "Ohiyesa," in Boys' Life for August, an error was made in stating that Dr. Eastman, the Sioux Indian, for whom the camp is named, was the director. This camp has a different director for each week of the five, the directors being scoutmasters.


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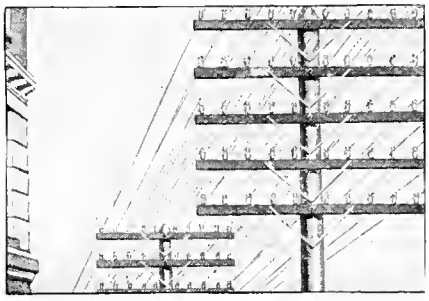
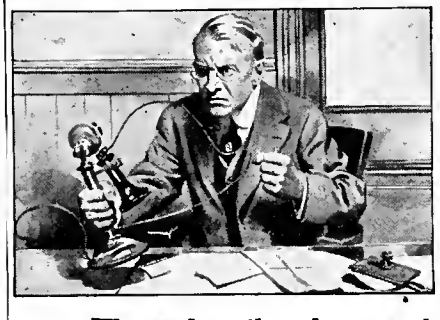


**The result of such records is a telephone line like this, which gives good service.**



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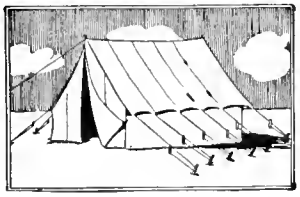

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# With the Scouts Afield

MARSHALL, ILL.—An unusual scout encampment was held recently at Marshall, Ill., under the auspices of Marshall Troop 1, of which Mr. O. H. Rolison is scoutmaster. The Marshall scouts made all of the arrangements for the encampment, and then sent out invitations to the boy scouts of Robinson, Lawrenceville, Casey, Greenup and Paris, Ill., and Terre Haute, Ind. The Marshall scouts paid all of the expenses

for the encampment except the railroad fare of the visiting troops.

The total cost of the encampment to the Marshall troop was $250, of which the scouts themselves earned $200. The remaining amount was donated by business men.

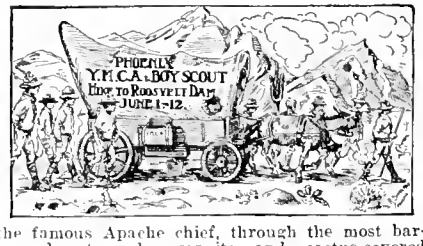
A special feature of the encampment was the meeting of scoutmasters and scout commissioners at which was formed a Scoutmasters' Encampment Organization, with Mr. Rolison as president. It was decided to make the encampment an annual feature of the scout work in this section of Illinois, and Terre Haute was selected as the place to hold the next outing.

In the scout contest the Marshall scouts made an enviable record, winning the first prize cup, and thirty-five out of the thirty-nine medals which were offered. Scout Paul Stewart made the most individual points and won the individual cup.

Mr. Rolison reports that the encampment has resulted in arousing a new interest in Scouting in that section of the country, and that the scouts are becoming more and more interested in the work of the Movement.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—A 160-mile hike to Roosevelt Dam and the prehistoric cliff dwellings of Arizona was taken recently by the boy scouts of Phoenix, Ariz., under the direction of Robert R. Boardman, Boys' Secretary, Phoenix Y. M. C. A.

The route of the hike lay through the old stamping grounds and hiding places of Geronimo,




the famous Apache chief, through the most barren desert and mesquite and cactus-covered mountains in all America.

At the Roosevelt Dam, the scouts had a great time fishing and swimming, after which they continued their journey to the ancient cliff dwellings, near which there now live a number of Apache Indians.

The cliff dwellings were carefully explored by members of the party, who dug in the ancient ruins in search of bits of pottery and other relics of this ancient race. Among the other souvenirs of the hike obtained was a four-foot cedar post which was taken back to Phoenix to be set up in the scout room in honor of the cliff dwellers and as a reminder of the hike to their dwellings.

FLUSHING, N. Y.—Eighteen scouts with Scoutmaster Joseph Fitch spent a week encamped at Brookhaven, L. I. Scoutmaster Fitch reports good work done by the boys, who, by their scout-like behavior, won favorable opinions from all the people with whom they came in contact. He also says that the most popular member of the camp was the cook.

GREELEY, COLORADO.—The scouts have been given the use of the home of N. C. Meeker, founder of the city of Greeley, and hero of many Indian massacres. They are fitting the house up as their headquarters.

CONWAY, ARK.—The Conway City Council has given permission to the boy scouts of this city to construct a swimming pool on the lots of the municipal electric light plant.

GREENSBURG, PA.—A check for $40.32 for services rendered by Troops 1 and 2. This is the result of the first attempt of the scouts in delivering telephone directories for the local company. This money is to be used for camp equipment by both troops.

YOUNGSTOWN, O.—Through the kindness of Judge G. E. Rose, a great wood bordering Poland Manor will be opened to the scouts of this city. The boys will be allowed to cut trees for a log cabin, wood for their fires, and to build rustic bridges in Yellow Creek. The scouts are also at liberty to build a dam in the creek to make a big swimming hole and canoeing stretch. These boys already have a home in this district which they call "Good Turn Inn," but since there are over 400 scouts in the city, they will be able to make good use of this new privilege.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Troop 29 of Buffalo, of which Thomas W. Storms is Scoutmaster, is proud of their new scout headquarters building, which was recently completed. The cabin is 20 feet long by 30 feet wide. The ground

for it was donated by Mr. B. M. Hauck, a member of the troop committee.

Troop 29 enjoys the distinction of having a wireless patrol, every member of which is a licensed operator. The troop also boasts of an efficient fife and drum corps.

In all features of scout work Troop 29 is near the top rank among the scouts of Buffalo. They are the first Buffalo troop to build their own club house.

WORCESTER, MASS. — Twenty-seven French-speaking boys are banded together in a troop of scouts under Scoutmaster William A. Menard.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—A Boy Scout Forest Patrol camp has been established by the Department of Agriculture, through the Supervisor of the Angeles National Forest, on Pine Flats, back of Mount Wilson. This camp will be open all during the dry season, and boys will be constantly on duty, ready to report fire or violations of the Federal laws.

SCRANTON, PA.—A ten acre tract on West Mountain—this is the generous offer of Mr. William H. Freeman, a well-known resident of West Scranton, for a permanent camp site for the scouts of this city. Acceptance of this offer will make the boys independent, and they will not have to seek new camp sites from year to year.

ARINGDON, VA.—An unusual method for obtaining uniforms for scouts is being worked out in this city. Mr. J. W. Bell, an officer in the First National Bank, is the originator of the scheme. At a recent meeting of the troop, Mr. Bell told the boys that every good scout who would earn twenty-five cents a week for a period of twenty weeks, and then deposit the full amount in the First National Bank, would be given a uniform free of charge. Mr. Bell is using this method to acquaint the scouts with the value of a bank account. The scouts accepted the generous offer, and are now busy earning and depositing their money.

NEW YORK CITY.—"The Scout Trail" is a new paper issued monthly for the Upper East Side District by several troops in New York City. The object of this paper is to bring the troops of the district together, promote a spirit of friendly rivalry among them, and aid the scouts in the requirements of scouting. The first

A New Scout Book

**Boy Scouts of the Wildcat Patrol**

By WALTER P. EATON

A story of Boy Scouting

This story is a continuation of the history of Peanut and the other characters which appeared in previous volumes by this author. Some of the former characters have developed into Scout Masters themselves and the story shows what they have learned in the way of Boy Scouting and how they passed it along to others. Other volumes in this series are **The Boy Scouts of Berkshire, Boy Scouts in the Dismal Swamp** and **Boy Scouts in the White Mountains.**

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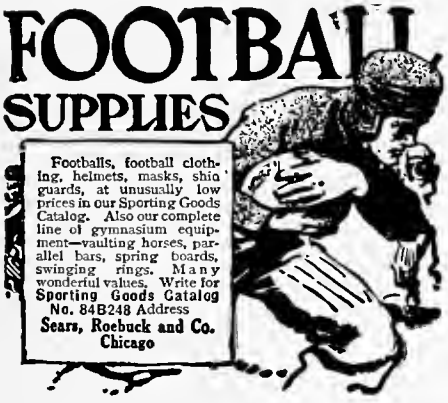

Footballs, football clothing, helmets, masks, shin guards, at unusually low prices in our Sporting Goods Catalog. Also our complete line of gymnasium equipment—vaulting horses, parallel bars, spring boards, swinging rings. Many wonderful values. Write for **Sporting Goods Catalog No. 84B248** Address
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Strong, well posed figure; Scout in Summer Uniform. Stands seventeen inches high.

SUITABLE FOR CONTEST PRIZE OR FOR TROOP ROOM DECORATION

Ivory finish ..... .....$3.00
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Great for Coloring Your Own Pictures, Maps, Etc. All colors at stationery stores or write us for free color chart. Philadelphia.

copy, which is mimeographed, gives five pages to interesting reports, scout instructions, etc.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Four scouts of Troop 13 of Montclair, N. J., completed on July 2 a hike of 135 miles through the Delaware Water Gap and return. The boys were in charge of Scoutmaster Theodore T. Dorman. This picture shows the scouts at the end of their long trip. The scout on the left is Louis Brooks, tenderfoot; the scout next to him is Joseph Boyd, second class scout; the scout standing behind the trek-cart is Richard Congdon, second class scout; and the scout holding the flag is Philander H. Betts, a first class scout with ten merit badges. Scoutmaster Dorman is seated. One of the requirements of this trip was that no scout weighing less than 100 pounds or measuring less than five feet in height would be permitted to go. The total cost of the expedition for each scout was $6.60.

GRAVITY, IOWA.—That Troop 1 has been very busy is evident from the report of Scoutmaster Woodfill. They have fitted up a library and reading room and are now building a croquet ground and tennis court.

HARRISBURG, PA.—For the fifth time Troop 4 has proved its ability to camp out for a week without any one starving. These boys had a fine time at Camp Laurel, on Mountain Creek, the chief event being a hike to Pine Grove furnace, where the abandoned ore pits and iron furnaces were inspected.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—While Rock Hall Troop 1 was enjoying a three weeks camping trip in Rock Creek Park, they had the honor of entertaining Mr. Colin H. Livingstone, president of the Boy Scouts of America, at dinner. This dinner was cooked by all the members of the troop.

CANTON, O.—National Headquarters has received from Troop 3 a package of spalls chipped from the wreath about the McKinley Monument when it was in the course of construction. Mr. E. R. Hoover, the Scoutmatser of this troop, writes that the boys have collected quite a number of these chips and are selling them to souvenir hunters, in this way helping to defray their troop expenses.

CENTRALIA, WASH.—When the G. A. R., the Woman's Relief Corps, and five other similar organizations held their convention in the latter part of June, the scouts of Troop 1 assisted by meeting the trains and finding lodging places for the delegates. After all visitors had arrived, the boys were stationed at the headquarters, convention halls, and on street corners. These boys are also helping to keep their city park clean by preventing people from throwing refuse on the grass.

HARBOR BEACH, MICH.—The scouts of Harbor Beach took a trip to Bad Axe, where for an hour and a half, in the business section, they gave a demonstration of scout work. These boys were then given a fine banquet by the Board of Trade of Bad Axe, on whose invitation the exhibition had been given.

CHILTON, WIS.—Accompanied by Scoutmaster Griem, the scouts of Chilton spent three days camping on the chores of Lake Winnebago. These boys also took part in the reunion of the Wisconsin veterans, their part of the entertainment being a camp scene in two acts.

ILION, N. Y.—In the Herkimer County scout camp, held July 2 to 5, in which six troops and 110 boys were assembled, Troop 1, of Ilion, won the silver cup for scout work. This troop also won ten of the thirty badges given for athletics, a record of which Scoutmaster Macbeth is proud.

FAIRBURY, NEB.—Thirty-five dollars was cleared by Troop 1 by a successful entertainment. These boys enjoyed the film, "The Adventures of Scout," and gained a lot of scout knowledge and pleasure from it.

LOGANSPORT, IND.—The Crow Patrol, with Assistant Scoutmaster Daniel Drompp, enjoyed a four day camping trip on Deer Creek, where the time was spent in swimming and fishing. They also had a pleasant visit with the scouts of the Bringhurst troop.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.—Scoutmaster Shaw reports the fine work done by the scouts of Troop 1 in the Independence Day celebration, both in the parade and in assisting in the fireworks display. These boys have been highly commended by the town officials.

**Beech-Nut Peanut Butter**

AFTER heavy scout-duty, it's all a fellow can do to stop at three or four Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches—they're just chuck full of taste—and staying qualities, too.

Big Virginia and Spanish nuts, acrid hearts *completely* removed—roasted and crushed to a delicate creamy spread.

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**FREE**—Sample and Dictionary of uses.
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STAMPS

*[No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.]*

**STAMP ALBUM** with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl Old Mexico, Malay (tiger), China (dragon) Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., **10c.** 100 diff., Jap, N. Zld., etc., 5c. Big List, Coupons, etc., **FREE!** 1000 Fine Mixed 20c. 1000 Hinges 5c. **Agents Wanted**, 50%. WE BUY Stamps. **HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

**STAMPS FREE** 100 all different stamps from all countries, free. Postage 2c. Mention this paper. Large album, 15c. If possible send names 2 collectors. We buy stamps.
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**40 American Advertising Stamps - - - 10c.**
**16 United States Navy / 16 Panama Canal } both for - - - 10c.**
**A. GRAHN, 1817 Van Buren St., St. Paul, Minn.**

**$$——OLD COINS WANTED——$$**
$4.25 each paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. $2 to $500 each paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1895. Send 10c. at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. Get posted; it may mean your good fortune. C. F. CLARKE & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 10, Le Roy, N. Y.

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**All for 30c.** A 25c California gold piece, a Columbian nickel, a Coin Book, and a Lucky Seed.
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COINS, Notes, Stamps, Indian Relics, Antique Weapons exchanged for United Profit Sharing Coupons. Booklet for Stamp.
**COIN EXCHANGE, New Rochelle, N. Y.**

**STAMPS.** 105, China, &c., stamp dictionary and list 3,000 bargains 2c. Cata. stps. of world 12c. Agents, 50 per cent. **A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A9, Boston, Mass.**

**JAPAN** 30 DIFF. Postage. No Revenue, 10c. Mounted on Beautiful Japanese Mount. **ALFRED RASMUSSEN, 116 Minn. Avenue, San Jose, Cal.**

Every advertisement is carefully investigated before insertion in BOYS' LIFE. Readers can help us maintain this valuable service by always mentioning BOYS' LIFE when answering advertisements.

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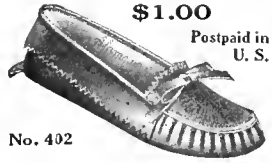
They were Indian Boys, noted for their vigor, agility and endurance, which should make their Footwear appeal to all Boy Scouts.



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We make over 100 styles of Hand Made Indian Moccasins for Indoor and Outdoor wear. Catalog and Introductory Offer will explain how to obtain Moccasins or Money for yourself or your Troop. Write to-day.

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Relieves all itching. Cures Poison Ivy Poisoning, Chegoe Bites, Chafing, Sun Burn, Itching Piles. No smarting or burning when applied. A free can to any Scoutmaster. Sold by Druggists or shipped by Parcel Post. **Price 25 cents.**
**WHITE FOOT REMEDY CO., Centreville, Md.**


# How a Scout Made His Own Stamp Album

By FRANK L. COES

I GIVE this month a reproduction of a photograph of a page from a scout's stamp album from the beginning, so you can do the same.

To begin with, he bought fifty blank leaves at a stationer's which were of a size that he could put in his pocket. These leaves are "quadrille" ruled. By this is meant that they are ruled in faint lines in squares, or quadrangles, on both sides. These special leaves are ruled with four squares to the inch, which is about the best size, although some prefer eight to the inch. You will see the holes for the binder, and these are readily added if you prefer to use plain sheets and go without the advantage of the ruling.

This scout has carefully laid out his page to accommodate such stamps as he owns, in the best looking form. His next move is to look up the catalog numbers of the stamps and to write them lightly in pencil. Next a look in the encyclopædia, and he had the data for his heading with the capital of the country and the value of the money, which he made into a little table to aid his memory. Taking the squares as a base, he divided them by light horizontal lines, and carefully printed in the needed letters, making the country name a full square high, with his figures the same size. It takes very little practice to do a very good job of lettering, and you can see that a little care will help the page very much. Do not shade the letters.

This scout made his own cover, and used a shoe string to bind his sheets with. His idea being that the first album was only a beginning, and that he would soon need a larger one. He did, and in less than six months, but in the meantime his stamps were kept clean and he was gaining a fund of learning that added about a hundred per cent. to the value of his first little book. I rescued this leaf in order to show the best way to begin.

Please notice that I have no objection to a printed album, but if you want to make your money go farthest, you won't care to buy a printed album till you have enough to make a showing, and the money one would cost can be put to better use by making your own first book. Perhaps you will prefer to make all after you get used to the blank pages, and I am sure the blank book is by far the best, both for what it makes you remember and for its easy extension to accommodate new stamps.

I believe this answers several questions from scouts as to loose leaves for a book, but I will add one suggestion, and that is, to have your paper as heavy as possible. It will make your book hold its shape better, and will hold the binding holes without tearing.

Lettering is, as you can see, merely a matter of practice. Of course, you can put your titles and numbers in with a typewriter if you are fortunate enough to have a chance at one, but hand-lettering is just as good, and teaches care, neatness and increases your ability to draw, and to do other things that need the steady

hand and accurate eye. Do it yourself and you will enjoy it much more when the job is done.

### About Mounting Stamps.

Now as to mounting. First you need "hinges" or, as the boys say, "stickers." Hinge making is a science. Your hinges should be "peelable," that is to say, coated with two layers of gum. The very best cost twenty cents a thousand, post free, and good ones can be bought for ten cents. Remember that you are likely to move your stamps several times and put hinges on carefully, using as little moisture as possible; if the stamp is new with full gum, be sure that the gum is not stuck to your page as well as the hinge.

The primary idea of a hinge is to allow inspection of the back of a stamp, and to make removal easy, and so a hinge is folded with gummed side out, and the back half stuck to the page and the front bears the stamp. Some people prefer to have the hinge fold project a little at the top of the stamp, so that one can turn the specimen over with the tongs and look at both sides. You can try several different foldings and positions till you arrive at the one that suits you best. But remember that you should try to do every bit of handling of both stamp and hinge with the tongs.

If the stamp has old hinges on its back, try to remove them before mounting. Some will pull off if care is used, some must be damped off, and still others can be removed by laying the specimen on a wet blotter for a few minutes. In any case, don't use force, as that will probably tear and perhaps ruin your stamp. Also remember that some stamps are printed in "aniline" colors and these run in water. Such must be dampened only on the back and with great care.

### What You Might Write In.

I don't know what to tell the scout who asks about the amount of "notes" he should write in. This pictured page of "Liberia" has about as few as can be used, unless you simply write the country and the catalog number, but to my mind there should be as many as are shown here and a few more.

For instance, it would do no harm to have the name of the gentleman (President Gibson) and it would help to have the names of the animals. The gauge of the perforations might be added, or a note to tell that the stamp is normal when "imperforate." Notes about "watermarks" and other details also may be of later use, and paper names are valuable.

Notes all depend on how good you think your memory is, and how much you care to write. Suppose you had a page of stamps all of one denomination, of the same issue and color. Notes would seem useless. Say this page is all two-cent stamps of the current issue. You can find several shades; you can find several kinds of perforations (government and private) you might add a note as to where and when some odd one came from, and advertising cancellations like the present one in use in San Francisco would need dates, etc. You see there are lots of ways to add notes.

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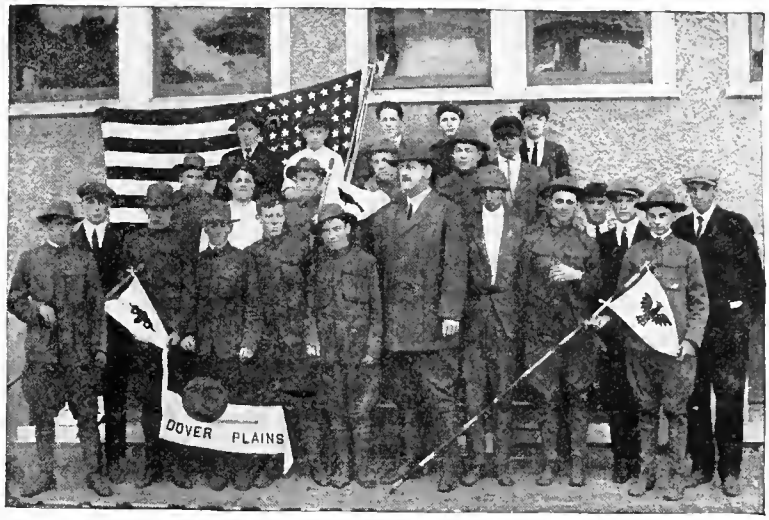
*Another helpful stamp article by Mr. Coes will appear in the October Boys' Life.*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"I heartily approve of your Troop Finance Plan and believe that, even where there is no prize at stake, the plan is a great means of promotion of systematic effort and Troop spirit.

"Our camp at Lake Hammersley, N. Y., opened on June 26, and was named CAMP CURTIS in honor of the company whose generosity equipped it."

A completely equipped Troop, your own summer camp, a club house, plenty of money in your treasury, are the benefits your Troop can get by our Troop Finance Plan. In our Finance Manual for Scoutmasters the plan is explained. It costs nothing to start. Write for the Manual today.

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Its pages give simple formulas for calculating the natural period of an antenna; capacity of a receiving or transmitting condenser; spark frequency of rotary spark gaps; tables for calculating the correct amount of wire for the construction of magnets and tuning coils; tables for ascertaining the spark lengths of different voltages; the Federal regulations regarding the restrictions of wave lengths for amateur stations; instructions for the installation, maintenance and operation of wireless stations; directions for learning the code, working diagrams and a complete list of up-to-date wireless instruments and accessories, together with other features of interest to the amateur or professional wireless enthusiast.

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It will contain over 200 pages, with over 1,000 illustrations, describing in plain, clear language all about Bells, Push Buttons, Telephone and Telegraph Material, Electric Toys, Burglar and Fire Alarm Contrivances, Electric Call Bells, Electric Alarm Clocks, Medical Batteries, Motor Boat Horns, Electrically Heated Apparatus, Battery Connectors, Switches, Battery Gauges, Wireless Telegraph Instruments, Ignition Supplies, Etc. Ready about March 1st. It Means Money Saved to you to have our Manual and our Catalog when you want to buy.

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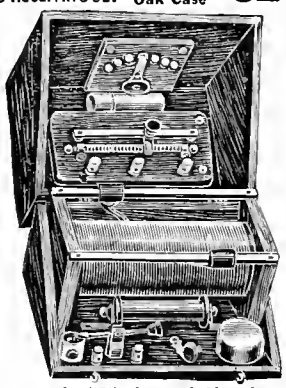

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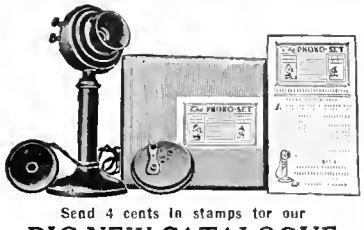
**Boys This Wonderful Electric Phone $1.00 Post Paid**

A handsome, perfect working miniature desk telephone, 7 1-2 inches high. Talks for hundreds of feet between any two points.

Outfit consists of regulation pattern desk phone with carbon grain transmitter, and a handsome little watch case telephone receiver with flexible cord for connections. A polished wood base switch is included FREE with each outfit. Handsomely finished in black enamel. Works on one 15-cent dry battery. Two outfits are required to talk both ways. One outfit talks one way. Full instructions included. Send cash or money order today.

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**BIG NEW CATALOGUE**
of Electrical, Wireless and Experimental Goods.
**THE ELECTRO-SET CO., Dept. F**
1960 East Sixth Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO

# Our Lonesome Corner

THINK what it means when boys write like Nick Hamilton, of Louisiana, did in his recent letter to BOYS' LIFE:

"I cannot too greatly express my appreciation of the Lonesome Corner (he writes). Through it I have been able to form friendships in England, Sweden, Texas, Georgia, Massachusetts, Kentucky, New Mexico, Canada and California—friendships which I highly esteem and which I hope will last forever."

### WHAT IT MEANS TO ANOTHER BOY

There are many letters like this. Of course, we can't print them all. But here's a dandy which you mustn't miss:

I am getting a great deal of fun out of my correspondence with other scouts through BOYS' LIFE. I am writing to a scout in Sweden who tells me about his city and that makes me run to the commercial geography to find out all about that city, which happens to be the main iron and cutlery manufacturing city in Sweden. It is called the Sheffield of Sweden.

I am writing to a scout in Persia who tells me many interesting things about his school and scouting.

I am writing to a scout in Wisconsin, one in New York, one in California, and I expect to start up a correspondence with a lot more.

I don't like to seem as though I am crowding it too much, but I must say that I consider the BOYS' LIFE as half of my scout work. In it I keep up with everything and learn a lot besides. I hear about other fellows and get a chance to write to some of them. (Signed) James M. Earle, New Orleans.

What has been *your* experience?

### ANOTHER "SHUT-IN"—WRITE HIM

We have received the name of another "shut-in," and it is hoped that he will receive several good letters through this department. His name is Harvey Coe, N. Y.

### THESE BOYS HAVE HOBBIES—FIND YOURS AND WRITE

AMERICAN

Harry Anderson, O.; stamps.

Gerhard L. Bargen, Minn.; stamps.

J. Theo. Bailey, Mo.; coins, stamps, postcard views, soil from every state and foreign country; athletics.

Clarence E. Barnes, Iowa; exchange letters with scout scribes.

George Becht, Pa.; stamps.

Gustav R. Bidermann N. Y.; stamp collecting.

Ammeron Buxton, Utah; boys from every state on all topics, exchange postcards, etc., with foreign boys.

John A. Brookens, Ill.; foreign scouts on stamps, postcards, nature, etc.; exchange photographs.

Chester Clardy, Ark.; correspond with boys in 48 states and foreign countries.

Henry Cavendish, W. Va.; boys in Wisconsin or Michigan on camping, hiking, forestry, first aid, first class work; exchanging photographs with South American or African scouts on hikes, etc.

Judson Colvin, N. Y.; books, pets, scouting.

Ernest Culberson, Ala.; music, electricity, signaling.

Gardner Deane, Ark.; camping woodcraft, birds, etc.

Walter E. Duncan, Pa.; exchange postcards and stamps.

Oscar DeHart, Ind.; wireless, electricity; exchange photographs with boys in California.

Ralph L. Dunckel, N. Y.; birds, wild flowers, woodcraft.

Richard Dillon, Ill.; German scout interested in photography, camping, hiking, automobiling.

Armand Donaldson, La.; butterflies, poster stamps with scouts 14 to 18 years old.

Ross Freeman, Conn.; coins and curios.

George Gibson, N. Y.; scouting and baseball.

Leon A. Grapes, Iowa; electricity, first aid, foreign scouts.

Harry E. Greenawald, Pa.; boys whose first name is "Harry"; cycling, foreign scouts.

Alonzo E. Gilbert, Mass.; birds, camping, automobiles.

Carl Haas, Mass.; foreign scouts.

Glenn Hinckley, Ind.; scouts in Indiana, Illinois on photography.

Matt Hakala, Mich.; forestry, hiking, signaling, exchanging postcards.

Clarence Hammes, Wis.; senior patrol leaders; wireless telegraphy.

Stuart Hawkins, Mass.; exchange Hawaiian or Straits Settlement stamps; Sweden, Hawaii, Belgium on scouting.

Virgil Hunt, Okla.; bird houses, scouting, wireless.

Harold C. Hiller, Penna.; American boys 16 to 18 years old.

Axel Johnson, Mass.; plans for building bird houses; physical culture.

Edward C. Jones, Jr., W. Va.; cartooning, photography, wireless, electricity, stamps, nature, woodcraft, scout activities, foreign scouts.

Stanley J. Jarek, Mass.; camping, hiking scouting.

John H. Kirby, Utah (SM); interested in genealogy; scouts in Scotland, England, Ireland, Canada and Japan; also American scouts.

Henry Kinnear, O.; exchange stamps; correspond with foreign boys 16 years old.

Robert Kuykendall, Cal.; scouting, postcards and earthquakes.

Mason Low, Iowa; collecting U. S. warship photos.

Lester Lockhart, N. Y.; scout scribes, books, stamps, scouting.

Norman Leigh, N. Y.; exchange postcards and stamps with western and southern scouts.

Kenneth Laughlin, Ore.; music, books, woodcraft.

Watson McAlexander, Fla.; wireless, signaling, electricity, collecting minerals from everywhere.

William McCullock, La.; photography, campcraft; boys in west, China and Japan.

Harold May, Mo.; correspond with scouts that work.

Vincent O. Miller, 3d, N. J.; atbletics, camping, stamps, scouts in war zone.

Clifford Mosier, Neb.; foreign scouts 15 or 16 years old.

Cyril A. Marx, Fla.; exchange postcards, scenic views, etc.

Rea Al Nunnallee, Tex.; exchange postcards, correspondence with scouts in Nevada and Mississippi.

Howard Pierce, Ill.; stamps.

Samuel Pashley, N. Y.; stamps, athletics.

Willie Osborne, N. Y.; scouting.

Sterling P. Pool, Tex.; correspond with 13-year-old scouts.

Benedict Presby, Wash.; Japan, Hawaii, all foreign scouts; stamps and postcards (photographs preferred).

Alfred E. Ralston, Cal.; baseball, camping, hiking.

Arthur O. Robinson, Md.; stamps.

W. Clarence Shelly, Pa.; correspond with boys in Lynchburg, Va.

Warren Shurtleff, Ill.; bird study.

Harold R. Stiles, Okla.; scouts interested in band and orchestra music.

Earl M. Stelley, Ill.; violin music, automobiling, sconting, camping, hiking.

William Swezey, Del.; marksmanship, camping, signaling with American or foreign boys.

## Any Boy Can Do It

### This is the Way

Pick out the name of a boy.

Write a letter to him.

Address an envelope with his name and the right postage.

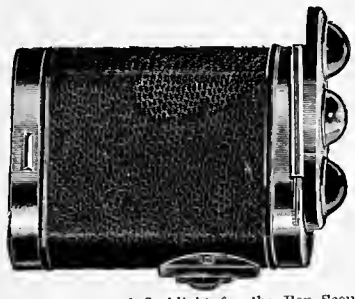
Put your own name and address on the reverse side of the inside envelope.

Don't seal that envelope.

Enclose it in another, addressed to the boy, in care of BOYS' LIFE. Mail this to us and we will forward it.

If your letter is to a boy in North America or England, put on a two-cent stamp. If it is to go to any other country abroad, five cents.

## Wood Light for Scouts



Officially approved flashlight for the Boy Scout—carries flat in the hip pocket and gives you a strong white light for general camp use, with green, red, or white lights at will for signaling. Equipped with tungsten lamp and powerful battery, renewable at any hardware or electrical store. From your dealer or postpaid, $1.10 complete. Renewal lamp, 13c; battery, 35c. Send postcard for pamphlet on signaling.

**C. D. Wood Electric Co., Inc.**
**136 Liberty St. New York City**
**QUAKER LIGHT SUPPLY CO., 728 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

## You can have lots of fun
### and make many useful things

with "RED DEVIL" Glass Cutter No. 023. With this mechanics' tool you can make inkstands, trays, glass windows for doll houses and other novelties, you and the folks will be proud of.

*Mailed for 10c. Write for free booklet of REAL Mechanic's Tools.*

**SMITH & HEMENWAY CO., Inc.**
**168 Chambers St., New York City**

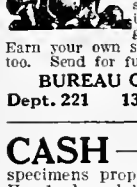
## THE PLUMB SCOUT AXE

Look for the Plumb trade-mark on the Official Scout Axe.

**Price, with leather sheath.....$1.00**
**Price, without leather sheath..... .75**

At National Headquarters and all hardware stores.

**FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc.**
**Philadelphia, Pa.**
Makers of the famous Plumb Anchor Brand Tools.



## BOYS MAKE MONEY
### Growing Mushrooms

Boys and girls can easily make money growing mushrooms for profit. We will send any boy or girl our free book telling all about it and how they can be grown in cellars, sheds, old boxes, etc. Earn your own spending money and have a lot of fun, too. Send for full information today, to

**BUREAU OF MUSHROOM INDUSTRY**
**Dept. 221 1342 N. Clark Street, CHICAGO**

**CASH**—Spend summer gathering insects, butterflies. I pay good prices for specimens properly prepared. Many worth $5-$7. Hundreds salable. Men. Women. Boys. Send stamp for particulars.
**SINCLAIR, Box 244, Los Angeles, Cal.**

**KEEN KUTTER**
*Tools and Cutlery*


Hall Townsend, Ark.; stamps of North America, foreign newspapers and minerals.

Herman Therrien, Mass.; collecting names of boys from every troop.

Berry Taylor, N. Y.; electricity.

Joe J. Upchurch, Tex.; scouts in Florida and Canada.

Waldemar Voorhees, N. Y.; printing and electricity.

Edward T. Wandell, N. Y.; books, signaling, assistant patrol leaders, hikes, camping, scouts in California and Arizona.

Earl D. Wooddell, N. Y.; poultry, scouting.

Frank B. Ward, N. Y.; patrol leaders, athletics, school work, foreign scouts, especially in South America and Europe.

Chauncey C. Whitcher, Mass.; wireless, books, old coins, etc.

Luther White, Va.; aviation, photography.

FOREIGN

George Faller, Scotland; 15-year-old boy.

Kosaku Isa, Japan; Esperanto.

Manuel Perez, Cuba; stamps and model aeroplanes.

Norman F. O'Gorman, Australia; postcards, exchange stamps, photography.

Here are more boys who want to correspond with anybody about anything or everything. Their names are:

AMERICAN

| | |
|---|---|
| William Astley, Mass. | Cylde Baldwin, Mo. |
| Harold B. Bair, Pa. | John A. Clark, Jr., Mo. |
| Roy Caldwell, Mo. | Frank P. Frey, Okla. |
| Leo Gates, Fla. | John Glendenning, Mo. |
| Olman Guyer, Mo. | Noel Hall, Mo. |
| Willie McCombs, Mo. | Donald Marye, N. Y. |
| Norman A. Mort, Pa. | Harold Mussen, N. Y. |
| Earl Owen, Ind. | Paul Rising, Mo. |
| Elden Rutledge, Mo. | Edwin Scarlett, Mo. |
| John Sturdy, Mo. | Louis Seaton, Mo. |
| Merrow Sorley, Kan. | Milton Thompson, Cal. |

FOREIGN

| | |
|---|---|
| Henry Conc, France | Henry Lachamp, France. |

Following is a list of new senders of letters through Boys' Life. The list of foreign boys is increasing every month. This ought to be a good chance for you to write to the countries you are especially interested in.

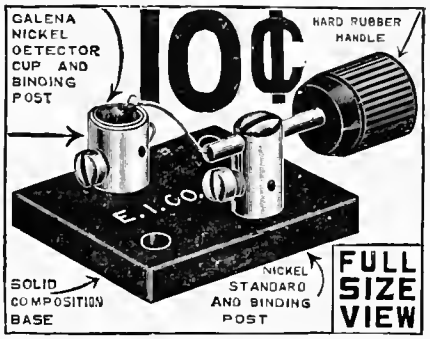
AMERICAN

| | |
|---|---|
| Winfield Anderson, Ill. | Harold E. Benton, N. H. |
| Walter Anderson, Ind. | Carl M. P. Butts, N. Y. |
| Cecil Bridges, Ill. | W. G. Banks, Jr., Tex. |
| Paul Brollier, O. | Newell E. Boughton, Ill. |
| Samuel L. Best, Mont. | Chas. B. Chapman, Mass. |
| Samuel T. Cramblet, Mich. | Jim Corbett, Jr., N. Y. |
| Ernest Chamblee, N. C. | William Cowan, Ill. |
| Arthur L. Currier, O. | Jesse Cooper, N. Y. |
| Craven H. Crawford, Neb. | Ray Dawson, W. Va. |
| Blaine Cunningham, Pa. | Rodney Dutcher, Vt. |
| Walter Davis, O. | David Dean, Tex. |
| Paul Dwyer, N. J. | Marshall English, Ia. |
| Charley DuVergey, Jr., N. Y. | Donald Eaton, Okla. |
| Nathan Effron, W. Va. | F. Plumley Flint, Vt. |
| Earl J. Foster, N. Y. | Everett E. Fraedrick, Ore. |
| C. J. Fish, Mass. | Walter Huffman, Ind. |
| Edmond Hawley, Conn. | Merritt Hulburd, Pa. |
| Wm. L. Holler, S. C. | Earl Holmer, Wis. |
| Hugo Hoffman, N. J. | Cecil Hewette, Pa. |
| Evan Holway, Wash. | Roy W. Jacobs, Pa. |
| Burgess Iseman, Mich. | Fred Jaehne, Ind. |
| William Judd, Va. | Thomas Knipe, N. Y. |
| Louis C. Kolmer, Jr., Ill. | William H. Keith, Mass. |
| George Kingdom, O. | Rex Lynch, W. V. |
| James Livermore, N. Y. | Burtrom Liebe, Iowa. |
| Leslie Leonard, Mass. | Earl Leibold, O. |
| Edward Leonhardt, O. | Herbert Lindstrom, Fla. |
| George Logan, Miss. | Omar H. McMahan, Ia. |
| Robert McMurray, Ind. | Arthur McCall, Ill. |
| Paul McGuchin, O. | Ernest Meredith, La. |
| Erwin E. Magee, Wis. | Harold Marx, Mich. |
| Clifford Millen, Iowa. | Frederick May, Mo. |
| Otis Mahaffey, Okla. | Firman Opp, Ill. |
| Rayard S. Pitts, N. Y. | Merrill Reed, Me. |
| Joseph Rothstein, N. Y. | Wycliffe V. Rountree, Ga. |
| Theodore H. Spoor, N. Y. | Jack Sharp, Ga. |
| H. M. Smith, Ala. | Grier M. Shotwell, Ind. |
| Fred W. Smith, Tenn. | Raymond Sanger, Minn. |
| Samuel Slobodkin, N.Y. | William A. Shepard, N. H. |
| Beatrice Scott, N. Y. | Alfred Smith, N. Y. |
| William T. Sexton, Kan. | Edward D. Schneider, La. |
| Brownell Stone, N. Y. | Matt R. Smith, Kan. |
| Walter E. Stokes, Jr., Miss. | Olin Scoggings, Tex. |
| Clark Stewart, Mich. | Leander Slabaugh, O. |
| Boyd Taylor, Ga. | Fritz Tackett, Colo. |
| Adelbert W. Thomas, O. | |


## WIRELESS BOYS!
### A REAL WIRELESS DETECTOR FOR 10 CENTS

To acquaint you with "Wireless", read this astounding and hitherto unattempted offer.

For **10c.** we will mail you prepaid a complete wireless detector exactly as illustrated, size 2"x1½"x1¼". In connection with *any* telephone receiver and a wire on your roof, this detector is *guaranteed* to receive messages from 100 to 500 miles. Complete instructions furnished.




This detector is no toy, but does exactly the same work as a $10.00 instrument. If you have no receiver get our 75 ohm Pony telephone receiver and Detector, both for 60c. prepaid. *Your money back if dissatisfied.*

**IMPORTANT:** Send today 4c. extra postage for our famous Electrical Cyclopedia No. 15, containing 658 illustrations, 2000 articles **"Treatise on Wireless Telegraphy"** and 20 coupons for free Wireless Course, also **full list of all U. S. Wireless call letters.** *This great book has 275 pages, is ½" thick and weighs ½ lb. You can't be without it.*

**Electro Importing Co. 259 Fulton St., N. Y. City**
*"Everything for the Experimenter"*

## BRANDES WIRELESS RECEIVERS

Our "Superior" Type consists of two aluminum receivers wound to 1000 ohms each with copper wire, German silver headbands and a green cord six feet long. They are extremely sensitive to wireless signals.

**Complete, as illustrated, 2000 ohms, $5.00.**

**Single receivers only, 1000 ohms, $1.65.**

*Send stamp for catalog "L" to*

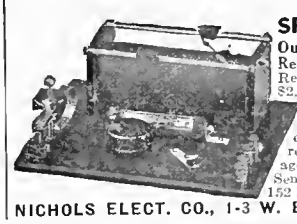
**C. BRANDES, Inc.**
**32 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK**

## "The Electrical Experimenter"

The big electrical Magazine for those who dabble in electricity and *Wireless*. Chuck full of experiments. Intensely interesting Monthly prizes of $5.00 for best experiments. Amateur Electrics, Wireless News. Latest Patents. 100 articles, 100 to 150 illus. Read the great serial, *"Baron Munchhausen's New Scientific Adventures."* **$1.00 a year.**

*Send 10¢ for 3 issues*

**Electrical Experimenter 238 Fulton Street, N. Y.**
10c *a copy at News stands.*



## SPECIAL SALE

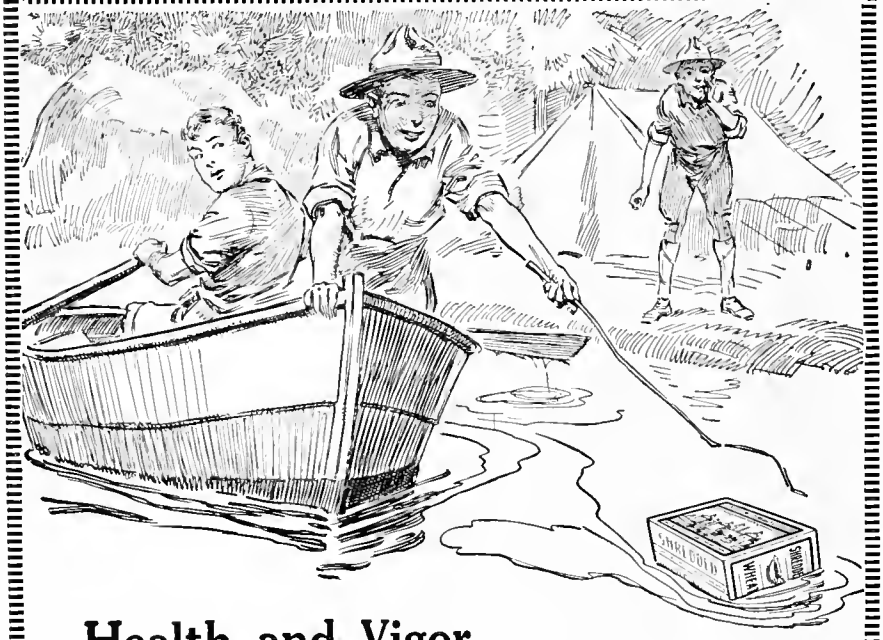
Our "GEM" Wireless Receiving Set Regular price $2.50. For one month only **$1.95**

This set is perfect in every particular. Will receive wireless messages up to 500 miles. Send 6c in stamps for 152 Pg. Catalog "L-220".

**NICHOLS ELECT. CO., 1-3 W. B'way, New York**




*Mention* Boys' Life *in answering advertisements*



## Health and Vigor in Every Shred—

of the All-American, muscle-making, strength-giving food,

# Shredded Wheat

In rain or shine, in work or play, it's the Boy Scout's most reliable "stand-by."

In damp weather it's always sweet—in hot weather always fresh. You can always enjoy it in its natural crispness by heating it a moment in the oven or above the camp fire.

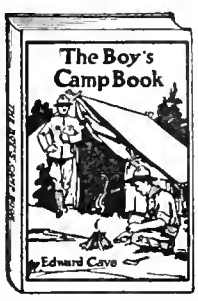
In the camp or trail, training table or home, its place is firmly established.

With berries or fruit, alone with cream or milk, it furnishes a number of delightful varieties. Simple to serve, convenient to carry; its flavor is always fresh and appetizing.

**Make SHREDDED WHEAT a part of your outing outfit—no camp is complete without it**

**Made only by**

**The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, New York**




## BOY'S CAMP BOOK *By EDWARD CAVE*

New, illustrated, cloth-bound edition; containing everything the boy camper should know, with full instructions for camping under all conditions. Numerous helpful illustrations by Norman P. Rockwell.

OUR OFFER—For One new Subscription to BOYS' LIFE, the official Boy Scout magazine, at $1, we will send the "BOY'S CAMP BOOK" FREE, all charges prepaid by us.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York

Rogers Whitmore, N. Y.
Harold Arnold, Ind.
Albert S. Tousley, Minn.
Bertram Warren, Ore.

FOREIGN

Roger Anbert, France.
Prince Albert Ansah, Africa.
Roy Constant, New Zealand.
F. H. Gundry, Africa.
J. R. S. McKay, Australia.
Solomon Ocran, Africa.
Jack Stotesbury, Canada.
Charles Tsang, China.
Shiroji Yano, Japan.
Prince Emmanuel A. Ansah, Africa.
John Ahwah, Hawaii.
Arthur Dix, Australia.
Byron S. H. Liu, China.
Shoichi Misuno, Japan.
Shogo Rai, Japan.
Philip C. Y. Tsen, China.
Stephen Yeo, China.
Thomas Shaw, England.

## Scouts' Questions Answered

*Q. Will you please tell me whether the Keen Kutter boy scout axe is official or not? Must the scoutmaster sign orders for articles such as the official whistle?—Scout L. H., Illinois.*

A. The Keen Kutter axe, and that manufactured by Plumb, are the official scout axes. All orders for official equipment of any kind must be signed by the scoutmaster.

*Q. We are the first troop organized here, and would like to know how they number troops, or if we should be known as Troop 1 of this place, or some other number?—Scout C. H. R., Pennsylvania.*

A. The first troop in a town is number one, and the others are numbered consecutively.

*Q. What does a boy have to do to become a "lone scout" Does the "blazing arrow" patrol have a call? If a scout has his uniform and his troop disbands, is a scout allowed to keep and wear his uniform?—Scout O. T., Texas.*

A. Write to National Headquarters and we will arrange for you to join a troop near you.

A whizzing sound may be used as the call for a blazing arrow patrol.

A registered scout is entitled to wear his uniform as long as he is a member of a registered troop. If a troop disbands, any scout who wishes to remain in the organization should notify National Headquarters at once, in order that he may be connected with another.

*Q. How long does a patrol leader or his assistant remain in office? When one of the above named officers leaves the patrol for the summer or a shorter period, does he get someone to take his place temporarily, or does he lose it altogether?—Scout F. B., Michigan.*

A. Until he is removed by the scoutmaster or his successor is elected or appointed.

This matter is in the hands of the scoutmaster.

*Q. Please explain the first class requirement: Point out a compass direction without the help of a compass—Scout C. B., Illinois.*

A. At night, North can be located from the North Star, and the other directions calculated from that. The fact that the sun rises in the East and sets in the West will enable one to approximately locate directions during the day. Also see Boys' Handbook, p. 77.

*Q. If a boy joins the scouts and stays long enough to get a suit and then gets put out, wears his suit and is trented as a scout, some boy thinking he is a scout, he is told scouts secrets, can he be compelled to give up or sell his suit?—P. R. M., Oklahoma.*

A. The use of the official uniform and badges is restricted to members of our organization. A person who is not a member cannot legally wear them. The matter should be explained to the boy. When he understands that the wearing of the uniform may lead him into serious difficulty, he will probably be glad to sell it. If he continues to wear it, report the matter to National Headquarters, which protects the rights and privileges of registered scouts. Some troops avoid such difficulties by earning the money to buy uniforms. When equipment is paid for out of the troop treasury, it remains the property of the troop and can be controlled more easily.

*Q. Has any troop the right to add questions to the first and second class tests prescribed in the Handbook?—A. F., Massachusetts.*

A. See the Handbook for Boys, thirteenth edition (revised), page 59, section entitled "Examinations for Scout Tests."

**IN MEMORIAM**

Scout Herbert Polster,
Troop 1, Warrenton, Mo.

Scout Joseph J. Hurley,
Troop 3, Rochester, N. Y.

Scout Kenneth Smith,
Troop 26, Youngstown, O.

Scout Lloyd Lewellyn,
Troop 25, Newark, N. J.

Scout Frank Lacher,
Troop 7, Baltimore, Md.

Scout Gordon Bell,
Troop 25, New Haven, Conn.

Scout Paul Harntun,
Troop 1, Joplin, Mo.

Scout Leon Kohlenstein,
Troop 57, Baltimore, Md.

Scout Paul Edwards,
Troop 1, Martins Ferry, O.

Scout William Jones,
Bethany Church Troop, Philadelphia, Pa.

Scoutmaster A. H. Pingree,
Troop 1, Norwood, O.

Scoutmaster Edward F. Hanpeter,
Troop 12, St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. August Heil,
Member of Troop Committee, Troop 70,
Cleveland, O.

## William Heyliger a Scoutmaster

Some of the proudest scouts in New Jersey are the members of Troop 2, Ridgefield Park. Their scoutmaster is William Heyliger, author of "Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol," which is now running serially in Boys' Life. Their assistant scoutmaster is A. C. Olson, secretary to Mr. West, the Chief Scout Executive.

## In the Scout Cave

(*Continued from page* 13)

like to punch him one, but my friend says that would be against the rules of a scout. I'd like to know whether or not I ought to hit him."

Before we say either "yes" or "no" in answer to this question, I guess we'd better talk it over pretty carefully, for it is an important problem.

First of all, let's see if we can figure out just why this Peekskill scout wants to hit this fellow. For one thing there is the desire for personal revenge. It makes him mad when this boy calls him names, and he feels like wading into him and making him take it back. Then there is his loyalty to his troop, and to the scout movement, which makes him feel like enforcing respect for both.

And now let's see whether or not hitting this boy will accomplish the desired effect. Take this personal revenge business, for instance.

The Cave Scout used to know two boys who were constantly fighting. One of these boys was a little bigger and stronger than the other, and he always came out ahead. The fights usually started in some such way as this: The bigger boy would do some rather mean trick to the other, and the smaller boy would say, "You're a dirty, over-grown bully!" Then the big boy would proceed to thresh the smaller one. Well, they kept this up for two years, and the matter was never decided. After every fight the big boy would say, "Will you take it back?" And the other would answer, "No, I won't take it back! You can lick me, you big stiff, but you're a dirty coward just the same!"

Now then, I'll leave it to you fellows


# Boys—who will hit the bull's eye?

The Grand National King Marksmanship Contest will be held from November 8th to 13th, inclusive. In your town—in every town throughout the country air rifle shooting contests will be held to determine the crack shots. The competition is absolutely free to every boy in America under 16 years of age. Fifty fine prizes will be awarded to the winners.

Start practice right away—you'll find it not only great sport but splendid for developing quickness of mind and eye, steadying the nerves, and giving you the confidence that all good marksmen have. And if you are going to be the best shot in your division you ought to begin training right away.

Ask your dealer about the rules and regulations of the Contest. He will supply you with necessary information and a free target. In case he should not be fully informed just drop us a postal with his name and address and we will quickly forward full details to him.

When you think of air rifles—remember that for thirty years the "King" has been known as the best and surest shooting air gun made. We make everything in the gun line for boys—from the little pop gun to the 1000 shot lever action repeater and the new King Kadet army model gun. Write for our illustrated booklet. Address Dept. B.

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**Air Rifles**



## Hey, Scouts! This for all of You!

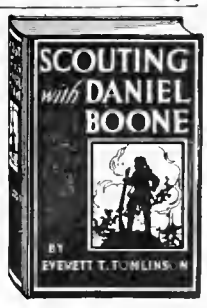
Mr. Tomlinson's Great Scout Book and Boys' Life for a year—both for the price of the book alone. Thus:

"Scouting with Daniel Boone." Price.....$1.20
"Boys' Life" for one year..... 1.00

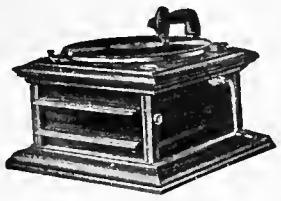
Total .....$2.20

**Our Price to You for Both, $1.20**
(YOU SAVE $1.00)

If your subscription is paid up for 1915, we'll add another year to your subscription or send BOYS' LIFE one year to some friend.



# Chip in and get a Columbia Grafonola



This Model, $25

This Model, $50

Every Boy Scout Patrol in camp, gymnasium, or drill work can make exceptionally good use of a Columbia Grafonola.

Any Columbia dealer will arrange, free of charge, to deliver a Columbia Grafonola (any type of instrument that you prefer) together with sufficient Columbia Records, allowing you a few days' free trial, that you may know for yourself the inspirational, disciplinary and teaching possibilities of this perfected modern invention.

# Columbia

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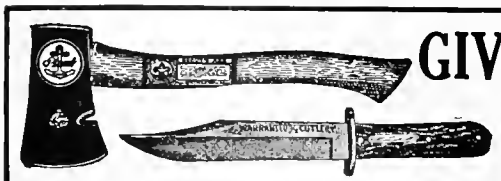

## GIVEN TO SCOUTS!

### This Official Scout Axe or Hunting Knife

Complete with sheath, given to any boy selling 30 sets of PREMIER INLAID PEARL COLLAR BUTTON SETS at 10 cents per set. We send you these sets, all charges prepaid by us, and when you have sold the 30 sets, send us the $3.00, and we will send you either the SCOUT AXE or HUNTING KNIFE. Just the thing for a Scout or any boy. When ordering give number of troop and name of Scoutmaster.

PIKSBAR NOVELTY CO., Pike's Building, Chester, Pa.

whether or not all this scrapping ever did any good. The big fellow never got any satisfaction out of it, for he could never make the little fellow take back what he had said—and I am pretty sure the little fellow didn't enjoy it.

Yes, I think we'll have to decide that slugging a fellow is rather a poor way to resent an insult. It's a foolish method because it doesn't really accomplish its purpose.

---

And now let us consider the resenting of such insults out of loyalty to the troop and the Movement. Do you really think it would increase respect for either to have scouts going around punching people who make fun of Scouting? Why, under such conditions a troop might develop into a gang of bullies who made people afraid to criticise boy scouts. We want people to stop criticising us because they think we are all right instead of because they are afraid they'll get beat up if they don't.

You see this brings up a problem with which every troop has to contend, especially when it is first organized. In almost every community there is a bunch of boys who like to stand around and poke fun at scouts. And sometimes it is mighty hard to keep your temper, isn't it fellows? Sometimes you say, "Oh, Mr. Scoutmaster, let us at 'em just for five minutes, and we'll fix them so they'll never call scouts 'sissies' any more!"

It is pretty hard to know just what to do, isn't it?"

---

Well, here is a little story that may help you. One night a National Headquarters' official was visiting a troop meeting in one of the poorer sections of Richmond, Va. A crowd of rowdies soon collected and began throwing pebbles against the windows and making such a racket that it was almost impossible to conduct the meeting. When the scouts were dismissed they had to pass through this gang of boys, who called the scouts all the names they could lay tongue to. But the scouts paid no attention to them. The scout official wondered how these boys could keep from fighting under such provocation, and finally he spoke to one of the scouts about it.

"Tell me," he said, "how you can keep your temper when these hoodlums are behaving so."

"Why, that's easy," the scout replied. "You see we scouts are gentlemen, and a gentleman doesn't need to resent an insult given by such people as these, so we just don't pay any attention to them."

"But suppose these boys should hit you scouts?"

"Well, in that case we would have to defend ourselves and strike back—a gentleman may do that. And you may believe me, sir, we'd hit hard!"

Now that is mighty clear reasoning, isn't it? Why wouldn't that be a good rule for all troops to follow? First of all, be gentlemen, then go ahead about your own affairs, paying no attention to the taunts and insults of boys who evidently have no gentlemanly instincts, and finally, "be prepared" to give a mighty good account of yourselves in case you are actually attacked.

Surely that will enable you to maintain your self-respect and also the respect of others.

Nothing "sissified" about that, so far as I can see. How does it strike you?

# Thrilling Acts of Scout Heroism

MAZOMANIE, WIS.—When they were about to go down for the third time after having fallen into the still water pool in the Mazomanie mill pond, two little ten-year-old girls were seen by Ivan Hazelton, a boy scout thirteen years old. Without hesitation Hazelton plunged into the pool and managed to drag the girls ashore where he applied artificial respiration. He then went for a doctor who said that the little girls would not have lived were it not for the prompt and efficient way the lad had taken care of them after bringing them out of the water, reports the Baraboo, Wis., *Republic*.

DELAIR, N. J.—Henry Tomlinson, a boy scout, rescued Charles Manning from drowning in the Delaware river under the Delair bridge. The lad was unconscious and Tomlinson gave him the proper treatment, and after a half hour's work brought him to consciousness.—Philadelphia, Pa., *Telegram*.

MOHAWK, N. Y.—Walter Horth, a boy scout of Mohawk, N. Y., went to the aid of one of his companion scouts who had struck his head on a submerged rock while swimming recently, reports the Syracuse, N. Y., *Herald*. Horth kept the injured lad above water for three minutes until help arrived. Scout Horth has received a national life savers' license for his bravery.

FALL RIVER, MASS.—David Bishop, a boy scout of Fall River, Mass., saved an unknown lad about fifteen years old from drowning at the Thomas Wharf recently. The unknown boy lost his head, and while still some distance away from the wharf, sank. Bishop, who saw his struggles, went in after the lad and grasped him by the arm as he came up for the second time. The boy then took a firm hold on the neck of his rescuer, but Bishop fought him off twice, and went after him again. John Ryan, a young man of twenty-four years, who happened along at this time, saw the weakened condition of the pair in the water, plunged in to their rescue, and in a little while the three, exhausted, reached the wharf.—Fall River, Mass., *Globe*.

HORNELL, N. Y.—The presence of mind and bravery of Raymond Wright, a boy scout of Hornell, N. Y., saved two of a party who went fishing in a pond near this place recently, according to the Elmira, N. Y., *Star-Gazette*. Floyd Wright, one of the members of the party, went in swimming, and Nina Wright, who was watching him from the apron of the dam, slipped and fell into the pool below. Floyd started to assist her, but in her struggles she dragged him down twice. Raymond leaped into the water and getting hold of the girl's dress started for shore. After an exhaustive struggle, and after being pulled down twice by the other two, Raymond finally managed to get them ashore. The boy who was rescued was ten years old and the girl was thirteen.

GEORGETOWN, S. C.—Two boy scouts of the Eagle patrol troop one, Dick Watson and Percy Foxworth, saved their comrade John Cauthen from drowning recently, when Cauthen tried to swim across a creek, which apparently was too much for his strength. Both the other boys saw him struggle, and immediately went to his aid. A quick rescue was effected, reports the Columbia, S. C., *Record*.

NORTH ST. PAUL, MINN.—While several boy scouts were swimming from a floating dock in the middle of Silver Lake recently, Oliver Hauklin started to tow Roy Flug, who could not swim ashore. Before proceeding very far Hauklin was seized with cramps, and in order to save himself let go of Flug, who immediately sank. Ocea Phillips, who saw him, risked his own life in a desperate effort to save the drowning lad. He succeeded in keeping him up until William Grunnow reached them with a boat.—St. Paul, Minn., *Daily News*.

SAN LEANDRO, CAL.—After sinking twice in a deep swimming pool in Niles canyon, little Miss Aileen Stanford, who was on a raft which capsized and threw her into the water, was saved by Floyd Duncan, a boy scout of San Leandro. The struggles of the drowning girl dragged both of them under water, but after a valiant struggle Duncan brought the child to safety and revived her.—San Bernardino, Cal., *Index*.

ILION, N. Y.—Walter Nason, a boy scout of Ilion, N. Y., saved nine-year-old Robert Mallery from being drowned recently in the swimming hole in Steele's Creek. In appreciation of his heroism Robert's parents presented Nason with a beautiful set of engraved cuff links, which Scout Nason accepted after having refused a gift of money, reports the Utica, N. Y., *Press*.

TROY, N. Y.—Rudolph Sovetts, a boy scout of Troy, N. Y., while wading in the Poestenkill Creek, went beyond his depth and sank twice before Chester Melius, another scout, heard his cries. Melius swam to the lad and reaching him just as he was going down for the third time brought him to shore.—Troy, N. Y., *Times*.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—When a six-year-old boy named Philip, who was so frightened that he did not know his last name, fell into Gowanus Canal recently, he was rescued by John Westermann, a member of the boy scouts of Brooklyn. By the time the ambulance arrived, Scout Westermann already had the boy on the road to recovery.—Brooklyn, N. Y., *Eagle*.

# The Third Law—"A Scout is Helpful"

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Reporting Fourth of July news, a local paper prints the following story entitled "Good Scouts"—"Long Beach Boy Scouts very materially aided Long Beach Bravest yesterday, especially in the finding of lost children. They also extinguished three incipient fires at the auditorium and one on the Pine Avenue pier. One of them located a misplaced automobile."

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—"I don't think I could have done better myself."—This is what a doctor said of the treatment which the scouts gave to a playmate who had received a bad triangular cut in his heel while wading in a pond. The wound had been thoroughly cleaned and a handkerchief tied around the foot to stop the flow of blood.

GREENSBORO, N. C.—"Good bye, Mr. Mosquito." This is the way the scouts of Greensboro are addressing these pests. Under the direction of their scoutmasters the boys will visit all possible breeding places and report them to the city authorities who will take measures to destroy them. Each place found entitles the scout to a free ticket to the theater, and the scout finding twenty or more such places will be presented with a medal by the Board of Health.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Because the City Forestry Department has no funds to hire men to pick off the cocoons of the tussock moth which has again invaded the city, they have called on the scouts to help save the foliage of the trees.

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Two hundred and twenty-five birds, including some sixty pairs of nesting birds, were counted on forty acres of land in the recent bird census conducted by the Dallas scouts. This included eight varieties of birds. The information which the scouts acquired will be tabulated on blanks and sent to the Biological Survey Bureau in Washington in the near future to help that department in compiling a statemeot of the number and kinds of birds in this country.

EASTON, PA.—The boy scouts are earning money for a new water fountain for the Main street. This will be arranged for horses and dogs, with a bubbling fountain for the public.

# Boy Scout Fire Fighters

ABERDEEN, MISS.—Considerable damage would have been done to the home of W. P. Haughton, of Aberdeen, Miss., had it not been for the quick work of the boy scouts of the vicinity, who got the blaze under control before the fire department arrived.

ORANGE, TEX.—When Ernest Stevens, a boy scout of Beaumont, Tex., saw a blaze on the roof of a resident in Orange he lost no time in summoning aid from his brother scouts. After giving instructions to them he rushed into the house and aroused the inmates. Then he and his friends, who had sent in alarms, worked hard and removed all the furniture which could be moved. The fire department did not reach the scene until the house was a smoking ruin.

CHAZY, N. Y.—Eagle patrol, of Chazy, while on a hike recently, had just finished dinner and were marching home when their scoutmaster saw smoke about half a mile away. He ordered the boys to "double," and in a few minutes they reached the place and found a forest fire rapidly spreading. They cut cedar branches and after much hard work succeeded in getting the fire under control. After they had carried water from a nearby farmhouse to quench the last sparks, a forest ranger arrived and took charge of the situation.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—When a fire started in an apartment house near Public School No. 43 recently, the boy scouts who were just assembling for an early drill formed fire lines, keeping the 1,000 scholars on the sidewalks and out of the vacant lot behind the apartment house, so that the firemen could work without hindrance.

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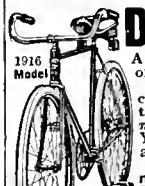


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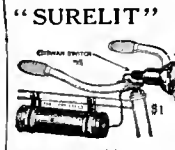

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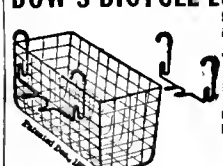

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# A Message Across the Sea Brings Scout Supplies Through War Zone

## SHIP ESCAPES PERILS

Zigzagging a path through the sea lanes to avoid possible mines, and keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy's torpedo boats, an English steamship recently reached New York having, as a part of her cargo, a consignment for the Boy Scouts of America.

A few weeks before, a message in "International Morse" sped under sea along the Trans-Atlantic Cable, flashing word that Scouts in America were shut off because of the war from fast-color fabrics for Neckerchiefs, and asking that a quantity of the official English ones be shipped at once.

And now they're here. Eighteen colors: khaki, dark brown, light brown, scarlet, rose, garnet, yellow, orange, burnt orange, green, olive green, dark green, light green, navy blue, light blue, king's blue, purple, black and gray.

These Scout neckerchiefs are 29 x 31 inches, and are made of light mercerized material. They are guaranteed not to sun fade or wash out within six months.

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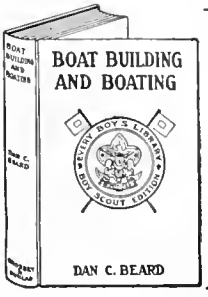


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# Dan Beard Tells You How

(*Continued from page* 19)

number of boys engaged in the game, a number of maps or courses and distances may be laid off from the rock in Dead Man's Gulch, radiating out in different directions (Fig. 2). With this arrangement one may start off a half a dozen boys at the same time, and the one who finds the treasure chest first is given a note, a card which is an order for the prize.

The beauty of La Fitte's Treasure hunt is that it gives one practice in the use of the compass and an experience which may serve one to advantage on some occasion when dire necessity demands a knowledge of its use.

To-day England furnishes her soldiers with pocket compasses, so that they may find their way in the dark in the trenches, but we use it as a peace device for finding our way on hikes.

---

# "The Quartermaster Says"

Chats with the Equipment Man

By Frederick N. Cooke, Jr.

Secretary, Committee on Scout Supplies.

WHAT does your troop do to earn money? Our friends, the British Boy Scouts, are very resourceful in ways of adding money to the troop funds. In their "Headquarters Gazette" recently a Scoutmaster told how for nearly five years his troop has been practically self-supporting, earning a clear profit of $30 from last seasons work. You'll be interested to know how they did it.

"It means hard work during the winter months," he writes, "but I find my boys are quite willing to spend four to five hours per week in the evening after their own work is done, making articles for sale. So far, our chief industry has been making woolen rugs, but this winter, in addition, we are taking up cane work, making all kinds of baskets, trays, with a border of cane work, and other aticles; we are also making hammocks and other articles of string netting. Every winter we also give a concert. All the books and bills are examined by the Patrol Leaders and Seconds at the end of each year when the balance sheet is made up."

Our own Chief Scout Executive has an idea in this connection which may appeal to you.

"Mr. Quartermaster," he said recently, "I believe we should consider very seriously the development of a plan to have scouts themselves make and sell to the Department of Equipment and Supplies as many as possible of the articles used in Scouting."

Of course, he didn't mean that scouts should make uniforms or field glasses, but, when you stop to think of it, there are a number of things that scouts use which troops might supply. Take, for instance, the fire-making sets which are described in the "Handbook for Boys." Troops living near where balsam fir or red cedar grows could collect the wood, make the drill sockets, fire boards and bows, and sell these to our Supply Department, at a profit to the troop, and at the same time help out other scouts who cannot get the right wood where they live.

Then, too, think of the scouts who are interested in archery, who could make bows and arrows for other troops. The "Handbook for Boys" again is of service, as it contains full directions for making both.

Perhaps the troop you belong to has some special equipment which the scouts have made, and which other scouts might be glad to purchase. The Department of Equipment and Supplies will act as a sort of go-between in such cases if what you make is practicable, paying you a price which will add to your funds, and reselling your product to other scouts.

Don't forget the opportunity afforded by the small parts of Scout equipment such as the signal flags, patrol flags, shoulder knots, etc. Many scouts want lanyards which are made either of braided leather or cord. There are other useful articles which may occur to you which your troop could make and sell.

It is probable that all supplies made by scouts and sold in this way will bear a stamp or label calling attention to their enterprise.

Talk this project over with your Scoutmaster,

and let's hear from you if you have something to offer.

The Quartermaster would like to have scouts write to him in care of National Headquarters, about matters of equipment. Perhaps you've discovered some wrinkle that you are proud of, some stunt in putting up a tent or new uses for the scout staff; if so, let's hear about it.

## Smitty Henderson Gets Revenge

(*Continued from page 5*)

ing through the house.

ALL of a sudden the kitchen door opened.

"Aha!" she said, just the way she does when she catches you in anything at school. "You boys needn't try to get behind each other; I know you, Andrew Henderson, and you, too, John Bramwell Carson. I must say I'm surprised."

She stood there looking at us for about an hour, it seemed like to me. Then she spotted the empty pie tin.

"Well," she said, "when I feed tramps I always let 'em work at the woodpile, and I'll be fair and give you boys the same chance. You can split up all those pine knots for kindling and pile it up nice and neat, or I'll have to speak to your folks about you. Have it either way you want."

It didn't take a minute for us to make up our minds.

"We'll split them knots up for you first class," I told her.

"See you do," she said. "You'll be done just about the time I get back from the picnic and then I'll let you out."

She went into the kitchen and locked the door, and Smitty and me looked at each other. I didn't exactly like the way he looked.

"You never can tell how things are going to come out in this world," I said.

"Yes, you can, Bunk Carson," he said. "You told me I'd get so much revenge I wouldn't be able to enjoy it, and I have. Now I'm telling you to split them knots. Maybe I'll help a little bit after a while."

When we got done it was about supper time, and then Miss Dobbs come home and let us out. I had blisters on my hands as thick as freckles. Revenge ain't all its cracked up to be.

## Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

(*Continued from page 12*)

pany if we're living up to our agreement."

"I will," said the young man.

Two days later a ton of coal was dumped in the rear of troop headquarters. That afternoon the scouts built a rough shed to shield their fuel from the weather.

THEY were sure of a warm meeting place, but they were woefully shy of furniture. Some old, broken-down chairs had come into their possession, but the scout who sat in one of these usually tumbled out of it if he did not balance himself nicely. Don sighed often when he thought of the stout chairs he had picked out at the furniture house.

Right after Christmas the troop had its first snow hike. Mr. Wall led them into the woods. They chose a route that took them where there was only about a foot of snow. They went along in single file, and each scout had his turn breaking trail.

It was a glorious hike. The woods were white and clean. The air had a crispy tang. The trees stood like sheeted

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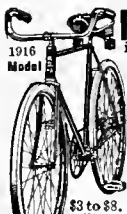

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sentinels. They creaked and groaned under their weight of snow; and once, while the troop was at halt, one of the tree branches snapped and came down to the ground, shaking a powdery, fleecy white mist into their faces.

Don walked over and examined the branch. "I wonder if there are many of these lying around," he said thoughtfully.

Phil Morris was at his side. "Why?"

"We could cart this stuff to headquarters and build rustic furniture and—"

"And that's about all," Phil cried, joyously. "Mackerel, Don, but you're the fellow with the ideas."

So the hike turned into a search for building material. On the way home the boys decided to haul sleighs into the woods and bring out a quantity of the stout, heavy branches.

Within a week they were hard at work. By degrees chairs took form and shape. The troop house began to look homey and comfortable.

In January they had their ice hike. The river was frozen solid, and they skated six miles upstream to Pine Island. The last mile was a race. A majority of the Wolves reached the island first and that patrol was exempted from cooking the meal. So, while the other scouts got a fire going and fried bacon, and roasted potatoes, and made cocoa, the Wolves took the lead in a merry game of hockey.

The journey back was slower than the trip out. The scouts were tired. Mr. Wall set the pace and did not push them hard. That night only two scouts came to troop headquarters. The others were content to go to bed early.

IN THIS fashion the winter passed. By the middle of March the snow was gone. There came a week of balmy days. Mr. Wall called for candidates for the high school nine.

Joyously Don brought his old grammar school uniform down from the attic. He tried it on in his room. It was tight across the shoulders and not any too long in the legs.

"Gee!" he muttered. "I'm bigger than last year."

That first day he went to the field a trifle on edge. He said to himself, "I thought I'd be a big gun in football, but I wasn't much more than a toy pistol." A moment later another thought rushed into his mind: "What if somebody came along who could pitch a shade better than I can?"

But soon his fears were dispelled. The moment he reached the field Mr. Wall came toward him.

"Fifteen minutes' work for you," he said. "Straight balls and no speed. Get your arm into a sweater as soon as you stop."

"Yes, sir," said Don. His face broke into a grin. He knew what that order meant. Mr. Wall valued him as a pitcher. He didn't want him to hurt his arm.

So he pitched lazily to Alex. Davidson. But, though he used no speed, he did strive to put that ball where he wanted it to go. Alex. held up the big glove as a target, and he pitched for the mark. The catcher gave a shout.

"That's control, Don."

Mr. Wall looked across at them and smiled.

At the end of fifteen minutes Don quit. He stood around and watched the practice.

Ted Carter was at first base—and oh, what a player Ted was. He pulled them

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out of the air; he dug them out of the ground. It seemed impossible to get a ball past him. He killed hits that were away over toward second. He raced in for bunts and flipped them backwards. He was here, there and everywhere. The encouraging ring of his voice swept across the diamond. He was the livest kind of a live wire. The moment a baseball glove went on his hand he seemed to be a different boy. The slouch dropped from his shoulders. His eyes brightened. His feet became nimble and no longer dragged.

After a while he came over to Don wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"Going home?" he asked.

"Are you through?" Don asked.

"You bet. Catch me doing too much the first week and putting myself on the fritz. How's your wing?"

"All right," said Don.

Ted laughed. "You're a wise bird, too. It didn't take you long to quit. I guess you'll do most of our pitching. Any time you go in there, keep pegging all the time. This nine is going to be a bunch of hams."

"Hams?" Don gasped. "Why, you'll be on first and—"

"I can't play the whole infield," Ted announced modestly.

"No," said Don, weakly; "I guess not." So that was the kind of fellow Ted was, eh?

Next day, when Don came to the field, Andy Ford was pitching to Alex. Don asked no questions. He did his fifteen minutes of hurling and stepped aside. Ted dropped out of the practice and came toward him.

"Andy's out for pitcher," Ted whispered. "Here's your chance to get square. He beat you out for end. Now you rub it into him."

Don said nothing. He didn't exactly like Ted's talk of rubbing in, but at the same time there was no denying the fact that Andy *had* taken a place on the football team away from him. He wouldn't rub anything into Andy, but he *would* like to beat him out.

(*Continued in October* Boys' Life.)

## Red Gilly, Reelfoot Fisherboy

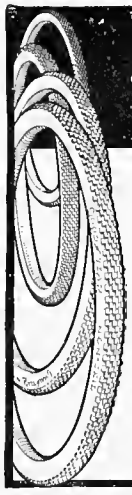
(*Continued from page* 16)

going to tell you now."

Not a word came from the tightened lips of Red Gilly.

I'M a-going way back, Red, and commence at the beginning," said old Wiley dreamily. "Once there was a girl lived on the east side of the lake. She growed up there. Her father was the best fisherman that ever dropped his net in Reelfoot, but her mother died when she was jest a baby, and we all had a hand in raisin' her. She was the apple of her daddy's eye, and ever'body else loved her, too. They wasn't a boy in these hills who wouldn't a jumped in the lake a million times if she said to, though none of us but Jim Gilly ever dared to pay her compliments. Jim was a right good looker in his younger days, but he wasn't fitten fer to tech her hand, and she knowed it—and she treated 'em all alike.

"I was a-livin' alone then in the 'Dirt Dobber,' as she had named the hut, and one night a stranger came to my door accident'ly. He was lost from a party of duck shooters who was a-campin' on the

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south side, and wanted me to take him over, but the lake was rough, so I persuaded him to spend the night with me. Next mornin' we's jest gittin' in the boat when Dawn (that was the girl's name) come a-singing and skipping around the hut, and, not noticing the stranger, called: 'Let me go with you, Sid.'

"I knowed 'fore we got across that the camper hadn't never seen anything so purty as our Dawn. Why, Red, she was jest part of the lake. Her eyes was as deep and blue as the blue pool, and her hair was colored like the inside of a yaneapin burr, and her skin was soft and jest like the pink part of the water-lily, while her temper was exactly like the lake when it's calm and peaceful. It was a case of love at first sight, Red, and in less'n three months that handsome bird-shooter come down and carried off our Dawn."

The old man paused. Red sat with his face in his hands and listened as hard as he could.

"Yes," whispered Wiley, "that's what he did. And we all lived as if it was in the dark fer a long time after she went away—fer you see, Red, they's got to be a dawn before day and ours was gone—and her goin' made a different man of Jim Gilly. He never did fergive the bird-shooter fer gittin' her. But as long as her pa lived she'd come back—allers jest like she was 'fore she went away—'ceptin' she's sweeter and happier. Then her pa died and the lake folks didn't see her no more, and seemed like she kinder fergot 'em all 'eeptin' me. See, I was sort of a pal to her like I've bin to you, Red." He paused.

"Then I didn't hear from her fer months and months. I got the scale job about that time and moved over here and Jim Gilly moved into my old hut. Then 'long comes a man one day bringing a child, with directions to leave him and a letter at the Dirt Dobber cabin, and that night Jim Gilly and me come in together from a long hunt and found the baby at his hut. Gilly cussed good and proper when he found the kid, but we opened the letter and it was from Dawn, a-saying her husband was dead and she's dying, and was sending her child back to the man she loved next to her father. I said, 'He's meant fer me,' and Gilly admitted it was, too, till we opened the second letter that we found in the basket of little clothes. That letter had five hundred dollars in it and said that it was to be used fer the child. Then Gilly turned turtle and wouldn't let me have him."

"Oh, Sid," cried Red, "that boy wasn't me?"

"Yes," answered Wiley, "that's who it was, and when Gilly refused to give you up, I fit him, but he had the best of me, as he lived in the Dirt Dobber hut, and I couldn't do nothin'. But he promist to raise you square," cried Sid, his anger returning.

Red Gilly threw his arms across the lap of old Wiley, and tears came—he could not keep them back.

"Then," he said, sobbing, "my name ain't Red Gilly at all?"

"No," answered old Wiley, "you're real name is Radford Sherron."

"Radford Sherron," repeated the boy slowly. "Why, what a name, Sid!" he cried joyfully, and, raising his head defiantly, he hurriedly mopped the tears from his shining eyes with a red bandanna.

"I tell you, Sid," he exclaimed, "I'm the happiest boy in the world. I allers

felt like I wasn't Jim Gilly's own flesh and blood, fer they never was nothing holding between us, and I never wanted to be a net-thief. I ain't never wanted anything what wasn't mine—and now—" he paused.

"Now," took up old Sid Wiley, "they's er going to be a settlin' with Jim Gilly." And Sid started for the door.

"Come back, Sid," Red entreated. "I think I better go see Gilly myself." At the door, Red stood for a moment. "I wish I'd bin raised by you, Sid," he said softly; "all I ever knew about what was right I learnt from you." Then he passed out into the night.

RED looked in astonishment at the picture before him when he opened the cabin door. A flickering light from the dying embers cast long gray shadows across the bare floor and rafters of the Dirt Dobber hut, and old Gilly sat with his gray head on his folded arms on the little table.

"Pap," spoke the boy gently.

"Yes, Red," he answered, "I've bin a-waitin' up fer you." The boy couldn't speak, so old Gilly continued: "I bin a-takin' stock o' myself today, Red," he said slowly, "and I know I've bin a mighty mean man, and I'm going to tell you all about yoreself and give you half of what money I've laid up and then—" he hesitated—"then I'm going to clear out myself and leave you here to live honest like you want to." The massive frame of old Gilly shook, and Red, crossing the room, leaned over his chair—all the anger and rebellion gone from his young heart.

"Gilly, Gilly," he said gently, "I know my past history—Sid told me tonight—and I come back to settle up. But since I got here I ain't mad no longer. What you done can't be undone now, I reckon—but if you're willin' to play square, Gilly, I'm with you—and you won't be ashamed of yore pal."

The hand of old Gilly clasped that of the boy in a vise-like grasp. "You won't leave me, Red?" he questioned anxiously.

"No," answered the boy, falteringly. "I'll not leave you—we'll break the record fer catchin' fish, and we'll catch 'em honest—and—and—" he stammered, "I want to grow up to be the kind of man that Dawn Sherron would a bin proud to call her son, and—you'll be *pap* to me, same as always—only better."

## The Militant Reformers

(*Continued from page* 19)

"Mine," Shorty retorted defiantly.

The Czar walked over to him. "We'll see you run now."

He grabbed Shorty by the ear. To the Czar's utter amazement, Shorty turned and letting out a wild yell struck savagely at his tormentor.

How it happened no one could tell. But some way Sam got down on his hands and knees behind the Czar as the boys came rushing against him. In the melee, the Czar went down and in less than no time Sam was astride his body, Shorty was sitting on his head and Bud and Skinny were holding his arms. Tom and Clif, with the rest of the club, were holding his legs and making themselves generally useful.

Miss Milliard, looking out of the window, thought of a picture of Gulliver being captured by the Lilliputians, which she had seen when a child. Then she stepped back from the window, remembering that an older teacher had once told


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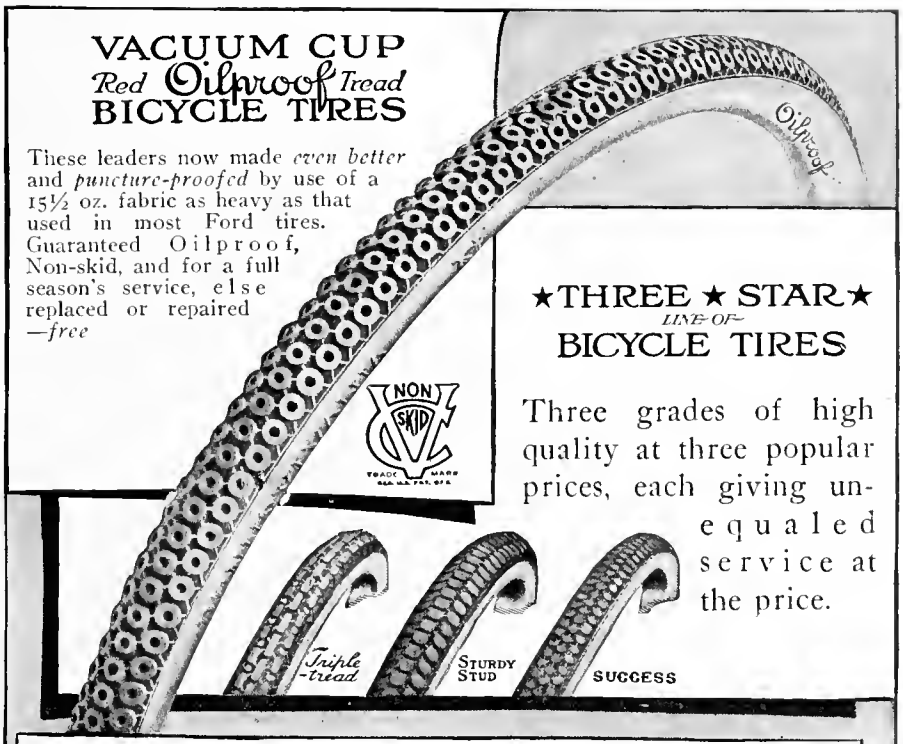


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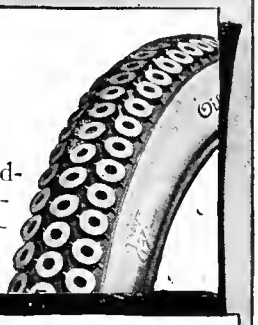

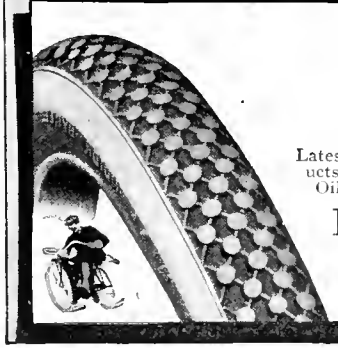

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I have profited much hy BOYS' LIFE in preparing for my scout work.—*Perl Hixon, Carmen, Okla.*

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## Leading Features

**Cover Design**
By A. F. Baker

**Saved by the Rolling Hitch** ..... 2
By Dr. Francis Bolt-Wheeler

**The Substitute** ..... 4
By Rex P. Robertson

**The Riot Wedge** ..... 7
By Joseph Ames

**The Merit Badge of Painting** ..... 9

**Trouble Works Both Ways** ..... 10
By William Merriam Rouse

**The Ubiquitous Boy Scout** ..... 12-13
Two pages of Striking Pictures

**Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol** (Cont.) ..... 14
By William Heyliger

**Whirligigs and Other Water Bugs** ..... 17
By Daniel Carter Beard

**The Duffel Bag** ..... 18
By Daniel Carter Beard

**A Strenuous Afternoon (A Scout Play)** ..... 19
By E. Russell Paterson

**In the Scout Cave** ..... 22
By the Cave Scout

**President Taft to the Boy Scouts** ..... 26

**Observation Tower Built by Scouts** ..... 26

**Stories About Our Double Page Pictures** ..... 27

**Nautical Scout News** ..... 23

**Harm in Smoking?** ..... 28
By Sir Robert S. S Baden-Powell

**A Scout Camp in Alaska** ..... 30
By Scoutmaster W. H. Lumpkin

**Notes from the Scout Field** ..... 32

**How Scouts are Helpful** ..... 34

**Hints on Stamp Arrangement** ..... 36
By Frank L. Coes

**Our Lonesome Corner** ..... 38

**What the Quartermaster Says** ..... 42
By Frederick N. Cooke, Jr.

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## FAMILY TALK—

THE BOYS' LIFE family is becoming as closely knit together as the Boy Scout brotherhood. They are virtually synonymous.

EVERY SCOUT feels sort of glad when he helps to organize a new troop, or even just hears about a new troop being formed, because he knows there's another bunch of fellows who are going to have all the fun and benefit *he* has been getting from his scouting.

LIKEWISE, every reader feels glad when other boys take BOYS' LIFE, for he knows they are going to have all the fun and benefit *he* has been getting from his magazine.

SO HERE'S good news: In the six weeks preceding the publication of this issue, 10,707 boys subscribed for BOYS' LIFE. That means nearly 300 *new subscriptions every day*—and they are still pouring in. Are *you* in? Don't you know some other boy who should be?

HERE'S MORE: This issue—October—is *twenty per cent.* larger than the October issue of last year. It carries more advertising than any issue ever published. That's success—and you see we share it with our boys.

## NEXT MONTH—

NOVEMBER: That will go way ahead of October. It will have stories, articles and pictures of unmatched interest. Here are some of them:

GOVERNORS of some twenty-five states have sent to BOYS' LIFE personal messages to Scouts. They will appear, with pictures of the Governors, in the November issue.

WALTER WALDEN, one of the most popular of all BOYS' LIFE writers, will begin a new adventure story, "Scouting in the Gold Country." It will be a two-part story.

HUGH CRAIG, whose bully story, "The Scrub Fullback," is well remembered, will have a most unusual football tale entitled, "The Cherrington Scrubs."

IRVING CRUMP, author of the great Quarry Troop stories, will be represented by a thrilling sea yarn—about boys' experiences with lighthouse builders.

MR. ROUSE'S comical story in the "Scoot" series will be entitled, "The Worm That Turned"—a laughable sequel to this month's tale.

THE COVER, by Walt Louderback, will show (in colors) a football scene that will at once enlist your sympathy and make you laugh.

SCOUT STORIES and pictures will be especially fine in November. Don't miss that issue of BOYS' LIFE. Don't let other boys miss it!

# Saved by the Rolling Hitch

## A Thrilling Story of the Sea

By FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

Author of "The Boy with the U. S. Fisheries," "The Boy with the U. S. Explorers," etc.

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

A THIN spindrift of salt spray, whipped from the tops of the waves by the force of the northeast gale, struck Jetty in the face with a vicious spurt as the lad put his head out of the hatch which led to the narrow sleeping quarters of the crew of the "good ship *Constitution*." The "good ship" was merely a phrase, for of all the leaky tubs that risked foundering in each Atlantic gale, the *Constitution* was among the worst. The boy stopped, shivering, on the top rung of the hatchway ladder a moment to make sure that he had securely fastened the collar of his oilskins when a rumbled threat from below sent him out of the shelter in a hurry.

"Full an' by," said the helmsman, as he gave the wheel into the boy's hands, meaning by the phrase that the vessel was sailing close hauled, with her yards braced at their sharpest angle, or "by" the wind; and that while he must steer as close to the eye of the wind as possible, the sails were to be kept "full." In a gale such as was blowing, to let the sails come aback might send the "good ship *Constitution*" to the bottom.

"Full and by," Jetty repeated.

"Ye'd better freeze on to her good an' solid," the helmsman warned him, "she's kickin' more'n a little."

THE boy nodded. He put up the helm a spoke or two in order to get his bearings and to get the "feel" of the wheel before bringing the bow of the ship near enough to the eye of the wind for the required lifting of the weather edge of the upper topsail.

He knew, as well as anyone on board, the value of keeping the ship as near as possible to the direction from which the wind was blowing, since it was a head wind. He knew, also, that unless he was careful in luffing her up or in bringing her too close to the wind, the sails might come aback and ship and crew would go down to "Davy Jones' locker."

The first mate, who had been pacing up and down the poop, waited a couple of minutes, ever and again watching the sails, and then coming aft, stooped and peered into the binnacle.

"Keep her close," he bellowed through the roaring of the gale; "what d'ye think we're doin', sailin' back to the Ambrose Channel lights?"

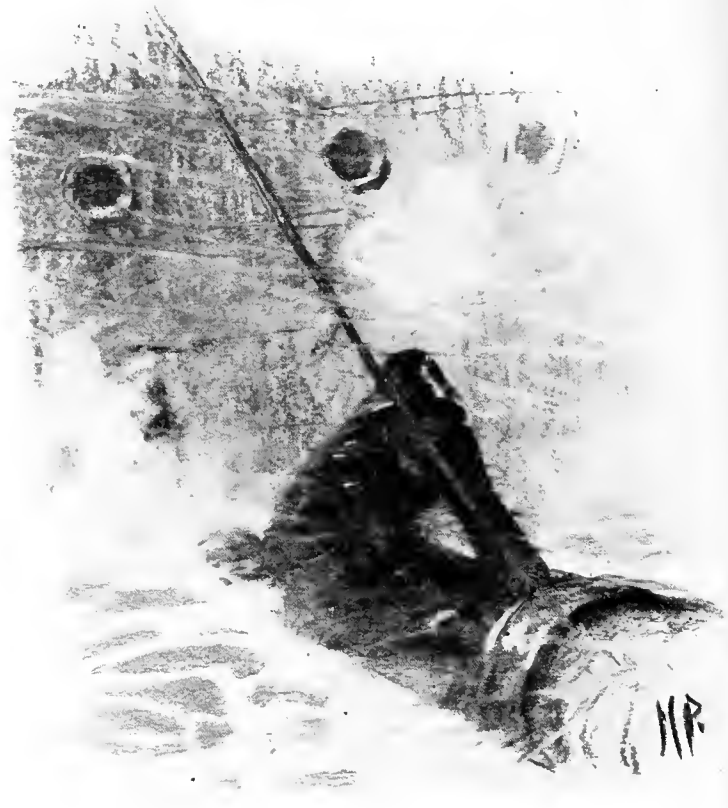
A dull "boom" up aloft sounded menacingly, as the main topsail lifted its weather edge and filled again. The mate looked sharply at the boy, but already he had put the wheel up. There was a heavy chop to the sea, for the wind had shifted during the early part of the night and the wheel was as hard to hold as a slipping anchor chain. The barque was running under reefed fore and main upper topsails, lower topsails and foretopmast staysail only. The wind was blowing in savage gusts and though Jetty had been but a short time at the wheel, the salt from the spray was beginning to crust on his face. His mitts were wet through and his hands began to grow numb.

ONCE, during the early part of his watch at the wheel, it got away from him. Blindly the boy grabbed at the whirling spokes, and, though the jar nearly wrenched his shoulder out of joint, he caught and held fast. The mate, quick as a wink, was with him and the helm was put hard up in a few seconds.

Jetty watched in deadly fear. The ship luffed sharply into the wind and the whole weather side of the main upper top sail began to shake. Then, slowly, the weather edge of the lower topsail, always braced round more sharply, began to lift and filled again with a report like cannon-fire. But the canvas held. Again the leach of the lower topsail lifted, but less violently, the ship's head fell away and the danger was over. Jetty breathed more easily. The mate said nothing.

The jar had twisted a small tendon in the boy's neck. At first it bothered him slightly, but as the minutes passed, and he was compelled to stand tense, every muscle in him braced taut, holding the wheel hard up against the driving seas, the pain grew intolerable. To ease the strain, he crouched forward and hunched up one shoulder.

"Stand up straight, you half-squeezed deck-swab," growled the mate, "slouchin'



*"But it was a true 'rolling hitch' and took the strain instantly."*

...ke you thought a wheel was a ...atchin' post!"

"My neck hurts, sir," answered Jetty.

"What in blazes is the matter with your neck?"

"Twisted it, sir, I think," said the boy.

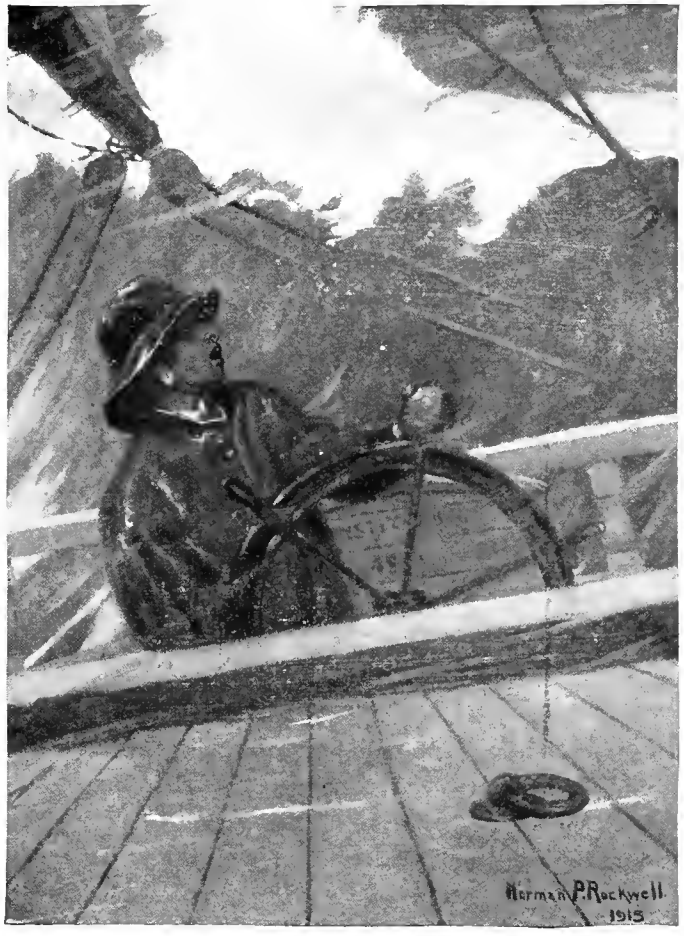
"Twisted, is it? If I catch you again standing like a half-frozen brass monkey on a piece of ice, I'll give it a twist that'll make you so as you won't ever look straight again! An' keep her liftin'. What the Styx has a dod-gasted twist in your neck got to do with a ship's course?"

So, though the pain shot like little knives through his neck and shoulder, Jetty stood as straight as he could. The strain made little spots dance before his eyes. After he had been there for ages, it seemed to him, Two Bells rang. Only half the time gone!

Once or twice he moved, to give his aching and twisted tendons a rest, but the eye of the mate was on him and he dared do no more. He grew colder, too, the pain took away his energy and his feet began to feel like lead. Through the fingers of the left hand a pricking sensation shot, and, half carelessly, he relaxed his grip a minute to close his fingers on his palm a few times and restore feeling in them.

Suddenly the ship seemed to pause as though with a gasp of dread of what might be in store and the wind lulled. Had Jetty been less tired, or in less pain, the lull would have given him warning. But he was not watching closely, only enduring.

For a second the driving of the spindrift ceased, and the sea darkened. In that second of silence the boy heard distinctly, as though it were a loud sound, the wet rustle of the mate's slicker as he whirled on his heel to come to the boy's aid. But it was too late!




*"The tempest tore loose its fury upon the ship."*

WITH a shriek that sounded as if every inch of the storm-racked sky had agonized in one ear-splitting cry, the tempest tore loose its entire fury upon the ship, heeling her over so that the sea boiled up the scupper channels.

Stunned by the blast and with one hand off the spokes, Jetty was powerless. The wheel spun round, throwing him to the deck, and the ship, free of the helm's restraint, flung her head to wind as though in a moment's mad defiance she dared to give battle with the tempest.

Crashing, as though she had struck a rock, bow on, the barque's sails came aback. The grip of the storm was at her throat and forced her back, back and down. Down went her stern, and, at the instant, a wall of water, green, solid, without a curl of white on it, reared itself over the quarter and hurled its tons upon tons of water on the deck. For one long minute that awful shock of suspense gripped the vessel, and then, forward, came a long grinding splintering crack that seemed to rive every timber asunder and the foremast went by the board, broken off about ten feet above the deck.

The ship reeled, as though smitten with a mortal wound. The hatchways vomited men.

"What's the matter, Mr. Murchison?" roared the captain, first to reach the deck.

"Foremast's gone, sir," the mate shouted back. "Gale shifted suddenly. Veering easterly."

As though hurled by a catapult, the second mate leaped out of the companion hatchway beside the captain.

"Watch below!" he shouted, as he spun on his heel and took the poop ladder at a jump. "Carpenter!"

There was no need to call. The carpenter, a tall, powerful Norwegian, was before him. Before the second mate could reach the fo'c'sle hatchway, every man, even the ship's cook, was on deck.

"Storm mizzen!" the captain ordered.

"Port watch aft, bend the storm mizzen," came the quick emphatic command of the second mate, "starboard watch, clear wreckage. Lively, now!"

Wrenched by the shock and out of all human control, the barque lay wallowing in the trough of the sea. With the foremast down, the foretopmast-staysail had gone too, and without head sails the ship had no steerage way. Fortunately the mainmast held.

THE port watch men rushed aft. Twice the seas pooped the ship, rising over the quarter as though to beat her down, but in an incredibly short time the storm mizzen was bent on and hoisted and the ship's head put before the wind, so that she could drive.

The mast had fallen outboard but some of the wire rigging still held, and, as the vessel rolled the wreckage struck the side as though to beat her to her doom. Speedily the rigging was already cut away, but the immediate peril was great. The floating spars came pounding against the already over-strained timbers of the vessel. Jetty, who had been sent from the wheel, thought he felt the ship sinking as she gave a heavy lurch. There was no buoyancy as she righted.

"Sound the well, Carpenter!" ordered the second mate, fearing, as did the boy, that the vessel was going down.

The rest of the men went on working at the wreckage.

"Five inches, sir," the carpenter reported, a minute later, after finding out how deep was the water in the hold.

"Well, we can't stop to get after that now. Move, ye lop-eared lump o' Dutch tallow," he shouted, springing at one of the men who was standing with a bewildered look on his face, "get out your sheathknife if ye haven't anything else, ye fat-headed landlubber, an' whittle!"

Bang! Again the spar struck the side of the ship.

"Another one like that," said one of the sailors under his breath, "an' we'll be feedin' fishes."

"Goin' to cut her loose?" queried the second mate, as the first mate rushed forward, the storm mizzen having been hoisted and the ship brought before the wind.

"Nothin' aboard for a jury-mast," was the reply.

"Want the topmast for a spar?"

"If we can."

Like a living lightning the second mate leapt into the crowd of sailors. He cuffed one on the side of the head, shook his fist in another's face, the while stirring them with taunts and threats which made the mildest of them boil. They would have killed him, cheerfully, any of them, but he made them work. How he made them work!

A long sheet rope hung taut over the edge, holding one of the yards. Jetty stood nearest to it. Inside the rail the rope was tangled, but a couple of feet beyond it was clear. Jetty reached out to cut it, hanging on with his left hand. Just as he leaned out over the side, however, the tendon in his shoulder gave a wrench, and, with a cry, the boy loosed his handhold and fell into the sea.

He landed in the midst of the wreckage. One of the heavy wire ropes of the rigging struck him on the back. Half stunned and half drowned, however, he scrambled on to the drifting foremast.

The second mate threw him a boathook.

"Take this, ye pigeon-breasted, cock-eyed oaf!" he yelled, "an' fend her off, if ye can!"

FOR a moment, just for a moment, Jetty thought of his own peril, but as

(*Continued on page* 39.)

# The Substitute

By REX P. ROBERTSON

Illustrated by WALT LOUDERBACK

"THERE goes the All-American Substitute," declared Leslie Benton with a grin, indicating by a wave of his hand a boy who was crossing the campus of the Lakeside High School. The group gathered on a bench under the elms laughed as they glanced toward the object of the speaker's remark.

"Better look out, he may get your job," declared Chub Denning, the school jokesmith, and he spoke with such seriousness that the crowd roared with laughter.

"Anyhow we need a new White Hope to bolster up our weak line," declared Art Goodwin, as he gathered up his books, "the way they got through in the Saturday game was fierce." Again a wave of laughter went around the circle. The game on Saturday had gone to Lakeside by a score of 33-0.

The boys under the elms were mostly members of the Lakeside High School football team, composed largely of veterans from the preceding year, and which had thus far in the season enjoyed an unbroken string of easy victories.

The object of their jokes was Roland Mott. Although he came out for football practice each night no one took him seriously, unless it might be himself. He did not know the game very well, but he worked hard and was always on hand when there was a scrimmage between the regulars and the unappreciated "scrubs." Roland usually played at right tackle on the second team and cheerfully took all the hard knocks that big Olaf Swenson gave, for the latter rode rough-shod over his opponent, be he scrub or a member of a rival team. But Roland was not a good mixer and so had never become popular with his class-mates or the members of the team.

That night after football signal practice Coach Wilton spoke to Lew Allen, the Lakeside captain. "I wish," he said earnestly, "that you could talk to Benton a little on the side. He isn't playing the game he ought to and he is altogether too sure of himself."

"I know it," said Allen seriously. "I've been thinking about it myself. Les is a good kid, but he won't take advice from anyone."

"Yes, no one can help liking him," agreed the coach, "and yet his popularity is a bad thing for himself and for the team. Now, there's our big game coming a week from Thursday. That Rindon left tackle is the strongest man in their line, too, and unless Benton learns some new points of defense they are going to find a weak place in our line right there."

Allen was silent. He thought of Les and wondered how he could appeal to him. The boy was a natural-born athlete, but his easy success had given him the idea that he did not need to work, and as there was no real rival for his position the advice of coach and captain was unheeded.

"This easy season has been a bad thing for us," continued the coach, "the fellows all think that Lakeside is invincible."

"Yes," admitted Allen, "and that game on Thanksgiving is going to be no pipe, either."

*He was seized from behind . . . and then everything turned black.*

"It certainly is not," agreed the coach, "those Rindon men are lighter than our team, but they have drilled a lot on trick plays and they have the forward pass down pat. And their left tackle, Bradley"—the coach paused and shook his head—"he's been breaking up plays all season."

"Well, I'll talk to Les," said Allen, as he prepared to leave the training quarters, "perhaps I can wake him up some way."

"All right," said the coach, "and make it strong. That Rindon game may depend upon right tackle."

THE game on Thanksgiving day between Rindon Academy and Lakeside High School would decide the champion-

ship of the state. The two schools had always been athletic rivals and this year the interest was particularly keen, since neither team had lost a game. The Rindon team was light and fast. The Lakeside team was more heavy and powerful, and depended upon a stonewall line and plunging backs to carry the ball down the field, wearing out opposing teams by superior endurance. Coach Wilton had never been able to develop a satisfactory forward pass, the great difficulty being on the receiving end. There was no one on the team who was reliable at getting under and catching the ball.

Next morning as Lew Allen was eating his breakfast his father glanced up from his paper. "Your football team has a peculiar way of training for a big game," said Mr. Allen sarcastically.

"What do you mean?" asked Lew, surprised.

"Last night," continued his father, "I passed the Oakhurst pool room about eleven-thirty and saw Leslie Benton in there playing. He was smoking too."

Allen's heart sank. "I don't know what to do with him," he confessed, "he won't listen to a thing I say."

"Better can him off the team, he probably needs a good jolt," advised his father, and went back to his paper.

As Allen came into the school yard he heard shouts of laughter from the gathering place under the elms. He came up in time to hear "Spek" Blake saying, "—and every time he missed one he looked as solemn as though he'd thrown away a championship, and he'd go back and try it over."

"O, Allen!" cried Benton, as he caught sight of the captain, "cheer up, the championship is ours."

"What's the joke," inquired Lew, but he did not smile.

"Why, reports have come," began Les, with mock earnestness, "that the All-American Sub is practicing daily in his own back yard at receiving forward passes. Soon he will be so proficient that he can make twenty yard gains regularly for the team. Then the fullback will be able to loaf on the job and take a well-earned rest."

"Well, if more of you fellows would do that I'd feel a lot better about that Thanksgiving game," declared Lew.

"O, come on, Lew, forget it," cried Les, clapping his chief on the shoulder. "Everybody knows that we are going to walk all over that little delegation from Rindon. Why, when we get through there will be nothing left but a blue smear on the field." The crowd laughingly endorsed this sentiment, and Allen was silent. He saw that this was not the time to say what he had intended to Leslie.

That night the coach announced a scrimmage with the scrubs. As the teams gathered helmets and other headgear together, the coach drew Allen aside.

"I am going to put the first team backs behind the scrub line," he said, "and I want you to tear in there as if it was the Rindon game. Perhaps that will show the linemen something."

The scrimmage began. Ad Wilson, the Lakeside quarter, called the signals, while the three backs, Allen, Cross and Goodwin, who had made the Lakeside scoring machine feared all over the state, began their attacks upon the regular line. Straight bucks, cross bucks, tandems, and end runs were pulled off in rapid order. At first the solid red line held well, then they began to yield as the play kept on. Benton, especially, let several plays through, and when Allen cried, "Come, brace up there, Les," the tackle retorted, "Heavens, man, what do you think this is, a championship game! I don't work my head off for nothing!"

*A hand reached out through the confusion of sweaters and blankets*

After the game Allen took Leslie aside. "Now, Les," he said, "you know I don't want to be disagreeable, but honestly, I wish you would get in and work and cut out the night stuff until after that Rindon game."

Les started slightly. "What do you mean, night stuff?" he inquired, innocently.

"You know what I mean," answered Allen, "and on the square, I mean what I say this time. Now listen, you know that Bradley, the man you play against Thanksgiving, has been breaking up the line in every game this season. You can't afford to take any chances for the sake of your own reputation, Les."

"Well," declared Benton, lightly, "I'm glad you've got it out of your system, old man. I'll try to keep in condition all right for the game. So long, Lew."

Allen looked thoughtfully after the disappearing form of his friend and shook his head. "I hope he will," he said to himself, "but I don't know."

THE daily practices went on and the team rounded into shape for the big game. Benton was playing a good game, but after a hard practice Allen noted anxiously that he was not as fresh as he should be, and frequently there came disquieting rumors of the night escapades which his right tackle engaged in. But to all his remonstrances Benton turned a deaf ear and Allen had to admit that the problem was beyond him.

In the last scrimmage before the big game, Allen, playing behind the scrub's line, tried a forward pass to Roland Mott. To the surprise of coach and players the boy caught the pass neatly and got away from the whole first team for a touchdown.

"Now you see what Rindon is liable to do to us," declared Allen, as the team discussed the prospects of the big game in the dressing room.

"O, Heck!" exclaimed Benton, disgustedly, "that could never happen in a regular game. No one tried to stop him anyway."

In his heart Allen believed that this was so, but he did not want the team to feel overconfident.

That night, as the coach discussed the preparations for the game with Allen he said, "I am going to put Mott on the list of substitutes, he has been very faithful in practices and he deserves some honor for it."

So next morning on the big bulletin board the list of men who were named to report at the gymnasium in suits on Thursday contained the name of Roland Mott and the boy's face lighted up as he saw it.

"You'll make the All-American yet," declared Leslie Benton, not ill-humoredly, as he glanced down the list Roland had been reading.

THANKSGIVING DAY dawned clear and cold, ideal weather for the big game. The morning trains brought in crowds of visitors and by noon the town was full of people who had come to see the holiday contest. The huge grandstands filled rapidly and long before the hour of two-thirty every seat was occupied. On one side of the field was the Crimson and White of Lakeside, on the other the Purple and Gold of Rindon.

The Lakeside team entered the field first and were greeted by a roar of welcome as their supporters sprang to their feet, waving caps and banners at their favorites. The men ran through some simple signals and then the coach gathered them about him for a few final directions. While the consultation went on the Rindon team came on the field and began warming up with a short, snappy signal practice.

The Rindon captain won the toss and chose to take the west goal. Thus Rindon got the advantage of the wind and had the sun behind them.

The two teams scattered to their places on the field, Lakeside spreading out to receive the kick. The purple sweaters stretched across the field just behind the long chalk line on which the halfback was adjusting the ball for the kickoff.

Bradley, the Rindon captain, was going along the line with a slap on the shoulder and a word of encouragement for every player. "We must play fast," he advised,

"play them off their feet in the first quarter. If we can score early and then hold them the game is ours."

"Ready, Lakeside?" shouted the referee. Allen held up his hand. "Ready, Rindon?" Bradley nodded. The whistle sounded its sharp blast. The Rindon kicker poised for a moment, then took a half-dozen quick steps and his toe met the ball, while the whole team plunged forward to meet their opponents. The stands rose as one man, each side shouting defiance, and the game was on.

Far down the field soared the ball. Lew Allen gathered it in and with his interference working nicely before him he carried the ball back fifteen yards before being downed. The teams quickly lined up and play began. Ad Wilson, the quarterback, called the signals sharply. Goodwin, left halfback, received the ball and plunged forward on a tackle buck. He made barely a yard. Again Ad called off a string of numbers and the fullback took the ball and swung off toward left end. As the ball was passed the tousled blond head of the Rindon left tackle shot through the line, and Allen was tackled before he was hardly under way. He managed to advance a few steps, and then another Rindon man was on him. There was no gain. "Third down—nine to go," shouted the referee. The Rindon bleachers were yelling furiously. The heavy Lakeside backs had been stopped on the very first plays. It was more than they had expected. Angrily Ad pushed the linemen into their places. "Get your men, now," he shouted and called the signal for a quarterback run around left end. When other plays failed Ad with his speed could usually be depended upon to skirt the ends for a gain. The ball was passed. The backs swung to the left while the right end left his place and followed the play around behind the line. Ad was running well in behind his interference, head down, ball tucked snugly under his arm. Out, out toward the sidelines he rushed, watching for a chance to cut in and go dodging through the scattered field for a gain. Suddenly he turned to strike the spot where the crimson line had swept the tacklers from his path. Before he had gone two yards he was seized from behind and falling forward instinctively, he rolled over and over with the arms of the Rindon left tackle clasped like a vise around his knees. Benton had let his man get through again. The referee pulled the men apart. "Fourth down—six yards to go," he announced. There was nothing to do but to punt.

Chub Demming, the Lakeside center, stopped the Rindon quarterback with the ball on the Rindon forty-yard line. The blue line crouched low for their first attack, and the Lakeside supporters began to slow chant, "Hold that line—hold that line." The Rindon backs ranged themselves in a line one behind the other with the quarter farthest back. It looked like the old tandem play and the Lakeside backs swung a little to the left. Then the ball was snapped back to the quarter and to the surprise of all he dropped back a step and sent a long, low punt down the field. Ad, playing too far in for a punt, realized suddenly that the ball was going over his head. The ball struck the ground just beyond his reach and went bouncing along toward the goal line. He was able to recover it, but was downed on his own twenty-yard line.

Again Ad called the signals. This time he called for a right end around, and Buck Peterson swung out of his position and taking the ball followed the smashing interference of the three backs against the other side of the line. He got through outside tackle and made five yards before being stopped. That was the way the Lakeside team was accustomed to see the plays go through. Again Ad called his signals and taking the ball darted through guard for three yards more. Third down and only two to go. Ad suddenly decided to hit the right side of the line. If Lakeside could once gain through that wonderful blue tackle the whole Rindon defense would crumble. Taking the ball on the snap back he passed it to Allen and Lew lunged forward. Again the big captain of Rindon was through the line and Lew was tackled for a loss of half a yard. With one more down and two and a half to go, Ad decided to punt again. A gust of wind caught the ball as it rose and the punt went barely thirty yards. By the time the Rindon runner was downed it was Rindon's ball in the middle of the field. On the first play the Rindon quarterback made a perfect forward pass to left end. The end was downed in his tracks by Goodwin, but it was first down in one play, and it was the first play that Rindon had attempted. The next play was a straight buck through tackle. The big leader of the Blue crashed and tore his way irresistibly through the Lakeside defense and the play went for six yards. Then Lakeside held and Rindon was forced to punt after two unsuccessful attempts to gain.

Back and forth the ball surged, but usually in Lakeside territory.

At last time was called for the first quarter. Now the Lakeside cheer leader led off in the old school battle song, "Lakeside Champions," but it did not sound quite so confident as it had in the big auditorium the day before. The rooters were not accustomed to seeing the big red team playing on the defensive.

AT the start of the second quarter it was Rindon's ball, third down and five yards to go. The play started on what looked like a left halfback run, but after starting, the halfback turned suddenly and threw the ball to the left end, who had come around on the play. Before the Lakeside team could decide what to do the ball was passed in a long throw to the Rindon left tackle and when he was downed the ball had been advanced twelve yards. "Rindon ball—first down," cried the referee. The ball was inside Lakeside's twenty-five-yard line. The Rindon quarterback dropped back and heaped up a little mound in preparation for a place kick. The ball was snapped and placed on the ground, but as the fullback's foot swung, the quarter sprang to his feet and dodging the runner's intent on blocking the kick, he rushed through the line and on toward the goal. Only Ad, the quarterback, stood between him and a touchdown. Ad braced himself and made a beautiful tackle, stopping the runner on the five-yard line. It was Rindon's ball and the goal to go. Three times the Rindon backs plunged against the line, which, now desperate, hardly yielded an inch. Lakeside's old stone wall was sustaining its reputation. Then the left tackle suddenly swung back on the signal and took the ball on a tackle around play. There was a mighty surge of red and blue jerseys as the two lines met in a desperate crash. Then the red line yielded a little under the savage assault of the blue, and when the referee had forced the players apart, the ball was over the line by inches.

The Rindon bleachers were a smother of yellow and blue and the jubilant roar was continuous as they ascertained that the hoped for result was true. The Lakeside stands were silent. They were entirely unprepared for such a turn of affairs. It seemed incredible that the great, undefeated red team had been scored on. Then rallying, they once more took up the cheer. "We're behind you, team! We're behind you, team!"

Amid the continuous roar of the blue bleachers, the Rindon quarterback carried the ball out for the try at goal. The angle was a difficult one. The halfback sighted carefully and then the ball was lowered; the Lakeside players rushed forward, and the ball soared overhead. It passed outside the goal post by inches. The score was Rindon 6—Lakeside 0.

Shortly after the kick time was called for the first half.

Coach Wilton gathered his team in the dressing room. Swiftly he examined bruises and injuries while he talked. "Now, fellows," he began cheerfully, "you are going to win this game next quarter. They fooled you on tricks that half, but I think they've shown about all they've got. They can't get away with any of that stuff next time. You halves play a little further out and watch for forward passes. The line is holding well"—he paused. He was going to say, "except right tackle," but by Benton's face the coach concluded that the boy had learned his lesson that day, so he said nothing of his misplays. The team emerged more cheerfully after the encouraging talk by their coach. But in spite of his confident attitude before the men, the coach frowned thoughtfully as the team filed out again.

ON the kickoff Allen sent the ball spinning in a beautiful curve down the field. The Rindon fullback caught it before his own goal posts and advanced it twelve yards. Then Rindon tried a trick run from forward pass formation, but the runner was downed behind his own line. Next came an end run and Rus Arnold, crimson end, nailed the runner, interference and all. The team had settled down to their old game now. The Rindon rush formation hit left tackle. Benton yielded a little, but Allen hurled himself against the weak part of his line and the Rindon advance stopped. Rindon kicked. Again Ad called the signals and once more the Lakeside warriors plunged to meet the foe. Hammering, battering, hurling the crushing force of the three great backs against the lighter blue line, slowly the ball was forced up the field. But as time went on Lakeside continually made their downs by narrower margins. Allen was wearing himself out with unceasing line plunging. He was in every play and it seemed impossible to gain without him. Ad's long runs would net a few yards, then one of the halves would fail to advance the ball, then Allen would gain a little. The goal posts looked far away to the little Lakeside quarter as he racked his brains for something to solve the Rindon defense. He tried the forward pass on three occasions, only to have the ends fail to get under it. Twice it went incompleted and was brought back, and once Rindon intercepted it for a gain costly to Lakeside.

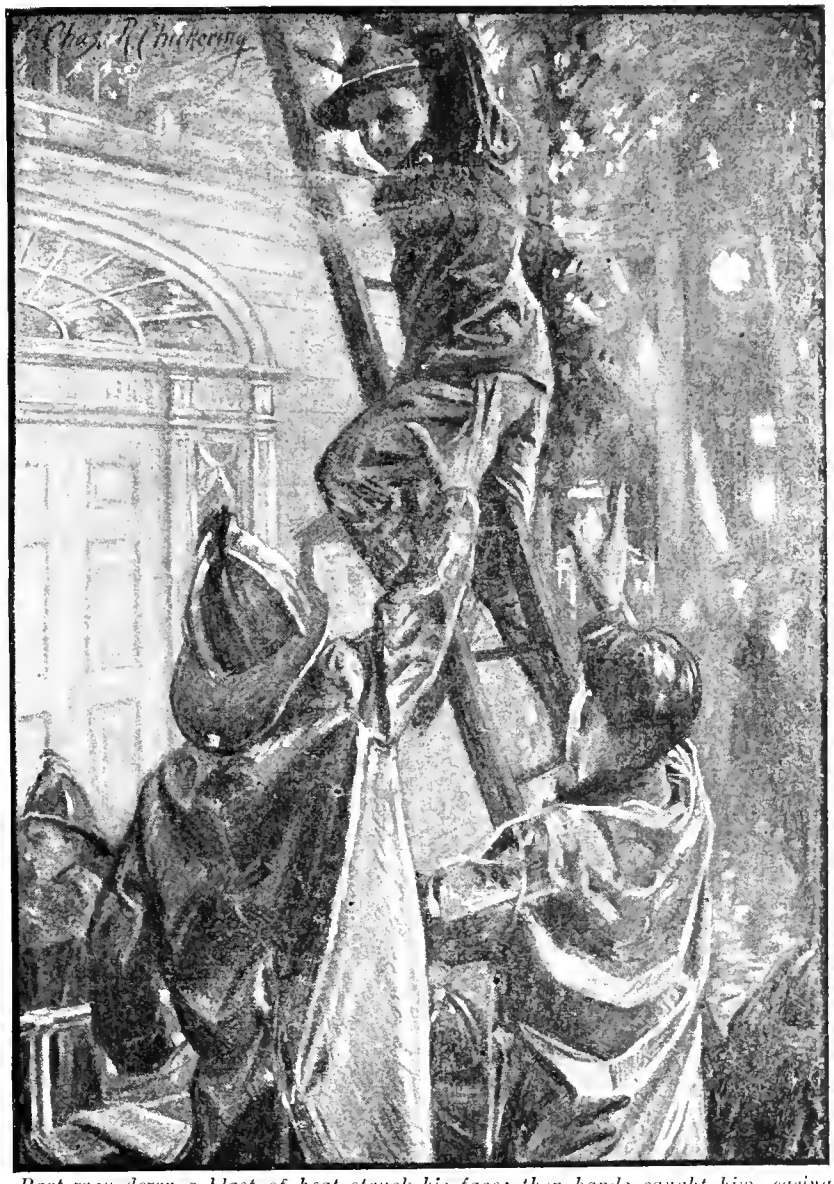
Rindon was apparently as hopeless of

(*Continued on page* 29.)

# The Riot Wedge

By JOSEPH AMES

Illustrated by CHARLES R. CHICKERING



*Part way down a blast of heat struck his face; then hands caught him, easing his descent.*

"OH, gee! I'm sick of the silly drill!" grumbled Dad Gibson under his breath. He slumped his shoulders a bit and the staff he carried tilted to a slovenly angle. "What's the sense of it, anyhow?"

"'Tention!" rang out the quick, decisive voice of Scoutmaster Curtis, standing slim and erect before the line of scouts. "We'll try that again, fellows, and get a little more pep into it this time. Remember, it's our last meeting before the exhibition, and we mustn't fall down then. Dad, if you could manage to carry your staff upright, it would look rather better."

There was no sting in his tone, and Dad, grinning sheepishly, straightened his shoulders and brought his staff to the same angle as the others. He hadn't any quarrel with Mr. Curtis, who was universally popular in the troop. It was the drill he objected to.

"Prepare to form riot wedge!" ordered the scoutmaster crisply. "One!"

There was a rapid thud of feet and a swift, scurrying movement that might have seemed to the uninitiated observer meaningless and without purpose. But when the stir ceased and silence fell, it was seen that each of the three patrols had formed itself into a regular wedge with one of the largest, strongest boys at the apex and the patrol leader standing in the middle of the base. Their staves were upright, but at the sharp command of "Two!" these swung into a horizontal position, the ends crossing and the whole becoming a continuous barrier.

"Fine and dandy!" approved Mr. Curtis heartily. "That's more the way it ought to go. Now let's try the double wedge I showed you last week. Wolf patrol, dress a little to the left, Eagle patrol, to the right. Ready? One!"

This time there was a little more confusion, for the movement was newer and somewhat more complicated than the other. The Badger patrol took position as before, though spreading out a bit more and gathering in a boy from each of the other patrols to form the ends of the larger wedge. The Wolves and Eagles then swung around against either side of the wedge, each boy covering the space between two lads behind him. The final manœuvre thus presented a double row of scouts linked together by their lowered staves into a formation that would be equally effective in pushing through a dense crowd or withstanding the pressure of their assaults.

"Good!" smiled Mr. Curtis. "A bit slow yet, but we'll get it all right. Now what do you fellows think about using this on Tuesday? It's mighty effective, and the audience will like it, but we'll have to work overtime tonight to make it as smooth as it ought to be."

The affirmative response was instant and so nearly unanimous that Dad Gibson's grumbling protest passed unnoticed. The boys of Covington Troop 3 were keenly enthusiastic about the coming exhibition. It had been organized by the combined scouts of Covington to give the people of the town an idea of what they were accomplishing. Each of the four troops had been working, taking up some special detail of the scout work, such as signaling, first aid and the like, and there was naturally a lot of good-natured rivalry which made the fellows keen about any new detail that would increase the effect of their performance. They therefore flung themselves into the manœuvre with such zest and energy that at the end of an hour they were able to go through it with a snap and swing and swift perfection that delighted their instructor.

"That's corking!" exclaimed the latter. "I don't see how any crowd could do it better. This will be the last thing on the program, you know, and then we march out. Now, fellows remember that everybody must be at the hall Tuesday evening at a quarter past seven sharp, and don't forget that Captain Chalmers will review us, so it'll be the most special sort of inspection. I think that's all to-night. Patrol leaders dismiss their patrols."

Out on Main street Dad Gibson, more disgruntled than ever, lost no time in venting his grievance before the half-dozen members of his patrol who had left the building with him.

"Riot wedge!" he sniffed contemptuously. "If anybody can tell me what good it is, or ever would be, I'll set him up to an ice-cream soda. When would there ever be a riot in this one-horse burg, I'd like to know? And if there was, how would we get mixed up with it? And if we did, what would a bunch of fellows like us be able to do against——"

"Oh, dry up, Dad!" good-naturedly admonished Bob McIlvaine, leader of the patrol. "You know you're just talking to hear the sound of your own voice."

"Am not!" growled Gibson stubbornly. "Here we've wasted over an hour on the darn thing when a lot of us had counted on seeing the basketball game after meet-

ing. It's not the first time he's kept us, either. Its' getting to be nothing but drill, drill, drill, and it makes me sick."

"Don't be an ass, Dad, just because you happen to know how," urged McIllvaine, a touch of earnestness underneath his banter. "You know perfectly well it isn't a drill, or anything like it. We've only been working up a little of it for the exhibition to show the different uses of the staff, and I for one don't see any sense in undertaking a thing unless you do it right. Trouble with you, Dad, you're so blame set and stubborn you've got to find something to kick about and argue against or you wouldn't be happy. Why, if Dan Beard himself came out for a talk, you'd want to give him points on camping, or forestry or something like that."

There was a shout of laughter from the others that brought a touch of color to Gibson's cheeks. His denial of the charge was prompt, and Bob had hit the mark so perfectly that Dad dropped the subject for the present. He resumed it later, however, and up to the very night of the scout entertainment, he growled and grumbled and complained at frequent intervals over what he had come to consider his grievance.

And yet he dressed himself with unusual care that night, hurried through supper and was one of the first to reach the place of meeting. If he had stopped to ask himself the question he would have had to admit that he was as keen as anyone about the exhibition. He liked the idea of being part of a performance. More appealing yet was the sense of emulation, of good-natured rivalry, of pride in his crowd and belief in their ability to make a better showing than the other troops.

In reality it was nothing more or less than scout spirit, though Dad didn't realize it, and if he had been accused of possessing such a thing he would have denied it with scorn. In fact, on the way upstairs, he seemed to realize that for a moment he had verged too close on the enthusiastic, and at once he proceeded to freeze up again.

Few of the other fellows paid any attention to him. They were used to Dad's grumbling manner and, moreover, just now they were too excited over the forthcoming performance to think of anything else. Masonic Hall occupied the entire third floor of the old-fashioned frame building, and in their hurry to reach it, the boys pushed and jostled one another on the narrow, twisted staircase. In the hall above they paused to fall in and then, at the word of command from Mr. Curtis, they marched through the double doors into the brightly lighted assembly room and took up their position at one side of the doorway.

The simple manœuvre was executed with a clean-cut precision that brought a ripple of applause from the audience already assembled, and sheepish, yet tickled grins appeared on the face of more than one boy. These speedily vanished, however, and they held themselves stiffly at attention, while the remainder of the audience appeared, singly or in groups. By eight o'clock the rows of chairs that filled over half the room were occupied, and there were people standing. When the doors were finally closed, the place was almost uncomfortably crowded with the proud mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters of the performers, to say nothing of a great many other members of the community who were interested in the Movement, or curious to see some of the results of the past year's work.

If one could judge by the quality of the applause, they were more than pleased. After a review and inspection of the entire scout body by the commissioner, Troop Two started off with an exhibition of signalling that was swift, snappy and on the minute. Then came the offering of Troops One and Four in the shape of a little pantomimic drama designed to illustrate several features of scout training.

Some curtains had been drawn across the end of the hall occupied by the performers, and when these were pulled back, the platform of a patent medicine fakir was revealed, from which one of the older boys, arrayed in fantastic clothes and a bushy beard, harangued an audience composed of other scouts in the dress of country people. Then there entered from the other side a troop off on a hike with staves, knapsacks and all the other regular paraphernalia. These had scarcely appeared before the realistic sound of galloping, produced off stage by the vigorous pounding together of two blocks of wood, announced the approach of a runaway horse, and a moment later there dashed into view a spirited *papier mache* steed, operated by one of the boys, who seemed to be making desperate efforts to hold him back. Apparently these were futile. The creature plunged into the group of country people, overthrowing and trampling many of them and scattering the remainder in terror. The horse itself dashed on toward the approaching scouts, who instantly took the situation in hand.

Two of them, exhibiting the most extraordinary nerve and nonchalance, caught the runaway in the most skillful and business-like manner. The rest hurried to the assistance of the injured, and without delay, proceeded to administer first aid. Broken heads, arms, and legs were swiftly and skillfully bandaged, splints applied, lacerations treated and fainting fits recovered. Emergency stretchers were then improvised with coats and staves and the playlet ended with the most seriously injured being carried away thereon.

*He dressed himself with unusual care.*

The resulting applause was long and loud, finally necessitating the appearance of the actors before the curtain. Dad Gibson, engaged with other members of his troop in clearing the stage for their stunt, sniffed scornfully:

"Huh! Don't take much for 'em to make a fuss about! Jim Crancher was bum, and Doc. Gowdy made a rotten horse. If I couldn't do any better, I'd ——"

"Don't be a grouch, Dad!" cut in Bob McIlvaine. "They were all to the good. Of course, the horse was funny-looking, but that wasn't Doc's fault. I don't believe we could have done as well. Gee, that's a funny smell! What is it, Beck?"

Wesley Becker, assistant scoutmaster, glanced around, sniffed and shrugged his shoulders. "You've got me, Bob. Comes through the register, I reckon. Guess they must be burning something in the furnace."

By this time the space back of the curtains had been cleared, and at a word from their scoutmasters, the two troops which had just finished performing, lined up and stood at ease on either side of the center to give Troop Three room for their evolutions. As these responded to Mr. Curtis's word of command and took their places, Dad Gibson found himself standing directly in front of the closed double doors leading into the hall. It was a good ways farther off from the register, and yet the odor of burning seemed even stronger than before. With a touch of uneasiness, the boy wondered what it could be. Then the curtains were pulled back and a burst of hand-clapping greeted the appearance of the line of trim, erect scouts in khaki.

When this subsided, Mr. Curtis stepped forward to explain the purpose of their drill. He had spoken scarcely more than a sentence or two, when Gibson became aware of a slight stir and movement amongst some of the audience and noticed that a number of those in the front now seemed to be staring fixedly at his own feet.

A flush mounted to Dad's forehead and he squirmed uncomfortably. He was quite sure his shoes were immaculately polished. He also realized perfectly that he ought not notice the audience, but remain rigidly at attention. But presently curiosity got the better of discipline. He shot a furtive glance at his feet—a glance that flashed sidewise beyond the trim shoes and well-fitting leggings to rest in dumb, horrified amazement on the crack extending below the double doors, through which a thin line of smoke was slowly trickling.

For a long moment the boy stood like one petrified. He thought of the crowd, of the narrow, twisted stairs, of panic. What ought he do? What was there for him to do? He tried to remember what the scout book said about fires and panics, but his brain seemed numb. Before it had cleared there came a choking cry from the other side, and Bennie Rhead, the youngest boy in the troop, slipped out of line and before anyone could stop him, he had jerked open the door to let in a rolling cloud of dense black smoke.

Like a flash Wes. Becker leaped after him, dragged him back and slammed the door, but the damage was done. There was a long, gasping, concerted sigh as of hundreds of people catching their breath in unison, and in a second more, the hall resounded with that cry which chills the blood and sends shivers chasing on the spine. To Gibson, standing pale and frightened, it seemed as if that whole close-packed assemblage surged up like some awful monster and rushed toward him, to the accompaniment of a perfect bedlam of shrill sounds while from out of doors the wild clamor of the fire alarm suddenly burst forth to add horror to the scene.

Shaking and terrified, Dad nevertheless continued to stand motionless, partly because he did not know what else to do, but

(*Continued on page* 43.)

# The Merit Badge of Painting

## Practical Information for the Scout Who Wants to Add This to His String

TO obtain a merit badge for Painting a Scout must

1. Have knowledge of how to combine pigments in order to produce paints in shades and tints of color.

2. Know how to add positive colors to a base of white lead or white zinc.

3. Understand the mixing of oils, turpentine, etc., to the proper consistency.

4. Paint a porch floor or other surface evenly and without laps.

5. Know how and when to putty up nail holes and uneven surfaces.

6. Present for inspection a panel covered with three coats of paint, which panel must contain a border of molding, the body of the panel to be painted in one color and the molding in another.

### Painting Directions.

Foundation Principle. To insure the best results the painter himself must always first consider the kind and condition of the surface to be painted, and the prevailing weather. Then he can decide upon the proper materials for his paint and mix it to suit conditions.

What Paint? The best known paint prescription is an old one—simply pure white lead mixed with pure linseed oil and the necessary color. Nothing better has ever been found. Pure white lead and linseed oil paint wears down slowly and smoothly, so that, when the time comes to paint again, no expensive scraping or burning off is necessary.

Mixing. Careless mixing, even with the best of materials, is not likely to make durable paint. Give the lead and oil a chance to combine in that close union which they always make if allowed to, and which is the secret of the excellence of white lead and linseed oil paint. The following directions give best results. The order is important. See formulas for quantities.

(1) Take the proper amount of white lead required by the directions which will follow. "Break up" or soften it in a large pail with just enough oil to bring it to a workable paste. Use a wooden paddle to stir.
(2) Add tinting colors if the paint is to be tinted, mixing them thoroughly with the white lead.
(3) Put in drier. Stir thoroughly.
(4) Add the remainder of the oil required by the formula. Stir thoroughly.
(5) Put in the turpentine. Stir until the whole mass is thoroughly mixed. The paint is now ready to apply.

Making Tints. Always use the highest grade of coloring materials you can obtain. Cheap colors are never satisfactory.

(1) Make some allowance for slight variations in the strength and tone of different makes of colors. Chromes and ochres vary noticeably.
(2) Weigh out your color and add it gradually, not all at once, noting the effect as you go. When you reach the desired shade, stop, regardless of what the formula calls for.
(3) Turpentine and dark driers will slightly alter shades. Make allowance for this.

For New Work Outside. Knots and snappy streaks should be shellacked with grain alcohol shellac, brushed out very thin. Avoid the use of wood alcohol. Then put on the first or priming coat, mixed as follows:

12½ lbs. pure white lead.
6 to 7 pints pure raw linseed oil.
1 pint pure turpentine.
¼ pint pure turpentine drier.

This makes 1¼ gallons paint. Where the lumber has many knots, use less oil and more turpentine; too much oil on the knots causes the latter to draw and check.

Putty. After the priming coat of paint is thoroughly dry, putty up all knot-holes, dents, cracks and other defects in the surface with a pure linseed oil putty composed of equal parts of white lead and whiting.

For the second or body coat, mix as follows:

12½ lbs. pure white lead.
3½ pints pure raw linseed oil.
¼ pint pure turpentine.
⅛ pint pure turpentine drier.

For the third or finishing coat, mix as follows:

12½ lbs. pure white lead.
4 pints pure raw linseed oil.
⅛ pint turpentine.
⅛ pint pure turpentine drier.

In cold or damp weather use a fourth more drier than in warm, dry weather. Never paint when the surface is frosty or wet. All the thinners should be of the best grade. Do not thin with kerosene or benzine.

Repainting Old Woodwork. The number of coats necessary in repainting depends upon the condition of the old coat. The first coat may be mixed as follows:

12½ lbs. pure white lead.
4 pints pure raw linseed oil.
1 pint pure turpentine.
⅛ pint pure turpentine drier.

The second coat over old work may be the same as the first coat except that the turpentine may be reduced to ⅓ of a pint.

New Woodwork Inside. The thinners used for the priming coat depend considerably on the kind of work to be painted. Soft woods like white pine, poplar and basswood will absorb a great deal of oil. For yellow pine, cypress, spruce and hemlock half linseed oil and half turpentine are better than all oil. A good average formula for priming is—

12½ pounds pure white lead.
6 pints pure raw linseed oil.
1 pint pure turpentine.
⅛ pint pure turpentine drier.

For the second inside coat use:

12½ pounds pure white lead.
1¼ pints pure raw linseed oil.
1¼ pints pure turpentine.
⅛ pint pure turpentine drier.

If a flat or dull finish is desired mix—

12½ pounds pure white lead.
⅛ pint pure raw linseed oil.
1¾ pints pure turpentine.
⅛ pint pure turpentine drier.

Color Formulas. Here are a few directions for preparing simple but standard colors from pure white lead. The quantity of white lead for each formula is 12½ pounds.

*Pearl gray*—1 ounce French ochre, ¼ ounce lamp black.
*Light gray*—¼ ounce lamp black.
*Drab*—6 ounces French ochre, ⅛ ounce Venetian red, ½ ounce lamp black.
*Slate gray*—1 ounce lamp black.
*Cream*—6 ounces French ochre.
*Yellow*—5 ounces medium chrome yellow.
*Green*—2 pounds chrome green.
*Blue*—¾ ounce Prussian blue.
*Dark brown*—1½ pounds burnt umber, 1 pound burnt sienna.

To get darker or lighter shades of any color simply use more or less of the tinting material. You will readily see that white lead may be tinted to any color desired.

The last requirement, of course, is of a practical nature and it may safely be left to the judgment of the examiner whether the applicant has met this requirement in workmanlike manner or not—*Information supplied by National Lead Company.*

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## REPORT OF NATIONAL COURT OF HONOR FOR AUGUST, 1915

### EAGLE SCOUTS

To win the Silver Eagle these First Class Scouts must have qualified for 21 Merit Badges. It is the highest honor given for winning Merit Badges.

| | |
|---|---|
| Henry Williamson | Morristown, N. J. |
| Earle W. Wright | Cortland, N. Y. |
| Isaac Henry | Easton, Md. |
| Graham P. Curry | Siloam Springs, Ill. |
| Earl Smith | Kansas City, Mo. |
| Roderick Osborne | Kansas City, Mo. |
| Edgar Crosby | Kansas City, Mo. |
| Silas Woody | Park Ridge, Ill. |
| William Woody | Park Ridge, Ill. |
| D. Winnifred Smith | Barre, Vt. |

### LIFE AND STAR SCOUTS

Life Scouts hold Merit Badges in first aid, athletics, life saving, personal health and public health. Star Scouts have five badges in addition to these.

| | |
|---|---|
| Fred Hoffman | Washington, D. C. |
| Luther E. Hearne | West Orange, N. J. |
| C. C. Dunavan | Plainfield, N. J. |
| Ralph Woodworth | Rockville Center, L. I. |
| Isaac Henry | Easton, Md. |
| Floyd M. Gish | Camden, Ind. |
| J. Walter Helstern | Rochester, N. Y |
| Curtis Bellamy | Portsmouth, O. |
| Graham P. Curry | Siloam Springs, Ill. |
| Earl Smith | Kansas City, Mo. |
| Roderick Osborne | Kansas City, Mo. |
| Edgar Crosby | Kansas City, Mo |
| Loren R. Pulliam | Siloam Springs, Ill. |
| Silas Woody | Park Ridge, Ill. |
| William Woody | Park Ridge, Ill. |
| Donald Parsons | Park Ridge, Ill. |
| D. Winnifred Smith | Barre, Vt. |
| Carl H. Reid | Lebanon, O. |
| Robert G. Gard | Washington, D. C. |
| Henry E. Knowlton | Bryn Mawr, Pa. |

### LIFE SCOUT

| | |
|---|---|
| D. S. Stophlet | Kansas City, Mo. |

Total number of Merit Badges issued, 841.

# Trouble Works Both Ways

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

*Author of "Strawberries and Scoots," "Fatty Masters Tries to Think," etc.*

Illustrated by F. RIGNEY

*". . . Slats fell over backwards."*

SMITTY HENDERSON'S luck had made him sort of curdled inside. First off Fatty Masters had got him bumped in his dignity by Squire Thompson's ram and then he had got himself trapped in Miss Dobbs' woodshed when he tried to get even with Fat. What was worse yet John Nelson, the boy scout, had been mixed up in it and laughed at Smitty.

The afternoon before there was going to be an ice cream festival on Ellery Hodgkins' lawn I saw Smitty and Grunter Perkins and Slats Sanders going into the old mill on the lake shore, so I went along, too.

"We don't want none of your ideers, Bunk Carson," Smitty said to me. "We got enough on our minds now."

"I ain't got any," I told him. "I don't know what's up, but whatever it is I'm going to keep out of it."

I had made up my mind to let the heathen rage, as Pa would say, for I was pretty sure they figgered to get even with Nelson. It seemed to me kind of unhuman the way that boy scout was able to keep out of trouble.

"You can listen if you'll agree not to have any ideers," said Smitty. "Grunter and Slats have got a plan to fix the Scoot."

Smitty is almost as strong as a man and it's a good thing to do what he says. So I set around without making a peep while they talked things over, but I could just feel trouble in my bones. Bimeby when they had their plans all made we went home for supper and to wait for the ice cream festival to begin.

"Don't you say or do anything," Smitty told me, "or the parson won't have any son."

I promised. We had warm biscuits and honey for supper, but I couldn't eat much on account of looking forward to what was going to happen. I hustled over to the Hodgkins place just as quick as it got dark and folks began to go to the festival.

Ellery Hodgkins is rich and a deacon in Pa's church and his house is according. The lawn was all lit up with Japanese lanterns and long board tables to eat the ice cream on. Up near the house there was a stage built with black curtains for a background. It made me think of the pictures of when that English king had his head cut off for some of the fellers had to get up there and speak pieces. Also some girls had to sing, but girls like such truck. It was one of those things that grown folks get up and then set around and let on they're having a good time.

John Nelson was one of the fellers sentenced to speak a piece. He had to speak "Bingen on the Rhine" and he would rather swim the Atlantic ocean, he told me, only his aunt, Miss Sally Stagg, had her heart set on his speaking and he guessed he'd have to do it.

The speaking was planned for before we had anything to eat and just as quick as it started I went around back of the platform and sure enough there was Smitty and Grunter and Slats with a chair and some soap boxes, just as they said they would be. The platform was built close to the house so there wasn't much room in behind it and nobody could see us. We kept awful still for a long time until it come John Nelson's turn and we heard him begin:

"A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing there was dearth of woman's tears—"

Then Grunter and Smitty piled up the boxes and put the chair on top and Slats climbed up onto it. He was right close behind where the curtains met and when Nelson pranced around in saying his piece Slats could have reached out and touched him.

Slats had a caterpillar tied onto the end of a stick with a string. He had blacked the stick and the string with ink so they wouldn't show against the curtains and the caterpillar was tied loose so it could wiggle all it wanted to. It seemed to want to wiggle a good deal. Slats had argered to get a thin caterpillar because he said it would have more wiggle in it, but Smitty had stuck out for a fat one because it would be stronger. Smitty had his way and it turned out all for the best, as Pa would say, for that caterpillar was strong and wiggly, too. He would catch hold of your finger and hang onto it like grim death.

Well, by the time Slats had got himself all fixed, with Smitty and Grunter holding the chair on the boxes to steady it, Nelson was getting near that part that says:

"And up the pleasant river and down the slanting hill
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening, calm and still."

Only he didn't get quite that far. I was around at the side of the platform where I could see what was going on on both sides of the curtain.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along," said Nelson, swinging his arms like they do speaking pieces, "I heard, or seemed to hear, the German songs we used to sing, in accents sweet and clear. And——"

*"The next minute he began to look uncomfortable."*

Just that minute Slats reached out and the caterpillar, which was getting more aggravated all the time on account of being tied to a stick, took a good hold with all his fortylevenlegs on the back of Nelson's neck. So instead of saying "up," which was the next word in the poetry, his voice turned into a kind of cross between "up" and a puppy trying to bark for the first time. It sounded like "urp," only very loud and thin like when a girl sees a mouse.

Two or three people out in front giggled but for the most part there was a good deal of silence. Nelson got red in the face and pawed at the back of his neck with both hands, but Slats had pulled the caterpillar away. Then Nelson went back eight or ten lines in the piece and started over again. Just as he was going good Slats started to let the caterpillar take a fresh grip and I don't know what would of happened if Fatty Masters hadn't come down like the wolf on the fold, as Pa would say.

Fatty had been tagging the Scoot around ever since he saved him from Smitty and I spose Fat wanted to do something to pay him back. Fat had crawled up on all fours under the platform and when Slats tried to give the caterpillar a chance to get in another lick Fatty kicked the bottom box out from under the pile he was standing on.

Smitty and Grunter had been so busy enjoying themselves and trying to keep from haw-hawing out loud that they hadn't seen Fatty and the first they knew what had happened was when Slats fell over backward and set down on top of Smitty's head and the chair tumbled onto Grunter and his neck got stuck between the rungs. Somehow Fatty managed to get covered up by a box and they all yelled like murder and for a minute you couldn't hear yourself think. Folks begun to look at each other kind of scared and then Deacon Hodgkins run around behind the platform and come out with both hands full of boys. He took them away so fast that all you could see was heels snapping.

Things quieted down then and the Scoot got through with his piece and I went and set down near where the cake and ice cream and stuff was piled up on a table. Bimeby Smitty and Slats came sneaking up and said they had got into the lawn through the hedge, but Grunter's Pa had taken him home for a licking.

"There ain't no use trying to get the Scoot into a mess," I told Smitty. "He carries a rabbit's foot, or something."

"Mebbe they ain't," said Smitty, kind of grim, "but I'm going to keep on trying as long as I last."

Just then Mrs. Deacon Hodgkins and Aunt Arabella Greenfield came over to the cake table. Aunt Arabella has got a reputation for a cream cake she makes which is the best thing in the world next to chocolate ice cream or watermelon. They was one of her cakes on the table and it had been making my mouth water.

"I'm going to cut a big hunk of this cake for the Nelson boy," she told Mrs. Deacon Hodgkins. "He spoke his piece so well in spite of them young sealawags behind the platform."

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Hodgkins, and I could hear Smitty grind his teeth and Slats groan.

I went right away for I was scared Slats and Smitty would do something and I'd get accused of being in it. It looked to me then like they was a hoodo on trying to put anything over on the Scoot. So I got a place at the table where he was and figgered I would be able to prove I hadn't done it if anything happened.

Mrs. Deacon Hodgkins and Aunt Arabella Greenfield come bustling around, each of them with a dish of different kind of ice cream for Nelson. He waded into the ice cream and looked as though he felt better and then Aunt Arabella made another trip and come back with that big hunk of cake. It looked fine. I saw the Scoot's eyes shine and I kind of wished I had spoke a piece.

"I want you to eat every scrap of that," said Aunt Arabella, kind of decided like she always says things. "I'm a-goin to set right here and see you enjoy it."

She's real proud and touchy about her cooking and she sat down pleased as Punch and watched Nelson. He looked happy as a clam when he put the first forkful of cake into his mouth, but the next minute he begun to look uncomfortable. He rolled his eyes around quite a lot and swallowed mighty hard. Then he laid down his fork.

"I don't know but I'm pretty full of ice cream," he said. He sounded feeble. Aunt Arabella bristled right up.

"Do you mean to say you don't like my cake, young man?" she asked him. "Ain't it good enough for you?"

Three or four women looked at Nelson real peevish and shocked and I could see that he was squelched. I didn't know what had struck him, because he hadn't had enough ice cream to be sick, but it was something bad, you could see that. Anyway, he must of made up his mind that it was easier to eat the cake than to arger with Aunt Arabella and so he went at it.

If the early martyrs that Pa tells about went through any more than the Scoot looked like he was going through then I feel sorry for martyrs, that's all. Along toward the last of the cake he turned sort of pale green and you could see the whites of his eyes. When Aunt Arabella asked him if he didn't want another piece he didn't answer at all—just got up and staggered away from the table toward the gate.

"I do believe there's something the matter with that boy," said Mrs. Deacon Hodgkins.

I knew there was something the matter with him so I grabbed a good piece of fruit cake and went along to see what it was. Just as quick as he got away from the Hodgkins place he kind of hung himself over a fence and groaned. Anybody could of told that his insides was terrible discouraged.

All of a sudden I heard a giggle in the dark and Slats and Smitty popped right up side of me from a fence corner. They were awful tickled and I begun to have an ideer.

"What did you fellers do to the Scoot?" I asked them.

"Slats sugared his cream cake with a lot of fine salt when Aunt Arabella left off guarding it for a minute," whispered Smitty. "I ain't never enjoyed myself like this."

Right then and there I made up my mind that the luckiest folks can't get away from trouble all the time. You'd have said that if anybody was vaccinated against trouble it was the Scoot, but look at what happened to him.

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*MORE FUNNY ONES.*

*Mr. Rouse's very popular series of comical stories began in the July* BOYS' LIFE. *The title was "Strawberries and Scoots." In August we printed "Fatty Masters Tries to Think" and in September "Smitty Henderson Gets Revenge."*

*Next month's story will be entitled, "The Worm That Turned."*

*It will have comical illustrations by Mr. Rigney.*

*"He kind of hung himself over a fence and groaned."*

# The Ubiquitous

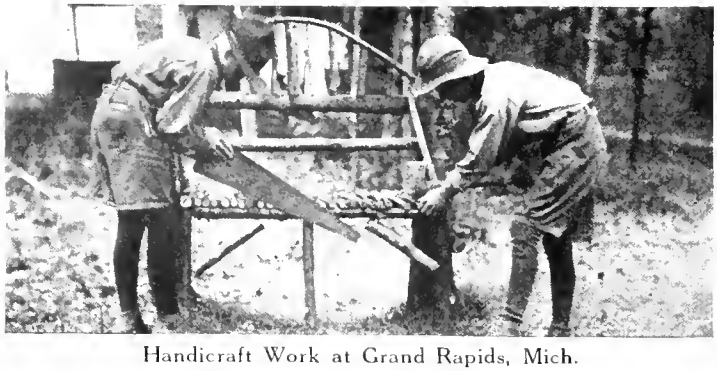
(STORIES ABOUT THESE

Troop 1, Atwater, Cal., in Camp in Yosemite Valley.
FROM SCOUTMASTER EARLE F. DEXTER.

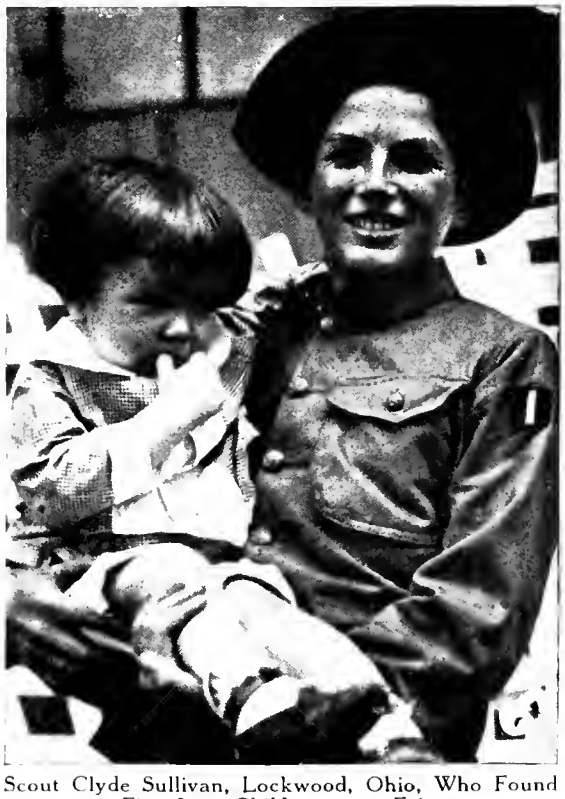
The "Highest" Scouts in the United States—A Member of Troop 1, Leadville, Colo., Altitude 10,200 Feet.

Leadville Scouts Climbing Mt. Massive, 14,424 Feet High.
FROM SCOUTMASTER DAVID MCMARTIN.

"Why the Creek Went Dry."
FROM SCOUTMASTER A. J. CONNELL, COWLES, NEW MEXICO.



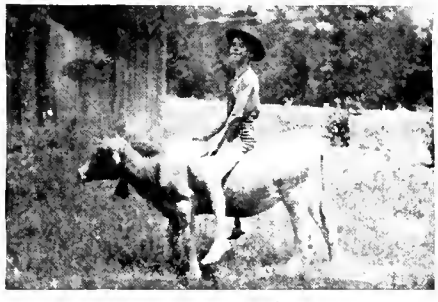
Handicraft Work at Grand Rapids, Mich.
FROM SPECIAL FIELD SCOUT COMMISSIONER CHARLES HOWARD MILLS.



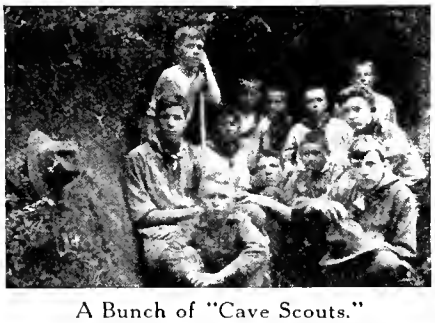
Scout Clyde Sullivan, Lockwood, Ohio, Who Found Five Lost Children at a Fair.

# Boy Scout

PICTURES ON PAGE 27)



A "Cowboy" Scout.
FROM SCOUT EXECUTIVE MARTIN J. BUREL-BACH, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

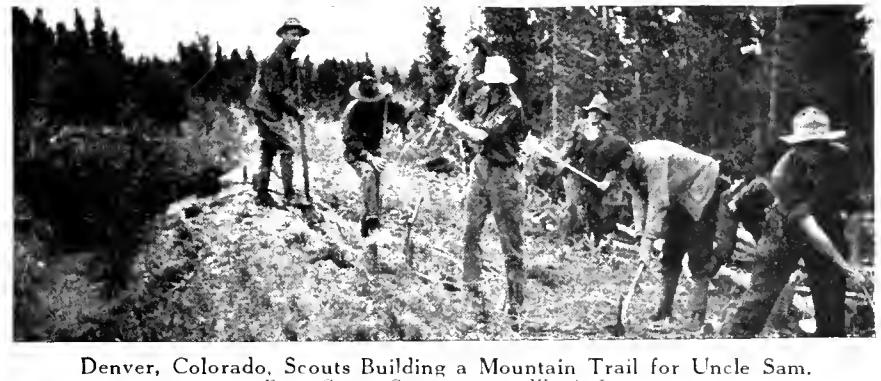


A Bunch of "Cave Scouts."
FROM SCOUTMASTER JOHN H. POAG, LANCASTER, S. C.

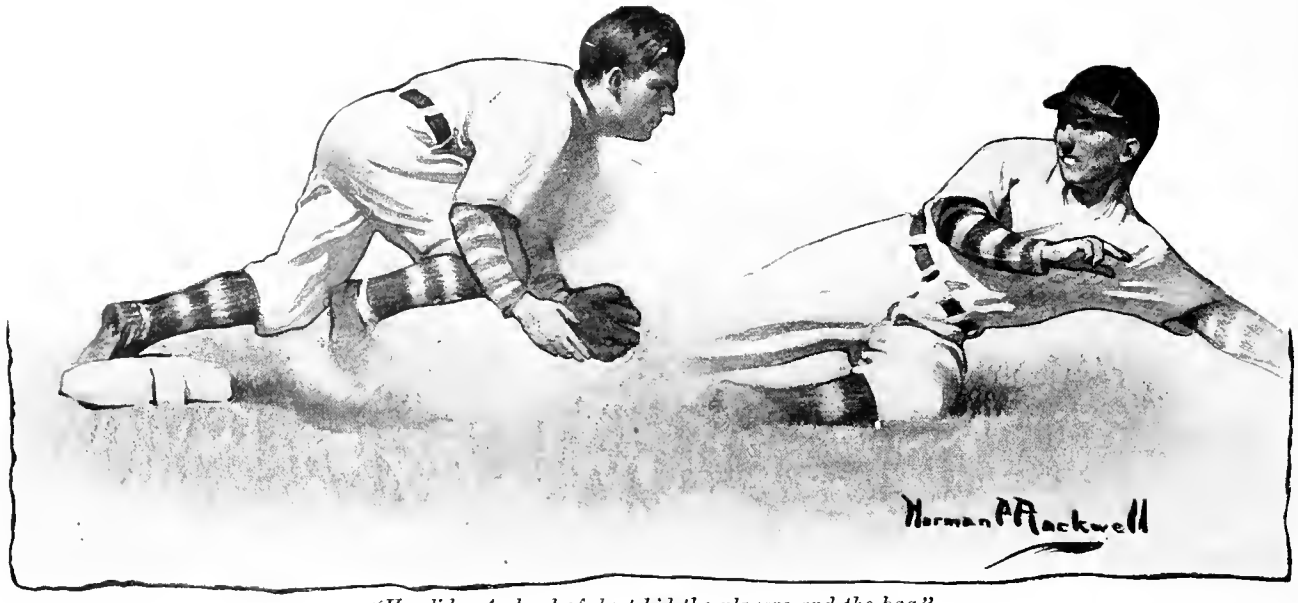
Some Climb!
FROM SCOUT MARK HARWELL, BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

Utah Scouts in the Mountains.
FROM SCOUTMASTER C. H. SPENCER, JR.

A Pie-Eating Contest.
FROM ASSISTANT SCOUTMASTER ROBERT RENNICKS, JR., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.



Denver, Colorado, Scouts Building a Mountain Trail for Uncle Sam.
FROM SCOUT COMMISSIONER W. C. JAY.




*"He slid. A cloud of dust hid the players and the bag."*

# Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

(*Synopsis of earlier chapters is on page* 16.)

*CHAPTER VI (Continued)*

GRADUALLY, as the practice ran along, the team took shape. Ted, of course, played first; Roberts was on second, Lane covered short, and Leonard, the football captain, was at third. The outfield did not look any too strong. Grunow, slow and lumbering, was in right, and McMaster, fat and dumpy, was in left. Burns, the best of the three, was in center.

"They're a fine trio," Ted said in disgust. "We'll have to plant a bunch of balls to help those fellows."

"Plant them?" asked Don. He and Alex and Ted were walking home from the practice.

"Sure; didn't you ever hear of that?" Suddenly Ted gave a cackle. "Say, we could do it."

"Do what?" Alex demanded.

"Plant balls for those fellows. You know how the grass grows in the summer, don't you, right in back of the outfielders—high and rank? If a ball gets past the outfielders and gets into that grass the runner's on third before they find it. And with this bunch fielding, good night!"

"But what about planting the balls?" Don asked.

"I'm coming to that," Ted said. "We can plant three balls—one in right, one in left, one in center. Then, if a ball goes into the high grass, all the fielder has to do is to run in, grab the planted ball and throw it out. We'd win lots of games."

"Do we want to win that way?" asked Alex.

Ted bristled. "Why not?"

"Because it wouldn't be fair," Alex answered.

And at that Ted gave a howl of derision.

"Put that proposition up to Mr. Wall," Alex retorted.

"Beans!" Ted's face grew red. "I guess he'd give a couple of winks to win a game."

"Ask him," said Alex.

Ted's face grew redder. "Ah!" he growled, "you give me a pain."

Don was glad when Ted turned away at the next corner and went off by himself. Don didn't like these spats. Ted was his friend, of course, but Ted didn't seem to show up very well when it came to an argument with Alex.

After the first-baseman's departure Alex was silent for a while. Then:

"Your drop was breaking fine today," he said.

Don smiled with pleasure. "How was the in?"

"That was fine, too." The catcher sighed. "I wish Andy had some of your stuff."

"Maybe he'll get better as he goes along," said Don.

But he knew in his heart that Andy wouldn't improve. Andy had a habit of moving his wrist about as he wound up. It slowed his delivery and took the snap out of his curves.

TWO days later, during the practice, Mr. Wall discovered the fault. All afternoon he labored with Andy, trying to help the boy rid himself of his pitching fault. After the practice, Don and Alex left the field together. Ted Carter overtook them. He and Alex had smoothed out their former trouble.

"I guess Andy will get some place now," the catcher said. "I tell you, it takes Mr. Wall to see things. None of us noticed Andy's fault."

"I did," said Don.

"You did?" Alex gave a long stare. "And you wouldn't tell him?"

"Why should he?" Ted demanded

That's how Don felt. Why should he? Weren't he and Andy rivals for honors? But, for all that, he wished that somebody beside Ted Carter had spoken up that way in his defense.

"All right," said Alex, "if that's how you feel about it."

Next day, in the practice, Don thought that Alex was rather cool.

"Between you and me," said Ted Carter, "that Alex Davidson is a little snipe. Some day he's going to get me mad."

Don did not answer. Secretly, he had begun to wonder if Alex wasn't a better sort of chap than Ted. Alex had such a calm, sure way about him, and he never knocked.

The first game brought Bloomfield High School to Chester. The night before Don had been told that he was to pitch. After school he came hurriedly to the field. Soon the Bloomfield boys appeared. They were a thick-set lot, and they swaggered as though the game was a mere formality and that it was already won.

A plain bench had been placed on either side of the diamond—one for the visitors, one for the Chester boys. Mr. Wall sat on the end of the Chester bench, pulled his hat down over his eyes and prepared to watch. He never coached during a game. Once the battle started, his boys were left to fight their own way.

Roberts, the second-baseman, had been elected captain. As the umpire swept the dust from the plate, he drew the players around him.

"How about you, Don?" he asked. "These fellows look pretty big. Can you hold them?"

Don surveyed the rival team. "I guess so."

"Sure he can," said Ted. "If any fellow gets fresh with you pitch one for his head."

"That isn't baseball," said Alex.

Ted laughed.

The first batter to face Don lined out a single. The next boy bunted.

Ted was in on the ball like a flash. His hand jerked, and the sphere flew to Roberts, forcing the boy who had been on first. Roberts tried to make the return throw to Ted for a double play; but the runner, zigzagging and throwing his arms

into the air, made a throw impossible. The third Bloomfield boy was at the plate.

"Dirty playing," said Alex.

The batter grinned. "Ah! be a sport,' he said.

He raised a foul that Alex caught, and the next boy struck out.

The Chester boys came to the bench. "This is some bunch," said Ted.

Mr. Wall made no comment.

The game developed into a bitter struggle. The Bloomfield players resorted to every mean trick they knew. They baited the umpire; they bothered Alex by wriggling their bats in front of his mask; they bumped into runners on the baselines. Twice they tried to trip. Their coaching was nasty and offensive.

The Chester boys playing a cleaner game, led at the start of the eighth inning by a score of 8 to 6.

Then the Bloomfield lads, on infield hits and two outs, filled the bases.

"Watch them now," cried Ted. "Watch them now."

The next batter dribbled a roller toward third base.

"Yie!" Ted cried. "That makes three out."

Leonard came in, scooped the ball, drew back his arm, and threw wildly. He ran to the umpire.

"My arm was jerked," he shouted indignantly. "That runner jerked my arm as I was about to throw."

"I didn't see it," said the umpire.

"He was behind me," the third-baseman explained.

The umpire waved him aside. "I didn't see it."

Two runs were in, and two were on the bases. The score was tied. Don, mad clear through, put so much effort into his pitching, that the next batter struck out.

THE nine came to its bench. Leonard sat down beside Mr. Wall.

"He jerked my arm, sir."

"Play the game," said the coach.

Ted Carter had paused for an argument with one of the Bloomfield players. Now he came in and sat down.

"Go back at them," he advised angrily. "Slide into the bags. Knock the ball out of their hands."

Mr. Wall made no comment.

Burns was up first. He tapped to the pitcher and was out. Alex Davidson came next. He hit hard and he hit far, but a fielder was under the ball when it fell. Don advanced to the plate.

His bat met the first ball. He knew that he had hit solidly. He ran toward first. The coacher threw up both hands. It was the signal to keep going.

So Don ran to second. McMaster, who was coaching at third, gave him the signal to keep coming. He raced toward third.

And then, all at once, McMaster became the picture of alarm. The ball was on its way. He took a quick look at the throw and a quick look at Don.

"Slide!" he yelled. "Slide!"

Out of the corner of his eye Don saw the shadow of the flying ball. He tried to run faster. He had to be safe. It meant too much to reach third in the last half of the eighth with the score a tie. These fellows had been so unfair!

He seemed to hear Ted advising the bunch to go back at them. Ah! that was it. A little of their own medicine. Knock the ball—

He slid. A cloud of dust blurred the players and the bag, and then the ball rolled out of the cloud.

"Safe!" ruled the umpire.

The Bloomfield third-baseman roared with rage. "He knocked the ball out of my hands."

"Safe!" said the umpire again. He walked back to his place. "Play ball."

The Bloomfield boys fumed and threatened. Don stood on the bag and grinned. A few minutes later when the game was resumed he crept away from the base. And when Lane chopped a hit into right field, he came home with the run that put his nine in the lead.

The bench gave him a rollicking welcome. Roberts popped for the third out. Ted jumped up.

"Keep them from scoring this time and it's all over," he exulted.

Don kept them from scoring. Only three boys faced him, and then Bloomfield left the field defeated by a score of 9 to 8.

Mr. Wall stretched his legs, and arose. The players, laughing and happy, came in for their sweaters. Soon they were grouped around him.

"I suppose," he said quietly, 'that you expect me to tell you how pleased I am at your success. I am afraid I cannot. There may be honor in defeat, but there is no honor in a dirty victory."

He walked away and left them there. Alex Davidson stared blankly at the others.

"But *they* were the fellows who played dirty," he protested.

Don felt a burn in his cheeks. Every boy there looked concerned—every boy except Ted, and Ted's face wore a wise grin. Don turned toward home.

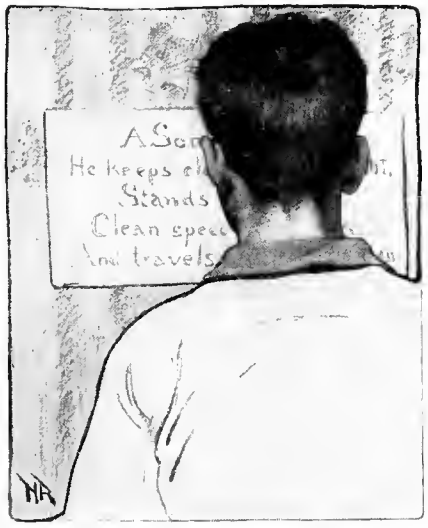
"Wait for me," Ted called.

"Can't," Don answered over his shoulder. "I'm in a hurry." He quickened his stride.

A deep, sickening sense of shame had swept over him. The others might be in doubt as to what Mr. Wall meant, but he knew, for he had knocked the ball from the third-baseman's hands. And Mr. Wall had said it was a dirty victory.

In the excitement of the game it had seemed justifiable to rough that third-baseman and make him drop the ball. Ted Carter had advised—

Don drew in his breath. That was it—Ted Carter had advised. He hadn't thought of sliding into a player until Ted had counseled such action. And Mr. Wall's condemnation hadn't bothered Ted a bit. Ted had grinned as though he were amused.



*"I know why Mr. Wall gave that," he said slowly.*

Don's mind began to go back over other things that Ted had advised — planting balls in the outfield, for instance. That day Alex had spurned the suggestion. Oh, why hadn't he had the sense today to see the shame in Ted's proposal?

And Mr. Wall called it a dirty victory.

Don's spirit writhed as though it had been lashed. He wanted his scoutmaster's respect. Mr. Wall had begun to fill a place in his life that seemed to mean more and more each day. If Ted hadn't——

"I mustn't blame Ted," Don gulped. "He didn't make me do it. It's my own fault."

But for all that, deep in his heart he did blame Ted. It had been a dirty victory and he, Don Strong, one of Mr Wall's scouts, was the one who had made it dirty.

When he reached home Barbara was sweeping rugs on the porch. "Who won?" she asked.

"We did," said Don. He hurried past her and up to his room.

For a great thought had suddenly come to him. He tossed his cap on the bureau, and walked over to the sign and stood in front of it for a long time. He read it aloud, just as he had done the night he had brought it home.

A SCOUT IS CLEAN,
HE KEEPS CLEAN IN BODY AND THOUGHT,
STANDS FOR CLEAN SPEECH,
CLEAN SPORTS, CLEAN HABITS,
AND TRAVELS WITH A CLEAN CROWD.

"I know why Mr. Wall gave me that," he said slowly. "I must chum with a clean crowd, and Ted isn't that kind."

## CHAPTER VII.

## ANOTHER MEANING OF THE SIGN.

LATE next afternoon, while Don was reading in his room, a whistle sounded from the road. He lifted his eyes from the book and listened. Every now and then the call of the whistle rose and fell. After a while Barbara came upstairs.

"Ted Carter's whistling for you," she said.

Don nodded. "I know it." He pretended to read the book and turned a page. 'I am not going out," he said.

"Good book, isn't it?" Barbara asked carelessly.

"Pretty good."

"Shall I tell Ted you won't be out?"

"No." Don looked up hastily. "He'll go away after a while."

Barbara went downstairs with a knowing smile. She parted the curtains at one of the parlor windows and peeped out. She didn't know what the game might be,

but whatever it was, she was sure that Ted Carter had lost.

When Don approached the high school next day he found Ted waiting. The first-baseman gave him a wink as though some capital joke was known to them alone.

"Where were you yesterday afternoon?"

"Home," said Don. His heart began to beat faster.

"That's funny. I whistled for half an hour. Why didn't you come out?"

"Why," Don stammered, "I——"

"Beans!" said Ted. "You can't fool me. More boy scout stuff, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, what's the joke this time?"

"It's no joke," Don cried. "It's the scout law. A scout must stand for clean sport. You've been talking about planting balls, and about sliding into players, and ——"

"Yah!" cried Ted. "So that's it, eh? A clean little scout can't pal with a naughty boy like me. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

"That—that's about it," said Don. He wondered if Ted would try to hit him.

But Ted did nothing of the kind. His face grew crimson with wrath.

"You can't give me any taffy like that," he cried. "I know you. You knocked the ball out of that third-baseman's hands. I saw you. And now because Mr. Wall throws some hot air about dirty playing you want to blame it on me. All right; you can cut away. But you put this right in your pipe. I'm going to get square."

"I'm not trying to blame you," said Don.

"Tell it to Sweeney," Ted mocked. 'You're a little Lizzie—just like Alex Davidson. And you can't cut away from me, because I'm going to cut first. You're a little squirt."

Ted walked toward the school entrance. Don followed at a slower pace. Roberts, the captain of the nine, met him after the first period.

"Did you and Ted have a row?" he asked anxiously.

"We—we had a little spat," Don answered. He didn't feel that he could tell the captain what it was all about. Roberts, looking concerned, went off to tell Mr. Wall.

Don did not see the Latin teacher until classes were dismissed at noon. He didn't know how he was going to start to tell his story; and afterwards he never knew how he did tell it. All he remembered was that he found himself standing beside the teacher's desk, and Mr. Wall's hand was on his shoulder.

"That's the first time you ever did a trick like that, isn't it, Don?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's going to be the last, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," Don answered fervently. At no time had he mentioned Ted Carter; but Mr. Wall had sat on the bench, and he had heard from Roberts. He knew.

That afternoon Ted showed just what his future course would be. Up to that time he had worked his own position and had bothered nobody else. Now he suddenly took a violent fancy to Andy Lord. He stood beside the pitcher and tried to coach him, and kept telling him how good he was.

Andy's head did not become swelled. He grinned at the first-baseman.

"What are you trying to do," he asked, "kid me?"

"You're the sweetest little pitcher on the lot," Ted said earnestly.

"Not when Don's pitching," Andy laughed.

## How "Don Strong" Began

DON STRONG wants to enter the Chester high school—not to study, but to play football and baseball under Mr. Wall, the Latin teacher, who coaches the team. Don thinks his sister Barbara wants him sent to work, but when his father tells him he can have a year at school, he learns Barbara has been pleading for him.

Alex Davidson, a widow's son, also is ambitious to enter high school. Alex works all summer. Don learns that Alex has twenty dollars saved. Amazed, he goes around to Alex's house for a look at a boy who has saved that much money and finds Alex wearing a boy scout uniform. He sneers at scouts; but later, when he discovers that Mr. Wall is the scoutmaster, he enters the troop, and works enthusiastically.

Earning a dollar for his second class requirement does not prove easy. He weeds flower beds and mows grass and later begins building bird-houses and selling them. Don fails to make the team, but becomes a substitute. Ted Carter, a shiftless lad, worms his way into the boy's good graces.

A theatrical manager comes to town. Tickets are twenty-five cents each. Don has planned to go with Ted, but football practice has kept him from doing much on the houses, and he can't afford the expense. He knows that his lumber bill has to be paid or interest will be added.

In order to earn money for the show, Don works with feverish haste to finish a bird house. The house is so poorly made that he refused to sell it, but he borrows a quarter from Ted, and together they see the show. When the football season closes, Don has more time to work and his savings grow. He prepares for his second class test and his father promises to help him with his cooking requirements.

The troop decides to obtain a club room and Don makes arrangements with the Chester Trolley Co. to use an abandoned waiting room. He also arranges to purchase furniture for the room on credit.

The troop agrees to accept the offer of the trolley company, but to pay for their generosity by keeping the new waiting room clean. They decide not to buy furniture on credit and Don thinks of the 25c he owes Ted. At the close of the meeting Mr. Wall asks Don about his relations with Ted and gives him a copy of the eleventh Scout Law. Next day Don repays Ted the loan. The busy winter passes and the baseball season opens. Don determines to make the position of pitcher and beat out Andy Ford, who made end on the football team in Don's place.

Ted became angry. "Don's a lucky pitcher," he growled.

After the practice he tried to walk off with Andy alone; but Andy held back for Alex and Don and Roberts, and Ted went off alone.

Next day he was at Andy's elbow again. But Andy accepted his attentions with a quiet smile and refused to become flustered.

MEANWHILE, Chester Troop was busy. The scouts of the Wolf Patrol, working in Don's rear yard with now and then some help from Don's father, built a screened door for troop headquarters and screens for the windows. Scouts of another patrol planted flowers about the house—nasturtiums and pansies and poppies. There was a general feeling that the troop ought to paint the meeting house.

In fact, so fast and furious did the scouts plan things that Mr. Wall decided he needed help in handling the troop. Phil Morris graduated to the position of assistant scoutmaster, and Alex Davidson became leader of Wolf Patrol. Don, catching the spirit of advancement, cast longing eyes toward the time when he would be a first-class scout. There was six merit badges that he had made up his mind to get.

Meanwhile, business had picked up a bit for Mr. Strong. Don was sure that the sign on the lawn had helped. Privately Mr. Strong thought that this was just the usual spring rush, but he did not say a word that would spoil Don's enthusiasm.

"If we could put a smaller sign under that one," the boy said eagerly, "things would just hum."

"What kind of a sign?" his father asked.

"Let me make it first," Don pleaded, "and then see how it looks."

A day or two later he hung the smaller sign in place. It read:

SCREENS AND SCREEN DOORS.

"You just watch the orders come in," he said confidently.

His father smiled. "Everybody knows I make screens, Don."

"They don't," said the boy. "Eight of nine persons stopped at troop headquarters and asked us where we got ours."

"Oh!" said Mr. Strong. "So that's it?" Next day he confided to Don that he had been asked to submit a price for making screens for three different houses.

Dons eyes danced. "That's all right, isn't it, Dad?"

"That's splendid," said his father. "You're a fine business man."

"I'm a better baseball pitcher," Don laughed. "We have a game tomorrow. I guess Mr. Wall will use Andy Ford."

Don's prediction proved to be correct. Mr. Wall sent Andy to the mound against Laekawanna High School. Andy wasn't any too sure of himself, and the first batter got to first base on four balls. Ted came out to the pitcher.

"These fellows are your meat," he said. "Take your time."

Andy walked the next boy.

"Here's where we start," cried Ted. "Come on, Andy."

The third batter slashed a grounder. Ted got it and threw to Leonard at third, and Leonard threw to Roberts at second for the completion of a double play.

"That's the stuff," Ted yelled. "They can't touch you, Andy."

The next Laekawanna boy hit a liner. Ted speared it with one hand. The side was out. Alex took off his mask and sat down beside Don.

"Ted surely saved Andy that time," he whispered.

Don nodded.

After that it seemed that Ted was saving Andy in every inning. Time after time the wobbly work of the pitcher had him in trouble; and time after time Ted soothed him, and steadied him. The fielding of the first-baseman was faster than it had ever been before. He started two double plays, and twice he whacked the ball into Alex's big mitt and cut off runs at the plate. Thanks to his work, the Chester nine squeezed through to a very narrow victory.

Don walked home, feeling vaguely uncomfortable. Would Ted work that way in back of him? He knew that he would pitch against Washington Academy. Washington was a mighty tough team to beat. Would Ted sail in and help him the way Andy had been helped?

However, the worry did not long remain. By bed-time Don had told himself that with Mr. Wall looking on Ted would have to play his hardest.

Next morning Roberts, the captain, met Don near the high school.

"Mr. Wall won't be with us when we play Washington," he said, nervously. "He told me after the game yesterday. There's a scoutmaster's meeting or something that day. Get out early every afternoon, won't you, Don? I want to have every fellow in shape."

Don promised. He walked on toward the school. His worry had returned. Mr.

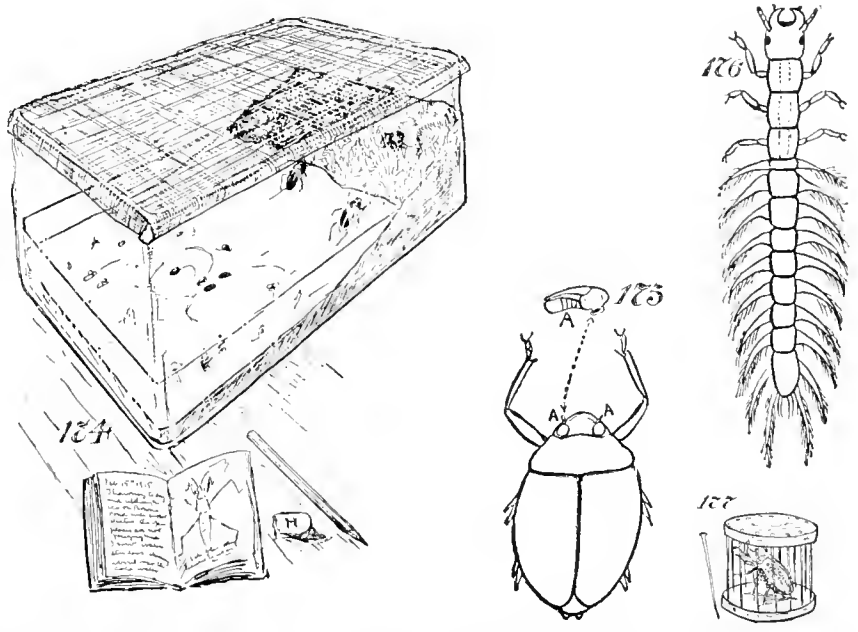
(*Continued on page* 48)

# Whirligigs and Other Water Bugs

By DANIEL CARTER BEARD

*(Illustrated by the Author)*

*J. B. Lippincott & Co., the publishers of Mr. Beard's new book just published, "Boys' Book of Bugs, Butterflies and Beetles," have generously permitted* BOYS' LIFE *to print for its readers the extract which follows:*




PROBABLY the most interesting pets in the way of beetles are the ones you find in the water. They are little trouble to feed and keep in confinement because one can put them in an aquarium (Fig. 174) where they may be observed all the time. But since the water beetles will come out at night to fly around, the aquarium should be protected by a wire netting. Some of the smaller water beetles have an odd habit of swimming around and around on the top of the water in the aquarium, all the time emitting a whining, complaining noise. Others, like the whirligig beetle (Fig. 175), for instance, strenuously object to being confined in the aquarium, but will become accustomed to it in time, and so tame that they may be fed from one's hands. The whirligigs in part of the Southwest are called "apple bugs," not because they love apples, but because when held in the closed hand for a while, they emit an odor like that of sweep apples, but Packard says that when caught, they give out a disagreeable fluid; this may be true of Yankee whirligigs, but it is not true of the ones I caught as a boy on Brookshaws Pond or the Licking River in Kentucky.

The whirligig is an extremely shiny beetle of oval form (Fig. 175) and bluish-black color that you will find on the quiet eddies of the brooks, and on the surface of the ponds, where they collect in crowds composed of many individuals. If approached quietly and carefully, they will often be seen resting perfectly still upon the surface of the water, but the moment they are disturbed, they start rapidly circling around in and out among themselves in a most bewildering manner.

The captives that I had in the aquarium, being unable to circle around in the wide spirals to which they were accustomed on the open water, would dive down under the water when frightened, and, clinging to a plant, remain there for some time. But after a while they became accustomed to my presence and when I caught a fly and held it for them, they would take it from my fingers, and in the winter time after the flies had disappeared they would take little bits of fresh meat from my fingers.

But the eels that lived in the sand in the bottom of the aquarium would smell the food and come wiggling to the surface of the water in search of it. The eels were extremely small, no larger than small leeches, so when they seized the food which the whirligig beetles held, it made an interesting and even fight. The eels often won, however, by twirling themselves around rapidly like a corkscrew until they threw the whirligig in the air.

The female whirligig lays her cylinder-shaped eggs on the leaves of water plants, placing them end to end in parallel lines and in a little over a week they hatch out creatures looking like thousand-legged worms (Fig. 176), each division of the body having a thread-like breathing apparatus very much like the Hellgranites, Dobsons, Clippers or Bogerts. In August these queer things creep out on the shore and spin cocoons in the retirement of which the pupa stays a month remodelling itself into the form of a beetle.

These little incidents are what give interest, they are the things that happen in life, and that is the reason I tell you boys that *live* specimens are much more interesting than dead ones. When I was a small chap like you fellows, I used to make myself little cages for menageries of beetles, and sometimes used two thin round pieces of cork for the top and bottom of the cage and long bright pins for bars (Fig. 177).

To-day, however, you have the wire screen netting with which to make cages of all kinds, whereas when we boys of yesterday were building cages for wild beetles we had only mosquito netting to use for netting.

An ordinary square glass aquarium, the bottom of which is covered with a layer of sand an inch and one-half thick (Fig. 174) and one end of which is banked up with sand and moss half way up the side, may be made into a land and water affair by putting in enough water to cover the sand and allowing the moss to serve as the land. I have such an aquarium in the window now and all winter in it I kept water beetles and other interesting aquatic insects with some water bugs.

It is my impression now that the water bugs were the victors, for along towards spring I had neglected my aquarium for some time and when I looked in it for specimens from which to make drawings for this book, the only two live creatures left were two water bugs. I do not think the other creatures died of starvation, but I strongly suspect that the water bugs sucked the juice out of them; even the caddice worms and snails were sacrificed.

The animals, which prey upon other animals, as do the lions, tigers and wolves among mammals, the hawks and eagles among birds, and various beetles, bugs and spiders among the insects, are called "predaceous." Most of the predaceous insects are useful to man because they help destroy their insect relatives, which live on the leaves of our trees and garden truck.

One of the most interesting facts about insects which live in the water, is their various ways of supplying themselves with air. Take, for instance, the tribe known as the Scavenger beetles. These beetles when quiet at the top of the water, keep their head uppermost, as does a man. Some beetles reverse this position. The predaceous diving beetle, those whose horny wing covers make a straight line where they join on the back, rest in the water head downward, with the tip of the tail at the surface. Many insects carry the air down with them, covering the whole underside of their bellies with minute bubbles, which gives them the appearance of being coated with quicksilver.

When frightened, the whirligigs hitch a bubble of air to the hind tip of their body and dive below with this supply of breathing material.

# From Dan Beard's Duffel Bag

## My Experiences with the Boys at the Culver Woodcraft Camp.

By DANIEL CARTER BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.

*Mr. Beard with his boys at the camp*

WELL, the camping season is over, and your National Scout Commissioner has just stepped off the Manhattan Limited, and has not yet reached home. He has been held up at Boy Scout Headquarters to report to you scouts on his experiences in the camp of the Woodcraft Department of the Culver Summer Schools.

We had a great camp, and after eight weeks under canvas, yesterday we turned over to the parents, one hundred and forty-odd boys, who were bright-eyed, upstanding, clean-limbed lads; all of them as hard as nails, with no illness among them, which is a great record in itself. But the strangest part of the affair is, that in place of the boys being homesick, half of them were sobbing because they did not want to go home!

Of course, your National Scout Commissioner did not cry, he is too tough a proposition for that sort of thing, but when he went around individually and said good-bye to all those fine fellows, half of whom broke down and sobbed on his manly breast, he certainly did have to bite his lips good and hard to keep up his reputation for being tough.

However, this is not what I meant to tell you about, for it is the stunts that you are interested in. Well, to begin with, the boys built an Iroquois Long-House, a Kanuck Log Cabin, an Apache Hogan, a Pawnee Hogan, a Northern Tilt, and an Objibway-Tepee-shaped, shack, all in a day and a half's time, for a street fair.

Inside of these "Shelters, Shacks and Shanties," some of the boys were showing how to make prints of leaves, which they learned from the Girl Pioneer's book, while others were demonstrating wireless and ordinary telegraphy. They also had a prairie schooner which they had built on the wheels of an old buggy and covered with canvas in the proper style. It was marked the "Chuck Wagon," and around the Chuck Wagon, the boys were cooking flap-jacks for the visitors.

In front of the Pawnee Hogan, one little fellow stood, with two hands full of live snakes, inviting people into the museum. Inside the Hogan, the boys had land tortoises, soft-shell turtles, painted turtles, green-striped turtles, polk-a-dot turtles, snapping turtles and musk turtles, all alive, of course, besides which they had live bats, flying squirrels, ground moles and an old mother white-footed mouse with six little blind babies, green tree frogs and various other varmints which I have forgotten.

Around the walls of the Hogan were hung prepared specimens of marine objects sent in by some friends of the boys in Florida. Outside was a board covered with armfuls of weeds, wild flowers and plants of all kinds, with a woodcrafter standing behind the improvised table, ready to tell you the name of any plant you might select.

O! it was a great camp! At the last council fire we allowed the spectators to take two of the woodcrafters, tie their arms behind their backs, tie their feet together, gag them and throw them on the ground. Then we had a lady whisper a message in the ear of one of the boys. After a few minutes the gag was removed from the other boy's mouth and he shouted out the message which he had received without wires, and without sounds of any kind. Next they *blindfolded* the boys, gagged them, leaving each with his hand behind his back and his feet securely lashed together. In this condition they were thrown down in front of the council fire, back to back, but they were still able to receive and send messages. I will not tell you how they did it, I want you to guess.

After this stunt a band of emigrants came into the light of the council fire, when out from the dark woods a lion appeared, sprang upon the emigrants and mauled them severely. Then the lion disappeared into the outer darkness, where he sat down on his hind legs and ate some sandwiches which had been prepared for him, while the Red Cross boys rushed in and rendered first aid to the injured, mended the broken legs and broken arms, bound up the torn scalps and put adhesive plaster on the gaping wounds amid great applause from the audience.

One of the amusing things which occurred at camp happened to a scoutmaster who was attending scoutmaster's school. In the September number of Boys' LIFE, I told how to find the treasure of pirate La Fitte. Well, at Culver, I laid out a course with three treasures hidden at three different points. I measured the courses carefully, and laid them out by the aid of a compass, then I called the scoutmasters up but allowed them to use no compass. One of them, who is a Methodist minister, started off, reached the first point, stooped down, picked up some object, started on the second course, reached the point, stooped down and picked up another object and so on to the third.

It so happened that I had hidden some Colgate's tooth-paste at the three points, but when the scoutmaster came in he exhibited a two-dollar bill, all wet and dirty, where it had apparently been hidden in the ground, a bunch of yellow pencils and some other object which I have forgotten.

Of course, I claimed the treasure, but have not yet succeeded in annexing the two dollars, and ere this it has probably gone into missionary funds. But when the news leaked out, there were one hundred and forty scouts trying to break away from their studies in order to go on a treasure hunt.

We had eight weeks to try out all sorts of stunts, useful or amusing for the scouts, but I will not attempt to tell it all to you in one issue of the Duffel Bag; suffice it to say, that all of the one hundred and forty-odd boys who were of the proper age, were made into BOY SCOUTS, and all of them took the Scout Oath, and now that they have returned home, if they do not remain good scouts, it will be the fault of their parents or their local scoutmasters. I'll guarantee that every one of them is a good scout to-day, whatever he may be to-morrow, and if each one of you are good scouts to-day—as I believe you are—we can leave to-morrow take care of itself.

Dan Beard

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## St. Paul to New York on Bicycles

A trip from St. Paul, Minn., to New York, on bicycles—1,600 miles in thirty-three days, was the achievement of two St. Paul high school boys, who recently dropped in at the editorial office of Boys' LIFE, sun-burned and dusty after their long ride. The boys were Harwood Temple and Leon Schroeder. They reported that they made the trip without difficulty and that they could have completed it in much less time than thirty-three days if they had cared to hurry. They carried all of their luggage—a tent, cooking outfit, etc., in pack sacks. They did their own cooking and camped out along the road wherever night overtook them. One of the boys reported that he had gained seven pounds since leaving St. Paul.

# A Strenuous Afternoon

## A Short Scout Play that any Troop can Enact

By E. RUSSELL PATERSON

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

CHARACTERS

Scoutmaster. Assistant Scoutmaster (of another troop). Three Patrol Leaders. Scouts of Eagle, Buffalo, and Wolf Patrols. Farmer. Tough (from city).

This play is set for a troop of three patrols. Slight changes will adapt it to a troop of any size.

STAGE SETTING

Camp scene. Small table and camp chair facing stage entrance at opposite side of stage. One other camp chair at back of stage. Flag pole with flag raised.

The play can be produced with no setting other than a table and two chairs, in which case ceremony of saluting and lowering flag at conclusion will be omitted.

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(Scoutmaster discovered sitting at small table writing busily. Enter Assistant Scoutmaster.)

A. S. M.: Hello, old man, you look busy.

S. M.: Well, I am, rather. Making up report.

A. S. M.: Don't you think this is too fine a day to waste on that kind of a job?

S. M.: Yes, but you see we break camp tomorrow, and I want to hand in my report to the Local Council as soon as I get back to town. I intended to write it up day by day while we were here, but —well, you know how such things go. So many details to look after that you put off writing and keep putting it off until your two weeks is finished before you know it, and you find you haven't done more than jot down a very brief diary of what's happened. So I made a resolution to give the whole of this afternoon to the job.

A. S. M.: Oh, I see. I just came over to find out if your fellows would like to join our troop in a game of flag raiding. Would you like to send them over?

S. M.: Just as much obliged, but I guess not. Most of them have work they want to finish up before they leave camp, so I guess they'd better stay here.

A. S. M.: Well, I wish you joy. So long.

S. M.: So long.

(Exit Assistant Scoutmaster. Scoutmaster sets to work writing again. Soon looks up.)

S. M.: Guess I'd better see what the patrols will do till supper.

(Rises and gives signal on his whistle for "Rally." All scouts of troop run in, salute him, and group around his table.)

S. M.: You scouts will remember my announcement this morning that I have to spend the afternoon in writing up our report for the Local Council, and I want to know what each patrol is going to do until supper. First of all I want an Orderly to wait over there (pointing to stage entrance) and prevent any interruptions. Who'll volunteer?

(Several hands are raised. Scoutmaster points to scout who raised his first.)

S. M.: All right, you were first. Now what are you patrols going to do? How about the Eagles?

Patrol Leader of Eagle Patrol: We're going to finish our bridge over the stream.

S. M.: All right. And you, Buffaloes?

Patrol Leader of Buffalo Patrol: We have a lot of test work to finish up—sketch maps of the camp, and signalling, and things like that.

S. M.: That'll be all right. And the Wolves?

Patrol Leader of Wolf Patrol: We're orderlies for supper, and we're going to give you a bang-up feed, so we won't have much time to spare. Most of us want to practice first aid for our first class test.

S. M.: That covers everyone. Now please remember that I don't want to be disturbed unless it's absolutely necessary. You, Orderly, wait over there, and please keep out everybody you can. Now clear out, all of you.

(Scouts salute and run off stage. Scoutmaster resumes writing.)

S. M.: Now let's see. What did we do on Monday? Started sketch map work in the morning, and took a hike in the afternoon. (Writes busily.)

(Enter Orderly, and salutes.)

S. M.: Yes, what is it?

Orderly: There's a fellow out here wants to see you, sir. He's the chap we've noticed hanging around the camp for the last few days. Says he wants to see you specially.

S. M.: All right. Bring him here.

(Exit Orderly, after saluting. Re-enters with boy dressed as tough from the city, who shuffles across stage and pulls off cap.)

S. M.: Do you want to see me?

Tough: Yah. How much does it cost tuh jine de scouts?

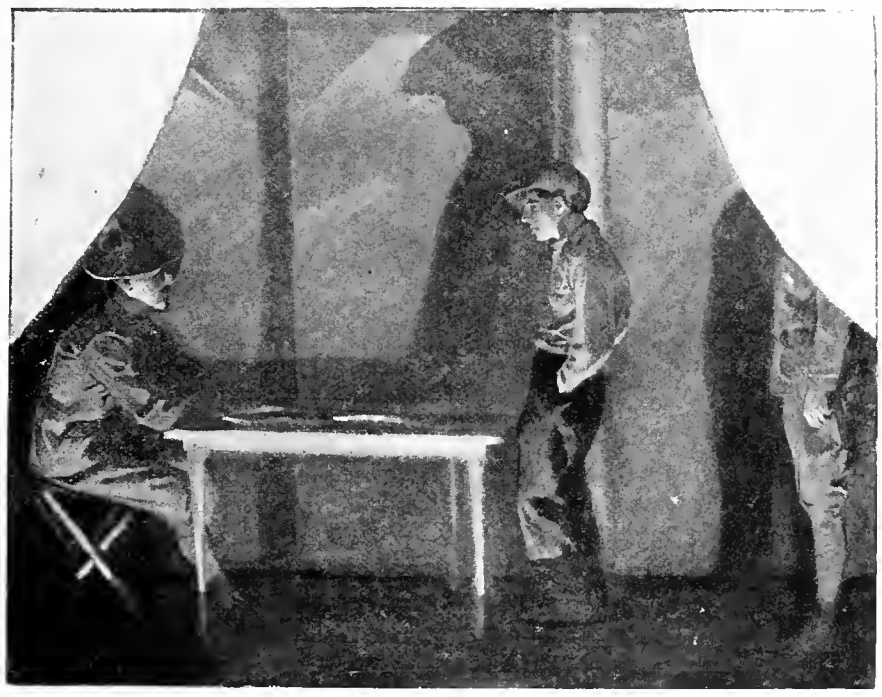
S. M.: Why, it doesn't cost much—twenty-five cents to have your name officially enrolled. You don't have to buy a uniform if you don't care to. But if you get one it will cost from two to five dollars extra. Are you thinking of joining?

Tough: Dunno. I likes de look o' de uniform. Whatchuh gotta do tuh jine?

S. M.: Why, you have to learn a few things and do a little work. Then you take your tenderfoot test, and when you pass it you take your oath and then you're a tenderfoot scout. After that you can work at all sorts of different things, and get badges and honors — as many as you want.

Tough: Eh? D'yuh say work? I t'ought it wuz all play. Gee, if it's work, not fer mine! I gets 'nuff work in de city. I'm out here fer fun.

S. M.: Well, you couldn't join our troop now, anyway, because we're



*"How much does it cost tuh jine de scouts?"*

going to leave for town tomorrow. But there are lots of other troops, and some of them must meet near where you live. You could join one of them when you get back. When I said work, I meant the kind that's fun, you know.

Tough: I ain't ever seen dat kind.

S. M.: Well, perhaps you'd like to see it now. Orderly, get someone to show this fellow around the camp a bit, and let him watch the scouts working. (To Tough) Then you can come back and talk it over with me, if you like it, you know.

(Orderly salutes and exits with Tough, who still keeps mumbling about "Work dat's fun? Never heard o' dat," etc.)

S. M.: There's Monday finished. Now Tuesday morning. Hmm. Let's see. Oh yes, it rained that day, so we stayed under canvas and passed a lot of tests. And we had a bathing suit parade through the brush after dinner. (Writes busily again.)

(Very small scout runs in, stops abruptly in centre of stage, comes stiffly to salute, and remains at salute while he flings out, all in one breath)—

V. S. S.: Please sir, does north-north-east come between north and north-east or is it east-north-east or is that between east and north-east?

(Scoutmaster looks up and grins.)

S. M.: I beg your pardon?

(Very Small Scout repeats same thing faster and louder than before.)

S. M.: I really haven't time to think that through. Go and ask your patrol leader.

(Very Small Scout salutes and runs off saying to himself, "North-north-east or east-north-east or north-north-east," etc.)

S. M.: Wednesday morning, Wednesday morning. Land sports to work off all the surplus energy stored up during the rain. They were good, too. Game of follow the trail in the afternoon. (Continues writing.)

(Row occurs behind the scenes, boys talking loudly. Scoutmaster tries to work, but finds out he cannot.)

S. M.: Orderly, Orderly!

(Enter Orderly, saluting.)

S. M.: Send in whatever patrol leader is nearest.

(Orderly salutes again and exits. Patrol Leader enters and salutes.)

*The tough.*

S. M.: I asked you fellows to keep quiet so I could write this afternoon. I can't work while that row is going on.

P. L.: Well, it wasn't me yelling. I was——

S. M.: (Interrupting quickly) It doesn't matter whether it was you or not. Don't you know that you're responsible for seeing that the other scouts keep up to the mark? That's your job as patrol leader.

P. L.: But it wasn't my patrol——

S. M.: Even that doesn't make any difference. You're an officer, and therefore it's up to you to second all my orders. Now clear out and see that that noise stops quickly.

(Patrol Leader salutes and runs off. His whistle sounds behind the scenes and row stops suddenly. Scoutmaster nods his head as if satisfied, and continues writing.)

(Injured scout enters with a rush, from opposite side of stage, if possible, holding left wrist with right hand.)

I. S.: Sir, I've hurt my wrist!

(Scoutmaster rises and examines wrist.)

S. M.: Orderly!

(Orderly enters and salutes. Scoutmaster does not look around.)

S. M.: Send me two scouts. Quick!

(Orderly salutes and exits.)

S. M.: Sit down in the chair here.

(Injured Scout sits down while

*The orderly.*

Scoutmaster continues examining wrist. Enter Patrol Leader and Scout at a run. They salute.)

S. M.: Here's an injured wrist. Strained, I think.

(Injured Scout's head suddenly drops forward.)

S. M.: Hello, he's fainted. Tip that chair back.

(Patrol Leader and Scout tip chair back until patient's head is near ground, steadying him meanwhile. He revives and they sit him upright again.)

S. M.: Yes, I'm sure it's strained, and it's just the shock that made him faint. Bind up the wrist tightly, and put the arm in a sling.

(Patrol Leader and Scout take off their neckerchiefs, and use one to bandage wrist and the other to make a sling.)

S. M.: Now make a chair carry and take him to his tent. Make him comfortable there, and bathe his wrist with cold water. If it pains too badly call me.

(Patrol Leader and Scout make chair carry, and take Injured Scout off stage. Scoutmaster sits down to writing again.)

S. M.: Heigh-ho! I've got as far as last Saturday. Let's see. Morning—mm. (Continues writing.)

(Very Small Scout runs in and salutes hurriedly.)

V. S. S.: (All in a breath) Please, sir, is the Eighth Scout Law cheerful or thrifty?

S. M.: What's that?

V. S. S.: Is the Eighth Scout Law cheerful or thrifty?

*The farmer.*

S. M.: Oh, I see. Eighth Law is "A Scout is cheerful."

V. S. S.: Thank you sir. (Turns to go off stage.)

S M: I say, do you know what the Seventh Law is?

V. S. S.: Yes, sir. "A scout is obedient."

S. M.: Yes, that's it. (Grinning) Orders were not to bother me unless necessary. Understand?

V. S. S.: Yes, sir.

(Very Small Scout salutes and runs off. Scoutmaster turns to writing again.)

(Noise is heard behind scenes. Orderly's voice—"But he's very busy, and he can't see anyone unless it's very important." Man's voice—"Can't see me, eh? I guess he can. Come on, you young scamps," etc., as Farmer enters, pulling along two scouts by the ears. Orderly follows: Scoutmaster rises.)

Farmer: (Using whatever dialect is local) Hey, be you the boss here?

S. M.: Yes, what can I do for you?

Farmer: Well, do these young good-fer-nothin' scalawags belong to you, eh?

S. M.: Yes, I'm responsible for them just now. What's the matter?

Farmer: Well, what d'you mean by lettin' 'em run through my oats makin' a path six foot wide through the best part o' the field, an' spoilin' enough to——

Orderly: (Interrupting and bringing a chair from back of stage to Farmer) Will you have a chair, sir?

(Orderly stands beside chair at salute. Farmer stares at him, releasing the other two scouts, who stand against back of stage side by side, rubbing their ears.)

Farmer: Why, thank you, bub. Think I will.

(Farmer sits down and Scoutmaster does the same. Exit Orderly. Farmer takes out bandanna handkerchief to mop face.)

Farmer: Well, them two young rascals wuz runnin' through my oats makin' tracks four foot wide or so, big 'nough fer a team o' horses to pass down, an'——

(Farmer fumbles handkerchief, and drops it to ground. Before he can pick it up, one of the two scouts gives for it, and hands it to him politely with a salute. Farmer stares at him before he takes it.)

Farmer: Why, thank you, sonny. As I wuz sayin', I caught these young shavers o' yourn right in the middle o' my best oats with a path behind 'em two foot wide if 'twas an inch, an' I can't afford to lose money like that. Now why d' you let 'em run over the country makin' trouble fer people——

(Scout runs in with purse in his hand. Stops in front of Farmer and salutes.)

Scout: Is this your purse, sir? I found it on the ground just after you passed through the camp.

(Farmer takes purse and examines.)

Farmer: Well, by golly! If that ain't mine. An' there's a heap o' cash in it, too, more 'n I usually carry round. (Takes out money.) Yes, there's the whole dollar an' thirty-five cents all right! I wouldn't like to lose all that money, no siree. Why, thanks, sonny. That wuz a good find all right.

(Farmer starts to put purse in pocket, but hesitates, then opens it and takes out dime, which he holds out to Scout.)

Farmer: Here y' are, sonny. That's fer findin' it fer me.

Scout: (Saluting) No, thank you, sir. Scouts don't take tips for their good turns. (Exits.)

Farmer: (Looking after him open-mouthed, and still holding out the money) Well, I'll be—— Don't take tips fer good—— Why, that's the first boy I ever seen—— (Turning to Scoutmaster) That's a good boy o' yourn, mister. But as I wuz sayin'. These young fellers wuz in my oats walkin' through 'em, an some o' the oats wuz trampled down where they'd stepped. Now I don't mind havin' boys on my property, but they hadn't oughter swish through my oats, had they?

S. M.: Were you fellows in this gentleman's oat field—on your honor?

Both Scouts: Yes, sir.

S. M.: How far were you in the oats?

First Scout: About ten paces.

Second Scout: About fifteen paces.

First Scout: No, it was only ten because——

Second Scout: No, I'm sure it was fifteen because——

(Farmer stares at them.)

Farmer: Hey, you boys! Why don't you deny you wuz in my oats? No one seen you but me.

First Scout: We're on our honor, sir.

Farmer: Well, I never! (To Scoutmaster.) In all your boys young gentlemen?

S. M.: (Smiling.) We try to help them to be gentlemen.

Farmer: I never did see! Why, why—I guess it don't matter anyway. They didn't do no harm. Jes' a step 'r two in the oats.

First Scout: No, sir. We were in them quite ten paces!

Second Scout: No, it was fifteen, I'm sure!

First Scout: (Explaining.) We saw a bird fly out of the oats and we wanted to find its nest.

Farmer: What fer, to steal the eggs? Don't you know it's wrong——

First Scout: No, sir, it wasn't to take the eggs. We don't do that. Just wanted to see the nest. We're sorry we spoiled the oats.

Second Scout: Yes, we're sorry, sir.

Farmer: Well, I never did see, on my life! (To Scoutmaster.) It's nothin,' sir, nothin' at 'll. Jes' a few straws bent down. They'll straighten out again by mornin'. Oh, nothin', nothin' at all! Sorry to have troubled you.

(Farmer rises and shakes hands with Scoutmaster.)

S. M.: I'm sorry, sir, if the boys have bothered you. We've tried to keep off the crops since we've been here.

Farmer: I'm sure you have, I'm sure you have. I wisht that young nevvy o' mine from the city 'd keep offen 'em, too. Why don't he jine in with you now? I seen him in the camp as I come through.

S. M.: Oh, that boy? Well, I shouldn't wonder if he'd join a troop when he gets back to the city. We'll see.

Farmer: I hope so, I hope so. Well, I must be goin'. Sorry to waste your time, sir. 'Twas nothin' at all, nothin' at all. (Turning to scouts.) Next time you boys comes nigh my place, jes' drop in an' have a drink o' milk. Maybe we can find some apples, too. Eh, what? Wuz a boy myself once on a time.

S. M.: You might like to see our camp before you go. Sorry I can't show you around myself, but I'm busy just now. These scouts will take you about.

Farmer: Thank you, sir, thank you. Sorry to trouble you. (Exit Farmer with hands on shoulders of scouts, still muttering friendly good-byes. Scoutmaster sits down at his writing again.)

S. M.: Such is Scouting. Now for last Tuesday. (Continues writing.)

(Tough enters excitedly, Orderly following.)

Tough: Say, mister, it's great! I seen it all, an' it's work dat's all fun fer fair!

S. M.: What have you been watching?

Tough: Oh, I seen dem wavin' little flags round deir heads, an' I t'ought dat wuz kids' play, but de guy dat wuz showin' me round begun readin' out letters. An' I asks him what he's readin', an' he says it's de letters dem kids is wavin' wid de flags. An' he explains it tuh me, an' gee, I'd like tuh be able tuh wave t'ings like dat!

(Tough pretends to expectorate on ground. Orderly jumps forward, but too late to stop him.)

Orderly: We don't do that in this camp. It isn't healthy.

(Tough wipes mouth with back of hand, and looks ashamed.)

S. M.: Yes, that was signalling. It doesn't take long to learn it. What else did you see?

Tough: Oh, den dere wuz a gang dat wuz drawin' little t'ings on papers, an' it didn't look like nuttin' at all, but de guy he tells me it wuz de camp dey wuz drawin', just like 's if yuh wuz lookin' down on it frum de sky, an' I seen dat wuz right, too, w'en yuh looked at it dat way.

(Tough starts to expectorate again, Orderly starts forward, and Tough remembers and checks himself in time. Repeats this at intervals through his speech.)

S. M.: They were drawing sketch maps of the camp. That's something you have to do to get your first class badge.

Tough: Dat's firs' class work, all right. An' den dere wuz a gang tyin' each udder up wid handkichers, an' gee, dey looks funny! I starts to laugh at dem, but de guy he tells me dey're pretendin' dey're hurt, y' know—busted arms an' legs an' t'ings. An' anudder gang wuz finishin' off a bridge acrost a stream, all made out o' sticks an' ropes—de bridge, y' know, not de stream—but no nails ner iron ner nuttin' t' hold it togedder 'cept de ropes. An' I t'inks dat's easy, but dey let's me tie some o' de knots tuh try it, an' firs' t'ing I knows dey's slippin' all down de sticks. Dat ain't no cinch tyin' dem sticks toged-

(*Continued on page* 23)


# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

WHETHER your troop eleven wins or loses you will all be hungry after the game—and aren't you all glad that Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches are as nourishing and wholesome as they are appetizing!

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# In the Scout Cave

## Can You Camp in the Same Place Next Year?

By the Cave Scout
F. J. P.

Some wise old duffer said that days
In Fall are "melancholy";
I don't believe a word of it—
It's just a lot of jolly!
Come out into the hazy air
And fill the woods with shoutin',
These Autumn days
Are perfect days—
A bully time for scoutiu'!

I TELL you, fellows, there's no time like the fall! These crisp days make you so full of "pep" you feel like snorting around and tearing up the sod!

This is the first anniversary of the discovery of the Scout Cave. How many of you remembered it? It has been just one year since we first began having these heart-to-heart talks. But it doesn't seem that long, does it? We've all been so busy. But we've had a lot of fun here together—and we've got right down to brass tacks on a lot of puzzling questions, too.

I see a whole lot of scouts here today who have never been in the Cave before and I want to give you fair warning that you may hear something that will make you squirm. We try to get at the facts here and they are not always pleasant. But we always remember that we are here to try to make better scouts of ourselves, so we try to be good sports and grin and bear it—even the spells of "poetry" the Cave Scout sometimes indulges in.

Let's have a look in the old question hole and see what kind of an argument we can stir up this time.

Here's a letter from Illinois, but the name of the town isn't given, and I can't make out the cancellation mark on the envelope. Let's read it, anway:

Dear Cave Scout:—

This isn't going to be a question, but just a short statement about something that happened at our camp—something we all feel proud of. I won't tell you the name of the town we live in because we don't want you to think we are "tooting our own horn."

When we broke up our summer camp a couple of weeks ago, an old farmer came over to us and said: "Boys, I came over to tell you that any time you want to camp on my land, you can just come ahead; I'll be glad to have you. I must confess that when you first came I was a little bit suspicious and I decided that if you didn't behave yourselves I'd make you move off. So I watched you pretty close without letting you know it. So far as I know not one of you swiped any of my apples and I haven't found any tracks in my melon patch or sweet corn field, either. So I've brought this sack of apples over for you to take home with you—just to show you that I know a good bunch of boys when I see them. Come again next year and stay as long as you like."

That made us feel pretty good, you bet, so I thought I'd write to you and tell you about it.

Well, I guess there's nothing in that letter to make us squirm—unless some of us are thinking about our own summer camps and are wondering whether or not we will be as welcome next year at our old stamping grounds as these Illinois scouts will be.

Come to think about it, scouts, isn't this a pretty good test by which we can determine whether or not our summer outing has been a complete success? Suppose each one of us stops right now and thinks about his summer camps and hikes? How many of us have left gates open, or walked through growing crops, or "borrowed" a few apples, or left our camping grounds in rather a "smelly" condition?

Gee, wouldn't it be a fine thing if every troop in the country could make as good a report as these Illinois scouts have made?

Well, there isn't any reason in the world why we can't do it if we only use our "beans" a little and learn the great lesson of individual responsibility.

That sounds like a pretty big lesson to learn, doesn't it? But it simply means that it is up to every scout to do his own share. Just suppose, for instance, that one member of this Illinois troop had "cooned" one of this generous old farmer's watermelons. The whole troop would have been asked to move on—and I guess we'll have to admit that they would have "had it coming to them."

Individual responsibility—it means that each scout must say to himself, "I am responsible for the reputation of my troop, and to a certain extent, of the whole Scout Movement. Gosh, it's up to me to behave myself!"

But individual responsibility goes a little farther than that. It means that a scout must be responsible not only for his own conduct, but for that of other members of his troop as well. This is where the idea of "teamwork" comes in.

Suppose a boy is a pretty good scout himself, he obeys the Scout Law fairly well and passes his tests, but when he sees some other scout doing something that isn't just right he says "shucks, I should worry! That's none of my business!" Do you think that boy knows the full meaning of individual responsibility? Well, I don't think he does. In such a case a scout should say, "well, that fellow is making a fool of himself and he's queering the scouts. It's up to me to do what I can to straighten him out!"

Of course you have all seen football games and most of you know what a "grand-stand artist" is—a player who tries to show off his own wonderful ability and forgets to do the things which are best for the team as a whole. Well, a player like that is individual all right, but he doesn't know much about responsibility. A football team may have a lot of individual stars and still get walloped to a "fare-thee-well" by a bunch of men with less ability, who have teamwork down pat. Teamwork means that each man must be willing to help every other man on the team, and to sacrifice himself, if neeessary, for the good of the team as a whole. In other words, he must have his individual responsibility highly developed.

It is the same way with a troop of scouts. A boy must be willing to sacrifice his own desires, on occasions, for the sake of the troop and of the Movement. And he must feel that it is his duty to help every member of his troop, and every scout, to be the right kind of a scout so that people will have a good opinion of the troop as a whole, and of the Movement as a whole. That's teamwork.

And it may encourage you to know that such a sense of responsibility, and the resulting ability to do teamwork, is one of the finest qualifications a boy can possess. It will be worth a lot to him in a great many ways, all his life.

Remember that those of us who meet here in the Cave are honest-to-goodness scouts, all wool and a yard wide—fellows who know that Scouting means more than merely marching around with a six-foot stick. We try to get down to bed-rock, here, and do some serious work on the fundamentals.

Well, come again next month, fellows.

THE CAVE SCOUT.

## Scouts' Questions Answered

*Q. What are the names of some books dealing with Requirement 2 of the merit badge for archery?—Scout E. B., Conn.*

A. There are no books on the subject of archery prepared especially for boys. Sufficient information to enable a scout to qualify for the merit badge of archery can be obtained in the Handbook for Boys on pages 33 and 95 to 100. There is also an excellent article in BOYS' LIFE for July, 1914.

*Q. The scoutmaster of a troop is in strange country; the troop is disorganized; can a boy continue belonging to the Boy Scouts of America by registering himself with National Headquarters?—M. P., Cuba.*

A. Every scout must be a member of a registered troop. If the scoutmaster leaves the troop, national headquarters will be glad to receive notice from one of the scouts and will do everything possible to secure a new scoutmaster. Please send us your name, address and troop number.

*Q. Please tell me in* BOYS' LIFE *how much it costs to be a scout?—A. L. G., Brooklyn.*

A. The registration fee is 25c. This entitles a scout to a celluloid covered membership certificate. A scout is not required to pay anything more, but may buy a uniform and badge, and other official equipment if he wishes. The Brooklyn Headquarters is at 201 Montague St. Call there and find out what troop you should join.

*Q. Can a scoutmaster or a deputy scout commissioner give the second and first class tests without the scout commissioner being present or has the scout commissioner any authority to direct scoutmasters to give the second and*

*first class tests themselves?—G. W. O. Kittanning, Pa.*

A. The local council has the authority to say how, when and by whom the examinations in the various tests shall be given. The first class tests and merit badge tests are often given or reviewed by the local court of honor. Even the second class tests will be more impressive if taken before the court of honor. In towns where there is not too much work for the court of honor, scouts are sometimes required to appear before them to take the examinations.

*Q. Can a scout be expelled from a troop of scouts for not taking a certain examination in a certain length of time?—Scout E. P., Pa.*

A. The matter of admitting a scout to a troop or dropping him from its membership is entirely in the hands of the scoutmaster and the troop committee.

## A Strenuous Afternoon

(*Continued from page* 21)

der so dey'll stay put!

S. M.: No, bridge building looks a bit hard—until you know how. But do you think you'd like to join a troop when you get back to the city?

Tough (emphatically): Yuh—bet—cher—neck!

S. M.: Well, we'll see about that when we get there. In the meantime you can start in learning some of the things you have to know before you can take your oath and become a real scout. (To Orderly) Take this chap out and get one of the scouts to start him on his tenderfoot work. And tell the supper orderlies we'll have a visitor to-night. (To Tough) You'll stay to supper with us, won't you?

Tough: Yuh betcher—I mean, t'anks, mister.

(Exit Orderly and Tough, latter walking behind Orderly, holding himself with stiff back, and trying to march military fashion. Scoutmaster continues writing.)

(Enter Very Small Scout in a rush, followed by Orderly, who chases him around stage, Very Small Scout calling out—)

V. S. S.: Please, sir, how do you do the Fireman's Lift?

S. M. (grinning): Here, Orderly, take this young pest out and keep him out!

(Orderly catches him, and starts to lead him off by the scruff of the neck.)

S. M.: Or wait! He wanted to know how to do the Fireman's Lift. You might as well show him. Carry him out that way.

(Orderly lays him on floor, and carries him out with Lift.)

S. M.: Well, I'm getting a few minutes to myself now and then. Thursday afternoon. Let me see. Paper chase. (Continues writing.)

(Enter Patrol Leader with scout. They salute.)

P. L.: This chap has just passed his tenderfoot work with me, sir. You know we made a special arrangement to let him come out to camp with us if he passed his tenderfoot here. Can we give him his oath now, sir? There's just about time before supper.

S. M. (aside): Might as well give up, I suppose. (To P. L.) All right. Call in the troop.

(Exit P. L. Whistles sound behind scenes, and troop marches in and forms up for ceremony of taking Scout Oath. Oath is taken. Then flag is saluted and lowered. Bugle sounds supper calls behind scenes, and scouts are dismissed and run off in a hurry.)

S. M. (gathering up papers): Well, old report, you're pretty hashy, but I guess I can touch you up a bit later. Now for supper. That's what I call a strenuous afternoon.

(Exit S. M.)

(CURTAIN)

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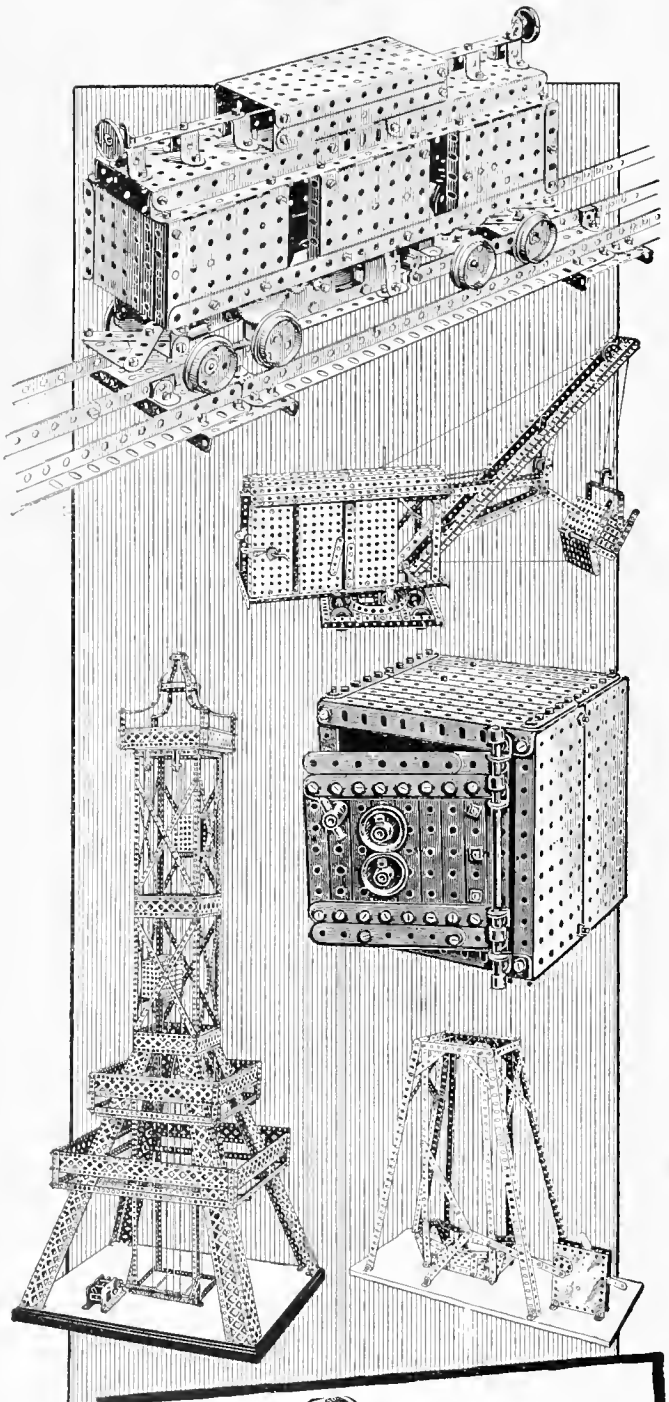

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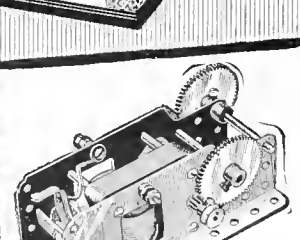

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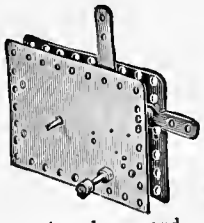

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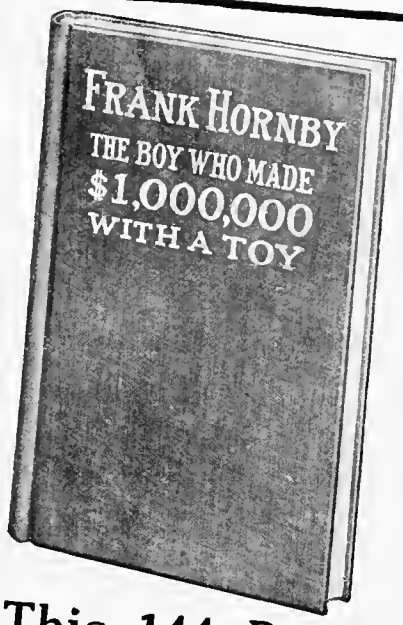


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# With the Scouts Afield

Stories of Interesting Activities in All Parts of the Country.

## Mr. Taft's Address to Scouts at San Francisco

MEMBERS of Troops 1, 11, 12 and 13, Boy Scouts of America, of San Francisco, rendered valuable service in ushering the great throng of visitors from all over the world who attended a meeting of the American Red Cross at Festival Hall at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. Honorable William Howard Taft, former President of the United States, was the guest of honor and principal speaker.

Following the meeting, the boy scouts gave a demonstration of first aid work on the Marina, the magnificent outdoor field which forms a part of the Exposition grounds. Mr. Taft and party were most interested spectators and viewed the work of the boys from a specially arranged platform in the center of the field. An audience estimated at ten thousand looked on while the boys went through the program of bandaging, rescue work, etc. Dr. G. H. Richardson, a prominent physician of San Francisco was in charge of the work.

Immediately following the conclusion of the program, Mr. Taft left his place and standing before the scouts who were at attention, spoke to them. Mr. Taft said in part:

> Boys, you and I are members of the same great organization and I am very proud of my membership, as I am sure you are. You have demonstrated today that you are prepared, and efficiently prepared, to render aid to others who may be greatly in need of assistance. This is the great underlying purpose of the Boy Scouts of America organization, that boys may be trained to help others, and the officers and men who are at the head of the movement desire above all else that this spirit may dominate every boy in this great country of ours. We have reason to be very proud of you boys of San Francisco for the splendid work which you have done at this great exposition today. May God bless you, every one.

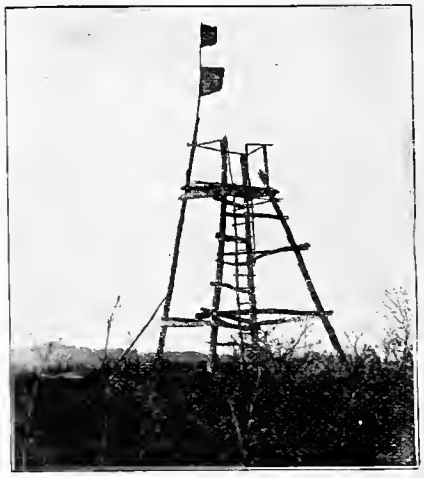
One of the features of the occasion was the giving of the Boy Scout yell by the boys at the conclusion of Mr. Taft's remarks. The latter seemed to deeply appreciate the spirit with which the yell was given, ending as it did with three cheers for Mr. Taft.

This program was arranged by request of the officers of the San Francisco Chapter of the American Red Cross. Commissioner W. S. Wollner, Dr. G. H. Richardson and the Scoutmasters co-operated with National Field Scout Commissioner Cross in working out the details.

## Mountain Tower Built by Scouts

One of the "good turns" recently accomplished by the Boy Scouts of Dover Plains, N. Y., was the erection of an observation tower on the point of a mountain that juts out into the Harlem Valley about two miles south of the village. From this observation tower there is a view to the south of approximately forty miles, while to the north thirty miles is the limit of vision. Since the erection of the tower a great many people have visited it.

The building of the tower was a considerable task as it was accomplished without using any special tools. The four main poles are thirty feet long and twelve inches in diameter at the base and had to be carried two hundred yards up the hill from the place where they were cut. Two of the poles had been erected and the third was on the way up, when an unusually strong gust of wind blew them down and the work had to be done all over again. Finally, however, the task was completed, and the tower is now as solid as a rock. Its steadiness is shown by the fact that the picture of the tower was taken on a long exposure, when the wind was blowing so hard that Scoutmaster Matthews had to lean against it to keep his balance while he took the picture. In spite of this the picture is clean-cut, showing that it was not shaking in the wind.



*The Dover Plains Scouts' Tower*

## News With Scout Ideas In It for You

WHAT do you boys think when you read the reports in BOYS' LIFE about scout activities in all parts of the country? Do you simply read them through and say to yourself—"These scouts are certainly a lively bunch!" or "what a lot of interesting things scouts are doing?"

Well, that is one reason why we print these reports, but we wonder if most of you scouts know about a still more important reason?

Here is what the editors of BOYS' LIFE want you to think when you read these reports: "Gee! That certainly is a corking stunt this troop has pulled off! I wonder why our troop couldn't do something like it? Guess I'd better bring up this matter for discussion at the next troop meeting."

These reports are just chock full of suggestions of things to do and that are especially good because they tell, in most cases, how other scouts actually have done them. If other scouts can accomplish these things, why cannot *your* troop do them, too?

Here are just a few items which have been selected because they are especially suggestive. Read them through carefully and you will be sure to get a hunch for some interesting stunt for your own troop. Just read over all the items and look for suggestions in them. We are anxious for you to take advantage of the experience of successful troops everywhere. The whole "Scouts Afield" department is a regular gold mine, full of nuggets of information and inspiration.

Get the idea?

THE EDITOR.

WICHITA, KANSAS.—On his return from his trip to the coast recently Scoutmaster Franklin Payne received a warm welcome from Troop 5. The boys had watched all incoming trains for several days and upon his arrival they took charge of both Mr. Payne and his wife, looked after their baggage and escorted them to their home where a fine breakfast had been prepared.

ZEBULON, GA.—Second Class Scout Walter Green, of the Crow Patrol of Troop 1, Zebulon, Ga., has worked out an ingenious chart by means of which he can ascertain at a glance the distance between any large towns in the vicinity of that in which he lives. Scout Green finds

| | Griffin | Zebulon | Barnesville | Molena | Concord | Williamson | Thomaston | Jolly | Orchard Hill | Warm Springs | Lulu Springs | Milner |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Griffin | 0 | 12 | 16 | 21 | 11 | 6 | 18 | 10 | 6 | 36 | 18 | 12 |
| Zebulon | 12 | 0 | 12 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 14 | 30 | 6 | 9 |
| Barnesville | 16 | 12 | 0 | 21 | 18 | 18 | 18 | 16 | 10 | 42 | 18 | 4 |
| Molena | 21 | 9 | 21 | 0 | 5 | 13 | 9 | 15 | 23 | 19 | 4 | 18 |
| Concord | 11 | 6 | 18 | 5 | 0 | 6 | 12 | 2 | 22 | 24 | 12 | 15 |
| Williamson | 6 | 6 | 18 | 13 | 6 | 0 | 12 | 10 | 20 | 36 | 12 | 13 |
| Thomaston | 18 | 6 | 18 | 9 | 12 | 12 | 0 | 10 | 20 | 36 | 5 | 13 |
| Jolly | 10 | 4 | 16 | 13 | 2 | 10 | 10 | 0 | 20 | 26 | 10 | 13 |
| Orchard Hill | 6 | 14 | 10 | 23 | 22 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 0 | 44 | 20 | 6 |
| Warm Springs | 36 | 30 | 42 | 19 | 24 | 36 | 36 | 26 | 44 | 0 | 36 | 39 |
| Lulu Springs | 18 | 6 | 18 | 4 | 12 | 12 | 5 | 10 | 20 | 36 | 0 | 15 |
| Milner | 12 | 9 | 4 | 18 | 15 | 15 | 13 | 13 | 6 | 39 | 13 | 0 |

that it is especially helpful in directing travelers who inquire about the distance to these towns. A reproduction of Scout Green's chart is given herewith, since BOYS' LIFE feels that it is a suggestion that many other scouts will be glad to follow.

MIAMISBURG, OHIO.—A feature of the Miamisburg camp was a Mothers' Day, which was enjoyed as much by the boys as by the mothers who attended it.

TAMPA, FLA.—An entertainment for their parents and a demonstration of first aid, signalling, etc., was given by the four patrols of the Tampa troop. These boys are planning to give an exhibition of swimming and lifesaving in the near future.

LAKE ODESSA, MICH.—While on their way home from a successful camp at Gun Lake, the scouts of Lake Odessa entertained the people of Hastings with an excellent drill and exhibition of scout work.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—A boy scout lifesaving class has just been organized at Knoxville, Tenn., under the supervision of Mr. W. L. Webb, of the Mine Rescue Station. The class is composed of scouts who are anxious to be of service in cases of drowning, or in any emergency where quick and scientific action is necessary. The class has access to the pulmotor in the mine rescue station at all times, and as the majority of the members have bicycles the pulmotor can be rushed to the scene of an emergency on very short notice. The Scout Commissioner of Knoxville, Mr. W. P. Toms, and Mr. D. T. Blakey, president of the Local Council, are planning to send the class to Jellico soon to compete in a life-saving contest with teams of miners from various parts of the mining districts. The members of the class are Russell McBath, Roland Crane, George Crane, Morris Bloomer, Houston McNutt, Fred Chandler, Hale Thomas, Ben Gallaher, Glenn Snodgrass and William Kane. E. F. Easton is Scoutmaster of this troop.

RALEIGH, N. C.—Assistant Scoutmaster L. P. Denmark insists that all scouts who wish to go to camp with him shall be immunized against typhoid fever before they leave home. The responsibility of a lot of boys is, in the judgment of this assistant scoutmaster, sufficient to warrant his refusing permission for them to go to camp hereafter unless they have taken this precaution.

NATRONA, PA.—Members of Natrona Troop of Boy Scouts are harvesting a crop of beans and selling them to the residents of the town. Early in the year these boys were given the use of a large plot of ground and the money from the sale of the beans and other vegetables which they raised will be used in the work of the organization.

SCOTTSBORO, ALA.—The scouts here have twenty members in their troop, which is only a year old—six First Class, two Second Class and twelve Tenderfoot. They acted as a Bureau of Information for the Jackson County Fair last year, and recently they saved a building from destruction by fire. They worked around town and earned enough money to rent a fine building for headquarters, where they have their scout library and patrol flags.

CLYDE, OHIO.—New members are joining the Clyde troop almost every week. The boys recently held an entertainment in which the Camp Fire Girls also took part; the receipts were $20.

SHAWNEE, OKLA.—Troop 3 conducts trials by jury for any infraction of a Scout Law or unexcused absence from meeting.

SCRANTON, PA.—Scoutmaster Parry reports some interesting ways for troops to earn money. His troop has sold salt for a Scranton company, which gives the troop one barrel for selling ten, and as the boys make 5c a bag on each bag sold the profits accumulate. His troops with others take the contract for delivering the telephone book at 1c each. His troop delivered 1,200 books. Old newspapers and magazines are brought to the troop headquarters and are sold at prices ranging from 38c to 65c per 100 pounds. A Scout is given a credit of 5c to his dues for bringing in 25 lbs. of paper. These boys recently ran a relay race of five miles. Twenty-two boys ran and the time was 22 minutes flat.

## Stories About the Pictures on Our Double Page

THE double page of pictures in this month's BOYS' LIFE contains an unusual number of interesting snapshots taken in the big western country. All scouts will be glad to know that their western brothers are so active.

In the upper left-hand corner is a view of Troop 1, Atwater, Calif., taken on their trip through the Yosemite Valley. A splendid view of the famous Yosemite Falls is shown. On this trip the boys walked 185 miles in twelve days.

Just below the Atwater scouts we see Troop 1, of Cowles, New Mexico, trying to drink all the water in a stream which runs through the Santa Fe National Forest. These New Mexico scouts are lucky enough to have a real forest ranger for their scoutmaster. His name is A. J. Connell. Recently Mr. Connell took the troop to his ranger station where they learned a great deal about woodcraft. During their stay in the woods there was a severe forest fire and the boys had an opportunity to study the methods by which such fires are extinguished. They have secured a special permit for four acres of land in the Santa Fe Canyon where they are building a cabin to use as a winter camp.

Handicraft work was a special feature of the scout camp at Grand Rapids, Mich. The picture just below the New Mexico scouts shows two Michigan boys making a camp settee.

To the right of the Yosemite Valley picture is a view of a mountain lake near Leadville, Colo., where Troops 1 and 2 had their summer outing. The Leadville scouts claim the distinction of being the "highest" scouts in the United States for Leadville is situated at an elevation of 10,200 feet above sea level. Camping requires great care at this altitude where there is frost nearly every night. One of the greatest regrets of these highland scouts is that they cannot learn to swim, because the water in these mountain lakes is nearly always near the freezing point.

The picture just below the lake scene shows a group of Leadville scouts on the slope of Mount Massive, 14,424 feet high, Colorado's highest mountain. As Scoutmaster David McMartin says —"This is a cold spot for 'tenderfeet.'"

Just below these mountain climbers, we see the smiling face of Scout Clyde Sullivan, of Troop 1, Lockwood, Ohio. Scout Sullivan won a great reputation for himself at the Carthage Fair held near Cincinnati, Ohio, August 12 to 15. His specialty was finding lost children. On the first day of the fair he found five little tots who were crying their eyes out for vanished mammas. Scout Sullivan took charge of the children and succeeded in finding a mother for every one of them before dark. He received special commendation from the fair officials for his fine detective work in finding the parents of lost children from the meagre descriptions given by the heart-broken little ones.

To the right of the Leadville scout pictures is a snap-shot of a "cowboy" in the scout camp at Chattanooga, Tennesee. These Chattanooga scouts, on account of their kindness, made a great hit with the cows that supplied the camp with fresh milk.

Just below this picture is a group of "Cave Scouts," at Lancaster, S. C. Scoutmaster John H. Poag reports that the boys of Lancaster are developing into first rate scouts.

Below the "Cave Scouts" we see two Big Springs, Texas, boys enjoying a stiff climb in the cliffs near that city. Scout Mark Harwell, who sent the picture, reports that his troop is making rapid progress.

In the upper right-hand corner is a striking view of a rocky peak in the mountains near Salt Lake City, Utah, taken on a recent hike under the supervision of Scoutmaster C. H. Spencer, Jr. Scouting is booming in Salt Lake City.

The picture just below shows a bunch of "pie-faced" scouts at New Rochelle, N. Y. It's kind of hard to get at the pie in this position, but it tastes good just the same, and the contest is very exciting.

The picture in the lower right-hand corner shows a party of Denver Boy Scouts constructing a mountain trail for Uncle Sam, under the direction of Scout Commissioner Walter C. Jay. The trail was built under the supervision of a United States forest ranger who pronounced the job first class in every respect. One incident occurred which proved that these Denver scouts are the real article. After the greater part of the trail had been built, it was discovered that it had been made partly of solid ground and partly of "made" ground. The forest ranger explained that a first class trail should be three feet wide and all solid ground. It was explained to the boys that they were not bound by any written contract to make the trail any wider and they were under no legal obligations to improve the work which they had done. But the scouts replied that they would build the trail right if it took all summer and they went at it again with a will and did an A-1 job.

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# Nautical Troop in Canoe Regatta

*View of the Allegheny River, near Pittsburgh, during the regatta.*

AN active troop of nautical scouts has been formed at Oakmont, a suburb of Pittsburgh. This troop is under the jurisdiction of the Allegheny County Council and any First-Class scout in the county is privileged to apply for admission. A limit of twenty-five members has been set for the first troop, and as soon as this number is reached, a second troop will be started. Mr. P. W. Price is scoutmaster of Nautical Troop No. 1.

A number of prominent Pittsburgh men who have served in the Navy have offered to assist in training the nautical scouts.

Oakmont is situated on the Allegheny River about twelve miles north of Pittsburgh. At this point in the river there is a stretch of about ten miles of slack water averaging about one-quarter of a mile in width. The river is a popular summer resort and there are frequently held regattas, lantern parades, boat races, etc. These various activities will give the nautical scouts an opportunity to be of service as life savers and as water police.

Nautical Troop 1 has already attained some distinction by winning a silver cup offered as first prize in a canoe regatta in the latter part of July. These scouts also constructed a model of the battleship *Pennsylvania,* which was exhibited during the regatta.

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DUNKIRK, N. Y.—Two twenty-eight foot whaleboats are being loaned by the U. S. navy to the scouts of Dunkirk. A regular troop of nautical scouts is being formed among the older boys to man the boats, and while all scouts will be allowed the privilege of the boats, the older boys will be in charge. Later it is planned to use these crafts as lifesaving boats.

MEDFORD, MASS.—A thirty-foot cutter, formerly used on the battleship Virginia, has been presented to the Medford scouts. This boat was obtained through the efforts of Mayor Benjamin F. Haines, and has been renovated throughout, painted gray and new seats installed. Manned by a picked crew, it will be used as an instruction boat.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—When Nautical Troop 117 of the Boy Scouts of America returned from its second cruise to Toms River and Barnegat Bay it brought the Sea Scouts' Championship and a profound admiration for Scout Ray T. Tarbuck, who broke all sea scout records by swimming five miles, part of the way against a head tide, in three and one-half hours.

## Harm in Smoking?

SMOKING is all very well for men as a pleasing habit, but it costs a deal of money which might otherwise be used for something better than disappearing in a cloud. Twenty-five million pounds is a very big sum of money, but that is what is spent on tobacco in Great Britain in one year. And also it does not do their health much good.

But for a lad who is still growing, tobacco is an absolute poison, because it always weakens your heart; and the heart is a kind of pump which takes the blood and drives it through all the little pipes or veins to every corner of your body, and this blood then makes the bone, flesh, and muscle which build you up into a strong and healthy man.

If the heart becomes weakened by smoking or any other causes it cannot pump the blood properly; consequently the boy does not grow big and strong. He gradually becomes weak, finds himself easily tired, his food does not agree with him, he gets headaches and his eyesight weakens, and so he gradually develops into a poor, depressed little worm instead of a big, bright and active young man.

No one ever took to smoking while a boy because he liked it—for it gives a most unpleasant taste until you are used to it, and it makes you uncommonly sick.

But many boys are such little funks—afraid of what others will say—that they face this unpleasantness in order to show off and look like men. They think themselves awfully manly when swaggering about with a cigarette between their lips, but if a man sees them he only thinks them little fools.—Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Chief Scout of the Boy Scouts of England.

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PORTLAND, ME.—Because he had learned the methods of first aid, and because he did not lose his presence of mind, a scout who did not give his name, saved a ten-year-old boy, Robert Wilcox, from possibly bleeding to death. Robert was playing and fell upon an open jack-knife, causing an ugly gash in his right arm. The scout immediately removed his garter and tied it tightly around the boy's arm above the cut. Two stitches were later found to be necessary. The boy's parents wanted to thank the scout, but he could not be found, neither could his name be learned.

## The Substitute

(*Continued from page 6.*)

gaining now. The Lakeside team, playing desperately, stopped the trick plays before they were under way, and blocked the runners who tried to receive forward passes. Rindon had clearly exhausted her offensive plays and was now merely playing a defensive game. They risked no more tricks lest one go wrong and play into the hands of their opponents. Their bucks gained them nothing against the Lakeside line. But they were gamely holding against the rushes of the heavy Lakeside backs. It looked as if there would be no further score. Both teams were tiring, for the play had been terribly fast. Back and forth went the ball. Lakeside would advance a little way and then kick. Rindon would take as much time as possible with their plays and then kick in turn. They were very plainly stalling for time.

THE referee's whistle announced the start of the last quarter. In the first play there was a fierce smother of red and blue uniforms and when the pile had uncovered, a crimson player lay prostrate. "It's my knee," said Benton, gritting his teeth together with the pain. With the help of Allen and Goodwin he got on his feet, but when he attempted to step on the injured leg he would have fallen but for the support of his teammates. Slowly, with their help, he hobbled toward the sidelines. The rooters rose in a cheer for the injured player. He had not filled his place as well as he ought, but he had played his best that day and past mistakes were forgotten.

Coach Wilton looked toward the substitute bench and his eye fell on Roland Mott. The coach thought of his faithful work. There seemed no chance to score now anyway and the boy could fill the place for the rest of the game. So he called, "Mott, take right tackle."

Roland sprang up and pulled off his sweater. His face was flushed at the unexpected chance and he was trembling all over with eagerness and excitement. Quickly he reported to the officials and took his place in the line. The game went on. Roland, fresh and eager, played with an enthusiasm that made up for what he lacked in weight and experience. Ad had been trying in vain to get the team to show the old fighting spirit. The game seemed hopeless and they had lost the old dash and ginger which should have advanced the ball. Now Ad called for a quarterback play through right tackle. He had not made a play there during the whole second half. Roland summoned all his strength and hit his opponent low and with every bit of energy in his 145 pounds of weight. Taken off his guard, the big Rindon tackle was fairly stopped for the first time that day and Ad went through. Dodging through the scattered players he made fifteen yards before the surprised Rindon backs could get him.

"One minute to play," announced the timekeeper. As the team lined up Roland drew Ad aside, "Try me once on a forward pass," he said. Ad considered. There was little chance of scoring in the time that remained. He remembered that pass which Roland had received in the scrub game and in a moment a plan of action presented itself. He signalled for a punt formation and then shouting, "Hold

(*Concluded on page 31.*)

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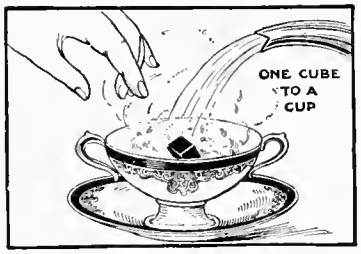


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# A Scout Camp in Alaska

## With Moose Near, and No Night

*They caught plenty of fish.*

*Where the moose came to drink.*

By Scoutmaster H. H. Lumpkin,
*Troop 1, Fairbanks, Alaska.*

THERE is a widespread illusion that this northern land is one of perpetual ice and snow, where the natives and the people who come here live in underground houses, or else in houses built out of the everlasting snow. Now, this article is written so boys will know that that isn't true, and also to show what Scout camping is like in this big territory. Of course we do have severe winters here, and the mercury *can* go down as low as sixty or more below zero, but it also can reach a hundred or more in the shade in summer.

In many ways a scout camp in Alaska is much like a scout camp in any other section of the country. There is pretty much the same routine, and the same work, and the same kind of tents, and the same chance for swimming—yes, swimming—and all such sports. But here, where we camped, there was the delicious sensation that it was not at all unlikely that we might find a large black bear or perhaps a larger brown bear paying us a nocturnal visit, or even a daytime one. For you must know that at the season of the year at which we went camping, during July, there was no such thing as night. We never saw a star. We simply at the proper time went to bed, and the day kept on being day, though for a few hours, say three or four, the sun was not quite above the horizon.

Then we were in the moose country, and within a hundred yards of our camp one could find the tracks and signs of big bull moose which had been roaming around there. Not far away is the caribou country, and one of our scouts, who had been up in that part of the country, killed a big caribou not long ago. A welcome enough kill, for here in the outlying districts caribou, moose or bear is the only fresh meat one can get hold of, and where this caribou was killed they had been living on corned moose for a number of weeks.

Then, also, we had opportunity to secure pictures of birds in their native haunts. We got several pictures of young ducks in their breeding grounds, on the quiet little lakes in the interior. Creeping through the high lake grass isn't exactly pleasant, but if it means a good picture of wild game, it is worth while.

The camp was on a beautiful sandy bar which extended far out into the river,

*Swimming in glacier water.*

and all around it was excellent opportunity for swimming, and often, when it had grown quiet, for some casting for greyling. Greyling and king salmon formed always a part of our menu, and a welcome part. All around, too, berries grew in profusion. Blueberries, currants, high bush cranberries, low bush cranberries, raspberries, etc. —and all edible. Indeed, it is said that in this interior there isn't one berry that is not edible, though some don't taste as good as others.

Routine work began at six-thirty A. M. in our camp when reveille was sounded on a big tin oil can, for we do not boast a trumpeter—as yet. Then came setting up exercises, roll call, prayers and the morning raising of the Flag. Then preparation and eating of breakfast, and after that we followed on different days, except for the meal hours, different routine work. Sometimes it was a hike—once to bring back a five-gallon can of blueberries. Regularly we went swimming. Then scout games, or examinations for the scout work. In the evening it was the usual routine of lowering the Flag, evening prayers, and at ten-thirty—lights out? No, for there were no lights except the sun; it was quiet and sleep.

The river is bright, clear, glacial water —and cold! The first time the Scoutmaster went in and under, he came up gasping. But after the first time it wasn't so bad. Something like bathing in an ice tank! But just around the beach didn't seem so good a place to take the drinking water for the camp, and so up stream a little way, where the bank was steep and the water pretty deep, we rigged up an affair like an old time well sweep and swung out our five-gallon cans on a hook cut from a tree, and fastened on the end of a rope. It worked fine.

# The Substitute

(*Continued from page 29*)

'em fellows," he rapidly called the numbers. Lew dropped back as for a punt. As the ball was passed Goodwin turned, and, running behind the fullback, received the ball. The Lakeside line held well and Goodwin had plenty of time for his pass. As the ball was snapped, Roland had broken through, for his man was intent on blocking the expected punt. The Rindon backs were watching for a kick. The fullback had dropped back and the halves were playing close to the line. Goodwin got the pass away straight and high. It was a long throw. Watching the ball closely over his shoulder, Roland jumped just at the right moment and getting his fingers on the leather, deflected its course and grasped it with his other hand. It was a wonderful catch.

The stands were silent for a moment in wonder, and then the Lakeside supporters sprang to their feet as one man and a mighty shout sounded forth. Roland was speeding toward the Rindon goal with none but the Rindon quarterback to stop him. The Rindon man dove with all his energy straight at Roland's knees. It was a splendid tackle and the play would have ended there but just as the man dived, Roland leaped from the ground. The arms of the quarterback just caught his ankles and Roland pitched forward, striking on his head and shoulders and rolling clear of the Rindon tackler. It was a bad fall. Staggering to his feet he struggled toward the goal line. He could hear somewhere, it seemed far in the distance, the cries of the Lakeside rooters frantically calling his name. He heard the footsteps of two Rindon backs close behind. The blurred white line where the goal posts stood, seemed to rise and fall as his feet made desperate efforts to carry him forward. Then he was seized from behind, stumbled, and with the arms of the Rindon fullback about him, the two rolled over on the ground and stopped. And then everything turned black.

When Roland opened his eyes Ad was bending over him, while the whole team gathered around, dancing and hugging each other like mad men. Weakly he rose on one elbow, to find that he was lying across the goal line with the ball just over. He had made the touchdown.

Roland was helped to his feet, while the crowd went wild as he walked unsteadily back with the team. With the greatest care Ad prepared for the try at goal. Lew swung his foot a few times and tested the wind. Narrowly he measured the distance. The crowd waited breathless. Then the hand of the referee fell as the ball touched the ground. The blue line dashed forward. The fullback's foot met the ball and it sailed straight and true between the goal posts. The game was won.

Impetuously the Lakeside crowd swarmed onto the field and the members of the team were lifted on the shoulders of their admirers and carried in triumph around the field. At the head of the procession was the big fullback, with Ad and Roland close behind.

As Roland entered the dressing rooms a hand reached out through the confusion of sweaters and blankets and sweaty, muscular bodies and grasped his own. "Fine work, old man," declared Leslie Benton, heartily, "I hope you do make the All-American, and I believe you will."

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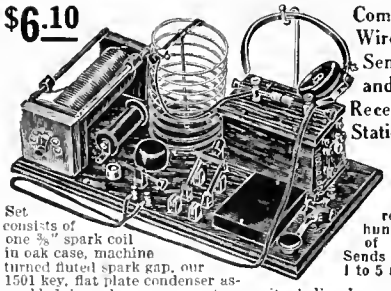

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# With the Boy Scouts Afield

DETROIT, MICH.—An unusual troop of scouts is Troop 5, of Detroit, Mich., which has its headquarters in the Van Leuven Browne Hospital School. The members are all crippled, but they take no less interest in the scout work on that account. The troop was organized in March, 1914.

Earl Casey, the oldest boy in the troop, is sixteen and is paralyzed, yet he is a pianist of

talent, and he has been judge of the hospital school court for two years, holding court at 9 o'clock every Monday morning when there are offenders. Charles Brown is a few months younger than Earl, and is captain of the Van Leuven Browne police force. He is also paralyzed. In another year he expects to pass a business course examination. Joseph Harper has curvature of the spine, and although he is nearly fourteen years old he is only three feet eight inches in height. John Coyer and Robert Wilson are twelve and fifteen years of age. Both have paralysis, but they are able to walk.

LITTLE FERRY, N. J.—The boy scouts of Troop 1 of Little Ferry, N. J., hiked to Northvale, N. J., recently, about 15 miles, and camped there for a week, returning on the following Sunday. Rev. Romig and Scoutmaster E. F. Hartwell accompanied the boys to the camp. The weather was inclement but all say they had the time of their lives.

*Harold Graybeal*

CANTON, OHIO.—Scout Harold Graybeal, leader of the Panther Patrol, who made a brilliant showing by passing both second and first class scout tests and winning two merit badges in his first year of scout work, has received an alternate appointment to the United States Naval Academy.

LENOX, IA.—The Lenox Scouts, under Scoutmaster Walter A. Morgan, are progressing well. They have had a bird house contest and a question answering contest. On a recent Sunday Mr. Morgan spoke to a crowded house on boy work and Scout work. A number of the boys will take their second-class examinations soon.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Thirty scouts with Mr. A. R. King, Scoutmaster of Troop 66 spent two weeks in Camp McAlpin on the beautiful Chester River, Kent County, Md. Mr. Frank A. Greenhawk, an expert camper, woodsman and practical scout, gave instruction in woodcraft and camp lore and took charge of all hikes and scout activities. This camp was so successful that it is planned to repeat the experiment on a larger scale next year.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—To Troop 5 goes the honor of holding the record in their county for mountain climbing. On their camping trip to Echo Lake, N. Y., they scaled Overlook Mountain, 3,150 feet in height, taking with them their trek-cart weighing 500 pounds. While in camp the boys took First Class Scout test No. 4, hiking a distance of seven miles through the wildest section of the Catskills. An interesting feature of the camp was the wild life which the boys observed, one of the visitors to the camp being a porcupine. Many birds were also observed. The last night at camp was celebrated by a large campfire, addresses and a snake dance.

DUKE, N. C.—The boy scouts of Troop 1 recently went on a 37-mile hike, which took about three days, and camped on a site known as Drenkery's Hill, about three miles above Raleigh. The boys indulged in swimming, fishing, boating, games and reading, and one day was spent at the capital city, where they visited the Hall of History, the state museum and other places of interest. After that they went to the Y. M. C. A., where the secretary, who is also a scoutmaster, showed the boys many courtesies.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Troop 30 of Philadelphia, in charge of Scoutmaster William L. Fisher, on a recent hike found a nest of turkey buzzards containing two young birds. The birds were driven out of their shelter into the sunlight, where they were made to pose for their pictures.

These young buzzards were about the size of a hen, but with much longer and stronger wings. They were covered with thick, white down which was just giving place to a coat of dark brown feathers that they will wear when they grow up. Their heads and necks are bare and the skin is a dirty blue. When they are disturbed they try to make people go away and leave them alone by opening their mouths and vomiting all that they have had for dinner. As their food consists very largely of carrion, they are pretty likely to succeed.

EDWARDSVILLE, ILL.—Twenty-five members of Troop 1, under Scoutmaster Dr. H. T. Wharff, went on an annual camping and hiking trip recently. They were joined about noon of the first day by about twelve scouts from Marine, under Scoutmaster L. C. Heim.

PLEASANT CITY, O.—The boy scouts of Troop 1, under Scoutmaster Dr. William Stranathan, recently celebrated what they called "Peace Day." A parade was held in the morning, and evening exercises were held from the steps of the Lutheran church. Major James Laughlin and Rev. Chain, pastor of the M. E. Church, delivered addresses. The exercises were closed with a solo by Master George Jowin, the scouts joining in the chorus. During the entire evening the Pleasant City Citizens' band played. Souvenirs were given out in the form of a little card carrying a small silk American flag, and with a poem written by the Scoutmaster.

SHIPPENSBURG, PA.—Twenty-eight boys and four adults of Troop 2 of the Y. M. C. A. Boy Scouts, returned recently from a two weeks' camp at Quigley's Bridges. The camp was ideal; the boys christened it "Camp Shack-a-maxon" (which was the name of an old Indian chief), and each tent was named after Indian tribes.

Every evening the boys gathered around an immense campfire and listened to the Shack-a-

maxon band, under the leadership of George R. Naugle, which was composed of two fifes, a bugle, pie pan and fish horn, and sang the camp song which was composed by the Scoutmaster. The day was closed by a short devotional service conducted by the scoutmaster. There was a store in camp which was open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. The boys issued a daily paper called "The Ingle Dingle Daily," which was read every evening at campfire, and created much amusement.

VICTORY, N. Y.—Troop 1 enjoyed its first overnight hike recently which took in a distance of about three miles. They camped on a sit near a creek where all enjoyed swimming. Several of the boys passed their second class tests on this trip. These scouts helped the committee on arrangements to keep the grounds clear of all refuse at a recent social held in their city.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Troop 5 has just completed its first annual camp at Riverview, Fla. Through the courtesy of Mr. H. T. Tabor, manager of the Riverview Recreation Park and Casino, the troop had the use of the baseball diamonds, tennis courts, basket and volley ball courts, spring boards and high dives. Mr. F. S. Tousey coached the troop in different sports. This troop recently held a cake sale and a minstrel show, the latter being so successful that they decided to have it again.

ALLENTOWN, PA.—Scout Scribe Ernest Snyder, of Troop 1, reports that $38.50 was recently realized from a play entitled "The Boy Scouts." This, added to the amount already in the treasury, enabled the troop to have a fine camp this year. A feature of the camp was a 50-mile hike to Valley Forge. The troop expects to have 16 dog tents, and full equipment for every member by the time they go to camp next season.

MONTEVIDEO, MINN. — The Daniel Boone Troop has just returned from a hike and camping trip at Lacquin Park Lake, Minn. While on the way some hardships were encountered on account of the heavy rains, and the boys who had wheels had to abandon them, but, after the weather cleared, everyone had a fine time. Camping space was granted them by the Montevideo Boat Club and the boys enjoyed boating, swimming, games and fishing. The troop has a band which practices twice a week.

AKRON, O.—Scout Leander Schlabach reports a very successful hike by Troop 21 under the direction of Scoutmaster Hollenbeck and Dr. Barton. They visited the Akron Y. M. C. A. boys and spent the time in swimming, boating and first-aid instructions.

GREER, S. C.—An overnight hike to Paris Mountain was enjoyed by the members of Troop 2.

REVIERA, TEXAS.—All of the members of Troop 1 are now Second Class Scouts. Two of the scouts, Turner and Sheppard, recently took a hike to an old and haunted Mexican Ranch called La Bovido. The fearsome tales which are told of this place made their undertaking one of both bravery and daring but it was accomplished without mishap, and with an added knowledge of the country and its wild flowers, birds and trees.

GOVANS, MD.—During the three days of the Keuilworth Carnival, Govans troops 1 and 2, 95 of Hamilton and 61 and 53 of Baltimore were encamped on the grounds. No end of good turns presented themselves and were disposed of. The camp was a success and those in charge of the carnival consider the scouts an indispensable feature.

COLUMBUS, MISS.—Organized in March, Troop 1 now has three patrols—Owl, Stag and Eagle, twenty-four members in all. All the members are ready for their second-class tests. They have a well-equipped scout headquarters, credit for which is due largely to the boys themselves. This contains a fine large reading room and a store room for tents and other equipment. They expect to install a shower later.

MONESSEN, PA.—The local troop in company with a number from the Charleroi troop, held a successful camp at Cedar Creek under the direction of Scoutmasters Bowes and Marshall.

HILL, N. H.—Clippings from a local newspaper which have been received at the office of BOYS' LIFE tell of a hike, a clean-up campaign, and an interesting investiture service and demonstration of scouting by the members of the troop of Hill.

FLATONIA, TEX.—Some of the boys on bicycles, others traveling "scout pace" or riding on the "chuck wagon," the scouts of Flatonia hiked to Austin, Texas. The trip was crowded with exciting and interesting events. The boys camped along the way, went fishing, swimming and boating when the opportunity afforded, visited the University of Texas, the Confederate Woman's Home (where a demonstration of scoutcraft delighted the old ladies), the Austin Country Club, the Insane Asylum, the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, the Capitol, and many other interesting points. There were also watermelon suppers and other entertainments.

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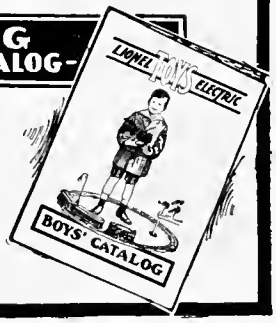


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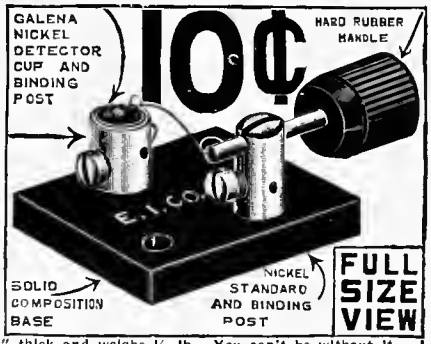


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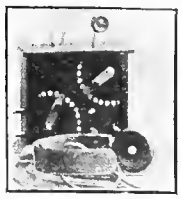

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their tents. With the regular camp tasks, the hiked for two days in search of a good camping place in the mountains. They finally arrived at Dutchman's Canyon where they pitched building of a swimming pool, a trip up Mother Grundy Peak and other good times, the days passed all too quickly.

ORANGE, MASS.—A. W. Evans, Scoutmaster of Troop 2, reports a very successful season at Camp Seton on Lake Wiola, Locks Village, Mass. Part of the time was taken up with an over-night hike to Mt. Tohy and exploration of Sunderland cave.

EUSTACE, TEXAS.—A fine three days' hike was enjoyed by the Hyena Patrol of Troop 1 when they went to beautiful Pelham Lake, located in a dense forest, ten miles from Eustace.

FONDA, N. Y.—Troop 1 went camping at West Caroga Lake in the Adirondack Mountains for a week. They enjoyed it so much that they have resolved to go for a month next year.

PEKIN, ILL.—Troop 2, with Troop 3, of Springfield, had a fine time at Camp Safety First, on Quiver Lake. With plenty of swimming, boating, fishing and baseball they enjoyed this outing to the utmost extent. They were accompanied by Scoutmaster E. H. Cheeseman, of Troop 2, of Pekin.

CATTLESBURG, KY.—A fine band of twenty-two pieces has been organized in Troop 2. This band is now able to give fine concerts and Rev. S. L. Kinnaird would like to hear of similar oragnizations among the scouts.

TOLEDO, ORE.—It is very interesting to read the diary of a member of the scout party who took the fifteen mile hike to Whale Cove in the early summer. He tells of breakers fifteen feet high, while the spray goes fifty. Some of the spruce trees are thirty-six feet in circumference.

BENTON, ILL.—The Scouts of this city, under Scoutmaster C. H. Roe, attended the Old Soldiers' and Sailors' Reunion at Pinckneville. The sixty scouts from Sparta, Du Quoin, Benton, Herrin and Pinckneville attracted considerable attention and were complimented by the veterans and authorities for their conduct and the assistance they rendered.

LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.—Hiking, both coming and going, the scouts of Lambertville spent about ten days in camp nine miles from that city. A hike to Washington, D. C., is their plan for the near future.

KENDRICK, IDA. — Assistant Scoutmaster Ernest Clem reports the annual hike of the scouts, eighty miles back into the hills to their camp on the Clearwater River, as very successful. Two incidents were the inspection of the Jericho Mine and the large Potlach sawmill, which turns out some 350,000 feet of lumber every twenty-four hours. This troop has a fine headquarters, fitted up and maintained entirely by the boys. They have installed two telegraph instruments. Their finance problem was solved, in a measure, by their entertainment recently, which netted $62.65 and by the $25.00 which they earned by cleaning up the village cemetery.

ALDEN, IOWA.—A particularly fine example of the small scout camp was that of the scouts of Alden at Idlewild. Under Scoutmaster Muhleman, the boys spent the days in various branches of scout work, games and other good times.

WINCHESTER, VA.—The first summer camp of the Winchester scouts was held about twelve miles out of the city at the junction of three creeks, which afforded fine boating and swimming. "A good deal of scout work was undertaken and a field day was an event," reports Scoutmaster S. M. Baker.

CAMDEN COUNTY, N. J.—The Labor Day encampment of the Boy Scouts of Camden County was held on Burlington Island. A fine contest was arranged with athletic and scout events in which only registered scouts could compete.

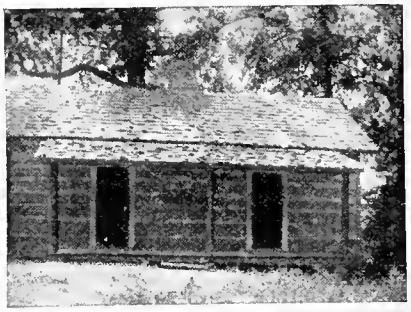
MAMARONECK, N. Y.—The Scout Band of Mamaroneck furnished music during the baseball game played in that city between the teams of Port Chester and Mamaroneck on Labor Day. Their services were greatly appreciated and enjoyed.

NEOSHO, MO.—The scouts of Neosho spent a week at Elk Springs, in the Kansas City scout camp. As it was the first experience of this kind with many of the boys they found it all very interesting, especially their initiation into the "joys" of camp life—dish washing and guard duty.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—An official of the Knoxville scouts was bitten by a five-foot rattlesnake while camping in the mountains near here recently. He immediately applied a tourniquet above the bite, made an incision about the wound with his knife, sucked out the poison and, carrying the snake, which he had killed, walked back to camp, about five miles away.

FRESNO, CAL.—The boy scouts of Troop 3 recently went on a three days' hike to San Joaquin River. They started about six o'clock in the morning and traveled the eleven miles in five hours. Their bedding and supplies were carried on a trek-cart which had been made by some of the members of the troop, and which cost but $2.60. An interesting feature of the camping trip was a council fire, where all the misdemeanors committed by the boys were discussed and the offenders punished adequately.

SPENCER, N. C.—Scout Will Powell of Troop 1, Spencer, N. C., has sent to BOYS' LIFE an interesting description of Boone's cabin on the banks of the Yadkin River. This cabin is a



replica of the cabin in which Daniel Boone lived before he opened the trail through the mountains into Kentucky. The cabin is built on the exact spot where the original structure stood. It is now used as a museum and is filled with a great many interesting articles, such as Indian relics, old documents, pistols and old flint-lock guns, animal skins, etc.

LOGANSPORT, IND.—The report of the Fourth Annual Encampment of Troop 4, held at Culver, teems with interesting facts. One hundred and twenty-six scouts from various nearby Indiana towns were in attendance. The commissary department, under Major Reed M. Burdge and the kitchen, in charge of Sergeant Berkshire, a graduate of the Army Cooking School, were very successful. The sergeant's report shows 1,048 meals served, not including lunches for the night guards at various times. A fine field hospital, complete in every detail, was no small part of the equipment, though luckily it was not kept very busy. The Boy Scout Bank, located in the hospital, handled about $350 in cash as well as valuables and return tickets, and the field post-office handled 1,250 pieces of mail during the eight days' encampment. Mr. Daniel Carter Beard, the National Scout Commissioner, was a visitor and after a thorough inspection he commended the camp highly for its cleanliness and completeness in all details. Other visitors gave interesting talks on various subjects and practical demonstrations were given of various branches of scout work. The field hospital corps of the troop challenges any scout hospital squad in the United States composed of four or eight first class scouts, to compete with them in any branch of scout field work.

The success of this camp is due in a large measure to the leadership of Mr. L. O. Wetzel, Special Field Scout Commissioner, under whose personal command it was conducted.

## A Scout is Helpful

Evidences of scout detective work in the locating of missing persons have come from two cities in Ohio recently. In Youngstown, Mrs. Fred Weller, whose husband had been ill and had been away from home over night, called at the scout headquarters and asked the assistance of the scouts. In fifteen minutes, the scouts were scouring all parts of the city in a search. In a couple of hours, one of the boys, a member of Troop 26, saw Mr. Weller walking with a park policeman. Thinking that the man had been found and knowing the city police would be notified, the scouts called the search off. That evening they learned that the park police were not connected with those of the city and had not learned of the search for Mr. Weller. However, of his own accord, the missing man returned to his home that evening.

The scouts of Norwalk, Ohio, were also of great service in the finding of Waldon Brown a lad afflicted with a malady which mentally incapacitated him at times. This boy wandered away and the police were unable to locate him. The scouts were called out and in a short time they had traced him to a pond on the bank of which they found his cap. The conclusion that

the boy had drowned was later feund to be true and the boys further proved their helpfulness by acting as pallbearers at the funeral and assisting in other ways.

BROKEN BOW, NEB.—During the Nebraska State Sunday School Conventien, under the leadership of their Scoutmaster, the scouts did efficient work in helping take care of the crowds. They met all delegates at trains, acted as escorts, checked and ca ied baggage and received many compliments for their courtesy and willingness at all times.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Scouts are to take charge of parking automobiles at the State Fair during this month. Their duty will be to escort the drivers of motor cars to special parking spaces and in this they will be helping to selve one of the greatest difficulties of fairs of other years. The scouts will also give a number of drills and demonstratiens, serve the public as free escorts, and conduct a first-aid statien.

HASTINGS, NEB.—When a four-year-old boy was lost in Chautauqua Park recently, the scouts were called and within three hours he was returned to his mother by Scouts Bobbitt and McGrew.

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Troop 4 is congratulating Scout Williford on the presence of mind which he showed recently. While making deliveries of garden truck, by which this scout earns money, he noticed a small house burning on the shingle reof. He immediately notified the occupants and called the fire department. His prompt work prevented any material damage to the house.

ATHENS, N. Y.—When the Athens fire department was called out by a fire in one of the residences, they found the boy scouts already on the job with their buckets and before the hose could be laid the fire was under control and no water from the engine was necessary. "This is several times the boys have prevented what might have been disastrous fires and too much cannot be said in praise of their work," says a local paper in reporting this ineident.

RICHMOND, VA.—Another instance in which scout forethought prevented a probable railroad accident is that reported from Richmond. Six scouts, James Ellis, Howard Jones, Charles Redford, Menroe Layne, Will Turner and Jack Turner are being praised as heroes in recogniton of such a service. During a recent terrific storm they took refuge in an empty freight car, and, while there, saw several trees blown aeross the tracks. Knowing a passenger train was due within a few minutes, they braved the elements and informed the watchman of the danger. He then waved to the engine and s.opped it.

LEAVENSWORTH, KAN.—When the Liberty Bell visited this town on its way to San Francisco, the scouts acted as guards and kept the crowds in order. Under the leadership of Scoutmaster S. G. Butcher, these boys went to camp, and during the time there seventeen passed their second class tests.

DOVER, N. J.—Troop 1 was highly commended fer the work which they did during the picnic and parade of the Improved Order of Red Men on July 4. The boys took part in the parade, conducted a first aid tent, and assisted the pelice in maintaining order. As a result of this work, six boys applied for membership.

SHERADEN, PA.—While Scout Samuel Andrews was cruising about in his motor boat on Conneaut Lake he heard calls for assistance and discovered that a mother and her three daughters were struggling in the water. They had heen enjoying a ride on the lake in a skiff which in some manner had been upset. The young man immediately headed his boat for the upturned skiff and arrived just in time to effect the rescue of the entire party. Scout Andrews, because of his timely assistance, became the hero of the cottage colony at Conneant.

## In Memoriam

SCOUT DEE WILSON,
Troop 1, Mart, Texas.
SCOUT CLARENCE DUNCIN,
Troop 3, West Hoboken, N. J.
SCOUT GEORGE ELLIS JOHNSON,
Troop 1, Alexander Valley, Cal.
SCOUT ROBERT REYNOLDS,
Troop 3, Parkersburg, W. Va.
SCOUT FRANCIS SAMUEL THOMPSON,
Troop 1, Florence, N. J.
SCOUT LLOYD JONES ELDERT,
Troop 3, Jamaica, N. Y.
SCOUT WILLIAM OTTO MORIN,
Troop 37, St. Paul, Minn.
SCOUTMASTER
WILLIAM G. HAGENLOCHER,
Troop 2, Greensburg, Pa.
SCOUT JOSEPH B. ALLEN,
Troop 39, Boston, Mass.
SCOUT WILLIAM KARL,
Troop 1, Litchfield, Conn.
SCOUT MONROE MCDONALD,
Troop 1, Medway, Mass.
SCOUT EDWIN E. LONG,
Troop 18, Buffalo, N. Y.
SCOUT GEORGE FOSS,
Troop 1, Dover, N. H.


# 1000 Scout Troops

Are expected to start with our Troop Finance Plan between now and January 1, 1916.

**What is the Troop Finance Plan?**

It is a plan by which any Scout Troop can earn from $15.00 to $40.00 every month in the year.

**It Teaches Scouts to be Thrifty.**

By our plan hundreds of Troops earned money for last summer's camping expenses and for Troop equipment. Single Troops have earned more than $200.00. Many more Troops can do as well

**It Includes Vocational Training.**

Scoutmasters everywhere are invited to ask full particulars. When writing please mention the time when and place where your Troop meets, and the number of Scouts in your Troop.

*Troop Finance Section*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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POISON IVY REMEDY
Relieves all itching. Cures Poison Ivy Poisoning, Chegoe Bites, Chafing, Sun Burn, Itching Piles. No smarting or burning when applied. A free can to any Scoutmaster. Sold by Druggists or shipped by Parcel Post. Price 25 cents.
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Prints 2 and 2½c each, as to size. Send two negatives for free sample prints. Enlargements: 5x7, 10c; 8x10 15c. Our aim is to give you the best work at the lowest price.
GEORGE R. MAPSTONE, Dept. 8, Aurora, N. Y.

**STAMPS**

*[No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.]*

STAMPS. 108 all different. Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps.
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**STAMPS FREE** 100 all different stamps from all countries, free. Postage 2c. Mention this paper. Large album, 15c. If possible send names 2 collectors. We buy stamps.
QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio

**$$—OLD COINS WANTED—$$**
$4.25 each paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. $2 to $500 each paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1895. Send 10c. at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. Get posted; it may mean your good fortune. C. F. CLARKE & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 10, Le Roy, N. Y.

**STAMPS FREE**—75 all diff. for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 5 Bosnia pictures 1906, 10c.; 30 Sweden, 10c.; 6 Roumania 1906 pictures and beads, 10c.; 20 diff. Foreign coins, 25c.; large U. S. cent, 5c. Lists free. We buy stamps and coins. Buying List 10c.
TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

STAMP ALBUM with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Old Mexico, Malay (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., 10c. 100 diff., Jap. N. Zld., etc., 5c. Big List, Coupons, etc., FREE! 1000 Fine Mixed 20c. 1000 Hinges 5c. Agents Wanted, 50%. WE BUY Stamps. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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COIN EXCHANGE, New Rochelle, N. Y.

**ATTENTION!** Illustrated Stamp Album, over 500 spaces, 250 hinges and 100 varieties, stamps, 5c. WRIGHT, 47 Court St., Boston, Mass.

**All for 30c.** A 25c California gold piece, a Columbian nickel, a Coin Book, and a Lucky Seed.
C. J. CAREY, New Rochelle, N. Y.

STAMPS, 105, China, &c., stamp dictionary and list 3,000 bargains 2c. Cata. stps. of world 12c. Agents, 50 per cent. A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A9, Boston, Mass.

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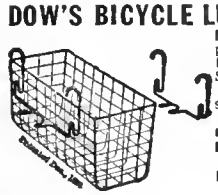

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Can put on or detach instantly with adjustable hook. Good sellers, because the riders all want them and the price is popular.
Write for Prices.
DOW WIRE AND IRON WORKS, Louisville, Ky.


# Hints on Stamp Arrangement

By FRANK L. COES

SUPPOSE, after the detailed directions and illustration published in the September Boys' Life, you have now prepared loose leaves or a loose leaf album for your needs; you have lettered a page or two and are looking for stamps to fill. It is here you need to go slowly.

Let us take a country as an example. One that is in the public eye at present, France. Her first issue was the "Republic" series in 1849 in January, the series being completed in 1850. The head is "Ceres," engraved by Barre, and the stamps are imperforate. Next, August 12, 1852, the "Presidency" issue with Louis Napoleon's head. Following this short series, the "Empire" sets, dating from August 17, 1853, with profile of Napoleon III (same man, but a new title), with changes of color, plates, etc., in 1861, 1862, 1863. Following these, the Republic sets beginning November, 1870, with the "Bordeaux" issue, then the "Paris" issue, October, 1870, changed in 1872, then the "Peace & Commerce" sets of 1876—1892—1898, then the "Blanc" and "Monchon" types, in 1900, with the 40c. and upward of the "Olivier Merson" design. In April, 1902, a new "Monchon" type, and in April, 1903, the "sower" in issues of 1906—1907. This series, you see, shows all the dates of governmental changes, the year of the previous German invasion (1870-72) and the story of the re-issue in Paris of the first Republic types, and then on down the varied line of issues to date.

Perhaps your series shows only stamps of 1872 onward. Mount them in proper order, leaving spaces, if needful. Later, when the earlier issues come to hand, you'll need to insert a leaf, or remount a leaf and insert two, as need be. How much simpler this is than having a page for each series to start with and no specimens at all. Get an old Gibbons catalog, when you can, and you'll have all the names of designers, printers, and types at hand. Remember that each of the changes I write in that list meant something to France, its people and its Government. Thus you may make of your album and collection a diary of historic events that you will learn twice as quickly from writing the dates on your pages. It is wonderful how readily events impress themselves when they are connected on the pages by the stamps and the intimate information about the little pictures.

Our own U. S. stamps do not picture changes in Government, but they do recall men, events and more or less history of moment. If we think of revenues as part of our stamp history we have a long line of events well recorded.

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A scout asks about mounting for the best effect. This must be a matter of individual taste always. If the stamps to be mounted are all of one size, it is impossible to relieve the monotony by grouping, or by curved top lines, or both. If you are mounting shades of the same stamp, this is even more to be considered. Some expert mounting depends as much on position and balance as on the colors and lettering. And again it is here that the youthful desire to be "different" should be carefully curbed. The difference between good and bad arrangement is so small that one cannot afford to run any risks. Always lean toward the quiet, orderly and unobstructive. Sometimes a title page with a design of stamps, or a commemorative set mounted in a fanciful form, will add to the album's attractiveness, but repeated effects of this kind usually end by giving the eye a tired feeling, and the display loses its interest. A sample page of "plain" mounting in a scout's album has straight lines of stamps in numbers, as follows: (beginning with the top line) 3—7—5—5—7. The odd numbers giving a chance to use a center line to advantage and the five lines across dividing his page so there was ample room for notes and lettering.

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It is becoming an every-day thing for one parent or another to ask me for the "rules for collecting stamps." Even scouts with collections of merit ask if this or that is the best way. To meet these questions, let me say that the "way to begin" is to acquire some stamps. Buy them, trade for them, get Uncle Dick to donate his old album, hunt them in the garret, rescue them from the neighbors; but get some stamps. Like the honey bee, go after the thing you need as he does for honey. You can't get too many or too great a variety. Then, in order, come the tasks of preparing them for mounting (removing the paper that adheres), sorting, locating by number in the catalog and finally mounting in your album. Intermediate steps to those of us who are not able to buy the album and the initial stamps needed are the building of the album and the trading of duplicates for needed space fillers. The three really indispensable things are catalog, hinges (or mounts) and tongs. The catalog need not be the latest, in fact, one four or five years old will do for some time; but the mounting hinges and the tongs should be good. The mounts "peelable" and the tongs with points that will not scratch or damage the stamps.

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I have a criticism from a scout like this: "I went into a stamp store the other day, and the man used his fingers on every stamp he showed me." "Why do you say tongs should be used?" Because, Rollo, they are usually clean, always sure, and in the end more rapid. It is unpleasant to me to have a salesman slip me a stamp out of a stock book with the moistened end of a smudgy finger. For myself, I like to make my own mo-

tions count, and the accuracy and rapidity are an object. This is leaving cleanliness out of it. When you mount quantities you will find the tongs will multiply your speed by three, perhaps four.

A Southern scout asks if "war covers" will increase in value and which are best to keep. If he is fortunate to get many, I would suggest keeping all till the war ends. There are certain to be some with marks that will be of value, either as aids to the placing of the troops or the methods and places of censorship. I have just found a brand-new Russian censor stamp in a lot of supposed duplicates. After you are sure there is nothing else to be learned, you can trade the covers or the dismounted stamps to your less favored correspondents or friends. They will be glad to get them, and the saving will mean something to you.

This is one of the things that I try to impress deeply. Every item of note, cancellation, censor label or stamp, corps or base post-mark, mean something, and the something may be of value to you later. The same rule applies to ordinary letters, to letters with precancels or to ordinary foreign mail. I do not ordinarily counsel study of post-marks and cancellations, but because of the war they have new and unusual meanings.

The "Shut-ins" were the subject of a paragraph not so long ago. Just keep them in mind from now till Christmas. Stamps are so easy for a sick boy or girl to handle that they are an ideal gift. I have a letter from a little cripple in Georgia (written by his mother) thanking the givers of stamps and a catalog and album. It is hard to be deprived of one faculty, and this little man finds his one hand can help him enjoy the stamps, although he can neither walk nor write. Don't forget the "Shut-ins."

## Respect for the Flag

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In order to acquaint people with the proper forms of respect to the flag, the members of Troop 44, of Brooklyn, N. Y., of which Robert Davison is scoutmaster, is distributing cards to all residents in their district, bearing the following information:

The customary forms of respect due to the flag are:

1. It should not be hoisted before sunrise nor allowed to remain after sunset.
2. At "retreat," sunset, civilian spectators should stand at attention and give the military salute.
3. When the national colors are passing on parade or review, the spectators should, if walking, halt, and if sitting, rise and stand at attention and uncover.
4. When the flag is flown at half staff as a sign of mourning it should be hoisted to full staff at the conclusion of the funeral. In placing the flag at half mast, it should be first hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position. Preliminary to lowering from half staff it should be first raised to top.
5. On Memorial Day, May 30th, the flag should fly at half mast from sunrise until noon, and full staff from noon to sunset.

## State Parks Made Bird Reserves

The necessary legal steps have been taken by which the five state parks of Wisconsin have been made into bird reserves. This will be of great value in preserving all kind of bird life, and especially important in view of the threatened extermination of certain species.

.22 Cal. AUTOLOADING RIFLE

Remington UMC

—the .22 Autoloader That Really Works

IT is a fine thing for a fellow to get a .22 Autoloader that he knows is made just exactly like the celebrated Remington-UMC Big Caliber Rifles—with the famous *Remington-UMC Autoloading Mechanism.*

Sixteen shots—handling Remington-UMC Autoloading .22 Cartridges (*rim-fire*). The simple pressure of your finger fires the shot, ejects the empty and slips in a fresh cartridge. Magazine in stock, Hammerless, Solid Breech, .22-inch Remington Steel Barrel.

If you want a *hand-operated* repeater, ask your dealer to show you the Remington-UMC .22 Repeater.

Go to the dealer who shows the *Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC.* He specializes in these rifles and the Remington-UMC ammunition you ought to have for any make of arm.

*"Write for booklets 'Four American Boys Who Are Famous Rifle Shots' and 'Boy Scout Marksmanship.'"*

**Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.**
**Woolworth Building (233 Broadway) New York**

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New, illustrated, cloth-bound edition; containing everything the boy camper should know, with full instructions for camping under all conditions. Numerous helpful illustrations by Norman P. Rockwell. **OUR OFFER**—For One new Subscription to BOYS' LIFE, the official Boy Scout magazine, at $1, we will send the "BOY'S CAMP BOOK" FREE, all charges prepaid by us.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York

Goodyear-Akron Bicycle Tires $2.48

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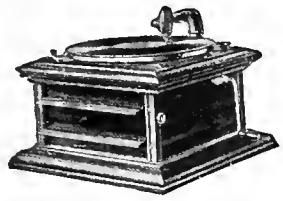
bicycle and *know* you have the best. Buy a machine you can **prove** before accepting. **DELIVERED FREE** on approval and *30 days' trial,* **NO EXPENSE** to you if, after trial you do not wish to keep it. **LOW FACTORY COST,** great improvements and values *never before equalled.* **WRITE TODAY** for our *big catalog* showing our *complete line* of 1916 bicycles, **TIRES,** sundries and parts, and learn the wonderful *new offers* and terms we will give you. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies at *factory to user prices.* **Do not buy** until you *know* what we can do for you. A postal card brings everything.

**MEAD CYCLE CO.** Dept. D-17 **CHICAGO**

# Chip in and get a Columbia Grafonola



This Model, $25

This Model, $50

Every Boy Scout Patrol in camp, gymnasium, or drill work can make exceptionally good use of a Columbia Grafonola.

Any Columbia dealer will arrange, free of charge, to deliver a Columbia Grafonola (any type of instrument that you prefer) together with sufficient Columbia Records, allowing you a few days' free trial, that you may know for yourself the inspirational, disciplinary and teaching possibilities of this perfected modern invention.

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Columbia Note the Notes

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EVERYWHERE



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Holly, Floral and Santa Claus boxes. "Christmas Greeting," "New Year," etc., pencils in Green and White stripes.

New—send for illustrations. One Pencil with name, 10c. Also largest line "Ad" pencils for *business houses.*

**C. L. DAMON, 441 Tremont Avenue, New York**


# Our Lonesome Corner

## Any Boy Can Do It

### This is the Way

Pick out the name of a boy.
Write a letter to him.
Address an envelope with his name and the right postage.
Put your own name and address on the reverse side of the inside envelope.
Don't seal that envelope.
Enclose it in another, addressed to the boy, in care of BOYS' LIFE. Mail this to us and we will forward it.
If your letter is to a boy in North America or England, put on a two-cent stamp. If it is to go to any other country abroad, five cents.

NOW that the summer is over, and boys have returned to their homes from camping and vacation trips, we are expecting an increased interest in the Lonesome Corner. You'd better get busy on your letter-writing at once so you will be able to build up an interesting list of correspondents before the long winter evenings are here. You will have a lot of things to write about, too, with all your summer experiences to relate. Select a few names from the lists given below and remember that "WRITE NOW" is the Lonesome Corner motto.

AMERICAN BOYS WITH HOBBIES

Eben Akkala, Mich.; patrol leaders on how to carry out scout plan; Australian scouts.
P. Batteix, N. J.; Correspond with French boys; photographs and music.
William J. Begeer, Cal.; scouts employed by Forestry Service, Holland and California scouts, preferably those from San Francisco
James Bentley, Ala.; stamps.
Bennie Breed, Mass.; foreign scouts, foreign coins, preferably from Japan, China, Turkey and Canada.
William A. Burke, Ohio; cartooning, scouts in Ireland.
John Burns, Texas; what made your troop popular.
Clarence E. Carty, Md.; bugling, signalling, camping, swimming.
C. Ebbe Carlson, Conn.; bird and wild flower study, building bird houses.
Harold Melbourne Carpenter, Wis.; American and foreign scouts.
A. Winnard Chadwick, Fla.; stamps, patrol leaders, exchange postcards.
Stanley Clay, Mo.; second class scouts about hiking.
Lowell Collyer, Ind.; first aid, boys in Germany.
J. Fred Crow, Ala.; foreign scouts.
Liston Crow, Ala.; boys in France.
Winfield R. Datoush, N. Y.; boys named Winfield, scouts in war zone, especially France.
Paul Dryzmalla, Fla.; 16-17 year old patrol leaders, foreign scouts.
James G. Edward, R. I.; exchange postcards with boys in San Francisco, England, Canada, Alaska; American boys about golf.
David Getts, Cal.; camping, hikes, first aid and thirteen-year-old scouts.
Abel Greenstein, N. Y.; amateur journalism and magazine printing.
Claude W. Harkins, N. J.; boys from 15 to 18 years from United States, France, England, Belgium, Italy, Scotland and Japan.
Stanley Horka, N. J.; Postcards of statues or historic houses, etc.; also autographs, baseball, athletics, curios, relics, photography and stamps.
Junius Ives, Fla.; books, camping, cycling stamps.
Everett I. Johnson, Wis.; stamps, photography, Indian relics, brass bands, music—piano and cornet, swimming, boys in war zone, all foreign scouts.
Jesse Jones, Jr., Texas; boys who own wireless outfits.
W. Corydon Kohl, Mass.; 15 and 16-year-old boys in South and West; stamps and baseball.
Frank Kuhn, Ala.; stamps.
Hazel W. Lawson, W. Va.; baseball, German and French scouts.
Charles E. McLaughlin, Me.; cornet music, bugle calls, camps.

Fred Meyers, Texas; fishing and hunting.
Wil Powell, N. C.; troop problems, patrol problems and hikes. Would also like to exchange kodak pictures with other scouts.
Roy V. Price, Ohio; motion pictures, relics, postcards; correspond with boy in every state and all foreign countries.
Clarence Sieber, Pa.; music, trees, bugling, stamps; boys in Pennsylvania.
Francis P. Squibb, Ind.; stamps, postcards, chemistry, second class scouts, patrol leaders, boys from Mexican border.
H. M. Smith, Ala.; bird study, school work, German boy in his own language.
Howard Stutz, N. Y.; correspond with boys in South and West on entomology.
Dewey M. Taft, Mo.; correspond with boys whose last name is "Taft"; printing, cycling, stamp and coin collections.
Elbert C. Taft, Mo.; boys from New So. Wales, or any foreign country about stamps, boys in Denver, Colo.
Henry E. Thomson, Jr., Ill.; camping and hiking.
George Wanamaker, N. Y.; scouts in War Zone, England and Canada.
Franz Wiseman, Ohio; fishing, hunting and scouting.

FOREIGN

Walter Hammond, England; wireless, aviation.
H. Harvey Hitchcock, Hawaii; camping, hiking and scout work.
Antonio Ledenna, Cuba; exchange postcards.
F. Herons Newey, England; exchange postcards.
Harry L. Ross, Hawaii; troop financing, signalling, and first aid.

Following is a list of names of boys who wish to receive letters on any subject at all:

AMERICAN

Robert Coffin, Wisc.
Clyde Long, N. C.
Otto Pfannekuchen, Wash.
Gerhard Bergen, Minn.
Luke Hanks, Miss.
Arthur McCall, Ill.
C. O. Sayler, Md.
Milton Weinstein, N. Y.

FOREIGN

Arthur E. Christopherson, China
Heng Dswen He, China
Ohen Yuin, Siu, China
Hu Mao Fa, China
Chiao Ding I, China
J. W. Spence, England

The following boys have sent letters through the Lonesome Corner for the first time:

AMERICAN

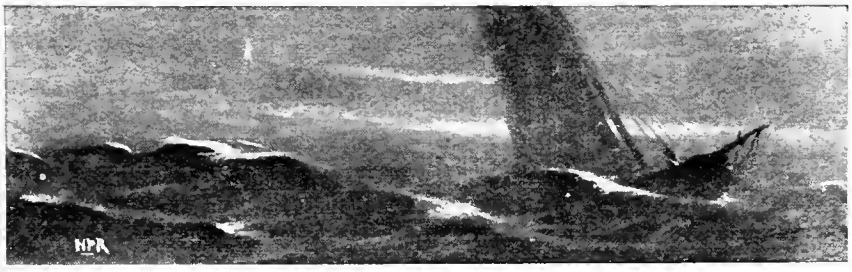
Chauncey N. Allen, N. Y.
Lanier Barrow, La.
Joe Bell, Jr., Ala.
Daniel Blum, Wisc.
H. Kier Budd, Pa.
Clifton Churchill, S. D.
Kenneth Corbett, Wisc.
Lee Donahue, Wisc.
Louis F. Eley, N. H.
Ben Evans, Ohio
H. Frank, N. J.
Edward Gilkey, Minn.
Lewis Guilford, Ind.
Frank Hayes, N. Y.
Harold J. Heintz, N. Y.
Russell S. Hoffer, Ind.
William T. Jones, Ohio
Harry Kaiser, Ill.
Isabel Kelly, Ind.
Ross Laporte, N. Y
W. Leroy MacGowan, Pa.
Harold E. Marr, Mass.
Charles A. May, Vt.
Clinton Miller, Iowa
Allen J. Olson, Iowa
Irl Park, Ore.
John Pullman, N. Y.
Edward C. Read, Mass.
Malcolm Rittenhouse, Ind.
Arthur Seaton, Wash.
Cloyd E. Small, Me.
James Stokes, Texas
J. B. Austin, Mo.
Leslie P. Beebe, Conn.
Arthur Biddle, Pa.
Frank Boone, Tenn.
Dean Burkholder, O.
Richard H. Cooley, Pa.
Robert Dial, Ohio
Ralph H. Dudley, Va.
Russel W. Erdman, Pa.
Joseph W. Ford, Mo.
Malcolm Franklin, Ill.
A. Grage, N. Y.
Edwin Hageman, Wisc.
J. Ward Hicks, Va.
Alnis Johnson, Tenn.
Willis Jones, Texas
Harold E. Kauffman, Kan.
Harold Kennedy, Mass.
Baron McLean, Col.
Carl Marback, Ohio
Felix Martinkoski, Mich.
Frederick P. Mayer, Pa.
John L. Moore, Ohio
William Olson, Mich.
Charles Prager, N. Y.
Harold Pruitt, Ind.
Shirler B. Reed, N. J.
John K. Robertson, Ore.
Ben Shaw, Texas
A. B. Stokes, Texas
Arthur Sullivan, Ill.
Peter Thompson, Conn.
John Waters, Ill.
Foster Welch, Pa.
Frazier Vance, Ill.
James H. Wallace, Colo.
Wallace West, Tenn.
Frank B. Woodford.

FOREIGN

Hugh Black, Australia
Robert B. Messeroy, Canada
Ernest Charty, Australia
G. J. C. Plenty, South Australia

# Saved by the Rolling Hitch

(*Continued from page 3*)



*The barque lay wallowing in the trough of the sea.*

the vessel rolled toward him and he saw the danger of the broken mast crashing against the side of the ship, the spirit of obedience asserted itself, and, though sick and bruised, he tried his best to fend off the spar. Once, twice, and again, three times, he succeeded, and though his shoulder hurt fearfully, the excitement kept him from giving way under the strain.

Greatly daring, the ship's carpenter perched himself on the rail a minute, with a looped rope under his arms, and leaped into the sea. He was a powerful swimmer and though he was carrying a heavy axe, with a stroke or two he came to the spar and straddled it. A few terrific welts, first through the leather collar with the axe, and then through the iron band with hammer and cold chisel, released the upper topsail yard. The way it sprang away, when released, showed the speed with which the *Constitution* was tearing through the water.

Fortunately the mast was lying on the water with the yards beneath. Although the huge iron pin holding the collar of the lower topsail yard was rusted in, the strength of the Norwegian sufficed. A succession of heavy blows drove out the pin. The carpenter then crawled along the spar, and holding himself on with one hand as best he could, chopped through the upper mast immediately below the topgallant yard.

The seas dashed over him and strove to wrench him from his grasp. But he chopped on. It seemed incredible to Jetty that the man would ever be able to hack his way through the hard pitch pine timber tossing up and down on the waves, but the carpenter had used his axe from boyhood in the pine-forested regions of

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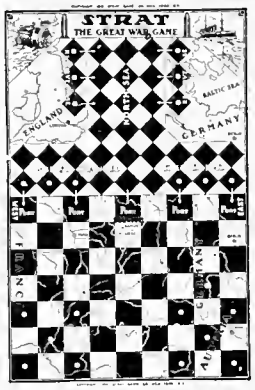


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his home, and the wood came away in great flakes.

Finally the mast was free and lay rolling in the trough of the ocean. As, however, the carpenter leaned forward for a final stroke, a rope caught his foot and pulled him from his grasp upon the spar into the seething sea. Jetty, though busy every minute trying to keep the spar from punching a hole in the side of the ship, saw the carpenter slip. He yelled for help, but had forgotten the precaution the Norwegian had taken in tying a rope under his arms, and, a moment later, to his relief, he saw the dripping but undaunted sailor hauled aboard.

As soon as the mast was clear, Jetty heard himself called.

"Boy, make fast this rope!"

The lad looked up. The second mate had coiled a heavy line and was standing by the rail swinging it for a throw. The first time it fell short. The second time, the coils went through the air like a springing snake and fell right beside him. He grabbed the rope, and, as quickly as he could, made two half hitches around the spar. Three or four of the men tallied on to the line and began to pull the spar in-board. Slowly the spar came in, the combined on-rush of the vessel and the tilting of the spar keeping Jetty under water half the time. Though strangling and grasping for breath, the boy hung on.

THEN, to his horror, with a succession of short jerks, the knot began to slip, each jerk nearly tossing him into the sea. Finally the rope slipped entirely and the spar fell back into the sea. Not only that, but with the next roll of the vessel, the spar came crash against the side of the ship with a shock that made her quiver from truck to keelson.

"Make a rolling-hitch, ye snail-fingered jellyfish!" roared the mate, coiling up the line and throwing it again.

With a sinking in the pit of his stomach Jetty tried to think how a rolling-hitch was made. He had never seen one used during the two years he had been at sea, and, for the life of him, he could not recall what it was like. Suddenly he remembered that, the last time he had been home, he had been showing off to his chum, who was a Boy Scout, the knots he had learned at sea and his friend had shown him others that he had not known. Was it? Yes, that was right! One of the knots his boy scout friend had shown him was a rolling hitch. How did it go? The boy's mind worked in a ferment, trying to picture the scene at home, as the rope came whirling through the air.

Then, like a vision, as he reached out to grasp the rope, came the figure of his friend in the khaki scout uniform, with the look of pride on his face as he showed the young sailor some knots the latter had failed to learn at sea. The feel of the rope in his hand brought back to Jetty the very motions of the knot, and leaning down with the sea roaring over him and about him, with death threatening him every instant, deftly and quickly he tied the required knot—the only knot which would hold, the knot on which his very life depended.

The rope tautened, and, in a half-panic, the boy watched the knot. But it was a true rolling hitch and took the strain instantly. Gradually the spar came to the side and lifted. Here was the strain. Would the knot slip? Once there came a little jerk and the boy's heart was in his

mouth. But it was only the knot tightening.

Higher and higher came the spar until the end swung inboard. Then the carpenter, leaning over the rail, reached out one long gaunt arm—he had thrown his oilskins off before plunging into the sea—grabbed Jetty by the collar and pulled him over the side.

LITTLE the boy cared that somebody kicked him to one side as he lay on the deck exhausted. It was enough that he was safe and that the spar had been hauled aboard for a jury-mast, to make a means to rig up some head sails and steer the vessel to port. It was good to lie there, even on the wet and heaving deck. Then he heard, in the first mate's voice:

"How many inches in the well, Carpenter?"

There was a pause and he heard the rattle of the sounding rod.

"Seven, sir."

"She'll keep afloat, but that's about all. Four men to the pumps. Here, you," a seaboot caught Jetty in the ribs, "take your spell at the pumps."

The boy, with a groan, got up, in spite of his bruises, and went to the great iron wheel by the mainmast, which was already revolving steadily, and in his clear boyish treble started the old chanty:

"Oh-h, in Ri-i-o Gra-a-ande, where I-I was born;

"Heave awa-a-ay for Ri-i-o!"

## This is the Rolling Hitch

This knot is used where a rope is to be bent to a spar or another rope where the pull is in a parallel line.

Make the first turn around the spar the same as in a clove hitch; then make another turn the same as the first; this gives two turns instead of one, as in the first part of the clove hitch. The third turn is the same as the second turn of the clove hitch. The rolling hitch is used where the standing part leads along the spar instead of away from it, where the clove hitch is used. The rolling hitch jams so that it will not slip in the direction of the side where the two turns over the standing part are made.—From *Nautical Scouting.*

## Where the Earth Is Thickest

Have you ever wondered at just what place on its surface is the earth's largest diameter? Of course, everyone would realize after stopping to think for a moment that it would be some point on the equator. A line through the Himalaya Mountains would come out in the Indian Ocean, so that point could not be taken. It has recently been determined by very exact scientific measurements that an imaginary line drawn from the top of Mt. Chimboraz in Ecuador on one side and coming out on the northeast side of the Isle of Sumatra near the strait of Malacca would probably be the longest line that could be drawn through the surface of the earth.

A troop of scouts is now being organized in the Onondaga Indian reservation New York State, by M. Alberti De Frank, an Oneida Indian.


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**Scout Troops will take full advantage of their Saturdays for jolly hikes and for passing off out of door tests for the next rank above.**

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# "The Quartermaster Says"

## Chats with the Equipment Man

By Frederick N. Cooke, Jr.

Secretary, Committee on Scout Supplies

WHAT ought a scout to have in the way of supplies and equipment to enable him to be identified as a scout, and to be in a position to render service of one kind and another when opportunity arises?

The Quartermaster has been told of many instances where boys in everyday clothes, and wearing no emblem of any kind, have been identified as scouts by their manly bearing, courtesy and quickness to take advantage of a chance to do a good turn, however trifling.

But there are times, at meetings, rallies on hikes and in camp, when it is desirable that a uniform be worn. This saves the everyday clothes when indulging in some of the more strenuous scout activities.

For wear during all but the summer months, most scouts make use of a uniform consisting of the improved regulation felt hat, and khaki coat with breeches to match. There is a choice of shirts in light weight khaki and standard weight, and also a woolen shirt. To complete the uniform scouts may wear either olive drab canvas puttees, or stockings, either of wool or cotton.

For use during warm weather and in camp "shorts" are coming into very great favor and in sections of the country where the climate is uniformly mild these are worn all year 'round. The average scout looks very snappy in an outfit consisting of the standard khaki hat of light weight, one of the scout skirts, preferably woolen, neckerchief and shorts with woolen stockings turned down below the knee.

---

The neckerchief is really one of the most important parts of a scout's outfit, for two reasons. First, to remind the scout of his daily good turn, by placing in it an extra knot which can be untied after the daily "good turn" has been performed, and second, to show, by the color worn, the troop to which he belongs, as all boys in the troop wear the same color. They may be worn with any of the outfits spoken of above.

---

Every scout is obliged to be versed in the use of a compass and to know how to use a knife and axe. So there is provided a line of compasses from which to select, and an official axe of superior quality equipped with a sheath. Similarly, there is a choice of official knives

Some boys wear their knife on one of the snap hooks of the belt, and the scout whistle on the other. Since the adoption of the scout lanyard, however, many boys are wearing knife or whistle on that.

Before a scout can reach first class rank, or even second class, he must learn simple camp cookery without the aid of home cooking utensils. There are, therefore, for his convenience, two styles of "mess kit" with which he may pass his tests. The first of these outfits consists of a soup can, cup, stew or fry pan and a very convenient little folding wire broiler, all of these parts pack closely together, and there is a handle for each article. More recently an aluminum cook kit has been coming into popular use consisting of fry pan with patent handle, small cooking pot with cover, and stew pan which also serves as plate or soup bowl. There is also included a drinking cup, and a fork and spoon. A khaki carrying case to match the uniform and having an adjustable strap, makes the kit complete.

To make sure of at least a little pure drinking water in case of emergency, on the hike, many scouts wear the aluminum canteen, the capacity being a little more than a quart. The shape is flat so that it conforms to the body when slung over the shoulder with the adjustable carrying strap. It has an olive drab color.

---

Scouts are often in a position to render exceptional service through their knowledge of first aid. A well equipped scout, therefore, may be expected to number among his possessions a first aid outfit, several of which are offered by the Supply Department.

Purely as a matter of enjoyment a field glass is a valued possession. It is especially helpful in connection with such scout activities as signalling, bird study and astronomy.

All of this seems like a big lot of equipment for one boy, but remember we started out to inquire about everything that a fully prepared scout might require for his convenience or to render service to others. Again, let it be said, that there are plenty of boys who have risen to high scout rank without uniform or any special equipment. In this article, the Quartermaster has tried to answer a question which has frequently been asked with the belief that it will be of general interest.

# The Riot Wedge

(*Continued from page* 8.)

mostly because the fellows on either side of him had not stirred. He dug his teeth into his under lip to keep back a frightened whimper, and then, of a sudden the clear, high voice of Mr. Curtis rang out even above the deafening din and turmoil.

"Troop Three prepare to form double riot wedge! One!"

Instinctively Dad leaped two paces forward and a little to the right. In like fashion the others darted to their positions with the swift precision of machines. Not a scout failed. Even Bennie Rhead, frightened as he was, made no mistake, and in a thrice the wedge was complete.

"Two!" shouted the scoutmaster.

Down swung the staves, interlocking in a double barrier of stout hickory, backed by equally sturdy muscle. The scoutmaster had barely time to place himself swiftly in front of the apex of the wedge before the mob struck it.

"Hold fast, boys!" he cried. "Brace your feet and don't let them break the line." He flung up both arms in the face of the maddened throng.

"Stop!" he shouted. "You can't get out this way; The stairs are impassable. Stop crowding! There's no danger if you keep your heads. The escapes are in good order. The windows——"

The rest was choked off by the crushing weight of the mob dashing against the barrier. Even in the second row Dad felt the double line shake and give under the strain and instinctively he dropped a shoulder against the pressure and spread out his legs to get a brace. Bob Mellvaine must have noticed what he was doing, for he shouted to the others to follow Dad's example, and presently the line steadied and held. Then a shrill whistle cut through the clamor, stilling it a little and making it possible to hear the stentorian voice of Captain Chalmers from somewhere in the rear of the crowd.

"You can't get out by the stairs. The fire escapes at both front and rear are in good order. Ladders will soon be raised to the other windows. There's no danger if you only keep your heads. Stop crowding and form in line at the windows. Scouts will see that these lines are kept, and that the women and children are taken out first."

An inarticulate murmur followed his words, but the wild din of a moment before was not resumed. In a moment, too, the pressure of bodies against the double line of scouts about the door began to relax as those in the rear made haste to seek other ways of escape. Presently it had ceased entirely, and as the boys straightened from their cramped positions, Mr. Curtis turned to face them.

"I'm proud of you, fellows," he said in a low, quick tone. "That was corking! Steady, now, for a minute or two longer."

That minute or two seemed the longest space of time Dad Gibson had ever known. Now that the stress and strain of strenuous action was removed, he had time to think, to wonder—to be afraid. His mother and father were both here; so was Ted and little Flossie. Had they been in that awful crush, he wondered, as his anxious gaze flashed from one to another of the scurrying groups. Had they been hurt? The smoke was pouring thicker into the hall, stinging in his eyes and catching his throat in a choking sort of grip.

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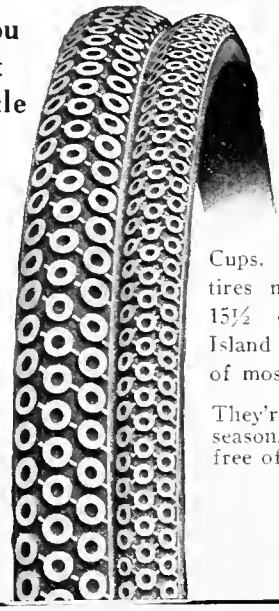

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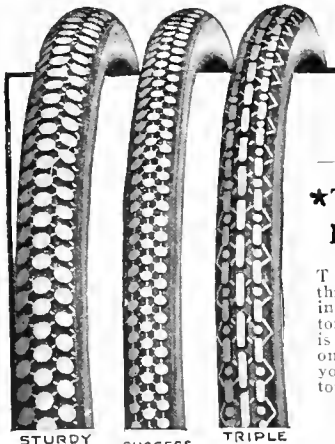


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Through the open windows came the clash and clang of engines, the muffled roar of excited crowds gathering below. Dad could see nothing of his mother or the children, and a dry sob came from his tight lips.

"'Tention!" called the scoutmaster sharply. "We'll take the two windows at this side of the front, fellows. Line up on either side of them and keep the crowd in order. Women and children first, remember. Left, face! March!"

Dad pivoted mechanically and moved forward in step with Bob McIlvaine. Through the swirling smoke he could see that the other troops had gathered at different windows and were keeping the crowd in line, helping the women and small children through to the fire escapes or out onto the ladders which had just been raised. By this time the men had, for the most part, recovered from their panic and were assisting in the work.

In a corner Jim Crancher, still in his costume of patent medicine fakir, with false beard pushed around under one ear, knelt beside a woman who had fainted, and was reviving her with salts and ammonia from an open kit beside him. Somehow, Dad found nothing funny in his appearance—on the contrary, he wondered admiringly, whether Jim was as cool as he seemed to be, and even found time for a twinge of remorse at his unjust criticism of the fellow's acting. Then his thoughts flashed back to his mother, and his anxiety broke out afresh, not to be quelled until he suddenly caught sight of her in the line of people close by the next window. She was carrying Flossie, and his father had Ted over a shoulder. They both looked so calm and brave that Dad's spine stiffened, and when he caught his mother's eye a moment later, he was able to smile and wave his hand almost as carelessly as if his heart wasn't pounding unevenly at the sudden realization that not a scout could stir until all, everybody, was safe out of the building.

It wasn't a conscious longing for any one else's place. It was blind fear, pure and simple, and though he tried to crush it down by thinking of the people he was helping, it persisted and grew stronger just as the smoke grew steadily denser and more choking, and the crackle of flames seemed to come from behind the closed doors with ominous distinctness. When the lights suddenly went out, it was all he could do to keep from crying out in terror. A moment later his panic reached its height, when he discovered that Mr. Curtis had disappeared from his place beside the window.

"He's gone!" he gasped, choking with the smoke. "He's got away and left us."

In his saner moments he would have realized the impossibility of such a thing, but he wasn't quite sane now. Instinctively he took a quick step out of the line toward the window, but Wesley Becker's sharp voice halted him.

"Steady, Dad! Not quite yet. We'd better lie down on the floor, fellows. The air's better, clearer there."

Dad dropped down with the others and was instantly aware of the difference. Within a foot of the floor there was scarcely any smoke, and he could breathe quite freely. A moment later the scoutmaster staggered out of the murky darkness behind them, carrying a red fire bucket half full of water.

"Found it — in the — coat room," he gasped, when he had gulped some fresh air from the window. "Dip your handkerchiefs

in it, boys—and breathe through them. We'll be out—in a jiffy now."

By this time the women and children were all out, and the men hustling down the ladder as swiftly as they could. But as Dad lay panting at full length, wet handkerchief over nose and mouth, he could see through the blackness of the hall a bright line of fire that marked the crack beneath the double doors. Under his body, too, the floor felt hot and he could sense a queer, uneven pulsation, as if the boards were moving. What if the flames should burst through before they could get away? What if——.

He shivered violently and began to cry softly to himself. Then all at once something seemed to whisper through his brain, "A scout is brave," and he remembered scraps of a talk on courage Mr. Curtis had given them one Friday not so many weeks ago.

"No one can help feeling fear. It's something that comes, or doesn't come, in spite of anything we can do to the contrary. There are mighty few people in this world who have never known it. True courage is really keeping cool and facing danger like men, no matter how much afraid we may actually be deep in our own hearts."

Dad's sniffling ceased, and he ground his teeth together. Resolutely turning his gaze away from that glowing crack, he discovered to his surprise that the window was almost free of people. In another moment or two the scoutmaster's voice sounded crisply.

"All ready, fellows. As I call your names, slip out on the ladder and get down as quickly as possible. Keep your heads, though, and don't run any chance of falling. In passing the lower windows be sure and hold your breath so's not to breathe in any smoke or flame. Ready? Rex Slater!"

Like a flash Rex was up and through the window. Another boy followed and another still. Mr. Curtis was calling their names in the order in which they crouched along the floor. Waiting with taut nerves and ears strained from anxious suspense, Dad became aware of a stifled sobbing from the boy on his left, and when his own name was called he yielded to a sudden impulse.

"You go, Jack!" he exclaimed, catching the smaller boy by the shoulders and thrusting him forward.

The lad scuttled to safety like a startled rabbit. Dad felt a momentary glow of self-approval, followed swiftly by a pang of keen regret. An instant later there came a crash, a roar, a sudden blinding burst of flames, a wave of scorching heat that seemed to sear into his very soul. He flung up both hands before his eyes, and as he did so, two arms grasped him about the body and fairly whirled him through the window to the ladder.

"Catch hold and slide!" commanded the scoutmaster. "Hustle!"

Mechanically, as he had done a score of times in their fire drills out at Mr. Curtis's farm, Dad curled legs and arms around the ladder sides, shut his eyes, and slid. Part way down a blast of heat struck his face; then hands caught him, easing his descent, and he found himself on the ground with firemen all around and the cool spray from one of the big copper-nozzled hoses drifting over him.

In a moment Mellvaine stood beside him. Then Wes. Becker landed safely. Last of all, the scoutmaster himself, hair singed and clothes smoking, shot out of


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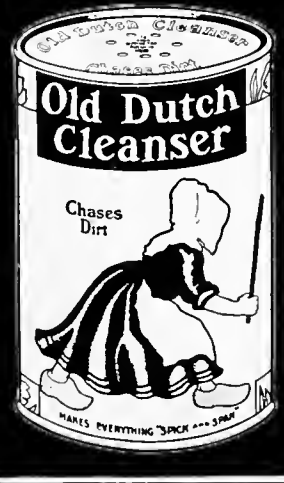

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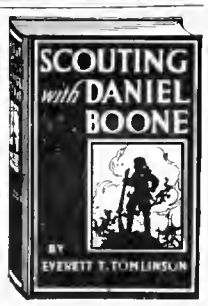

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the flame-tinged cloud and came down the ladder with a rush. A moment later Dad found himself in his mother's arms.

* * * * *

IT was after school next day, and a crowd had gathered on the steps about one of the fellows who was reading aloud from an early copy of the town paper. Almost the entire front page was devoted to a graphic account of the fire, in which full credit had been given the boy scouts.

"The town may well be proud of the courage and discipline displayed by the members of this admirable organization," the reader concluded with a flourish. "But for them there would undoubtedly have been many injuries to record, with perhaps even a loss of life. Particular credit must be given to the quick wit of Scoutmaster Gordon Curtis, and the extraordinary steadiness of his troop. Placed in double lines across the entrance to the hall, they stopped that first panicky rush for the burning stairs and undoubtedly saved numberless women and children from being badly crushed."

"Hooray!" shouted Bob McIlvaine. He glanced across at Gibson and grinned. "Well, Dad," he drawled, "see any use in drilling now?"

Dad flushed and kicked a pebble with his toe. "I s'pose it was some use last night," he admitted grudgingly. Frowningly he swung his foot at another stone and for a moment was silent. Then all at once his face cleared and he glanced quickly at McIlvaine. "Just the same, Bob," he went on more briskly, "the chief couldn't have thought of anything like that when he got us to learn it."

The taller lad's smile deepened and he tapped his head significantly. "Nobody home but the soup, and that's too weak to stir," he murmured whimsically. "Aren't you ever going to wise up, Dad? Of course, he wasn't thinking of anything special. He just wanted us to be ready for any old thing at any time. That's about the only real use of drilling that I know of. It gives a fellow steadiness and discipline and helps him more than anything else always to—be prepared."

## Two Brave Scouts

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Leslie Burchfield, a scout living in Magnolia Park, was watching some men who were fishing in the bayou. While there a rowboat with two boys in it passed him. One of the boys standing in the boat caused it to capsize. As soon as the boys came to the surface they gave the alarm that neither could swim and Scout Burchfield, jumping in, swam to them. They had disappeared again, but when they arose the second time he managed to help them to shore. Had it not been for his assistance the boys might have lost their lives.

BALTIMORE, MD.—A rather unusual sort of scout bravery is that shown by Scout Russell Strawbridge, a Tenderfoot in the Eagle Patrol, Troop 71, Baltimore.

His friend, Malcom Wiley, a second class patrol leader of the same troop, is in the hospital as the result of a motor truck striking him one day when he was riding his bicycle and scraping several inches of skin off his right leg. The doctors decided that new skin was the only thing which would make matters right again and when Scout Strawbridge heard this he very pluckily offered to give some of his. Scout Strawbridge is a bright-eyed lad in the sixth grade at school and he does not consider his act anything very extraordinary. "It isn't much—who wouldn't do it for a friend?" he says.

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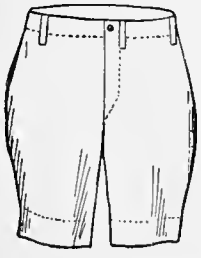

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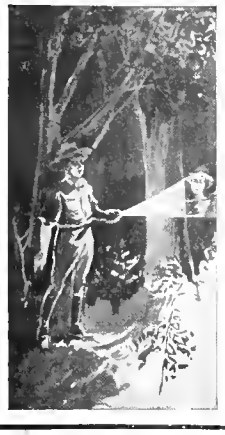

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## Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

(*Continued from page* 16) ..

Wall would not be there. How would Ted back him up?

He bumped into the first-baseman at noon. Ted grinned, and announced loudly that Andy was as good a pitcher as the high school had ever had.

"You don't see them hitting Andy for eight runs," Ted proclaimed.

Don flushed. Bloomfield had got to him for eight runs. He felt like turning around and making some kind of retort; but Alex Davidson slipped an arm across his back and led him away.

"This Washington bunch can't hit a drop," said Alex.

Don brightened. "Who told you that?"

"I heard it from a fellow who has played against them. We'll see if we can't get your drop tuned up, eh?"

"You bet," said Don. On the way home to dinner he pointed out a spot where the troop could set out a bird house.

"We ought to call ourselves the Robin Patrol," Alex laughed. "We have six bird houses out, and five of them have robins already."

Don knew. He could not seem to get over the wonder of a bird living in a house that he had built.

That day, at practice, he worked steadily at his drop. Toward the end of the afternoon it was working beautifully. He did not go near Ted, and Ted did not bother him. Andy pitched without much effort, giving his arm a chance to rest after yesterday's struggle. Once, during a lull, he said hurriedly:

"Don't pay any attention to Ted, Don. He doesn't mean half what he says."

"I guess he means it when he says it about me," Don answered. He broke a beautiful drop down across the outside corner.

"Mackerel!" Andy sighed. "I wish I could do that."

Don smiled to himself. There wasn't a chance of Andy doing it, he thought, in a thousand years.

For the next three days Don practiced his drop zealously. Then, the morning of the Washington game, he suddenly awoke to the fact that his wrist was sore. He hurried through breakfast and went off to Alex's house. His whistle brought the catcher to the gate.

"Got your glove?" he asked.

"Inside," said Alex.

Don took off his coat. "Get it. Something's wrong with my wrist."

Alex brought out the glove. They ranged off the pitching distance. Don threw—an out first, then an in. His wrist did not complain. He tried the drop. The wrist gave a kink of pain.

"That's it," he called.

Alex whistled. "The drop?"

Don nodded. "I guess it's all up with me," he said.

But when Captain Roberts heard, he bit his lips and scratched his head, and finally decided that Don without a drop was quite likely to be better than Andy.

As a result, when the game started that afternoon, Don was in the box. Ted kept up the babble of talk that usually comes from an infielder to a pitcher; but there was none of the fire and pepper to what he said that there had been while he had been encouraging Andy Ford. Don looked at him doubtfully.

(*Continued in November* Boy's Life)

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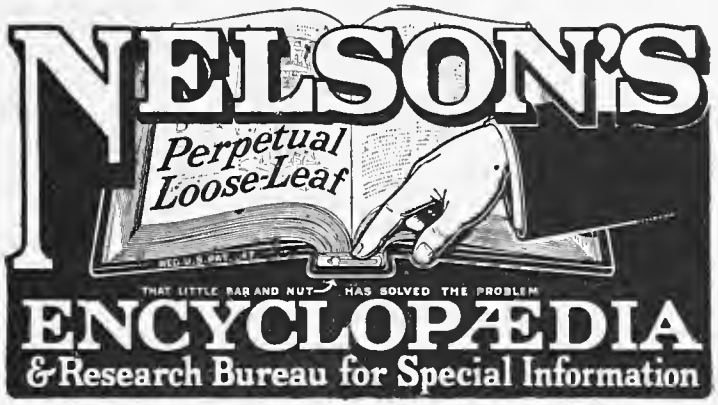


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# BOYS' LIFE

THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

WALTER P. McGUIRE, *Editor*
DAN BEARD, *Associate Editor*

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## FAMILY TALK—

THANKSGIVING and football. They go together this month, combining interests. Turkey and rooting. Good turns which make people truly thankful on the holiday. Clean playing. Good losing.

HUGH CRAIG tells a football story that will delight and excite you. What do you think of what Dick Cherrington and the other scrubs did? Can't all of us play on the Varsity, or become Eagle or Honor Medal scouts, can we? But every last one of us can do for our school or our troop almost as much as the Cherrington scrubs did. You don't doubt it, do you?

THE CAVE SCOUT also talks football. Hasn't he right dope? If you have a problem that's puzzling you or your troop, ask the Cave Scout about it. He is helping hundreds of boys every month.

WALTER WALDEN again! You'll all be glad to read more from the pen of the western man who gave you "Tropic Smugglers," "The Mystery of the River Cave," and "The Moonshiners in the Jungle." Start his Alaska story now—page 5.

BOOKS—the kind you like best. They have been picked out for you by the Chief Scout Librarian. Read about them. Next month he will tell you about other new ones.

HERE'S a question for every boy whose eye hits this line: Have you any boy friends across the sea? It's easy for you to make friends in Oriental lands, on remote Pacific Islands, in picturesque South America, or in war-torn Europe, in Africa, Alaska, Japan or Australia. Hundreds of boys have done so. The way is explained in our Lonesome Corner, page 36. Write now!

THE NEXT THING is so interesting and important that one column won't hold it, so we will have to give it two. It is—

Vol. V. NOVEMBER, 1915 No. 9


## Leading Features


Cover Design
By Walt Louderback

The Cherrington Scrubs..... 2
By Hugh Craig

In the Land of Gold (Part I)..... 5
By Walter Walden

Messages to Scouts.....8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13
By the Governors of Many States

The Duffel Bag..... 14
By Daniel Carter Beard

Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol (Cont.)..... 15
By William Heyliger

"Floyd Local" Stamps Found by a Scout..... 17
By Frank L. Cees

The Scout and the Serpent..... 18
By William Merrian Rouse

A Dozen Scout Stunts.....20-21
Two Pages of Scout Pictures

In the Scout Cave..... 22
By The Cave Scout

A New Fire Lighting Record, and Other Scout News ..... 26

Boy Scout Life Savers..... 27
By Armstrong Perry

How to Make a Whiffle-Poof and Trail One.... 28
By Daniel Carter Beard

What Scouts Did at the G. A. R. Encampment 29

Boy Scouts Around the World..... 30

The Korean Boy..... 31
By Robert Welles Ritchie

New Books Boys Like Best..... 32
By The Chief Scout Librarian

Annecuncement of a New Serial Story which Starts in December.. ..... 34

Our Lonesome Corner..... 36
Letters Exchanged Around the World

The Quartermaster Says..... 39
By Frederick N. Cooke, Jr.

With the Scouts Afield..... 40
What Troops Are Doing Everywhere

Scouts' Questions Answered..... 43

Stories About Our Double-Page Pictures..... 44

Two Boys Who Did Big Things Recently..... 45



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# Our New Serial Story

THERE is an announcement of this big news on page 34 of this issue, but we place this extra notice here because we do not want **any** boy to miss it.

No more interesting things ever happened in a book than happened to the Coyote Patrol that went in the **Flying Fish** on a long cruise in the Pacific.

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IT STARTS IN "BOYS' LIFE" NEXT MONTH.

*"The ball spun safely over their outstretched fingers and, turning like a rifled projectile, sailed far down the field."*

# The Cherrington Scrubs

By HUGH CRAIG

Illustrated by WALT LOUDERBACK

DICK CHERRINGTON was sewing up the rent in his football trousers himself, for he was a scrub. He was dejected—he had come to the conclusion for the fourth time annually that he would always be a scrub.

Dick had red hair, very blue eyes, plenty of freckles and a superabundance of soul. Because of the latter, hence the measure of his dejection.

The mid-October twilight deepened in the empty locker room. Footsteps sounded outside, and he saw the coach and captain pass the window in front. They turned into the adjoining small locker room, sacred to the varsity.

"It's no use talking, Hardy," Cherrington distinctly heard the coach say, "we have a poor show against Anoka this year."

Cherrington straightened into attention —he knew the coach had seen Anoka play the Saturday before.

"They have a fast, versatile team," the speaker in the other room went on, "and some of their open field work is dazzling. Holman impressed me as having his men well under wraps, too. Our offense can't touch theirs."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked the captain.

"I don't know. Not one of our backs is above mediocre, and the ends are no better. Try to give them the spirit, I suppose, but spirit alone won't win against Holman's combination."

"If we can develop a perfect defense, we can keep them from scoring, at least," suggested the captain.

"Our scrubs aren't strong enough for that, and I can't get another man out. The best ones that are out keep quitting right along."

Cherrington heard a locker slam shut, and the two went out. He sat for some time after he had finished his trousers, thinking.

The Lincoln-Anoka game was the big event of the season for both teams. These two high schools were the only real contenders for the interscholastic state championship. Lincoln had won from Anoka for three years now, and with seven veterans on the team another victory was expected as a matter of course.

But Cherrington realized that Coach McCracken was right, and that if Lincoln were defeated, coach and captain would come in for heavy and unjust condemnation at the hands of the student body. The team had been winning easy practice

games by goodly scores, but the work of the backs had been ragged, the ends were unreliable, and the veteran line was slovenly and over-confident. True, the halves were veterans, but they were very ordinary material.

"Strange how easy it is to see a thing when someone else points it out," Cherrington said to himself, as he started home.

THE next day he watched the practice—he was nursing a turned ankle—and did more thinking. He wondered that he had not appreciated the real condition of things before. McCracken, the coach, was trying desperately to instil snap and dash into his men, but after irregular and spasmodic efforts they stubbornly slumped into their previous form.

However, they ran all over the scrub at will. The second team was not greatly inferior to the first in personnel, but their play lacked still more wofully any of the characteristics of a real football team. Every man was playing the game to make the best showing for himself, and from his own point of view; signals were often confused; the men in the line appeared to take it as a foregone conclusion that the varsity would get the jump on them.

Cherrington thought of the Bellvne academy team which had badly defeated the Lincoln second a week before. Lighter, and inferior as individuals, they had made up for this by dash, thorough mastery of the game, and unconquerable spirit.

Cherrington was quarter and captain of the seconds. A little light, and not overly fast, he had finally been compelled to realize that he must forego what he wished for most in his school career. His brother was captain of Harvard this year—that made it worse. However, during the last two days, his dejection had lessened, for a big idea was gradually taking shape in his mind.

He decided to risk his ankle the next afternoon, and spent all his spare time that day talking to the members of the second team. He also saw Sturdevant, Birkner and Wedge, three men of considerable ability who, for various reasons, were not playing.

BEFORE the end of the week the varsity realized that something new was afoot. Rutherford and Hayes were out, and Sturdevant, Birkner and Wedge had applied for suits. With the advent of these men the second team was greatly strengthened. The first found also that they could no longer charge through on the scrub signals, and nail the play without stopping to size it up. The scrub evidently had new signals, also several new plays.

Scrimmage stiffened; several varsity men decided they would have to fight for their places, and a great improvement was noticeable in the work of the whole team. Hardy and McCracken lost their anxious look, and again and again the latter applauded the work of the scrubs.

The seconds now appeared on the field half an hour early each day, and spent this time practising plays. One afternoon they worked two tricks in succession on the varsity, taking the ball to the ten-yard line, whence they bucked it over by straight football. A shout, followed by the Lincoln long cheer with "Scrubs!" on the end of it arose from the crowd on the bleachers.

After practice McCracken told Cherrington that he was going to give the varsity signals to Rutherford, Wedge and himself the next afternoon. Cherrington was much perturbed. That night he held a long and earnest conference with Rutherford and Wedge, and the next morning he sought out the coach.

"Mr. McCracken," he said, "I've talked with Rutherford and Wedge, and we've decided that we would rather stay on the scrub."

"What!" exclaimed the coach in astonishment.

"You see it's this way," the boy went on, "one night, when I was mending my suit in the locker room you and Hardy came into the varsity room, and I heard your talk about the prospects for the Anoka game. I got to thinking it over, and it struck me that if a lot of us fellows would get together and be determined to develop the best second team we could, and put in a lot of time at it, and not care whether we made the varsity or not, we could give the varsity practice that would develop a perfect defense anyhow, and maybe you could beat Anoka, after all.

"I thought if I could help by the means of that it would be next best to making the first, which I never expected to do. I talked to the fellows, in confidence, and we've formed an honor society in which we're all pledged to work our heads off to develop a second team that will make the varsity play so it will beat Anoka.

"Now, if you take us out of the team the rest will lose all their *espry dee core*, I think you called it once, and every one will think about his getting on the first, and I'm afraid things will go back where they were before. It means a lot to us, too, for we're all seniors, but we've talked it over, and although 'Ruthy' was uncertain at first, we've all decided we would rather stick with the scrub."

The coach's face had changed expression several times, as he had listened.

Finally he answered:

"Well, Cherrington, if you feel that way I'll let you stick. I think you are right. I believe you fellows can do more good by staying on the second, and I want you to let all the members of your honor society know that I appreciate and value their efforts as highly as if they were the ones who will go out on the field to beat Anoka."

AFTER that Cherrington worked harder than ever with his men. He wrote to his brother, and the latter sent him several plays to try and much advice. He had lived a year in California, and had seen the Rugby game exemplified there. He began to practice the backs and ends at lateral passing, and worked out a number of plays in which each back passed the ball outwards as he was tackled, until finally a man was "slipped around outside."

Thus he made up for the inferior speed of his backs, and subjected the varsity defense to a more severe trial than would come from the speed of the Anoka backs. For a time the scrubs had Hardy and McCracken "on their heads," as they expressed it, to meet this new offense. Plan after plan was tried, and it was not for ten days that one was hit upon which proved effectual. Cherrington also experimented with a defense along the lines of the one Harvard was trying that year. In this the men, instead of charging blindly ahead, broke through in a more converging manner, thus bringing more lateral surface into play for defense, and enabling themselves better to size up the opposing play as it came at them.

"He is a born coach," Cherrington heard McCracken say, one day, as the coach watched him drill the scrubs in a new formation, and the words gave him a thrill that almost compensated for his never having made the varsity.

Football took on new meaning for the scrubs. Instead of being a form of torture at the hands of the first, and a succession of standings up to be knocked down again, it became an exhilarating contest—a battle of wits and skill. The consciousness that they were making a new team of the varsity inspired them to work as if they themselves were the ones who would play Anoka.

Cherrington asked them to get together for an hour each evening for blackboard work, the same as the varsity.

"We must master more of the fine points of the game if we are to give the first all we are capable of," he said.

As coach McCracken watched the development of the scrubs he began to wonder which was the better of the two teams. Cherrington put something into his men that the varsity seemed to lack. Ten days before the Anoka game he had the two teams play a game of four ten-minute quarters. Neither side scored until the final period, then Cherrington unmasked a trick he had never tried in scrimmage, and made a touchdown. The next day both teams went at it so furiously that McCracken had to call a halt for fear they would go stale. After that, scrimmage work was limited.

*"The boy, with a sob, sprang backward and jumped into the air."*

The evening before the game the whole squad was ordered to report in suits at two o'clock the next day.

"McCracken is certainly white," said Cherrington to Sturdevant; "it'll mean a lot for us all to trot in with the varsity when they come on the field to-morrow."

AS he watched the team warming up out in the middle of the white-striped gridiron, Cherrington felt the old yearning and sense of failure. His brother was playing against Yale that afternoon. But as he saw the speed and smoothness with which the first executed every formation, and the dash and snap of every man, a sense of compensation came to him.

Anoka was highly confident. They had been holding secret practice for a month, and they felt sure that their attack would mystify the Lincoln team. So when the game began with the Lincoln men holding their opponents on the fourth down with one-half yard to gain, the Anoka cheers died down for an instant as if smothered, and when the cheer leaders did get them going again, they carried a new note of tension, and of the uneasiness which follows a reaction from over-confidence.

Lincoln's offense started off with a dash, and for a few moments carried everything before it. Anoka held, however, with the goal posts looming over them, and Sanford, their particular stellar light, kicked.

The struggle then surged back and forth in mid-field with each team putting forth its full strength. But neither was able to gain any appreciable advantage over the other, and the quarter ended with the ball on Anoka's forty-yard line.

In the next period it became clear that Anoka had a slight superiority on offense, and that Lincoln had the best line and most effective defense. Towards the end of the half Anoka uncovered a new formation, and, using Sanford most of the time, drove down to Lincoln's thirty-yard line. Then Sanford again took the ball and by a magnificent dodging run went fifteen more. On her fifteen-yard line Lincoln held for three downs.

"I thought so," Cherrington heard McCracken say.

But, on the fourth down, Sanford dropped back, and, a moment later, the ball soared between the posts.

So the second period ended with the score three to nothing.

McCRACKEN called Cherrington to him.

"Cherrington," he said, speaking with some excitement, "I'm going to put *you* and *your men* in to play the last half of this game! I've had this in mind ever since you beat the varsity, and I'm going to risk it. The first have played those fellows to a standstill, and they can never stand up against your fresh team. Now go out and beat them."

Cherrington's head swam; he could hardly find his voice.

"We'll die trying, coach," he said thickly.

"All right, that spirit is all I want. Now, don't get rattled, and remember that the first and I, and the whole school, are trusting you."

Half doubting his senses Cherrington called his men to him. One instant he felt like leaping high in the air, the next his knees knocked under him.

"Fellows," he said, "the coach is going to send *us—the scrubs*—in to play this last half! We're getting the chance most of us thought we would never have. Now, we've got to win! But there is just one thing I want to ask of you—play the game the same way we've been playing; don't think of yourselves or the glory you're going to get, but all the time just how you can help the team and the school most. Come on—line up!"

Both sections of rooters were astonished to see this new team tear up and down the field, running signals. The Lincoln side realized the situation first, and spontaneously raised a tremendous yell. On the opposite stands questions, exclamations and comments were so mingled that the leaders could not bring their cohorts down to organized cheering.

As he toed the line for the kick-off Cherrington's tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, and his brain was all in a jumble. He could not call to mind a single signal. Panic assailed him. Was he going to pieces?

A moment later, as he sped down behind the ball and action released the pent-up tension, this was succeeded by a preternatural acuteness of mind and a feeling as if he were bursting with energy. Sturdevant almost instantly nailed the Anoka back who caught the kick-off and the two teams lined up on the fifteen-yard line.

Cherrington's scheme of defense differed somewhat from that of the Lincoln firsts. He sent the ends in fast to develop the play, and played the center and tackles loose.

Ellwood, Anoka's quarter, mistook this for greenness, and tried a fake on the second down. When Rutherford knifed this, downing the runner ten yards behind the line, a tempest arose in the stands above.

Sanford then punted. Cherrington, who was back, felt gooseflesh as he watched it come; he had never caught from a kicker like this. Up and up the ball soared as if to bore a hole in the sky, poised, then started downwards on a long uncertain slant. Now back, now forward, Cherrington edged. Closer came the oval, then suddenly shot forward as if gliding on wings. As he realized it was going over him, the boy, with a sob, sprang backward and jumped into the air, both hands extended. The ball struck his fingers, he clasped it, it slipped from him. He juggled it, then plunged after it, as it rolled to the ground. In an instant an Anoka end was on his back, but the leather was safely covered.

At once Cherrington started his lateral passing attack. Backs and ends swung out into a long line, the ball flashed from one to another, always going farther out, as a man was tackled or hemmed in. Finally a short forward pass lodged it in the arms of Sturdevant, who shot down the side-line for twenty-five yards.

A signal could not have been heard during the moments ensuing, but there was no need of it. Back towards the other side of the field went the same procession, and again the outside man got by —for ten yards this time. From right to left the tired Anoka men raced until they were nearly winded, and Cherrington's men would have scored had not a forward pass gone over the side-line at the last moment, giving Anoka a respite.

Sanford kicked, then again Cherrington started his offense, but the breathing spell had enabled his opponents to pull themselves together. Opening their defense and calling up their secondary line, they met the lateral passes more successfully and finally held on their fifteen-yard line. Soon after the quarter ended.

THE last period began with Anoka plainly playing for time. On every occasion Sanford kicked. After about five minutes of play, Cherrington tried a new formation. It was a shift with a slicing smash at the line on the long side, or a wide end run on the short. It worked well for a time and took the team twenty-five yards down. Then he gave the signal for his most cherished trick. With every one else on the line he dropped back ten yards, and, as he received the ball from the center, backed off still farther. Every man ahead charged down the field, those eligible for the forward pass scattering, the others attempting to confuse their opponents as much as possible,while not interfering with them.

Cherrington stood, the ball poised in his hand, watching the confused medley ahead while the Anoka forwards bore down upon him. As they closed in he

(*Cont'd on p.* 48)

*"They placed the men of their own two teams on their shoulders and bore them through the writhing ecstasies of the snake dance."*

# In the Land of Gold

## What Happened to Scout Alan Worth in Alaska—A Two-Part Story

By WALTER WALDEN

Author of "The Tropic Smugglers," "Moonshiners in the Jungle," "The Mystery of the River Cave," Etc.

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

STAGGERING under his heavy pack, Alan Worth plodded over the bog-like moss, and so benumbed with weariness was he that he noted nothing of his surroundings. He was barely conscious of his companion and partner, old James Healy, whose load was even heavier, including in addition, as it did, pick and shovel; and he had even surreptitiously slipped the gold-pan off Alan's pack to lighten it.

It lacked twenty minutes to twelve, midnight, and still broad daylight; for it was hardly above a hundred miles to the Arctic Circle that Alan had got himself —and early July. The sun set shortly before twelve, by cuddling in behind a mountain to the north; and very soon it came out on the other side of the peak to say "Good morning." But Alan gave no heed. He had been on his feet for ten hours, ever going toward the North Pole.

"Well, it's all very well to be dogged, as I see you are, Alan, lad," finally came from Mr. Healy, "but I see you're just tuckered out, though you don't say so. Let us rest." And he threw off his heavy burden beside a small stream.

For answer Alan allowed his trembling legs to double up under him, and he leaned against his pack, without removing it from his shoulders, and fell into a heavy sleep.

The old miner presently loosed the straps and laid the boy's head on a blanket, without arousing him, and then himself stretched out for a bit of a snooze.

WHEN Alan awoke, after two in the morning, the Arctic sun was hot on his face. His companion had a fire of willow twigs, and was preparing beans, bacon and coffee.

"I *was* tired," greeted Alan.

"That you were, my boy," said the other. "This moss-trotting is not so easy as good hard roads—and a pack's tormenting."

When the meal had been eaten Mr. Healy took up pick, shovel and pan, and said:

"I think I'll try a few pans in this creek. This is Spring Creek, I see by the paper in that stake below."

With the pick the old miner loosened some rock by the water, and Alan shovelled it into the pan. The other then dipped all into the stream and whirled the water within till he had washed out all but a bit of black sand in the bottom.

"Just a few 'colors,'" said he, pointing out a couple of wee flakes of yellow gold amongst the black grains in the pan.

Young as he was, Alan showed no more enthusiasm in the gold search than the old case-hardened miner; he, too, took it only as a matter of business. Although the boy did his share of the work without lagging, and pushed on without wavering, it was with a kind of grimness—with no whit of the cheerfulness that lightens labor. During all those days since he started on this quest, he had never been seen to smile—and he was a scout, too. But there was that which took all the joy out of life for him.

AND now, leaving these two beside the stream in the gold country, let us see what it is ails Alan. We will go far back "in the States"—as the miners in Alaska say—to a town on the Ohio River, where Alan Worth lived with his parents and a younger sister. His elder sister had married and gone to live in Oregon. Alan was fifteen, in his first year in high school, and a member of the First Troop of Boy Scouts in the town, and preparing to win his first class scout badge.

For how long it had been he could not have told, but he had a yearning for bigger things than his home town seemed to offer. He wanted to make for himself a bigger place than one in his father's store, where he knew it was planned to establish him when his school days should be over.

The climax came on Thanksgiving Day. Alan was dressing for church. His father in an adjoining room overhead him talking to his sister. He said many things to show his state of mind. Among them— "I'd like to know what I've got to be thankful for. * * * Anyway, I'm going to do something better than stick around in that old store."

Then his father came into the room, his face flushed. And he said some pretty harsh things, however true they might be, and spoken with a good purpose.

Though Alan did not answer back, he said certain things within, and being possessed of an obstinacy like his father's, there grew between the two a kind of barrier. Alan felt his father could not understand his ambitions, so he did not discuss them with him. But he determined when he got the chance he would show him what he could do.

Well, the breach grew. Between Christmas and New Year's Day, Alan, obtaining an unwilling consent, packed up and started west. His ticket read, "Portland, Oregon," the home of his sister.

"Now, we'll see what you can do better than a place in the store," said his father. "You've enough money for several months. Remember, I don't give my approval to this thing. And don't you leave Portland without my consent."

It was a tearful mother and sister that bade him good-bye. His scoutmaster told him to take along his uniform, and keep his "Handbook" with him, and to remember that he was a scout, and he promised.

In Portland, after a week's visit, he set out to look up a "situation" that would put him in the way of things worth while. He didn't expect it would be easy, but he was unprepared for the rebuffs he got. If he was not too young it was always— "What can you do?" and often a laugh at his inability to answer.

The sending of letters home got to be seldom, since he waited to report success. After some weeks, hating to admit failure, he got to avoiding any talk in his sister's home regarding his progress; so that her husband began to suspect that he was frittering away his time, mere sightseeing, or otherwise amusing himself. Then, one night when it was believed he was sound asleep in his bed, he heard this conversation:

"I say, Marg., it appears to me that brother of yours is just on pleasure bent."

"Well, he hasn't said anything lately about what he is doing," Alan heard his sister reply.

"If he isn't going to get that wonderful job of his," said the other, "nor go to school, it's pretty near time we were pack-

ing him off home. You know what your father said in his letter."

"Yes," came the reply, but in a doubtful tone, and Alan began to hope that his sister was about to defend him. But she went on to say, "I'm afraid it's like father said it would be. I'll speak to Alan in the morning."

Alan felt his heart sink inside him. "They're all going to try to down me," he said. Then, very wakeful, he lay thinking for a long time—over his clash with his father; over his unhappy search for a position; and then the talk of his sister and her husband. He felt they were all in a conspiracy against him. "And they're writing back and forth about me," he said to himself. He finally worked himself into a fever of resentment. At last he made up his mind what he would do. "I'll show them," he said.

WHEN he heard the clock below stairs sound one he crawled out of his bed, made a light, dressed, dug into his trunk, and packed his suitcase. He put in his scout uniform and Handbook. Blowing out the light, he slipped carefully down the stairs—out through the gate. "I'll show them," he said, as he hurried off in the night.

Alan walked to a small station three miles out of the city, waited for the four o'clock train, and in a few hours set foot in Seattle.

Then came days and days of search again for a position. He sent his mother a line to let her know that he was well, but not a word of his prospects. His money gave out at last, and in desperation he accepted a position as bellboy in a hotel.

Much of his spare time he spent among the wharves on the bay front, where many vessels were loading for Alaska. And one day, as he sat on a mooring-post, hating his job, and thinking, though wrongly, how his father would gloat over his menial position, he fell in talk with an old miner, James Healy, who had lost a partner who was to have accompanied him into the gold country in Alaska. The old miner offered Alan his partner's ticket and outfit, to be paid for when they made their gold strike. Said the miner:

"You seem just the lad I need, though a bit young. But it's company and an honest comrade I want; I can hold the heavy end."

After a long voyage across Bering Sea, with rough weather and worse food, Alan set foot on the beach of Nome, Alaska—the beach heralded long ago as paved with gold. Then came for Alan periods of such physical torment as he had never dreamed to experience. To trudge mile on mile along the hard, smooth sand beach, with thirty pounds on his back, soon became rack enough; but when it came finally to plodding through the soft moss of the tundra, at times up hill, to cross a divide, he could wish for nothing so much as to sink down in his tracks and seek non-existence in unconsciousness, let all else be renounced. But recollection would come, and he would again buckle to, grit his teeth, and with never a murmur, set his feet forward; for he had promised to "show them."

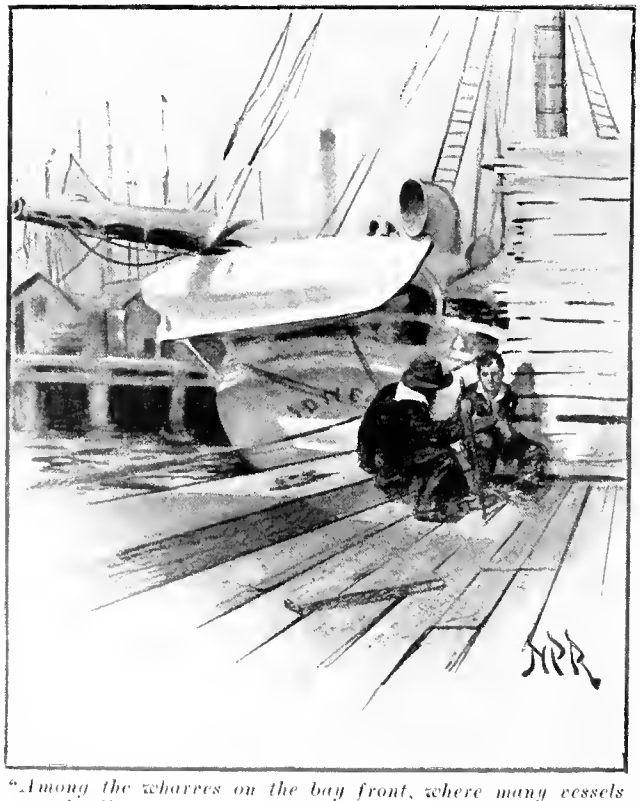
Wherever these two gold seekers went they found the ground all claimed; there was no place they could set a pick on their own account. Then, finally, after weeks of discouraging search, they decided to go back farther into the Arctic mountains. They returned to Nome and revictualed in accordance. It was on their renewed quest for gold that we left them.

"WELL, there's little profit prospecting on another man's ground," said the old miner, as he emptied the contents of the pan into the stream. "The summer's short in this country; we must get on."

So Alan again took up his heavy pack and turned his cheerless yet resolute face northward. Mile after mile they went, avoiding speech to husband the breath. They followed the course of the stream, which had its fountain in the mountains before them.

Alan had never seen a region so barren. Though deep moss was everywhere, and wild flowers, such as he had never seen, grew on the slopes, there was not a tree you could call such; only a species of willow brush, the thickest like his wrist.

But Alan turned no interested eye on all this. His mind as well as his body was racked. The only word he had sent home was a short, non-explanatory note to his mother, from Nome, merely telling of his health, and avoiding any reference to his father. And now he had begun to have an uncomfortable feeling that he had not given his father exactly a square deal. His leaving home was against his father's judgment, and he had left his sister's house against his father's strict mandate, however strong the incentive had seemed to him. The discomfort in his mind seemed to grow worse with every step, and he got to upbraiding himself with being a fool to leave home, which began to seem quite the most desirable spot on earth. Anyway, if he only had his father's good will!



*"Among the wharves on the bay front, where many vessels were loading for Alaska, he fell in talk with an old miner."*

BY noon the two were arrived in a gulch in the mountains, near the top of the ridge. Here they rested and renewed strength on beans, bacon and a flapjack. And after some hours' rest, again came the laborious climbing till the summit of the divide was made.

There opened before the two comrades a great expanse of country; the vastness of it awed the boy. It was leaf-lined with streams, and in the distance dim chains of hills — barren-topped — which hemmed in the great basin all about. The march downward was made with much less labor, but the same music and nerve racking came again only too soon. As it neared midnight, Alan found himself wading in dew-wet willows, and he was soon drenched to the waist. Then soon, at a signal from old Mr. Healy, he threw himself down on his blanket in exhaustion.

The sun was just touching the northern hills before making his climb into the sky again. There was no moment of darkness in the whole twenty-four hours; he might have studied his Handbook at twelve, midnight.

When the journey was again resumed it was now down to a creek bed, a fording, then up over a bit of a divide, down again through the moss, a pushing through the willows, more wading, and more climbing—till at last came the word from the old miner:

"Well, Alan, lad, we should now be far enough in to find something or other that we can stake for our own. We better make our camp on this creek, and see if we can't find at least a 'fraction' somewhere."

In three hours they were astir again. Leaving their packs beside the stream they moved down its course, and hadn't far to go till they came upon an 'Initial Claim-stake' close to the water. Mr. Healy took a folded paper from its cleft top and read aloud:

"'Number Twenty-one above Discovery, on Canon Creek, a tributary of Iron River.' Ah," said Mr. Healy, "that makes us five miles above Discovery Claim."

Then Alan could hear the old miner mumbling the numbers as he paced the distance down to the next Initial Stake.

"Five hundred and twenty-eight steps," he said; "thirteen hundred and twenty feet. That's carefully measured—no spare ground there."

Seeing a questioning look in Alan's face, the old miner explained:

"You see, the law allows a claim of twenty acres—1,320 feet long, up and down the creek (660 feet wide), and sometimes a locator will pace off too much ground, and the next locator sets his Initial Stake where the first stopped. Well, sooner or later the Mining Inspector will set the first locator's upper stakes back where

they belong, and the ground thus left between the two claims becomes a 'fraction.' Whoever finds that condition can stake that fraction and record it as his own."

As Mr. Healy measured on down the creek, Alan began to count his paces as well, and soon learned to gauge his steps to two and one-half feet. A mile below they passed a smaller stream (Dexter Creek) that flowed into Canon Creek from the left, and they continued past Discovery Claim on down to the confluence with Iron River, but without finding a fraction large enough to be worth while. They retraced their steps, and, after a meal, they took their packs to the smaller creek—Dexter—where again they began measuring claims by pacing. A mile and a half up Dexter Creek they discovered a fraction—550 feet up and down the stream.

"Well, lad, at last we've found something we can name our own. This will have to be called, 'Fraction No. 6A above, on Dexter Creek, a tributary of Canon Creek, which is a tributary of Iron River.' And it's as likely looking ground as we've seen."

The old miner spoke in a cheerful tone, in the attempt to instil a little spirit in Alan, whose depression had begun to alarm him.

But though Alan set willingly to work to cut the five claim stakes from a clump of willows, while Mr. Healy got out sheets of paper and wrote the Location Notices, there was no sprightliness in his movements. "I fear the lad is getting 'cold feet,'" the old miner said to himself.

But it was not discouragement over prospects, nor even so much homesickness that weighed so heavily on Alan. His mind was much on his father and what he might be thinking of his son, who had so shabbily frowned on his good counsels, and who had embarked on this wild venture into the far north without either a "by your leave," or so much as a warning.

*"There opened before the two comrades a great expanse of country; the vastness of it awed the boy."*

THE little tent was set up and a mining camp established. Then came days of delving with pick and shovel in the creek bed for signs of gold. All up and down the claim they washed rock and sand, but not so much as a wee color showed in the pan.

"Well," finally said the old miner, one day, "we'll have to sink a hole to bedrock on one side, and perhaps we'll find a pay-streak."

So a hundred feet away from the water they began to dig a prospect hole. It was not so hard through the clay and some wash gravel, but at four feet the pick struck frozen ground; it felt to Alan like digging into iron. Bit by bit was got loose by the pick and thrown out by the shovel. Alan took his turn at the digging with desperate vigor, with a doggedness that puzzled the old miner; for low-spirited though Alan was, there was never a word of giving up.

They worked mostly through the night, as it was broad daylight all of the time, and slept through the middle of the day, which was quite warm. They reached bedrock at last, and the dirt was carried to the creek and washed in the pan carefully—but never a color! Alan began secretly to feel that this non-success was his punishment, and that the old miner, through association with him was likewise suffering chastisement, which—unlike Alan himself—he did not deserve.

During the time he was tormenting himself with such thoughts, Alan came upon his Scout Handbook. He turned to the Scout Oath. * * "On my honor * * * to obey the scout law." Then he looked on the opposite page. There things stood out: "A scout's honor is to be trusted. * * * He is loyal to * * * his home and parents * * * and shares the home duties. * * * He obeys his parents. * * * A scout is cheerful." And he had taken the oath to obey this law. There in the Alaska vastness he held up his three fingers as he recollected. And now how had he kept this pledge? Something seemed to tumble all about within at the thought.

WITH great labor they sunk another hole on the opposite side of the creek, and with like unhappy result. Then while at work in a third, they became conscious that the grub was running low. But it was not till they got their first sight of other prospectors, who, with four pack horses, went by on their way to Rabbit Creek, six miles away, that Mr. Healy suggested that he had better make a trip to Nome for more provisions.

"You will have company within seven miles till I get back," he said.

The old miner was to start toward evening, after the day's rest. But Alan did not close his eyes as usual that day. When the other showed by his heavy breathing that he was asleep, Alan crawled from his blankets, got out paper and pencil and began to write:

*Dear Father*:

I am sorry for what I have done. I know you were right in what you said. Everything looks different to me now. I couldn't find work as I expected. And I heard Marg. and George talking about me, and it made me angry. But I shouldn't have gone off. I am with an old miner, Mr. James Healy, in the mountains north of Nome. We have a claim, but haven't found any gold yet.

I will come home any time you say, and I'll be satisfied to go to school—and go into the store. But I would like to stay a while and try to make something out of here first, if you don't mind. Mr. Healy is a very good man. He is going to Nome for grub today.

Love to mother and sister and to you.

Your son,

ALAN.

The letter finished, Alan crawled back to his blanket feeling that something heavy had eased up somewhere inside. He just then fully realized what had made him feel so unhappy for so long.

When the old miner awoke he was not a little puzzled over the change in Alan's appearance; and when he was ready to start for Nome, and the letter was handed to him, he began to suspect. And then Alan told him about his home affairs, freely confessing his mistakes.

"You have done quite right," said Mr. Healy. "Your father will be quite happy over this letter."

As the old miner "mushed" on toward Nome he decided himself to write a letter to Alan's father, for he felt that he could give a good account of the boy.

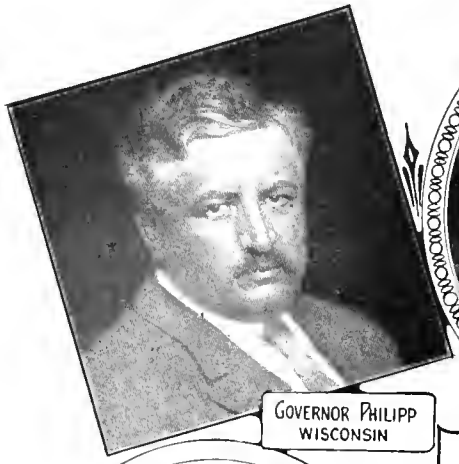
LEFT alone, Alan fished out and put on his scout uniform, and then delved in the new prospect hole. It was with a blithe heart, and so with increased vigor, that he swung his tools. He even whistled in time with the ring of the pick in the frozen ground. On the second day, after doing what he knew to be a fair day's work, he decided to explore a little of the region to the north and east of Dexter Creek; he had got a new interest in his surroundings. So, accordingly, he set off, hoping at the same time to get a glimpse of the prospectors over on Rabbit Creek.

But Alan had covered less than two miles, and had just met with some marshy ground when a sound—between rumbling and splashing—got his ear. As Alan advanced he could hear distinctly the sound of splashing water, but no sign of a stream could he see until suddenly he found himself on the edge of a steep little canon. Just to the left, hidden between clumps of willows, was a wonderful little cascade, the water tumbling down thirty feet and forming a brisk little stream which flashed along at the bottom of its narrow channel.

After some search Alan found a place in the canon wall, down which he could crawl to the stream below. Then, hardly a half mile downward, he came to where the waters of the creek disappeared under rocks, and the canon came to an end in the high wall. Nowhere was there a claim-stake, search carefully as he did. Alan's heart jumped within him as the realization came to him. He had discovered a new creek, missed by all the rest!

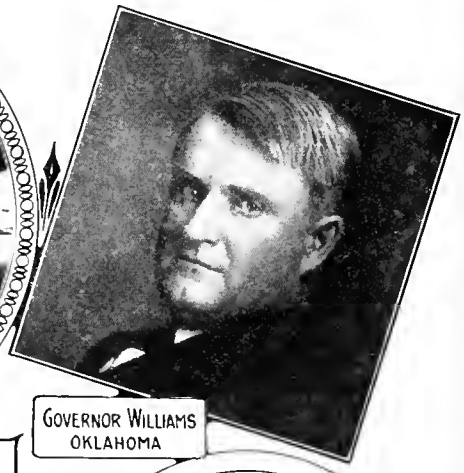
(*Concluded in December* BOYS' LIFE)

# Some of the Governors Who Believe in Boys



GOVERNOR PHILIPP
WISCONSIN

GOVERNOR FERRIS
MICHIGAN



GOVERNOR WILLIAMS
OKLAHOMA

STATE OF MICHIGAN
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
LANSING

Lansing, Michigan.

TO THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

Once upon a time I was a boy. I enjoyed many of the activities that you are blessed with under the provisions that are made for the Boy Scouts of America. In order to get real joy out of life, boys must be trustworthy, loyal and helpful. First I beg of you to be loyal to your parents; second loyal to your friends and third to be loyal to your country. I like any boy who is helpful, friendly, kind and courteous. These qualities belonged to our greatest American, Abraham Lincoln. Obedience is an absolutely necessary quality for true patriotism I beg of you as boys to awaken to a realization of your own best possibilities. Through industry and thrift you can reach any goal for which you have even a small degree of fitness. If you are made of the right kind of stuff you do not need financial assistance, even of fathers or friends. You can make your own way in the world, and you are likely to be the better for it. I like a boy who has line in his spine,- who can say no - who can say yes when duty calls. I wish the Boy Scouts of America every possible joy that can come through abiding service.

Cordially yours,
Woodbridge N. Ferris

Governor.

GOVERNOR CAPPER
KANSAS

GOVERNOR FIELDER
NEW JERSEY

GOVERNOR BYRNE
SOUTH DAKOTA

GOVERNOR WHITMAN
NEW YORK

GOVERNOR HANNA
NORTH DAKOTA

GOVERNOR SPAULDING
NEW HAMPSHIRE

GOVERNOR STEWARD
MONTANA

GOVERNOR WILLIS
OHIO

GOVERNOR HOLCOMB
CONNECTICUT

GOVERNOR LISTER
WASHINGTON

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# Governors Send Messages to Scouts

## Chief Executives of States and Territories Write to Boys Through "Boys' Life"

*Governor Walsh and a Boy Scout in the executive chamber in the Massachusetts capitol*

Boy Scouts of America,
200 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

*Dear Scouts:*

It is impossible to address you without first offering congratulations for the wonderful progress that you have made during the past four years. In New York State your brown ranks now hold more than 22,000 out of a total national enrollment of 150,000, and it is a source of particular gratification to me that one-seventh of the scout influence for good citizenship, figured numerically, is exerted within the borders of my own Empire State. It holds a fine promise for the future.

You scouts are to be the men of the coming generation, who will be called on to take our places in public life, and I feel sure that your watchword, "Be prepared," will help you in fitting yourselves for the life work which you will take up when your time to serve arrives.

Be honest and fearless, and true to each responsibility which is given to you to carry out. Do everything thoroughly and well, and when you have once begun a task, never leave it until it is done. Make the best use of each opportunity. Each task will give you some knowledge or experience which will help you later on in life, although you do not realize it at the time.

As junior citizens you have already been of the greatest assistance in helping city authorities in civic betterment, and in a number of States you have done valuable work in the protection of natural resources. Thus your training for future responsibilities has gone hand in hand with service of very present value. That this good work may continue, and your usefulness increase from year to year, is the wish of

Yours sincerely,

Governor of New York.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

*To the Boy Scouts of America:*

I have recently been studying the Scout Laws, and, while I like them all, I believe I like best that eighth rule which holds that the true scout is "cheerful."

Everybody likes cheerful people. If you will but be observant, you will see that the cheerful boy, and the cheerful man, get along well in this cheerful world. A smile is half the battle every time.

Try it, boys, if only for a day. Don't shirk, don't grumble, don't lag—be cheerful!

First and foremost, be cheerful at home. Try your smile on mother, who loves you so much. Try it on father, who works so hard for you. Be generous with your smile to sister and brother. Carry it with you to school, and make your teachers happy.

In my opinion this eighth rule embodies all the others. The boy who is cheerful is bound to be also trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, brave, clean and reverent. He can hardly be cheerful—honestly cheerful, for imitation cheerfulness does not count, unless happily he possesses all these other attributes.

Be cheerful and you will not only be happy yourself, but the bearer of happiness to all who love you.

And it is much easier for the American boy of to-day to be cheerful than it was for the boys of the '80's, for when I was a boy there was no such organization as the Boy Scouts of America.

With every good wish for all the boys,

Sincerely,

Governor of Massachusetts.

### CONNECTICUT.

*To the Boy Scouts of America:*

The thought of one hundred and fifty thousand boys who have sworn to do their duty to God and their country, to be helpful, strong and ready, and morally straight, must go to the heart of every man who loves his nation and its people. So many, their number ever renewed, going out to bear the heat and the burden of the day, an army always marching forth to battle for their country, not, we hope and pray, in the war of man against man, but in the never ending struggle to build the foundations of society stronger and better

*Governor W. H. P. Hunt, of Arizona*

*Governor Phillips Lee Goldsborough, of Maryland*

*Governor Oakley C. Curtis, of Maine*
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*Governor L. E. Hall, of Louisiana*

*Governor James Withycombe, of Washington*
© *W. H. Parker*

and truer! At the end of the Civil War there paraded up Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, the Grand Army of the Republic, tattered and worn and weary, but in all the glory of a noble victory over a noble foe. America has few occasions in its history that so set the blood to tingling as does this. But perhaps grander even would be the sight, at the end of a generation, of a parade of your army, some victorious, and some defeated, but all mindful that they had been true to their pledge.

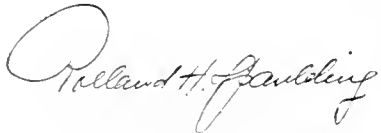
Sincerely yours,

Governor of Connecticut.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

My advice to the boys of America as the vacation season ends and school days return is to apply to their own interests the splendid motto of the boy scouts, "Do a good turn daily." Every boy can do himself a good turn daily by giving his best efforts to his school work. Our public school system is the nation's gift to its boys and girls. They should prize it as a privilege, enjoy it as a pleasure and make of it a sure foundation for a useful life.

Yours very truly,



Governor of New Hampshire.

KANSAS.

Scarcely a day passes without some incident proving the elevating, man-building influences of the principles of the Boy Scouts of America. It would be difficult to imagine any form of obligation more likely to impress a boy seriously than that in which he promises to do his duty to God and his country. I shall be satisfied if the boys of this nation try to live up to that promise. It is a fine possibility.

The boy scout movement should be encouraged and helped forward by every man and woman in America. It makes boys clean, it makes them trustworthy, helpful to others and courteous. It teaches obedience, cheerfulness, self-confidence, reverence. It inculcates ideas of thrift.

The boy scout propaganda does not, as some persons suppose, seek exclusively to promote a war-like spirit. It teaches patriotism, but patriotism may be of the loftiest and never fire a shot. Indeed, the most exalted form of patriotism is that which engenders fairness and decency, a kindly regard for the rights of others, and every other act tending to create the highest type of citizenship. I have never met a boy scout who wasn't a manly fellow whose hand I was glad to clasp.

Governor of Kansas.

MONTANA.

The boy who has shaped his vacation life upon the model prescribed in the scouts' oath and law has done that which will be of incalculable benefit to him. He will take up the tasks of the new school term with increased zest and do far better work. The application of the same rules in his school life will pay in dividends so rich as to approach munificence. Better boyhood means better manhood—and upon that the life and happiness of our country depend. Scouting and schooling—these are things that will bring the American boy to the crest of the Hill of Happiness.

Governor of Montana.

*Governor James B. McCreary, of Kentucky*
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LOUISIANA.

*To the Boy Scouts of America:*

I know of no organization in America which is doing more for the men of the immediate future than the boy scouts. Learning to read and to write and learning the things to which literacy leads are important, but they are by no means the whole of education. The highest mental efficiency cannot be attained without proper development of the senses and of the body. The work of the boy scouts promises us men better developed in mind and body, men who are alert and observant and full of vitality; and it is such men as these that make a nation great in peace and in war. The training acquired by a boy scout increases his ability to succeed in the world and renders him of vastly more value to his country.

Governor of Louisiana.

OHIO.

*To My Friends the Boy Scouts:*

Your work is productive of good health, good habits and good citizenship. Loyalty, friendliness, courtesy, cleanliness, thrift, cheerfulness, courage and reverence are the keynotes of your organization.

Boy scouts are of incalculable value at great public meetings. They guide the stranger, help the aged and comfort the distressed. Just to-day I saw a boy scout helping an aged lady across a crowded street and another caring for a little child that had been hurt by a fall on the pavement. This is manly and makes for good citizenship.

The boy scout is too brave to be cruel to birds or helpless dumb animals; only cowards will injure the defenseless.

The outdoor life to which membership

in the boy scouts is conducive promotes good health, cheerfulness and clean living. Familiarity with God's great out-of-doors encourages love for the beautiful in nature and reverence and respect for things divine. Your organization meets with my heartiest approval.

That you keep the scout oath and become good, noble, courageous men is the wish of

Frank B. Willis

Governor of Ohio.

TERRITORY OF ALASKA.

I have watched the progress made by the Boy Scouts of America ever since the movement was inaugurated with ever increasing interest, for the reason that my observation has shown me that in this way the youth of America has a prime opportunity for physical and manly development and the inculcation of those principles which are essential to good citizenship.

And in this way all of us may help or hinder, and to choose the helpful part should be our aim, and it should inspire all with a never failing pride in best endeavor, wheresoever we may be.

Wishing you the greatest success possible, I am,

Yours cordially,

J. F. A. Strong

Governor of Alaska.

WYOMING.

I cannot impress too strongly upon the boys of America the importance of the splendid lessons taught in the boy scout law. It is a creed which embraces the outlines of all good and true things, not only in boy life, but in that of adults. The boy who adopts it as his motto and lives up to it cannot help but prove a valuable citizen in the years to come. It is the sort of man he will be caused to become, who will prove the mainstay and backbone of the citizenship of the future.

*Governor Locke Craig, of North Carolina*

I would earnestly counsel every boy scout to live up to his oath and his laws.

John B. Kendrick

Governor of Wyoming.

MICHIGAN.

*To the Boy Scouts of America:*

Once upon a time I was a boy. I enjoyed many of the activities that you are blessed with under the provisions that are made for the Boy Scouts of America. In order to get real joy out of life, boys must be trustworthy, loyal and helpful. First I beg of you to be loyal to your parents; second, loyal to your friends; and third, to be loyal to your country. I like any boy who is helpful, friendly, kind and courteous. These qualities belonged to our greatest American, Abraham Lincoln. Obedience is an absolutely necessary quality for true patriotism. I beg of you as boys to awaken to a realization of your own best possibilities. Through industry and thrift you can reach any goal for which you have even a small degree of fitness. If you are made of the right kind of stuff you do not need financial assistance, even of fathers or friends. You can make your own way in the world, and you are likely to be the better for it. I like a boy who has line in his spine, who can say no, who can say yes when duty calls. I wish the Boy Scouts of America every possible joy that can come through abiding service.

Cordially yours,

Woodbridge N. Ferris

Governor of Michigan.

MINNESOTA.

*To the Boy Scouts of America:*

In their studies during the coming winter I trust that the boy scouts will excel, just as they always excel in whatever they undertake. The pupil who obeys the scout laws and is trustworthy, is loyal and obedient to his teacher, helpful to his schoolmates, friendly and courteous to all, and always cheerful, brave and clean, is sure to find his school days more pleasant, and to store more useful knowledge, than the boy who is careless in his work and thoughtless in his conduct.

The outdoor training given to boys by scouting will make them better students and the mental training they receive in school will make them better fitted to obey the scout oath: to do their duty to their God and their country, to help other people and to keep themselves physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.

W. S. Hammond

Governor of Minnesota.

WISCONSIN.

*To the Boy Scouts of America:*

I take pleasure in sending the greetings of Wisconsin to the Boy Scouts of America.

Our country is depending for her future upon self-reliant and manly boys. I am glad to know that so many boys are starting in right now to be strong and helpful citizens. The scout needs to have all the manly virtues, and chief among these are self control and good habits.

*Governor Winfield Scott Hammond, of Minnesota*

*Governor John B. Keedrick, of Wyoming*

*Governor Richard I. Manning, of South Carolina*

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He must be clear-headed, honest and strong, because others depend upon him for help and guidance. I greatly admire the scout who said, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." The way to be right in these days is to have temperate habits, to be fair and considerate of others and *do a good turn every day.*

Very truly yours,

Governor of Wisconsin.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

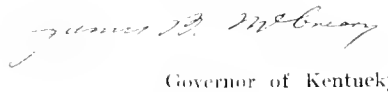
Self-reliance and wholesome knowledge is taught the boy scouts, patriotism in its best sense is developed. The boys should keep in their heads and their hearts at all times the teachings of their order. I approve of the organization and heartily commend it to the future men, the boys of our country.

(Signed) Richard I. Manning,
Governor of South Carolina.

KENTUCKY.

It gives me pleasure to again express my deep interest in the Boy Scouts of America. The success of this organization has been wonderful, and I sincerely trust that your good work will continue and be extended and enlarged as the years go by.

Very sincerely,



Governor of Kentucky.

GEORGIA

It gives me great pleasure to add my endorsement to the great work being done by the organization of Boy Scouts of America.

The building of the character of the boys of this country along the lines followed by your organization and other training along the lines of patriotism and good citizenship constitute a benefit to our civilization that will be felt for many generations.

I have had occasion more than once to note the efficiency with which the members of your organization perform the duties which they undertake and I cannot too highly commend the work that is being done.

With best wishes, I am,
Sincerely yours,

Governor of Georgia.

WASHINGTON.

I have watched the development of the boy scout organization with much interest, and feel that good results have been accomplished by the work, not only among the boys who have become identified with the organization, but among those with whom they come in contact. The Scout Oath and the Scout Laws incorporate the very highest principles and ideals, and boys who live up to them cannot well help becoming good citizens and men of influence. I desire to wish the organization continued success and each of its members all good things.

Sincerely yours,

Governor of Washington.

MAINE

*To the Boy Scouts of America:*

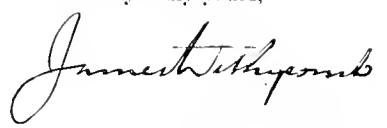
The chief purpose of preparedness against war is to insure peace, and while I would not advocate the use of firearms by boy scouts, I would urge thorough training in the rudiments of military tactics, and the inculcation in the minds of the youth of our land of the principles of respect and honor for the flag and love of country as most powerful means of upbuilding the national strength for peace or war.

(Signed) Oakley C. Curtis,
Governor of Maine.

OREGON.

As Governor of Oregon it gives me sincere pleasure to address a word of greeting to the boy scouts of all the States of the Union and all good friends of the Boy Scout Movement. Healthy interest in out-of-door life, self-reliance, honesty and efficiency are among the highest assets which any of us may attain; and the work that the boy scouts are doing to build up their minds and their bodies in such a way as to gain these attainments merits the approval and aid of all of us. To my mind the Boy Scout Movement is one of the best efforts ever put forth for the best upbuilding of America's youth.

Very truly yours,



Governor of Oregon.

NEW JERSEY.

I am glad to add my endorsement to the many you have doubtless received of the Boy Scouts of America. The training this organization gives in the formative period of youth, the patriotic feeling it inspires in their young minds, the love of their flag and country thus instilled in their hearts, will always remain with them and will prove the strongest force in making of them good American citizens. The movement has my sincere wishes for its continued success.

Sincerely yours,

Governor of New Jersey.

WEST VIRGINIA.

I am glad to take advantage of this opportunity to greet the Boy Scouts of this country, and am also glad to learn that so many thousands of the boys of West Virginia are definitely interested in the Boy Scout work and are following out the activities of the organization. Out of boys who are learning to be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent, are made the best and noblest men and citizens. That is the kind of training which fits boys for lives of efficiency, helpfulness and happiness in this world of ours. It develops the kind of men we need, both in public and in private life. It makes for national efficiency. It is a conscious social effort toward the development of a higher type of humanity.

The world needs boys and men who know how to find their way through the woods—both literally and figuratively—boys and men who know what to do in an emergency and how to do it, boys and men who have acquired those qualities of mind and heart, and that training of nerve and muscle, which fit them for team work under all conditions and in all sorts of situations.

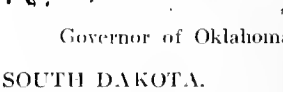
The spirit which animates the Boy Scouts is the spirit we need among the men in public life in West Virginia and throughout the United States, and I extend herewith a most cordial greeting to all who are engaged in this great work, particularly to the Boy Scouts of West Virginia.

(Signed) Henry D. Hatfield,
Governor of West Virginia.

OKLAHOMA.

I send my greetings to the boy scouts and congratulate them upon the success of their organization. The boys of to-day will be the men of the nation to-morrow. Their organization lays the predicate for better men for the nation in the to-morrow.

Yours very truly,



Governor of Oklahoma.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

*To the Editors of Boys' Life:*

I am deeply interested in the boy scout movement and its activities primarily because it aims to develop strong, alert, courageous, manly boys, and fit them to take a place in society as competent, efficient, useful men, and also because I believe it is accomplishing its aim in this respect.

It is splendid to have the boys of the country organized in such a movement as the boy scouts, that holds before them the ideal of being trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent. If the scout boys will only get and keep a proper appreciation of the scout ideal, and of the oath and law of the organization, and if each will really make his best effort to do his duty to his God and his country; to help other people at every opportunity; to keep himself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight; if each will determine to develop courage—moral and physical—and banish fear and cowardice from mind and soul; to be really courteous and helpful, especially to women and children, the aged, the infirm and the weak; to be friendly and kind to all; to be ever cheerful and hopeful; to be thrifty, save his money, work faithfully, waste nothing and make the best use of his opportunities; to be clean in thought, speech and habit; to be obedi-

ent, recognizing that he must learn to obey before he can be able to command; to be reverent toward God and to respect the feelings and convictions of others in matters of custom and religion; in fact, and in short, to honestly and wholeheartedly strive to live up to the scout ideals, rules and laws, then indeed will the scout movement be a permanent blessing to the country and of inestimable value to the boys themselves. It is a pleasure to me to say that I believe the boys are, in good faith, trying to do this.

I am interested in the special messages you are planning to publish in the November number of Boys' Life and I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity to send through that medium greeting to all the boys, and the expression of my fond wish for each individual boy scout, and of every boy with the scout spirit, in and out of the organization, in all the land.

With keen interest, best wishes and fraternal regards, I am,

Sincerely,

Governor of South Dakota.

ARIZONA.

*To the Boy Scouts of America:*

Even a casual reading of the Scout Oath, and the supplemental Scout Laws reveals a standard of conduct to which youth and adult alike might worthily subscribe. Were it possible to so order the world of men and affairs that the principles of scouthood could be universally adhered to, the millenium would be attained, so far as its attainment lies within the scope of human conduct. The problem of introducing kindness, courage, honesty and mutual helpfulness into everyday living confronts each one individually, and being dealt with in a conscientious manner by each individual becomes straightway an organized movement, fraught with incalculable possibilities for the betterment of mankind.

Governor of Arizona.

NORTH CAROLINA.

I wish to express my best wishes for the Boy Scouts of America. I hope that each member will exemptify the fine lesson taught by this great order. It certainly should encourage them to make good men and good citizens with that kind of patriotism that would make our country worthy to be loved and worthy to be defended.

Yours truly,

Governor of North Carolina.

PORTO RICO.

*To the Boy Scouts of America:*

Be not ashamed to love your country and honor her flag. Patriotism is the cap stone of the grand arch of ennobling sentiments which, founded upon the love of God, forms the superstructure of

*Governor Henry D. Hatfield, of West Virginia*

the soul. It presupposes all the noble and loyal affections—love of home and parents, love of your neighbors and companions, love of your town or city, love of your state. It crowns them all. It forms the character, brightens and sharpens the mind, lightens labor, gives zest to study, enriches the whole life. Patriotism leads directly to self-sacrifice, to service, to obedience to law and to your officers, and these things are the essence of growth and true manhood.

The greatest need of all lands, both in peace and in war, is true, strong *men*, and these can only be made out of true and loyal boys such as the Boy Scouts of America.

(Signed) Arthur Yager,
Governor of Porto Rico.

NORTH DAKOTA.

I believe in the boy scout movement, in the training, the companionship and the love of outdoor life that it gives to the boys. I further believe that it teaches our boys lessons of loyalty and patriotism to our country, and I hope and believe that the boy scouts will appreciate the oath which they take and will carry the lessons taught not only while they are in the ranks, but in their every-day life.

With all good wishes to the boy scouts of our country, I am,

Sincerely,

Governor of North Dakota.

MARYLAND.

It is accounted a privilege and pleasure to send a word of greeting and good cheer to the Boy Scouts of America, especially to those in Maryland, in whose hearts I am particularly anxious to see burning the fires of inspiration that shall light up the paths which lead to a clean, helpful and productive life.

I am happy in knowing that at the last annual meeting of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, held in February last, there were more than two thousand scouts registered from Maryland —every one of them had paid his membership fee—and since that time I am quite sure that the membership must have materially increased.

What a splendid work these boys are doing! Learning how to get close to nature; to appreciate the handiwork of God; to so build up their bodies and minds that they shall be able to render high order of service to God and man; thus making themselves, when they shall come to man's estate, factors invaluable for the upbuilding of society and the progress of their country.

In this work-a-day world, how wise it is to stop for a moment and plant in our breas's the spark of patriotism and chivalry.

How well do I remember the willing, unselfish and splendid service done by the boy scouts at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg—always at the elbow of the veterans of the "Blue" and the "Gray," and of the countless thousands of visitors there present, with smiling countenances and ready hands to do that which would make for the comfort and happiness of the country's heroes and their friends. Then and there I said what a splendid body of boys—they will make men to be proud of.

Very truly yours,

Governor of Maryland.

## The Prodigal Mother

A very beautiful cat was given the Italian captain of the oil tank steamer *Bayonne* that plied between Savona and Point Breeze, Philadelphia. In the course of time she presented the ship with a family of kittens, which were less than a month old when the Philadelphia docks were reached. In a little book called "The Cat," Miss Agnes Repplier gives the further history of this traveled pussy.

She was missing when the *Bayonne* was loaded and ready to depart. There was much vain search about the wharves, and Captain Hugo had at last not only to sail without his mascot, but to assume the responsibility for abandoned infants.

Two days later the prodigal came back. Another and a larger boat filled the *Bayonne's* place. Repentant and dismayed, the cat visited every steamer in the docks; then, convinced that her indiscretions had made her both homeless and kittenless, she took up her quarters in a watch-box, and patiently awaited Captain Hugo's return. Week followed week; scores of barks arrived, and the cat anxiously inspected each in turn. Undiscouraged by repeated disappointments, she bravely kept her post.

At last the *Bayonne* was sighted, and there was no need this time to hunt for the cat. There she stood, quivering with agitation, on the extreme edge of the wharf, as the malodorous little craft made its way along the river. The captain's big black dog, pussy's old friend and companion, barked with a furious welcome from the deck. The sound increased her excitement, and when the steamer was still several feet from the docks, she cleared the intervening space with a flying leap, and amid the cheers of the crew, ran straight to the captain's cabin, where she had left her kittens three months before.

# From Dan Beard's Duffle Bag

## At Big Tink Lake—A Night Visitor—Hoot Owl and Bald Eagle

By DANIEL CARTER BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.

FELLOW scouts, your National Scout Commissioner has just received word from our editor that he, the editor, is in a hurry for the Duffle Bag. These editors are always in a hurry. They do not come to you and say, "Won't you give us this and that to-morrow?" On the contrary they all want it done yesterday; all my work must be done yestesday so that they can get the magazine out to-morrow.

And the trouble is that yesterday I was out at my log house on Big Tink Lake. My word for it, it was fine out there! The ruffed grouse were drumming in the woods, and at night the hoot owls were calling, *Whoo! whoo! whoo-whoo! whoo-ah!* The hoot owl, you know, boys, is the barred owl. He is the owl that gave the call to the Indian boys of *Whoo-ah! Whoo-ah!* He is the fellow that makes your hair stand on end and lift your hat off your head when you are alone in the woods and hear him shout.

### A Visitor in the Night.

One night we left Lieut. Bauer in the log house alone, and somewhere down the railroad it was reported that there was a wild man loose in the woods, so everybody was joking the lieutenant and telling him that if he slept there alone the wild man would come and grab him, but he, being a brave soldier boy, went to bed as usual.

We had some men out at Pike shingling my log house and all the old shingles that they ripped off were strewn on the ground surrounding the house. In the middle of the night, or rather toward morning, when the wolf brush was in the eastern sky (I don't suppose you know what that means, it is the pale streak of light which comes just before dawn)—well, you know when the wolf brush is in the sky, that is the time best suited to the activities of burglars, wild men, and it's also the time bug-a-boos, hobgoblins and bogarts go trooping home to escape the approaching daylight. That is the time of night, or morning, when, if awake, you feel blue and you know—

"Everything is gummy when you're blue,
Your best friend's a dummy when you're blue;
There is nothing good and true,
And everybody's doing you
When you're blue."

Well, I don't know how it was with the lieutenant, but he woke up when the wolf brush was in the eastern sky to hear a stealthy step coming through the woods. Wow!

He sat up in his cot and strained his ears, but that was unnecessary, for now the old shingles about the house rattled loudly under the foot-falls. There could be no doubt it must be the wild man—he had come—he was there!

### It Got Away—What Was It?

The lieutenant had served eight weeks with Capt. Beard and me and 141 wild boys in camp who could give points to any wild man that ever roamed the woods, so in spite of the hoot owls, and in spite of the wolf brush, and in spite of the hobgoblins, and in spite of the wild man, my brave lieutenant arose, grasped a bit of rope as a lariat, and stole out to capture the intruder.

But the intruder had big, sharp ears, and no intention of being captured, so he spread his large plume tail in the air like a big, white flag, gave a derisive whistle and dashed away through the woods, down the bank at headlong speed and then plunged with a mighty splash into Big Tink where, after a few moments listening, the lieutenant could hear him blubbering as he put his head under water.

What the night prowler was I will leave to some of you naturalist scouts to tell. But he furnished one of those incidents which make a night in the woods interesting.

One morning when we got up (this happened before we left the lieutenant alone), when all three of us were there, we saw over the top of the doorway two pairs of bright eyes watching us; it was only Fanny flying squirrel and her mate. They scampered away scolding us for our intrusion on their private domain. The great big woodpecker, known to the natives as the cock of the woods, and to the naturalist as the pileated woodpecker, was hammering outside on a pitch-pine tree and having a loud argument with some grey squirrels about the war news from Europe.

After I had cooked breakfast and the captain and the lieutenant had washed the dishes, we started over to the Forest Lake Club to hunt up one of my staff officers, Mr. Elmer Russell Gregor. When we arrived there we found that he and Warner Miller, the editor of *Field and Stream*, had hiked over to the Indian Cave to dig for relics, so after lingering to watch a bunch of mallard ducks on Wolf Lake, we hit the trail for the log cabin, filling our pockets with the little red newts which abounded in the damp places in the roads, or stopping to watch old Uncle Sam, the bald eagle, sailing around over Big Tink, as he has been doing to my knowledge since 1887 and in all probability for many years before that.

### Isn't it Fine to be in the Woods?

Gee! but it is fine to be in the woods with nothing to do but live! Especially does one appreciate it after one has spent two months hustling from five in the morning till ten or eleven at night with scarcely time to eat. And that is the reason that the Duffle Bag was not ready yesterday in place of to-day.

The Duffle Bag is lots of fun. I enjoy writing it because I feel as though I was talking to you scouts, but I would enjoy it very much more keenly if I had all you fellows out at my log house at Pike on the shores of Big Tink; then I think I would be inspired to say something that would be really worth while.

Good luck to you all and sunshine in your hearts.

Dan Beard

## Indiana Troop Makes Some Dandy Noggins

A live troop of hustling scouts is Troop 1, of Bluffton, Ind. Sixteen of them enjoyed the summer camp, on the last day of which six scouts qualified for first class rank. Many of the boys are interested in making noggins, following the directions given by Dan Beard in the July issue of Boys' Life. All of these scouts

are ready to admit, however that Scoutmaster T. J. Simons is the best noggin maker in that troop. The picture shows the front and back view of one of his choicest specimens carved out of applewood.

## Scout Play Published in October "Boys' Life" Proves Popular

Boys' Life has heard of quite a number of scout troops which are planning to put on the scout play, "A Strenuous Afternoon," which was published in the October Boys' Life. The play is to be presented by at least three troops in New York City. If your troop is planning an entertainment for the winter, don't overlook the opportunity which this play offers. That is the main reason we devoted space to it in the magazine.

# Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

Illustrated by F. RIGNEY

Synopsis of earlier chapters is on page 46.

*"Going after your first-class badge?" Alex asked*

CHAPTER VII—(*Continued*)

IT did not take the Academy boys long to start their attack on Don's pitching. A double, an out and an infield single brought a run in the first inning. Another double came in the second, but did no damage. Then, in the third, three singles in a row brought in two more runs. The score was 4 to 0.

In the last half of this inning the Chester nine made its first assault. With three on the bases and two out, Alex Davidson tripled. The beginning of the fourth inning found the score changed to 4 to 3. Roberts walked out with Don.

"Hold them!" he charged. "We can get another run in an inning or two. Hold them down and we'll win out for you."

Don nodded. He pitched to the boy at the plate, and the boy bunted, and Ted Carter fumbled the hit.

Don resumed his place on the mound. Ted had not looked at him. He pitched, and the batter popped to Leonard.

Robert's voice rang out gleefully: "One down; that's the way, Don. Get this next fellow."

But the next fellow walked; and after that came a scratch single. Once more Washington had three men on bases.

Don discarded curves, and tried speed and a straight ball. The batter fouled two, and then struck out.

Roberts gave a cry of relief. "Now, this last one, Don."

Don went back to curves. The batter hit over the ball. The white sphere came bounding toward the box.

It was the easiest kind of a chance. The coachers had yelled "Two out; run on anything," and the Washington lads were racing around the bases. Don grinned. A lot of good it would do them to run on a hit like this.

The ball struck his glove. He took two or three steps toward where Ted waited on first base. He threw—and Ted dropped the throw.

A shout came from the coachers. The runners put every ounce of strength into their stride. Ted scrambled for the ball.

"Home!" yelled Roberts.

Ted threw to Alex. But the third runner had slid safely across the plate.

Three more runs were in.

Don's blood grew hot. He held up his glove. Alex tossed him the ball. He caught it with an angry clutch; and when Alex signalled for a high out, he threw the ball over the catcher's head.

Roberts walked toward the mound. "That's enough, Don." He made a motion with his hand, and Andy Ford came out on the diamond.

With hanging head Don walked to the bench. Taken from the box. He glared out at Ted Carter. Ted had vowed to get square. Well, Ted had done it.

When the inning ended the score was 9 to 3 in Academy's favor. Ted came in to the bench, and sat down, and said not a word. Don nudged Roberts.

"I'm going home."

"All right," said the captain. He looked crestfallen.

DON trudged away and did not glance at the bench. As he walked along the cries and the shouts of the game became fainter and fainter. But of this fact Don was unaware. He was completely absorbed in his own thoughts.

It had been the easiest kind of a chance. Why, Barbara could have caught that ball the way he had thrown it. And Ted had got it right in his mitt and had——

"He meant to drop it!" Don muttered passionately. "He saw I was in a hole with three on, and he dropped it so the runs would come in. Oh, wait until I tell Mr. Wall."

As a matter of ordinary principle Don had no use for the tale-bearer. Here, however, was something that struck him as being different. Here was a fellow selling out. Here was a fellow throwing a game. Here was something that Mr. Wall, as a coach, should know.

"And I'll tell him first thing in the morning," Don vowed.

When he reached the house Barbara was setting the supper table. She looked up as he paused at the door.

"Who won, Don?"

"They did, I guess."

"Why, isn't the game over yet?"

Don shook his head. "I was taken out. Ted Carter dropped a ball and—— He did it on purpose, Barbara."

Barbara put down the knives and forks. "How do you know?"

"He's sore because I cut away from him."

"Why did you quarrel, Don?"

"Because he—— Oh, I knocked a ball out of a fellow's hand. Mr. Wall said it was a dirty victory. Ted said he'd get square. To-day he deliberately dropped a throw and three runs came in. I'm going to tell Mr. Wall to-morrow."

"Are you?" Barbara said thoughtfully.

Don went upstairs to his room. He was there but a few minutes when a knock sounded and Barbara came in. She sat down beside him and rested a hand on his shoulder.

"What about that dirty victory and cutting away from Ted?" she said gently.

Don told her about the Bloomfield game, and about what Mr. Wall had said, and about the scene with Ted Carter. He explained how Ted had tried to take up with Andy Ford, and how Ted had worked for Andy against Lackawanna. Then he related what had happened that afternoon.

Barbara tapped one foot against the floor. "Are you sure it wasn't an accident, Don?"

"An accident!" Don grunted. "I guess not. He meant it."

"How do you know?"

"Why, the ball was right in his mitt."

"Isn't it the easiest chance that is missed the oftenest?"

"But he meant to drop this one, Barbara."

"How do you know?" Barbara persisted.

"Because he said he'd get square."

"Did he say he'd get square by throwing one of your games?"

"N—no."

"Then how do you know he meant to drop that ball?"

"I don't know it," Don said at last. "I think it."

"Ah!" said Barbara. She glanced toward the wall. She kept her eyes there for so long a time that Don turned to see what she was looking at. There was the sign: "A Scout is Clean. He Keeps Clean in Body and Thought."

"Oh!" said Don.

Barbara stood up, and gave him a parting pat, and left the room. "You had better wash for supper," she called from the doorway.

"All right," said Don.

BUT he did not leave his place. There were the words on the sign—clean thoughts. Was it clean for him to think that Ted had dropped the ball intentionally when he wasn't sure? Would it be clean to go to Mr. Wall on just a *thought* and charge that Ted had thrown a game? It was a tough thing to say about any fellow—that he had thrown down his school. Suppose Ted had made a real, honest, fair and square muff?

Don forgot his passionate anger. He began to think calmly about that miserable fourth inning. When Ted had dropped the ball, he had got a momentary glimpse of the first baseman's face. How

had Ted looked? Slyly satisfied?

Don, after a moment, shook his head. No. Ted had not looked like that. Ted had looked startled and flustered, just as any boy would look who had missed an easy chance. And Ted had come in to the bench with a sober face, and had not said a word. Was that the way a fellow would act who had just got square?

Barbara's voice sounded from downstairs. "Supper! Supper, Don!"

"Coming," he answered. He rose and approached the door. On the threshold he turned and looked for a moment again at the sign. As he descended in the hall full of the savory smell of supper he said to himself—almost aloud: "You're a great old law, sure enough. Every time I start wrong you sort of get in there and save me."

## CHAPTER VIII

### *Bad News*

ALEX brought the news that evening that the final score was 14 to 5.

"If you hadn't hurt your wrist," he told Don, "we'd have had a chance. Thunder! but they could hit."

Don nodded. They surely could. However, he did not feel to-night that he wanted to discuss baseball. The talk soon turned to Chester Troop and to the doings of the Wolf Patrol.

"Going after your first class badge?" Alex asked.

Don grinned. "You bet I am. And as soon as I get that far I'm going after merit badges."

"Good boy," said Alex. "I'm after merit badges myself."

That night Don checked off the things that a boy must do and know before he can become a first-class scout.

"I must make a round trip into the country," he thought, "seven miles and return, and I must write an account of the trip and the things observed. Then I must find a boy who wants to be a scout and teach him the Tenderfoot requirements. As soon as I do that I'll tell Mr. Wall I am ready for my tests."

He put his Boy Scout Handbook away. His last thought, before going to sleep, was what boy he would train as a tenderfoot.

DON did not meet Ted Carter until the next baseball practice. Then the first baseman kept watching him suspiciously. There was hostility in Ted's glance, and a dash of defiance, too.

"He expects me to complain to Mr. Wall," Don thought. After that he made an effort to keep out of the coach's way.

The practice was almost over when he heard his name called. Roberts and Mr. Wall were standing together. Don walked over wondering if they were going to question him about the game.

"Roberts says your wrist is sore," Mr. Wall said. "Let me see it."

Don held out his arm for inspection. There was no pain now.

"You let your drop alone for three or four weeks," the coach ordered.

Don's face became gloomy. "That's my best ball, sir."

"I know it. I'm sorry. You'll hurt yourself if you keep using it. Give that little muscle in there a chance to get well."

"Can I use my out and my in?"

"Oh, yes. You throw those with a different motion. See if you can't find something else."

"Yes, sir," said Don. He wondered how he was going to think of something new to pitch. He wasn't a Matty or a Walter Johnson.

He put in rather a gloomy evening. If he could use only an out or an in he was handicapped. Maybe Andy Ford would become the leading pitcher. Don didn't want that. The leadership, he felt, was his. He wanted all the glory.

ANDY Ford pitched the Trenton game. Don didn't want to see Andy lose, but he did have a hope that Andy would just about pull through. He was not enthusiastic for Andy's success.

To-day, just as he had done in the Lackawanna game, Ted worked desperately for the pitcher. Don tried to choke down a fresh feeling of resentment. It would serve everybody right, he thought, if Andy's curves were hammered all over the lot.

Andy's curves were hammered. But for all that Trenton scored very few runs. Andy pitched a dogged, determined game. Inning after inning he worked himself out of the holes. By degrees the hostility left Don's eyes. At the end of the fifth inning the score was 3 to 3. Don began to lean forward anxiously. The grip of the game got him. He began to root. He wanted Chester to win.

And before he knew it, as the first half of the sixth inning was played, he found himself rooting for Andy. He kept murmuring advice just as though the pitcher could hear him. Trenton had two on the bases, but she did not score. When Andy came in with Ted, Don slid along the bench to reach the pitcher.

"Not that way, Andy," he said nervously.

*"Why did you quarrel, Don?"*

"Not what way?" Andy asked.

"Not in and high. Keep the ball low and out. I've been watching those batters."

Ted leaned across Andy's legs. "That's what I thought," he said to Don.

Don nodded. "I've been watching them."

Ted dug Andy in the ribs. "You hear that. Now get after them." He grinned at Don. "He's been getting out of the holes, hasn't he?"

"You bet he has," said Don.

After that Trenton's hitting became very thin. Chester won. All during the game, when the Chester boys were on the bench, Don sat on one side of Andy and advised him, and Ted sat on the other and encouraged. And Ted and Don spoke to each other as though there had never been a harsh word between them. Mr. Wall smiled quietly.

While Chester was in the field for the ninth inning, Don did some rapid thinking. He began to have the idea that he had acted foolishly. The scout law said he couldn't chum with a certain type of fellow, but it didn't say that he couldn't talk to that fellow. Instead of just dropping away from Ted in an inoffensive way, he had made Ted his enemy. He had tried to stand so straight that he had leaned backwards. Surely it wasn't a good turn for a scout to arouse hard feelings.

When the game was over Don left the bench and began to walk away. Ted took a step or two after him, and then paused awkwardly. Don swung around and waited.

"I—I'll walk a way with you," said Ted.

"All right," said Don, and they went off together.

For a few minutes they walked along in silence, looking at the sky, at the front-yard gardens, at the ground—any place but at each other. Ted cleared his throat noisily.

"I thought you were going to tell Mr. Wall I meant to drop that ball," he said.

"I was going to," said Don.

Ted looked surprised. "Why didn't you?"

"Well, I wasn't sure whether you did or not. I thought you did. But I couldn't go to Mr. Wall just on a thought. And besides, it wasn't the right kind of thought."

"Why?" Ted asked.

"Because——" Don paused and flushed. "Oh, because the scout law is that a scout must have clean thoughts."

Ted gave a little whistle. "Gee! do you fellows live up to it like that? I guess Andy would make a good scout."

"Why?"

"He came to me and gave me blazes. He thought I dropped that ball purposely." Ted was silent a moment. "I—I didn't, Don. That was a clean error."

Don believed him. They parted with a degree of warmth.

DON walked the rest of the way shaking his head. Andy fighting for him! Suddenly he thought of what Ted had said—that Andy would make a good scout. It was necessary for him to train a boy in the Tenderfoot requirements else he could not hope to be a

(*Continued on page 46*)

# "Floyd Locals" Found by a Scout

## A Profitable Stamp Discovery—Other Stamp News and Helps.

By FRANK L. COES

NOTE—Please do not be troubled if I do not immediately answer your letters. I have often to search for the best way to overcome the troubles and setbacks you scouts sometimes have, and often too a question is asked that I think is of interest to all and I write on it very fully.—F. L. C.

SOME time ago a scout told me that he could not believe there were possibilities in stamp finds in reach of the ordinary scout.

Well, perhaps there are not for every scout, but there are a great many more chances than are taken advantage of.

It always seemed to me that the use of brains went hand in hand with scouting and that a scout with an idle brain wasn't much of a scout.

See how it worked for one boy of my acquaintance. Not long ago he heard his mother tell his father that an old uncle who had just moved East was once principal of a school in Chicago. He had left college and gone West as a teacher, and had finally left the schools and gone into business further West, and now that he had retired and his children were all settled in New England, he proposed to settle in the East and reopen the old homestead. I won't say where, but it was slated as the Summer vacation place for this scout.

Something I have written for the rest of you had stuck in his mind, and he resolved to be a real scout at the first opportunity.

A few blind questions here and there when he landed in the country satisfied him that he was on the track of something, and with the full permission of great-uncle and mother, he systematically combed the homestead for stamps.

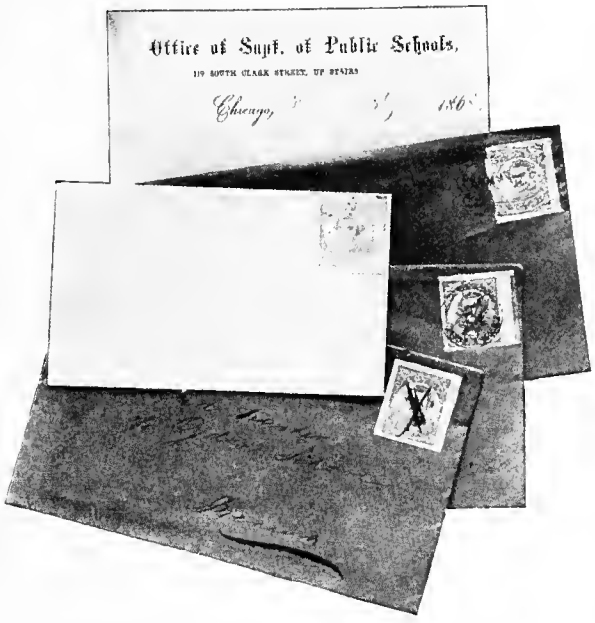
### His Big Discovery

The results were in a way disappointing, for there seemed to be few high values on the old U. S. covers, and no foreign letters, but he found several Confederate covers and a few things which he brought back to be classified. Among these were six envelopes with "Floyd" stamps on them. I can show a picture of these, and as one of the letter heads can be used, you will see that the letter was dated "1862."

One of these four has not been cancelled. Two are cancelled with a stamp "Floyd's Penny Post" in an oval or circle, one is pen cancelled and that one is on pink paper. (Not catalogued.)

When the bunch was looked over these were a mystery to the scout, but I found a place for them, and was glad to give him their full appraised value. The last sales were around $3.00 each and our friend now has two in his collection, beside having sold these four and several other U. S. covers at figures that have given him funds sufficient to buy a loose leaf album, the big packet he wanted, and leave a good balance for future buying. Beside he has filled 25 or 30 spaces in his U. S., at no cost, and with good specimens.

You scouts of course know all about the "Floyd Locals." What—you *don't?* Well, *some* of you do, and the others who are good scouts can soon find out the facts about them. Write me what you learn about "Floyd's," and I probably will publish in this department the most interesting account sent in, if it isn't more than 200 words long.




*The "Floyd Locals" which a scout found.*

Of course you can't all do as well as this the first time, but you can study out possible lines, and in following them you will probably find more places where lie possible finds of stamps and stamp history. Don't be discouraged if you don't win out the first time.

### Loose Leaf Blank Albums

A scout asks as to the "best" loose leaf blank album and sets his price limit at $1.50. That is quite a question, because there are many makes of loose leaf books that will answer the purpose of a first album. The best I can suggest is that you go to your stationer or an office supply house and see what is offered. Quadrille ruled leaves, about 5x7, should cost not over forty cents a hundred. A canvas cover for this size about a dollar. This brings the total below $1.50. Of course a leather cover in any of the "ring binder" books costs more than the canvas. You remember the picture in the September column showed a sheet of this size (5x7) with three binding holes. There are cheaper loose leaf books, but I am not sure about the quadrille ruled paper. However, that is not a necessity, although it is handy. And a cover can be made at home. I would prefer to save the cover cost and put it into the stamps, leaving the cover to come when the pages have reached the condition that warrants its purchase. Make it yourself if you can.

### More About Mounting

Another scout's question about using both sides of the sheet in a loose leaf book deserves more than a short answer. It is better, both for your stamps and for your pages, to use one side only. If you have tissue separating leaves you can use both sides of a leaf, but the dampening of the hinges will make the page book badly unless the stamps are mounted exactly opposite each other and the leaf kept under pressure until thoroughly dry. You will do better to use the right hand pages only, and be sure to use an ink that does not rub off when you do your lettering. Use a fine pen. A stub or a stylographic pen makes such a wide mark that the ink is too black or too heavy for the lighter colors of the stamps.

### Look Out for "Fugitive" Colors

Be sure in mounting your specimens that they are clean, both of old hinges and paper on the back. If much soiled you can clean to some extent by dampening and drying, or by the very careful use of "art gum." Don't soak any stamps printed in analine or "fugitive" colors. Many Russian stamps and some of England will not bear washing; some of the United States Postage dues also. You'll learn this by experience. I believe it wiser to take off old paper without dipping. Lay them on a wet blotter and the damp will loosen the old paper without wetting the face of the stamp. As a means of learning how much a stamp may be brightened up by cleaning, try an old stamp in various ways. Peroxide of hydrogen will restore color if the stamp is changed in color, but it must be washed out in clean water very thoroughly or it leaves the paper brittle.

### Old Stamps on Envelopes or Documents

The inquiry of a scout's father in regard to the finding of old stamps on covers (envelopes) or old documents, will be better answered for you all. Any stamp on cover is likely to be worth its face value or more, if prior to 1894. Of course the cheaper values (1c, 2c, up to 10c) may catalog 1c *used*, on account of that being the smallest fraction of our currency, but the higher values (10c up) will probably catalog face, even in used condition except in a very few cases.

The covers themselves, unless they bear

(*Continued on page* 36)

# The Scout and the Serpent

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

Illustrated by F. RIGNEY

Author of "Strawberries and Scoots," "Fatty Masters Tries to Think," Etc.

*"One of the kind of animals you have in mince pie dreams, with a head about as big as a washtub."*

IT didn't take John Nelson, the boy scout, more than about ten minutes after he got over being sick to figger out that Smitty Henderson and Slats Sanders was the ones that put salt in his cream cake at Ellery Hodgkins's ice cream festival.

He told me so next day. He said he was going to get even so much they would be something left over in favor of him, but his revenge wasn't going to be mean. It was a brand new kind.

I was pretty busy for a while watching for something to happen and planning not to get mixed up in it. Fatty Masters, being sort of on the fence between Nelson and the gang, was the only safe feller in Cartersville. Only Fatty never is safe because he's such a boob.

Nothing happened. Things went along regular and Smitty and Slats began to brag that the Scoot, as Smitty calls him, wasn't big enough to do anything. Bimeby I got to thinking he wasn't going to do anything, either. Then one day Smitty and Slats asked Fatty and me to come along and go fishing off Ledge Point.

LEDGE Point is the first point on the lake north of where the village is. The water is deep there and either you don't catch anything or else you get some mighty good fish. It is about a quarter of a mile around by the shore to the village.

Smitty got a lend of his pa's boat and was promised to be licked if anything happened, and we all got some tackle one way and another and started. Smitty rowed because he is stronger than anybody else. He stopped inside the point a little ways from shore and we dropped over a big stone tied to a rope for an anchor. Then we got our lines out and I was figgering on how much I could get for some rock bass, if I caught any, when Fatty piped up that he had a bite.

"Well, why don't you pull it in, then, instead of hollering about it?" Slats asked him. Slats was sore, I guess, because Fatty had the first bite.

Fat pulled in his line and he had a whopper of a fine perch. He was all worked up over it, but Slats and Smitty wasn't cheering very much because they both know how to fish, and Fat don't and they hadn't had a nibble.

Fishing is a good deal like religion, you can't ever tell how it's going to work. Fatty got all the fish he could pull in and the rest of us didn't get a smell. He had bass and perch and even a pickerel. He got so many you couldn't believe it except when you looked at the fish wiggling around in the bottom of the boat.

The more fish Fat got the more worked up he was. He hollered and got red in the face and bragged till Smitty said he would take his fish away from him and cuff him into the bargain if he didn't shut up and act sensible. But Fat kind of seemed to think he had caught all that mess of fish because he was such a smart feller.

Bimeby the rest of us stopped fishing and watched Fat. There wasn't any use of doing anything else. That made him prouder than ever and he dropped his line overboard with a big flourish and puffed himself up.

"Just look at this one what I'm going to ketch!" he said.

*"Smitty made a dive for the woods, but his pa is a good runner and soon had him by the collar."*

SURE enough, his line jerked and then pulled steady. Fat took a new hold and then he braced himself against the side of the boat. The boat tipped and the line began to slide through his fingers.

"Gimme that!" Smitty told him, and grabbed at the line. But Fat hung on and pretty soon he had it coming his way.

"I can ketch 'em myself without any help!" he crowed. "I bet this is——"

Fatty never said what he thought it was.

One of the kind of animals you have in mince pie dreams, with a head about as big as a washtub, peeked up out of the water side of the boat. Fat's line was in its mouth. I can't tell you what that critter looked like in the face because probably there hasn't been anything like it since Bible times. It was green and yellow and red and black and it might easily of been the great-grandfather of all the bullfrogs and rattlesnakes in the world.

Fatty looked just once and fell over backward into the bottom of the boat with his fish line all tangled around him and lay there and groaned. He was too scared to holler. Slats jumped up and waved his arms.

"Shoo!" he yelled. But the critter didn't shoo worth a cent. It bobbed up higher in the water and we could see there was a good deal more than head to it.

Smitty is brave. You got to admit that. He punched Slats in the stomach and made him set down. Then he grabbed the oars and begun to row like everything for the shore. Being a minister's son I guess I'll have to tell the truth about myself. First off I hid behind the bait pail, but when Slats got so excited it kind of cooled me off. Shucks, says I to myself, look at Jonah. He come out all right.

The critter in the water started after us kind of slow, but sure, with Fat's fish line still sticking out of his mouth, as much as to say, what's the use of hurrying? I'm going to eat these fellers up anyway, and I might as well take my time about it.

He was about two rods behind us when we hit the beach, and coming strong. We all jumped out mighty quick, but Fat, and he lay in the bottom of the boat amongst his fish with his eyes shut and groaned. Smitty poked him in the ribs.

"You get up!" he yelled. "I got enough trouble without saving you!"

Fatty flopped over and got up and run with us just as the animal bumped its nose on the beach. We run for the

woods like all possessed, but instead of coming after us the animal just laid there with its back showing through the shallow water and watched us. It had eyes as big as pie plates.

"What is that thing, Bunk Carson?" Smitty asked me, after we had stopped and looked back. He thinks I know a good deal more than I do.

"I guess it must be a sea serpent left over from before the flood," I told him.

"By jiminy, that's just what it is!" he said. Slats thought so, too, and I didn't know but maybe I was right, after all.

"If we had a cannon we could shoot him," said Fatty.

"If we had some salt we could go and put it on his tail and catch him and tie a string around his neck," Slats told him.

"There's plenty of guns in the village," said Smitty. "We better go get pa to come with his rifle."

Everybody wanted to go and have a good time spreading the news, but Slats said somebody had to stay and watch the sea serpent and throw stones if it started to go away, so it would get mad and stay where it was. That was a job nobody wanted at first, but I was beginning to have an ideer and pretty soon I let the other fellers coax me to stay. They started off for the village on the run.

*"The advance guard, which was all dogs, got there first."*

I WENT clear to the edge of the woods and set down on the sand and looked at that sea serpent. He looked just like the pictures and all that, but somehow I couldn't make it seem right. He was too darned tame for a first-class sea serpent. By good rights he ought to of been snorting fire and clawing things up instead of laying there partly out of the water with his head on the sand. I was trying to figger it out when all of a sudden I heard somebody yell:

"Hello, Bunk! Who's your friend?"

John Nelson was on top of Ledge Point and he was looking down at the sea serpent.

"Come on over here!" I yelled back at him. "Only be careful and don't go down on the beach."

He came around to where I was, cool as a cucumber, but interested. I told him all about what had happened. He said it was a great thing and probably Smitty and Slats would be heroes in the village. He thought maybe Fatty would be a hero, too.

"But never you mind, Bunk," he told me. "A hero's fate isn't all it's cracked up to be. You and I are better off the way we are."

I couldn't figger him out nor I couldn't figger out the sea serpent, but just then there was a lot of noise in the woods and boys yelling and dogs barking until you couldn't hear yourself think. I knew the crowd was coming from the village to make a Roman holiday, as pa would say, on that serpent. The Scoot began to act uneasy.

"Bunk, I like you," he said, "and I guess you better come with me. If you don't you'll be sorry. You may be a hero for a few minutes, but every hero gets hold of a lemon sooner or later."

I looked at him and then I looked at the critter there in the water. I said all right, and we went out on the Point and hid in some bushes where we could see all that was going on.

THE advance guard, which was all dogs, got there first. They run out of the woods and barked at the sea serpent and ran back again. Then Smitty and Slats and Fatty popped out from amongst the trees and pointed. Right behind was Smitty's pa with his blacksmith apron on and a repeater rifle. There must of been twenty or thirty men and boys. Some of the men had pitchforks and some had shotguns and rifles. Deacon Hodgkins had a horse pistol and old Gramp Hawkins was there with the musket he carried in the Civil War.

Smitty Henderson's pa was the first one to shoot. He took aim and fired, but the sea serpent didn't say a word. It just laid there with its back bobbing up and down in the water. Then a lot of the others fired, but bullets didn't seem to hurt that critter a bit.

All of a sudden Gramp Hawkins got mad. They say he was awful brave in the war. He is lame with rheumatiz now, but he limped right out of the woods and we could hear him holler something to the rest. Then he pulled up his musket and shot. No use. It didn't even make the sea serpent wink. Well, sir, Gramp grabbed his musket by the barrel and started to charge. He marched right up to the critter and swung his musket and brought the stock down on its head. I was so scared I grabbed hold of the Scoot.

It was the end of that sea serpent. He just squashed up like a balloon when you let the air out. All we could see was a green and yellow and red and black splotch on the sand. Gramp stood looking first at the wreck of the critter and then at his gun like he couldn't believe it.

I looked at Nelson and he grinned.

"Keep still," he told me, "until you see the end of this. There's going to be more to it than I planned, but it won't do any hurt."

FOR a few minutes everybody was busy talking and poking at the remainders of the sea serpent. Then I saw Smitty Henderson's pa start for him. Smitty made a dive for the woods, but his pa is a good runner and he had him by the collar in two shakes of a lamb's tail.

A couple of other men nabbed Fatty and Slats, their pa's not being at the sea serpent party. Gramp Hawkins cut a lot of switches.

"The grown folks think it was all a put up job," whispered the Scoot.

"Yes," I said, "they's going to be wailing and gnashing of teeth in three woodsheds before night."

The crowd started off with their prisoners.

"Glad you weren't a hero, Bunk?" Nelson asked me.

"It's a good deal of a risk," I told him. "But what I want to know is, what kind of a sea serpent was that?"

"It was a home made sea serpent," he said. "It was mostly done out in my Aunt Sally's barn, with barrel hoops and painted canvas stretched over 'em. I waited for Slats and Smitty to go out in a boat. When I heard 'em talking about coming over here to-day I brought the animal over to the other side of the Point. Then I swam around under water and hitched it to the first hook and line I could get hold of."

"Great jiminy crickets!" I said. "How did you stay under water all that while?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "Just before you go in set down calm and easy in your mind and breathe deep for two or three minutes. That way you get your lungs full of oxygen and get rid of carbon dioxide."

"I've heard pa talk about them things," I told him, "but I never took much stock in my insides."

"You better," said Nelson. "A feller's insides are worth a lot to him. You get your lungs filled up with oxygen that way

(*Continued on page* 45)

# A Dozen Scout Stunts

(Read the Interesting Stories

"Up A Stump."

From Scoutmaster John R. Williamson, Rochester, New York

Pioneering at Pittsburg Camp.

Photo by F. Clay Viets Youngstown, O

Reading BOYS' LIFE on a Mountain 9,000 Feet High.

From Scoutmaster N. A. Reynolds, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"Flags of the Allies," a Tableau Given by French Boy Scouts in Paris.

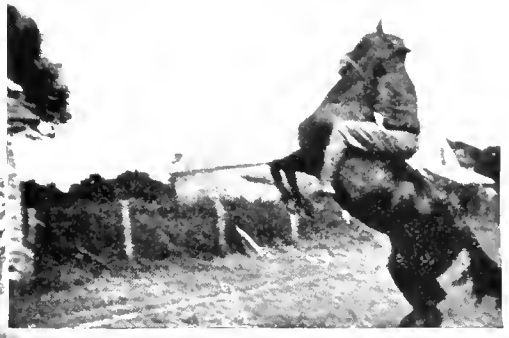
Photo by Press Illustrating Service

Crown Prince of Italy Joins the Boy Scout

Photo by Press Illustrating Service.

# Caught by the Camera

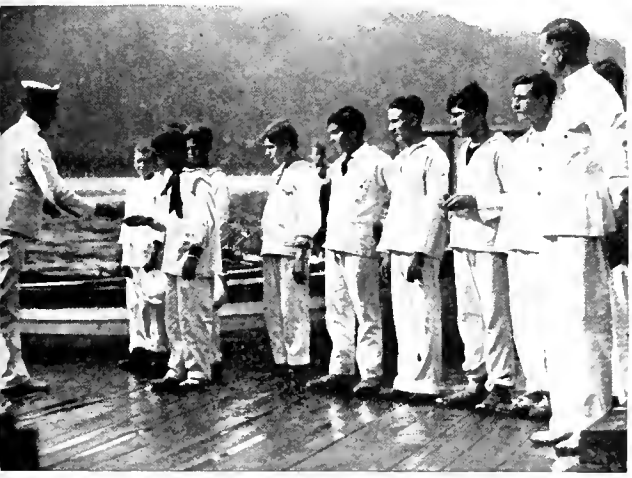
(About These Pictures on Page 44)



"A Rough-Riding Scout."
From Scout R. Van Dannebe, Fredericksburg, Va.

The Totem Pole, a Feature of Scout Work in East Orange, New Jersey.
From Scout Executive J. W. Patton

"A Helpful Good Turn."
From Scoutmaster C. Dickenson, Rockford, Ill.



Captain Philip W. Price, of Nautical Troop No. 1, Allegheny County, Pa., Presenting Members With Merit Badges for Swimming.

A Rattler Photographed Alive
By Scoutmaster W. C. Guggenheimer, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Baking Biscuits in a Mud Oven.
From Scout Executive D. W. Pollard, Los Angeles, Cal.

A Review of Five Hundred Boy Scouts Held in Shanghai, China.
Photo from Mr. W. D. Murray, of the National Council, Boy Scouts of America

# In the Scout Cave

## A Talk on Football

By THE CAVE SCOUT

F. J. P.

Rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, rah!
Sky U Mah!
Yoh, yah, yoh, yah!
Whe-e-e——

"HEY, Mr. Cave Scout! What's the matter with you? You sound like forty college football rooters all rolled into one!"

Why, hello, there, Scouts! You kind of surprised me! I feel sort of silly to think you caught me acting up so, but you see I just heard that a football team I'm interested in had won a game by a score of 73 to 0, and I just had to let off a little surplus steam. Yep! I'm a bug all right when it comes to football!

"Did you ever play football, Cave Scout?"

"Oh, yes. I used to be a wonderful player. I was headed straight for the All-American team until one night in scrimmage a big duffer slammed against my knee as I was going around left end. My right leg bent over and knocked against my left one, and it's been so wobbly ever since that my football record has been confined mostly to yelling.

But hold on! I'm talking too much about myself! You scouts didn't come here to listen to a story about the Cave Scout's bum leg!

"All right, then, forget your old peg, and tell us why you like football."

Well, that's a more sensible question. I like football because the most important rule is this: "Be game!"

"Be game!" Golly, I think I can spiel a poem about that! Look out now you fellows! Stand back and give me room! When I once get started making verses there's no telling what I'll do! Here goes! (The verses *were* right here, but the Editor jerked them out and stuck them some place else. Guess you'll have to hunt them up.)

Well, that's over, maybe I'll feel better now.

Oh, it's a great old game, this football! If a fellow has a yellow streak football will polish it up until you can see it a mile away. You've got to have starch in your backbone and real gritty sand in your gizzard to play this bully game.

## Be Game

When the smashing fullback charges through
and bangs you on the chin,
When half a yard of precious hide is missing
from your shin,
When your heart is thumping till you think
it's surely got to bust,
When both your legs are dragging and your
mouth is dry as dust,
When you think you simply cannot stand the
strain a minute more,
When every joint is creaking and when every
muscle's sore,
When your wind is gone and every breath
seems hotter than a flame,
Just grit your teeth and bore right in! Don't
give an inch!
BE GAME!

When troop affairs don't go just right, and
things are in a muss,
When every fellow raises Cain until you want
to cuss,
When the scribe forgets to do his job and
let's the records go,
When funds are badly needed and the treasury is low,
When the Oath and Laws are busted till
there's nothing left to break,
When half the boys desert and say that
Scouting is a fake,
When the fellows say it's all your fault and
yet you're not to blame,
Just grit your teeth and bore right in! Don't
give an inch!
BE GAME!

When you buck against the game of life and
things start going bad,
When some punk duffer gets the job you
know you should have had,
When you simply cannot get ahead in spite
of all you do,
When old Tough Luck seems saving up his
hardest knocks for you,
When you almost wish you'd never live to see
another day,
When disappointments come so fast they take
your "pep" away,
When your trusted "friends" desert you and
character defame,
Just grit your teeth and bore right in! Don't
give an inch!
BE GAME!

It's a game that makes *men!*

I'll never forget a game I saw about three years ago. One of the teams was all crippled up; the fullback had a split knee-cap, the right half had a sprained knee and the quarterback had a badly strained shoulder. But the team was short on substitutes, so these men had to play. And maybe you think they didn't put up a nervy scrap! The other team had a powerful, smashing backfield that charged like a bunch of bulls, and these crippled players had to play close up to the line to stop them. It was almost like getting in front of a train of cars, but they never flinched! And they held those big fellows practically to a tie score! Not only that, but in the last two minutes of play they rushed their opponents three-fourths of the way down the field and were playing them off their feet when time was called! That's the kind of thing that makes football worth while!

Have you fellows ever heard a good football coach talk to his players? A friend of mine who is coach of a successful college team has about the finest line of talk I ever heard. He always gives it to the squad at the beginning of the season. Of course it isn't always exactly the same, but it goes something like this:

"Now there's one thing you've got to learn to do and that is *fight, fight, fight!* I can forgive you if you get licked, but I can't forgive you if you lay down! There is no place on this team for a quitter. If I see any player begin to lose his nerve—out he goes! I don't care if he's the fastest man on the squad. And the same thing holds good for dirty playing. Any man who can't play the game according to the rules might just as well hand in his suit right now—for I'll take it away from him later on anyway. I've got to have a bunch of men that I can depend on, *absolutely!* When the critical games of the season come on I must be sure that every man will give his last bit of strength for the team!

"That's why it will be an honor to make a position on the team. Of course it means something to be big, and strong and fast, but it means more to be able to control your temper, to keep your head level in tight places and to have a spirit inside you that enables you to fight harder than ever when the odds are against you, or even when you know there is no chance of winning. It's an honor to be able to throw yourself into the game with your whole body and mind and heart! It is an honor to *be game!*

"Now, then, I guess we understand each other, so let's get down to business. And never forget that you've got to *fight, fight, fight!*"

How's that for a sermon?

"Shucks, Cave Scout, that isn't a sermon, that's just a talk!"

Well, you just better bet your neck that's a sermon! And a mighty good sermon, too! I've seen fellows brace up under it and make men of themselves.

"But, Mr. Cave Scout, I'm not a football player, so I don't see how it applies to me."

Why you poor—— Say, fellows, had we better throw this bonehead out? Well, maybe we'd better take pity on him. Of course it applies to you—hits you right between the eyes. If your dome wasn't solid ivory you'd have felt it!

Here's a story that shows how it applies to scout work.

A few years ago I knew a boy whose home was in rather a tough section of the city in which he lived. He belonged to a gang that was always getting mixed up with the cops, and it looked as though Ned (that isn't his real name, he'd be sore at me if I told it) was destined to spend a rather disgraceful life. But the Boy Scout Movement struck the town, and Ned became interested. He told the gang about it, and they thought it would be bully to go hiking and camping, so they decided to organize a troop, and Ned rustled around and found a man who was willing to act as their scoutmaster.

Well, these boys didn't know much about what Scouting really meant, and they started raising the dickens so much that their scoutmaster became disgusted and quit. Of course the gang didn't care much, but Ned had developed into a genuine scout. He knew that he didn't want to drop out of the organization and he

could see that the other fellows ought not to. So he decided to try to hold them together.

He rented an old ramshackle building and began holding meetings and training the fellows for their tenderfoot and second class tests. Meanwhile he kept pestering away at another man he wanted for scoutmaster. He finally landed him, but it was not long before scoutmaster number two gave up the gang as a bunch of bad eggs. But Ned still stuck. Another scoutmaster was secured, but he didn't last long either. Discouragements that would have taken the heart out of most boys only made Ned fight the harder. And finally he succeeded in getting a permanent troop organized. He soon became a first class scout, and then his opportunity came, and he won an honor medal for life-saving. Now he has a number of merit badges, and is an assistant scoutmaster!

Ned won out because he was *game!* And when Ned goes out to make his way in the world old Tough Luck better save his cracks for softer material. If he gets funny with this gritty scout he'll get a wallop in the jaw!

---

Sure it pays to be game in life—even more than in football or scouting. The point is, that if a boy learns how to be game in football or scouting, it is going to be easier for him to be game when he goes out and bucks the world.

Here's another true story.

I know a man who has been scrapping with old Tough Luck most of his life. I heard him say a few days ago that he spent one whole year strapped to a bed. One day when he was just a boy he asked a man for a job. The man turned him down because he couldn't ride a bicycle. That same afternoon this boy went back and asked for the job again—and got it. He had spent the day learning to ride. This boy wanted an education, but there was nobody to help him so he worked daytimes and studied nights. He finally was admitted to the bar and became a lawyer.

You know, sometimes old Tough Luck seems to like to pick on a fellow just to see how much he'll stand. That is just the way it was with this boy I'm telling you about. He had troubles and disappointments and handicaps enough to discourage a dozen ordinary fellows, but he kept fighting right ahead and old Tough Luck never could get in a knockout punch.

This scrapper I'm talking about is your Chief Scout Executive, James E. West. He wouldn't like it if he knew I was telling you this, for he is modest as good fighters usually are. But I thought you fellows would like to know that your Chief Scout Executive is a good scrapper, and that he's *game!*

---

I haven't time for another word to-day, scouts, so I guess it's your move. Don't forget to BE GAME!

THE CAVE SCOUT.

---

## Six Cities Choose Executives

Cities which have elected new Scout Executives recently, and the men chosen are as follows: Louisville, Ky., Mr. A. T. Benson; Chattanooga, Tenn., Mr. Martin J. Burelbach; New Haven, Conn., Mr. G. N. Jerome; Pittsburgh, Pa., Mr. R. A. Stevenson; Richmond, Va., Mr. Charles L. Weaver; Baltimore, Md., Mr. John Henry Skeen.

*Bell Telephone Exhibit, Panama-Pacific Exposition*

# A Wonder of Wonders

"It is the most beautiful and inspiring Exposition the world has ever seen."—*President Hadley of Yale, in speaking of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.*

EVERY American should feel it a duty as well as a privilege to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition and view its never-equaled exhibits of achievements in Art, Science and Industry.

In all this assemblage of wonders, combining the highest accomplishments of creative genius and mechanical skill, there is none more wonderful than the exhibit of the Bell Telephone System.

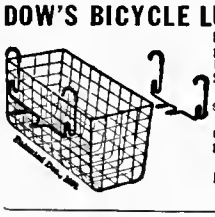
Here, in a theatre de luxe, the welcome visitors sit at ease while the marvel of speech transmission is pictorially revealed and told in story. They listen to talk in New York, three thousand miles away· they hear the roar of the surf on the far off Atlantic Coast; they witness a demonstration of Transcontinental telephony which has been awarded the Grand Prize of Electrical Methods of Communication.

This Transcontinental Line has taken the thought, labor and ingenuity of some of the greatest minds in the scientific world. Yet it is but a small part of the more wonderful universal service of the Bell System, which makes possible instant communication between all the people of the country

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy* *One System* *Universal Service*

**DOW'S BICYCLE LUGGAGE CARRIERS**



BEST THING for the purpose ever put on the market. In use all over the United States.

Can put on or detach instantly with adjustable hook. Good sellers, because the riders all want them and the price is popular.

Write for Prices.

DOW WIRE AND IRON WORKS, Louisville, Ky.

**Goodyear-Akron Bicycle Tires $2.48**

Sturdy—Enduring—Ask Your Dealer

**Delivered TO YOU FREE**

A sample 1916 model *"Ranger"* bicycle, on approval and **30 DAYS TRIAL.**

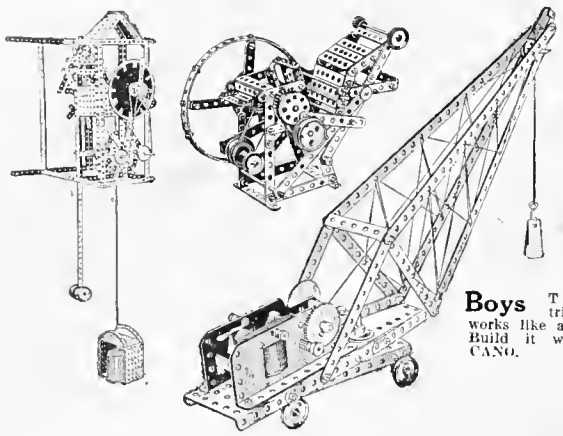
***Write at once*** for large illustrated catalog showing *complete line* of bicycles, tires and supplies, and particulars of *most marvelous offer* ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our ***low prices*** and *remarkable terms.*

***RIDER AGENTS Wanted***—Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, ***Tires*** and Sundries from our big catalog.

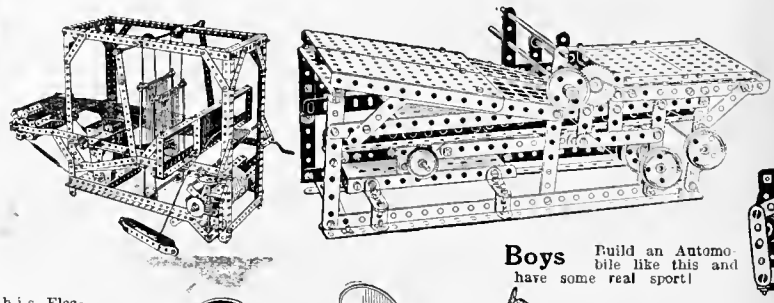
**Do Business** *direct* with the leading bicycle house in America. **Do not buy** until you ***know*** what we can do for you. WRITE TO US.

**MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. F-17 CHICAGO**

Every advertisement is carefully investigated before insertion in BOY'S LIFE. Readers can help us maintain this valuable service by always mentioning BOY'S LIFE when answering advertisements.

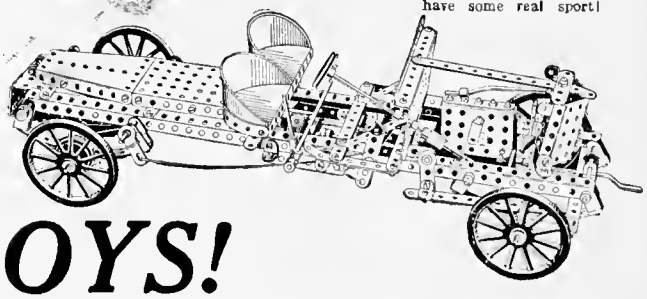


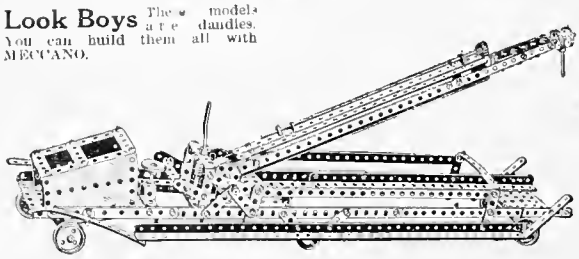
**Boys** This Electric Crane works like a real one. Build it with MECCANO.



**Boys** Build an Automobile like this and have some real sport!

**Look Boys** These models are dandies. You can build them all with MECCANO.





# BOYS!

## You Can Build More Toy

# MECCA

You can build a new toy every day; long bridges, high towers, electric locomotives, cranes and derricks, Panama steam shovels, fire engines, trains, automobiles, clocks, submarines and thousands of other models. Small, complicated ones, or large, strong ones; anything real engineers build! It's the greatest fun you ever had—you'll never want to stop—*just think —you can build anything you can think of!*

MECCANO Toy Engineering is such fine fun because you build like a big engineer and because you make your models work just like real machines. It's easy, too; you don't have to learn. You can start right away. Each outfit has everything you need—steel girders, beams, plates, rods, couplings and cranks; brass wheels, pulleys, gears, nuts and bolts. MECCANO is the finest toy ever invented for boys!

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**MECCA**
**BUILDS**
**MODE**

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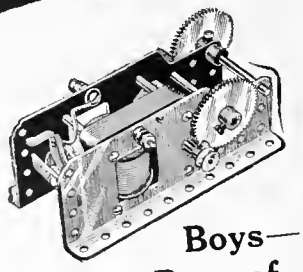
## Here's What You Want If You Have MECCANO

This Inventors' Accessory Outfit contains all this year's new parts and will bring your outfit up to date. Girder Strips; Sprocket Wheels and Chain; ½ in. and 2 in. Pulleys; Large Gear Wheels; Healds for Weaving Machines; and other parts. Can be used with any MECCANO Outfit. Sold in Toy Departments for $2.00.

Lifts 30 Pounds



## Boys— Here's the Boss of All Electric Motors

This MECCANO Electric Motor operates models like real machinery. Direct drive—positive and powerful. 2 or 3 dry batteries run it. It's a real little electric engine—the most powerful toy electric motor made.

Above motor, with starting, stopping and reversing lever, included in outfit No. 3x ($7.50); sold separate for $3.00. Same motor, without control lever and with fewer gears, included in outfits No. 1x ($3.00) and No. 2x ($5.00); sold separate for $1.50. Get a motor and double your MECCANO fun!

## MECCANO With Electric Motor As Low As $3.00

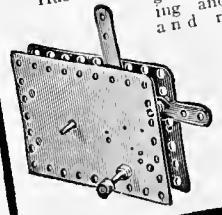
**Sold in Toy Departments**

Get MECCANO-wise! See the outfits and new parts now.

| | |
|---|---|
| Outfit No. 0 | |
| Outfit No. 1 | $1.00 |
| Outfit No. 1X. With Electric Motor | 2.00 |
| Outfit No. 2 | 3.00 |
| Outfit No. 2X. With Electric Motor | 4.00 |
| Outfit No. 3 | 5.00 |
| Outfit No. 3X. With Electric Motor | 6.00 |
| Outfit No. 4. With Spring Motor for FREE | 7.50 |
| Other Outfits at $14.00, $18.00 and $36.00. | 10.00 |

## This Spring Motor Makes 'em Whiz!

This MECCANO Spring Motor is a dandy. Will run lots of models. Has a strong spring, direct shaft and gear wheel drive; starting and stopping brake and reversing lever. Builds into any MECCANO model. Given free with outfits Nos. 4, 5 and 6. Sold separate for $2.00. Ask for one at the Toy Department.



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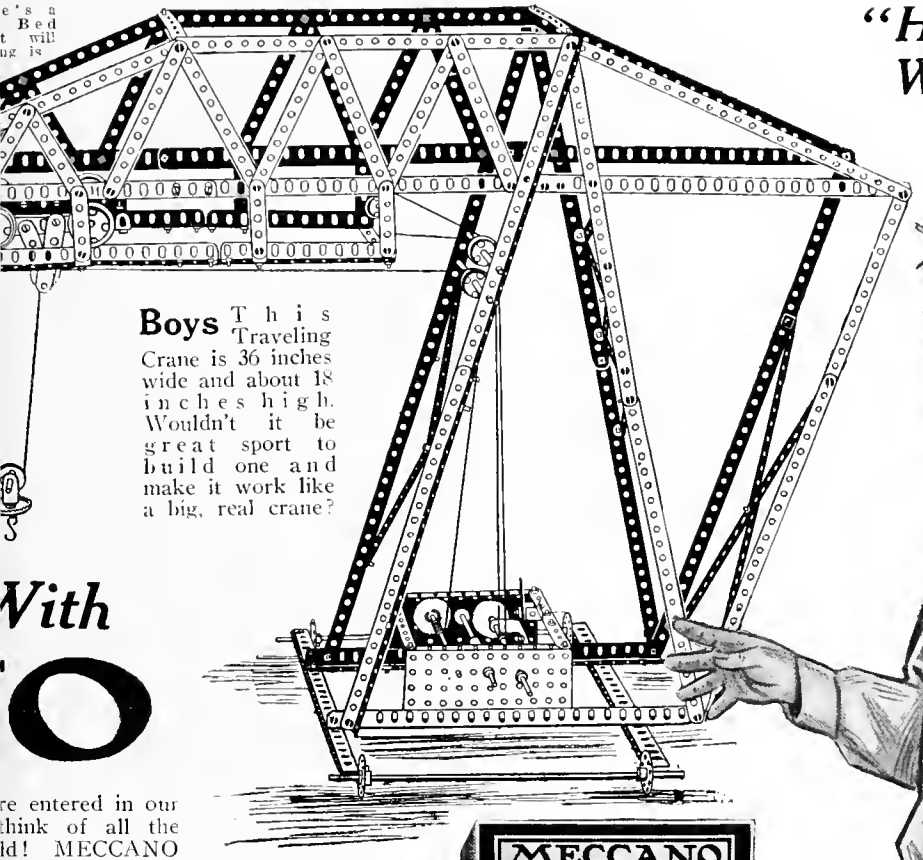


**Boys** This Traveling Crane is 36 inches wide and about 18 inches high. Wouldn't it be great sport to build one and make it work like a big, real crane?

*"Hey, Fellows—Look What I Made With MECCANO*

*Get Busy; It's Fine Sport!"*

*With*

O

re entered in our think of all the ld! MECCANO toy of them all. It builds the most has the most inter-change-able parts, inter-change-ability of every part. chanically correct; you need fewer models and can make them better, easier and quicker. That's another reason why MECCANO Toy Engineering is such heaps of fun.

**This is the MECCANO** box. Look for it in the Toy Department, and don't be satisfied until you find it, because there isn't anything else just the same.

**0** B O Y S — Get MECCANO-wise! MECCANO is the one best building toy; the one all the boys want. See the outfits in the Toy Department. Each one is com- to buy. Pick the one you're going to get. See vements, too. If you have MECCANO get the y Outfit. Be a MECCANO Engineer—it's piles CANO-wise! Send for this fine story about a *reat!* And don't forget to look at the MEC- or in the Toy Department!

FRANK HORNBY
THE BOY WHO MADE
$1,000,000
WITH A TOY

**Here's The New MECCANO Girder Strip**

It builds big models like towers, sky-scrapers, and battleships, quicker, easier and better. It is inter-change-able with all other MECCANO parts. Made in two sizes: ½ in. long, 35c per half dozen; 2½ in. long, 50c per half dozen. Both included in the Inventors' Accessory Outfit.

**$1,000.00 MECCANO Prize Contest**

Boys, get into the 1915-16 Prize Contest. Be an inventor! Build a new model of anything and try for a fine prize. Anybody can enter. Everybody has an equal chance. Get an entry blank from the MECCANO dealer and start now. Some of the models shown here won prizes in the last Contest. You can do as well. Get busy! Build an original model of anything you want to, and win a prize.

**Boys— Here's a Great Story**

Tells how a hustler got an idea, made his first model, patented it, got a factory, sold the toy and finally made a pile of money. Tells just how he did it. Read the book, then perhaps you can do the same. It's a live-wire story, boys, you'll want to read it twice. 144 pages, size 3½ x 5½", cloth bound, illustrated. **You can get it Free.** All you have to do is send five (5) boys' names and addresses, with 4 **cents in stamps for postage,** and the book is yours.

*Frank Hornby*

President
MECCANO CO., Inc.,
Room 45,
71 West 23rd St., New York City

# Have Your Own Picture Show

Bright boys and girls everywhere are giving their own picture shows at home, showing war pictures, poster stamps, snap shots, scenic and travel pictures, birds, animals, and are holding guessing contests, charades, puzzle contests with

**The New**

## Mirroscope

No other Christmas present you can think of will give so much fun. Just the thing to entertain parties. You'll never tire of it.

New models now on sale have improved lenses and lighting systems and adjustable card holders. Made in six sizes from $2.50 to $25, for electricity, acetylene, natural or artificial gas.

FREE BOOKLET showing all styles and many ways to have picture shows, travelogues, etc. Send for it.

At department or toy stores ask for the *New Mirroscope*. If no dealer in town sells it we will ship direct on receipt of price.

THE MIRROSCOPE CO.
1806 Waterloo Road
Cleveland, Ohio

Boys

You Can Beat Them All Now!
Easiest thing in the world with an AUTO-WHEEL COASTER WAGON. Roller bearings give the speed—you go down one hill and up like lightning. Steel axles and real auto type steel-tire wheels—mighty strong. Removable wagon box—have a flat top when you want it. Buy one right away—if you can't, you can earn a Coaster quickly—easy, pleasant work among your chums. Write us, we'll tell you how—or have your father write for you. Mention name and address of your hardware dealer when writing.
Auto Wheel Coaster

Buffalo Sled Co., 131 Schenck St., No. Tonawanda, N.Y.
In Canada, Preston, Ont.

New Card Game—Funniest Ever

## "HINKEM—BINKEM"

Fascinating, scientific, instructive card game for every member of the family. Heaps of fun, surprises every minute, keeps you wide awake and roaring with laughter. Latest thing out. "Don't talk to the Ghost."

**25c** postpaid or at your dealers. The Hinkem-Binkem Co. 510 Republic Bldg., Cleveland, O.

KEEN KUTTER
*Tools and Cutlery*


# What Scouts are Doing

Stories of Interesting Activities in All Parts of the Country.

## He Makes Fire by Friction in 27 Seconds—a Record

SCOUT KNIGHT *Making His Record*

A new scout record for making fire with rubbing sticks has been established by Scout L. Milton Knight, of Newtonville, Mass. Scout Knight's time was twenty-seven seconds, four seconds better than the time of Scout Fred C. Reed, of Washington. Scout Reed established his record of thirty-one seconds in December, 1912, and Scout Knight's record was established last June, although the official claim was not registered at National Headquarters until September 24.

Scout Knight is fourteen years old and is now preparing for his second class examination in Troop 1, of Newtonville, of which Mr. J. C. Irwin is scoutmaster. In competing for the record, Scout Knight was timed by Mr. Edward R. Kimball, Jr., District Scout Commissioner of the 8th District, of Greater Boston; Mr. Harold P. Page, Field Scout Commissioner for the Greater Boston Council, and Mr. Irwin, his scoutmaster. All of these men used stop watches in timing the trial.

The record was made under the following conditions: Bow of applewood, string of ¼" rawhide twisted, fire board and drill of red cedar, socket of spruce, tinder made from inside bark of cedar shredded and dried in the sun, no artificial heat used. Scout Knight was timed from the first stroke of the bow until the flame was produced. The record was made during the first trial so there was no chance of either fire-board or drill to have been warmed before starting.

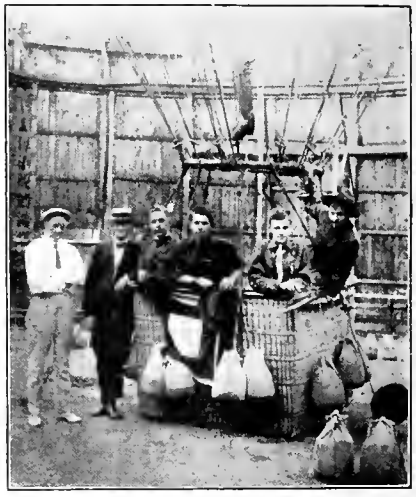
A number of unofficial reports of fire by friction records have been made to National Headquarters recently. Scouts and scout officials are hereby notified that all applications for records must be properly filed. National Headquarters will furnish proper blanks upon request, to any one who is interested.

## A Christmas "Good Turn"

Boy scouts who are looking for a chance to do a Christmas "good turn"—and of course this means every scout in the country—can find an opportunity by lending their assistance, wherever possible, in the "Shop Early" campaign. To the thousands of clerks and delivery men in the large stores, Christmas, instead of being a time of rest and enjoyment, is a period of hurry and over-work. The "Shop Early" campaign tends to relieve this condition and scouts who assist in this effort are doing a good turn to those people who help to make the purchase and delivery of our Christmas presents possible.

## Scouts 1000 Feet in the Air in a Big Balloon

The Eagle Scouts of Kansas City made an unusual scouting trip recently. As guests of Capt. H. E. Honeywell and his aide, Ward C. Gifford, they made an ascension in the balloon, "The Heart of America." While over 1,000 feet in the air the scouts made maps of Kansas City



and signalled to other scouts on the ground. As one scout said—"Kansas City looked like a checkerboard. Packard motor cars like Fords, and Fords like insects."

In the picture are shown, from left to right—Capt. H. E. Honeywell, aeronaut; Ward C. Gifford, aide; Scout Snell, of Troop 33; Scout Frank, Troop 40; Scout Acker, Troop 19; Scout Sherman, Troop 20. Eagle Scoutmasters Holt and Stophlet accompanied the scouts on the ascension.

## Troop Wants to Talk by Wireless —What the Law Says

Troop 25, of Newark, N. J., has constructed and put into operation a complete wireless outfit, and would be pleased to communicate by wireless with any other troops in their locality on Tuesday evenings. John Arsics is their wireless operator. Scout Arsics informs BOYS' LIFE that Troop 25 has investigated the Federal statutes governing the control of wireless stations, and that the scouts of Troop 25 are entirely within their rights in communicating with troops within the jurisdiction of the State of New Jersey.

For the general information of scouts interested in wireless telegraphy, the following extract is published from the Federal Statutes, covering this matter:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the U. S. A. in Congress assembled, that a person, company, or corporation within the jurisdiction of the United States of America, shall not use or operate any apparatus for radio communications as a means of commercial intercourse among the several States, or with foreign nations, or upon any vessel of the United States engaged in interstate or foreign commerce, or for the transmission of radiograms or signals, the effect of which extends beyond the State or territory in which

same are made, or where interference would be caused thereby, with the receipt of messages or signals from beyond the jurisdiction of State or territory except under and in accordance with a license revocable for cause, in that behalf granted by the secretary of commerce and labor upon application thereof; but nothing in this act shall be construed to apply to the transmission and exchange of radiograms or signals between points situated in the same State; provided, that the effect thereof shall not exceed beyond the jurisdiction of the said State or interfere with the reception of radiograms or signals from beyond the jurisdiction of said State."

# The Life Savers

By ARMSTRONG PERRY

IN a great hole dug out by the flooded Susquehanna and left full of water when the river receded, the boys of Dorranceton and Luzerne, Pa., go swimming. They call it "The Pond Hole." On September 11, Joseph Barrett, age ten, was among the bathers and walked off the narrow ledge at the edge of the hole into water eleven feet deep.

He could not swim and immediately he went under. There were a dozen other boys in the water and some on the bank. One of the swimmers tried to help, but was pulled under, broke away, and gave it up.

Fred L. Poust, a Tenderfoot Scout, was at the opposite end of the hole, sixty yards away. Even the older and larger fellows turned to him in the emergency.

He jumped from the high bank, swam across and began diving. The water was deep and so muddy that he could see nothing beneath the surface, but after several attempts he found the boy.

While he applied artificial respiration he sent others to stop the first automobile that came along the road. There was still a pulse when the unconscious lad reached the hospital, but in spite of every effort he passed away.

One of the older fellows was asked why he did not attempt the rescue. "I wouldn't do nothin' unless there was somethin' in it for me," he said.

"How much did you get for pulling out that Barrett kid?" some of the gang asked Poust. Fred is a scout and therefore has self-control. Nobody could have blamed him if he had pushed somebody's face in, but he didn't. "Nothing," he replied, "and I don't want anything." His lot in life has been hard work, few luxuries and few pleasures, but he has something which is worth more to him and to the world than all the wealth of all the millionaires.

In addition to this he has received a letter of commendation from the National Court of Honor of the Boy Scouts of America.

THIS is a bloody tale.

Wherever there is a beach there is a fool to sprinkle it with broken glass and china.

Carl Hanover, nine years old, stepped on one of those souvenirs of stupidity at Groton, Conn. He cut two arteries and the blood spurted out at a rate which threatened to empty his circulatory system.

Willis Leroy Tabor, Jr., a scout, looked at the wound and one of the first things he had learned in the Handbook exactly fitted the case. He quickly secured a cloth and a stick and applied a tourniquet. "As though his own life depended upon it," one of the witnesses said. Certainly! If the cut had been on his own foot and some other fellow had been in trouble at the same time, he would probably have said "let 'er bleed" and helped the other fellow first. The doctor testified to the efficiency of the prompt first aid. Young Hanover was weak from loss of blood when the doctor came. As it was, if Tabor had not known just what to do the fellow who dropped that jagged bit of china would now be a murderer.

The National Court of Honor has sent a letter of commendation to Scout Tabor.

SCOUT HAROLD JOHNSON, of Mazomanie, Wisconsin, has sent in an account of a heroic rescue. Ivan Hazeltine of that town saved two girls from drowning, pulling them out of the deep water of a creek, and applying artificial respiration. National Headquarters regrets exceedingly that Hazeltine cannot be rewarded with an honor medal because he is not at present a registered scout. However, his act was just as courageous and worthy of commendation as though he were in a position to receive a medal.

## Report of National Court of Honor for September

### LETTERS OF COMMENDATION

| | |
|---|---|
| Willis Leroy Tabor, Jr. | Croton, Conn. |
| Fred L. Poust | Dorrancetown, Pa. |

### EAGLE SCOUTS

To win the Silver Eagle these First Class Scouts must have qualified for 21 Merit Badges. It is the highest honor given for winning Merit Badges.

| | |
|---|---|
| Clarence Reitter | Bridgeport, Conn. |
| Frank C. Wilson | Bridgeport, Conn. |
| L. O. Wetzel | Logansport, Ind. |
| Frank Parater | Richmond, Va. |
| Carl H. Reid | Lebannon, Ohio |
| Howard A. Gifford | New Brunswick, N. J. |
| Kenneth Greene | New London, Conn. |
| Tracey W. Ames | New London, Conn. |
| Francis W. Fitch | Prophetstown, Ill. |
| Thomas Fitch | Plainfield, N. J. |
| T. E. Hubby | Waco, Texas |

### LIFE AND STAR SCOUTS

Life Scouts hold Merit Badges in first aid, athletics, life saving, personal health and public health. Star Scouts have five badges in addition to these.

| | |
|---|---|
| Ralph Lind | Cleveland, Ohio |
| Paul P. Coggins | Newton, Mass. |
| Kenneth Scull | Ashbourne, Pa. |
| Hammond Armstrong | Ashbourne, Pa. |
| Edwin Armstrong | Ashbourne, Pa. |
| Frank C. Wilson | Bridgeport, Conn. |
| Clarence W. Reitter | Bridgeport, Conn. |
| Edwin Thomas | Richmond, Va. |
| Harold N. Pember | Richmond, Va. |
| George K. Hartle | Hagerstown, Md |
| Harold Dunworth | Miami, Fla. |
| Howard A. Gifford | New Brunswick, N. J. |
| William Packman | Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Michael Coplin | Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Donald F. Bishop | Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Clarence Slatcher | Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Samuel Schultz | Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Robert Cruise | New London, Conn. |
| Kenneth Greene | New London, Conn. |
| Tracy W. Ames | New London, Conn. |
| Edwin J. Mellen | Cambridge, Mass. |
| S. Chudleigh Hicks | Morristown, N. J. |
| Wilfred Blake | Morristown, N. J. |
| J. W. Mutton | Waterbury, Conn. |
| Harvey Cooke | New Brunswick, N. J. |
| Howard Penton | Wilmington, N. C. |
| Harry Tucker | Wilmington, N. C. |
| Carl Mahler | Wilmington, N. C. |
| Hallet B. Schenck | Highland Park, N. J. |
| Thomas Fitch | Plainfield, N. J. |
| T. E. Hubby | Waco, Texas |

### STAR SCOUTS

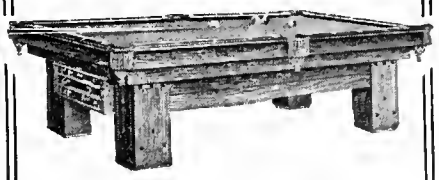
| | |
|---|---|
| D. Dell Withers, | Pittsburg, Pa. |
| J. Roy Zoeller, | Jacksonville, Fla. |

### LIFE SCOUTS

| | |
|---|---|
| Herbert A. Reece, | Charlottesville, Va. |
| Jay Knox, | Morristown, N. J. |
| Howard Greene, | Wilmington, N. C. |

Total Number of Merit Badges Issued....1140


After School — After Work



Home Billiards!

With the smooth balls glistening in the early lamp-light—with lessons learned, business done and a good meal stowed away—all hands are eager for a rousing round of carom or pocket billiards.

One chance shot—a merry gibe—a hair's breadth hit—any of these may decide tonight's victory! This thrilling game puts new blood into grown-ups—**and makes any boy the king of the neighborhood!**

Superb Brunswick

"Baby Grand"

**"Grand", "Convertibles" and "Quick Demountables", $27 Upward**

Brunswick Home Carom and Pocket Billiard Tables, made of beautiful woods, appeal to the expert as well as the novice because they are scientifically built.

So don't confuse them with toys or flimsy contraptions. Every Brunswick is a real man's table, though made in sizes **to fit in any home.**

**Free Trial Then 10c a Day**

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# Dan Beard Tells You How

## To Make a Whiffle-Poof and Trail One*

By DAN BEARD

National Scout Commissioner

THE scouts on the other side of the water go "tracking"; that is because they are not American and do not understand what is meant by a trail. Originally it was called a trace; Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and George Washington followed the Indian traces. Even the so-called war paths in those days were so overgrown with underbrush, grass and weeds that an ordinary city boy would have been unable to follow them—that is, the war paths showed mere traces of a traveled route. Later when the pack horses of the pioneers began to travel the Indian paths, when they came trailing along through the wilderness with their packs, these highways were called trails. Trail is the American word and the word for all scouts in America to use.

If you had been on the frontier as late as the last Indian war out West and had spoken of picking up the track or tracking the Indians, you would have immediately been put down as a tenderfoot and treated as such. Farmers' boys track rabbits in the snow, but scouts follow trails all the year round.

Now, since trailing is one of the stunts which boy scouts must learn, it is a great convenience to us to find a simple trail-maker, a trail-maker that it is not necessary to go to a blacksmith to have manufactured, a trail-maker which though hyphenated is still an American born and like the scout movement itself evolved here in America, born here of American parents, American grandparents and American great-grandparents.

### How to Make It.

All hail the Whiffle-poof! for this strange American beast has come to stay. The Whiffle-poof is made of a piece of fire wood about three inches in diameter and ten inches long. This is driven full of nails, as may be seen in the accompanying drawings. When dragged through the grass, the plowed field, the road or the underbrush, it is bound to leave a trail—a trail that may be followed, but none too easy a trail, for the Whiffle-poof is an eccentric animal; sometimes it travels sideways, sometimes it throws somersaults, sometimes it jibes, tacks and cones about and sometimes it hops along like a porcupine grasshopper. Then again, one must be somewhat of an expert to tell which direction the Whiffle-poof is traveling. Only last summer I saw scouts following the trail backwards; I do not mean that they were walking backwards, but they were going in the wrong direction, and landed at the starting point of the trail before they discovered their mistake.

### Does a Whiffle-poof Climb a Tree?

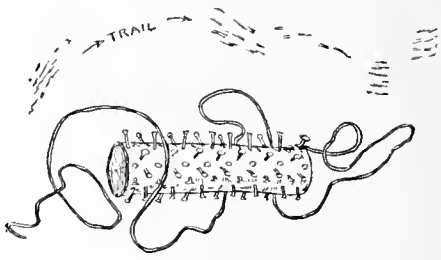
Woodcrafter Jeckly at the Culver camp came up to Capt. Beard and said that he wanted to show him something; he then led the captain to the trail of a Whiffle-poof. Jeckly was very mysterious and secret about it, because there had been talk of a strange animal in camp, and he did not know whether or not it was a joke.

"That," said Capt. Beard, solemnly, after examining the marks, "is the trail of a Whiffle-poof."

"Gee-wizz! is that so? Don't tell anyone I asked you," said Jeckly, "but please, sir, what is a Whiffle-poof?"

"Follow the trail and find out," was the response.

About half an hour later Jeckly again came to Capt. Beard and asked if a Whiffle-poof could climb a tree. He was told that he was following a strange animal and the trail would do all kinds of queer things. Jeckly once more started on the trail and did not appear again for more than an hour; then he came again




*Here It Is—and Its Trail.*

to Capt. Beard with the animal in his hand, and holding it up for inspection, said: "Huh! Whiffle-poof."

Jeckly later became one of the most persistent and best trailers in the camp.

A scout who can trail a Whiffle-poof beast for a couple of miles across country over all kinds of ground may be put down as a good trailer; such a scout could trail a man or a deer; in fact, we might call him a real, genuine scout, a worthy descendant of the old Buckskin men.

DAN BEARD.

*Copyright, 1915, by D. C. Beard.

## Scouts' Splendid Service at G. A. R. Encampment

The boy scouts are up to their old trick of making a fine reputation for themselves at the National G. A. R. reunion. This time it was the boy scouts of Washington, D. C. The G. A. R. encampment was held there from September 27 to October 2, during which time the Washington scouts were on the job early and late, making themselves generally useful and making friends by the thousands.

As soon as the encampment started, favorable reports about the work of the boys began coming to National Headquarters. We would like to give a lot of them, here in Boys' Life, but we haven't the space this month. We do want you to know, however, what Major Raymond W. Pullman, Police Commissioner of the District of Columbia, said about the scouts. This is told in the following letter which Mr. Pullman sent to Chief Scout Executive James E. West:

*My Dear Mr. West:*

The Washington members of your great organization are certainly to be congratulated on the efficient service and co-operation which they have given to the Police Department and to the citizens' public order committee during the 49th G. A. R. Encampment, which is just coming to a close. Some of the veterans say that the boys' work, from the standpoint of real helpfulness, has even gone ahead of that performed at the Gettysburg Reunion. In a statement which the papers requested on the day of the parade, I said:

"The work of the members of the Boy Scouts' organization along the line of march and on the streets where the parade formed is deserving of special commendation and the service is thoroughly appreciated. They did fine work in assisting the police and members of the public order committee and in helping the veterans who were compelled to drop out of line."

You know that I have followed the work of the Boy Scout organization closely ever since you became connected with it in 1911, and I find myself each year believing more and more firmly that the movement is giving to the boys of this country more that makes for character building and good citizenship than any other American institution, excepting the home.

The average citizen is coming around to much the same opinion, I think, for on all sides this week I have heard the scouts praised for their manliness, their alertness and desire to serve and their unfailing courtesy. The boy of the Twentieth Century is truly more fortunate than the boy of any other period because of the wonderful opportunity for self-improvement which he may grasp by accepting the privileges of the scout organization.

With best wishes, I am,

Very sincerely,

(Signed) Raymond W. Pullman.

### IN MEMORIAM

Scout Herbert Lewis,
Troop 3, Ansonia, Conn.

Scout Herman Hartell,
Troop 3, South Boston, Mass.

Scout Louis J. Oberti,
Troop 7, Bradford, Mass.

Scout Antonio Anglen,
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Scout Leonard Henson,
Troop 1, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Scout Edward Read,
Troop 2, Barre, Mass.

Scout Allen Ingram,
Troop 1, Bagdad, Fla.

Scout Oscar Fowler,
Troop 148, New York City.

Scout Alfred Barker,
Troop 1, Orlando, Fla.

Scout William Conklin,
Troop 6, Jersey City, N. J.

Scout James Henry,
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## Boy Scouts Around the World

CHINA.—In Shanghai, China, one of the greatest field meets ever held in the Orient was brought to a successful close recently. The meet lasted a full week, about 400 athletes competing, besides 460 boy scouts who had an important place on the program, not only as competitors, but as marshals, messengers and handy men in general.

The athletes came from Japan, Philippine Islands, and all parts of China. China won in nearly every contest and demonstrated their superior ability as runners, jumpers, swimmers, football and baseball players, shot putters, discus and hammer throwers, etc. The scouts who participated did exceedingly well and won the approval of all by their neat appearance, usefulness and ability to handle the crowds.

On the last night of the meet, athletes, scouts, officials and friends of the competitors gathered at the Y. M. C. A. to receive their awards. The prizes numbered more than 1,200, and it took two full hours to present them. The presentation was made by Dr. Wu Ting Fang.

On Wednesday following the close of the meet there was a procession to commemorate China's victory. Thousands marched in the parade, each carrying a Chinese lantern with the Chinese flag on one side, and the sign of their own organization on the other.

EGYPT.—In a letter which has been received recently at National Headquarters, W. Bruce Rainsford, formerly a scoutmaster in Australia and now with No. 2 General Hospital, A. M. C., Australian Imperial Force, Egypt, writes as follows: "It may interest you to know that the scout movement is well established in Egypt, and here in Cairo there are branches of the following national associations: British, Greek, French and Italian. The Greek are a smart-looking lot and are by far the strongest in the city, numbering about 300 and distinguishable by their blue neckerchiefs."

POLAND.—The majority of Polish boy scouts are students in the secondary schools, although a number of troops have been formed among young factory hands and apprentices. The principles of Polish scouting are chiefly those laid down by the English Chief Scout, although the English rules have been adapted and modified somewhat to meet Polish conditions. In the scout law, for instance, only one important change has been made, and that is the reference to moral purity, which in the Polish scout law reads as follows: "A scout does not drink alcoholic beverages, neither smokes tobacco, and is pure in thought, word and deed."

Each troop adopts a popular hero as its patron and model, and every member is required to read the life of that patron. The first Lwow troop, for instance, is named after Kosciusko, thus: The First Lwow Chief Kosciusko Troop; another, the Second Hetman Chodkiewicz Troop, etc.

SYRIA.—R. C. Agne, scoutmaster recently in charge of a troop of scouts in the American Protestant College at Beirut, Syria, called at National Headquarters recently and gave a most interesting account of scout work. Mr. Agne has just completed three years' work as a teacher in this American college.

Scouting is made compulsory in this institution in the junior department of the preparatory school. There are one hundred boys enrolled in that department, all of whom were required to take the scout work. There are eighteen different nationalities represented.

Mr. Agne reports that the correspondence conducted through the Lonesome Corner was a big help to him both in his scout work and in his work as a teacher of English. Seventeen of the boys corresponded with scouts in the United States. One of his boys received fifteen letters from scouts in this country.

One of the steps taken for promoting scout work during the time Mr. Agne was Scoutmaster, was the formation of a National Scout Association for Palestine and Syria. Troops were formed in a number of the schools and approximately 700 scouts were enrolled.

DENMARK.—The boy scouts of Denmark have invited their brother scouts of Norway and Sweden to join with them in establishing a "Scandinavian Camp" sometime in August. It will be remembered that a short time ago, the Kings of Norway, Sweden and Denmark met and formed an alliance for defense for the three Scandinavian countries. The camp proposed would be another link in the chain to bind together these historical northern countries.


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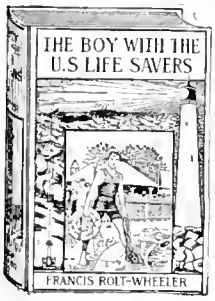


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# The Korean Boy

## A Close Look at the Lad's Life in the Hermit Kingdom

By ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

WHAT the Korean boy needs more than anything else in the world is for somebody to come along and teach him to look like a boy. He's been the perfect image of his sister for a thousand years and he can stand a change. Poor Pak wears his hair just like a girl—parted down the middle of the head and made into a braid behind—and that "sissy" hair and the balloon-like skirts he wears certainly don't tend to increase his manly beauty. And the joke is, he's got to wear his hair in a braid until he marries; then he proudly wads it up in a top-knot under his horsehair bonnet.

*A Boy Merchant in Korea.*

Maybe that's the reason the Korean boy marries so early—twelve and thirteen is not an unusual age for a bridegroom, and old bachelors of twenty are rare.

### Lots of Whippings

But being a boy in Korea has its compensations. You're greatly honored by your dad. As in China and Japan, the boy is the only thing that counts in the household; sisters are nuisances and are in line for any left-overs from the boy's domain. Not many Koreans read English, but they all know that line about "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Oh yes! Very few rods spared in Korea. But the joke of it is that, with the slack of his cotton trousers still warm, Pak may stroll down the street and see a grown man getting spanked. Spanking in public is not only punishment for crime in Korea but furnishes free amusement to whole cityfuls.

I doubt very much if you, Young America, would swap homes with Pak of Korea—not if you saw his home first. He lives in a house made of mud and the chickens and pigs have as much right in the house as he has. To heat the house in winter the smoke from the kitchen fireplace is led underneath the floors. Fine scheme—in winter. But I tell *you*, that's a hot house in summer! Still, in summer, Pak wears little more than a smile and maybe he doesn't mind a heated house.

### Queer Things He Eats

He eats many things that don't look pleasant, such as the snaky arms of cuttlefish, over-ripe whale steaks, now and then a puppy and, especial dainty for holidays, a juicy sea snail known as beche-de-mer. Candy in Korea looks like a church window, it's so highly colored; and it tastes like a patent felt insole for your shoe. They make a sort of taffy out of wild honey, but they do not seem to care how many bees are preserved in the candy.

Unless Pak happens to be a rich man's son he's not bothered much by school. Korea's public schools are feeble institutions. But if he is to have the educa-

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**PLAYS** for Parlor, School Room or Stage, Dialogues, Speakers, Comic Monologues, Minstrels, Jokes, Operettas, Musical Pieces, Recitations, Tableaux, Games, Drills, etc. Suitable for all ages. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON & Co., Dept. 18, CHICAGO, ILL.

## SCOUTS IN CAMP

A 5-act Play written especially for Scouts. Send 35 cents for a copy. Address National headquarters or Leroy C. Partch, Lake Mills, Wis.


*Mention* Boys' Life *in answering advertisements*

tion of a gentleman that means he must learn by heart all the books of Confucius, the ancient Chinese wise man. That is quite a job, but it gives Pak a remarkable memory.

### The Games He Plays

You'll probably laugh and think Pak a real boy after all when I tell you that stone fights make one of his commonest amusements—regular stone fights with fifty or a hundred boys on a side. You'd better believe there's considerable excitement in Phyong Yang when a stone fight's on. Kite flying is a national sport, wherein men join with boys in "fighting" their kites. You know the old trick of sawing the other fellow's string with your own; well, in Korea that sometimes leads close to murder. Another favorite sport is shooting with bow and arrow. Oddly enough, swinging—yes, plain old-fashioned swinging—is considered great sport; hardly a big tree anywhere near a village that has not its swing of straw rope. A very popular game is one played with the feet. A shuttlecock is made by wrapping a few copper "cash" in paper and leaving a "tail" to the wrapper to keep it always in proper position. This is then passed back and forth between two, but exclusively by kicks and back-flaps of the feet.

# Books Boys Like Best

Straight Tips on Some of the New Ones

By FRANKLIN K. MATHIEWS
Chief Scout Librarian

JUST about the best book I have read in a long time is Hawley Williams' *Fair Play* (D. Appleton & Co.). It's one of the Lansing Academy Series and tells of Garry Moore, who was, as someone said, "as a tackle, a bird; as a third baseman, two birds." And that's the truth, some of it. To know all about Garry, read the book which will, I guarantee, give you just as much pleasure as watching a tight baseball or close football game.

### New Scout Books

Of course, you will want to know of the latest Scout stories. There are three that will thrill you with delight. Leslie Quirk's *Boy Scouts of Black Eagle Patrol* (Little, Brown & Co.) is brimful of just such stirring adventures as you would like to have your patrol share in—athletic stunts, exciting games and all kinds of Scouteraft.

In the *Boy Scouts in a Trapper's Camp* (Penn. Pub. Co.) Thornton Burgess concludes his stories of the boys of "Woodcraft Camp," though this time it's a trapper's camp that makes possible camping in the winter woods. Besides learning about the trapper's skill, the boys have the time of their lives helping to run down a band of poachers.

Of a very different sort is Percy K. Fitzhugh's *Tom Slade, Boy Scout of the Moving Pictures* (Grossett and Dunlap). No doubt many of you Scouts have seen our

motion picture, "The Adventures of a Boy Scout." Tom Slade of Barrel Alley was the hero of that film and in the book based upon his adventures, in almost as moving and stirring a way as the same narrative related in motion pictures, Mr. Fitzhugh tells of how Tom was gradually changed from the street gangster into a first-class scout. Scouting activities and principles are all cleverly woven into the story, which, apart from these interests, abounds in those pleasing thrills and fascinating situations, stirring experiences and fine suspenses that will, once you begin the story, hold your rapt attention right through to the end.

### On a Farm.

*Uncle Abner's Legacy* (Henry Holt & Co.), by A. Hyatt Verrill, is the story of a boy and girl who had an old, abandoned farm "wished on them," and what they did with it. By the use of many modern devices the farm, in spite of many obstacles, was carefully developed into a most profitable investment. The book is sure to prove an inspiration to all boys and very informing to many who, beginning life on the farm, face just such problems.

### Down the Coast

Widely different is Mr. Verrill's *Cruise of the Cormorant* (Henry Holt & Co.) for it tells how two American boys with their uncle help to deliver his yacht to its new owner in Barbados. Besides learning at first hand much about West India ways and history, particularly as regards pirates and smugglers, the boys had many adventures—yachting, hunting, fishing and treasure seeking, the account of which makes the story absorbingly interesting.

### Up in Alaska

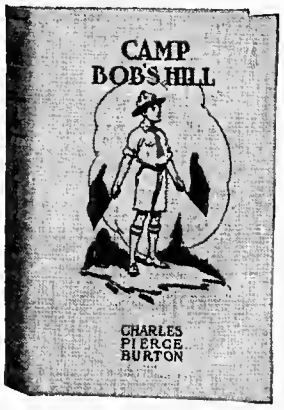
I suppose you have been told that Alaska is almost equal territorially to all the States east of the Mississippi. To help boys to easily learn more about that wonderful country, Capt. Kilbourne, U. S. A., has written *An Army Boy in Alaska* (Penn Pub. Co.), and it's "some story," too. In this far away territory, the life of the "Wild West" repeats itself and the boys who like the thrill of big adventure with life in constant jeopardy and hairbreadth escapes will find aplenty in this book.

### Wireless Made Plain

Increasingly, boys are becoming interested in mechanics and electricity, and increasingly books understandable are being written for boys upon these subjects. Of such a sort is A. F. Collins' *Book of Wireless* (D. Appleton & Co.), which shows you exactly how to make and set up and operate a complete wireless station for both sending and receiving messages. The more than two hundred illustrations drawn to measure by the author himself are sure to help to make good his claim that the book is "written so any one can understand it."

### Washington's Scout's Son

I wonder how many boys read "Tom Strong, Washington's Scout," or "Tom Strong, Boy Captain" by Alfred Bishop Mason. In *Tom Strong Junior* (Henry Holt & Co.), Mr. Mason gives us the story of the son of Tom Strong. In his father's shipyard, the Clermont was built; he saw the duel between Hamilton and Burr; served in the navy during the War of 1812; helped defend Washington when


## *Two New Books by Your Favorite Authors*

CHARLES P. BURTON'S new book for Boys

# CAMP BOB'S HILL

By the Author of

The Boys of Bob's Hill .....10th Printing
The Bob's Cave Boys .....4th Printing
The Bob's Hill Braves .....4th Printing
The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill .....5th Printing (Also in Boy Scouts' Library)

Another wholesome story about Mr. Burton's favorite boys. Very few writers have caught the spirit of a "gang" of country-town boys as well as Mr. Burton. The boy scout appeal is stronger in this story than in any of the earlier books. *Illustrated by Gordon Grant; $1.25 net.*

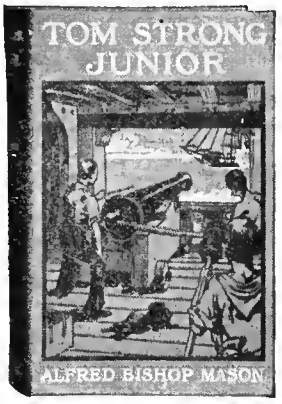
ALFRED BISHOP MASON'S New Story of the Young United States

# TOM STRONG, JUNIOR

A sequel, with Tom Strong's son as hero, to

Tom Strong, Washington's Scout..... (6th Printing, Also in Boy Scouts' Library)
Tom Strong, Boy Captain .....2nd Printing

Young Tom is introduced to many stirring scenes: The *Clermont* was built in his father's shipyard; he stumbles on the duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr; he serves in the navy during the war of 1812; makes the trip to Pittsburg and down the Ohio and Mississippi with dispatches for General Jackson at New Orleans, etc., etc.




Boys and girls will read this absorbed in the story and, incidentally learn more about the period than most of their parents now know. It does not depend on Mr. Mason's earlier books for its interest. *Illustrated; $1.25 net.*

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, 34 West 33rd Street NEW YORK

# Scout Stories—The Real Thing

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

**These are stories of adventure by wilderness, lake and stream. The characters in them are Scouts, and they solve difficulties by Scout Law and woodcraft. An officer of the Boy Scouts of America said recently that one of these books is "the best Scout story every written." Cloth, illustrated, $1.00 net, each.**

### THE BOY SCOUTS OF WOODCRAFT CAMP

The story of a tenderfoot in a Scout camp who got a wrong start, but finally made good.

### THE BOY SCOUTS ON SWIFT RIVER

Three seasoned Scouts take a tenderfoot on a difficult trip. He turns out to have more grit than they expected.

### THE BOY SCOUTS ON LOST TRAIL

A party from "Woodcraft Camp" hunts for a long lost Indian trail and finds a mystery in the North woods.

### THE BOY SCOUTS IN A TRAPPER'S CAMP

A winter in the woods, and how a New York newsboy proved himself of good Scout mettle.

*AT ALL BOOKSTORES*

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., 925 FILBERT STREET PHILADELPHIA

*The*
# Newest Books *for* Young Readers

Once upon a time any book with a pretty cover seemed just the thing for a Christmas gift. But mothers and fathers soon found out that there was much more to a book than an attractive cover. Now they know that the best books by the best authors are none too good for their boys and girls who are just beginning to form the habit of reading.

The boys who read Boys' Life, and their sisters, too, are making out their lists for Christmas. They are sure to want books for their friends, and they will want to find them among their gifts on Christmas morning.

Among the authors who have this year written books especially for young readers are those whose work bears the stamp of the highest approval. Altsheler, Barbour, Camp, Heyliger, Tomlinson, Elderdice, Agnes McClelland Daulton, Ellen Douglas Deland have each written stories for their young friends. Their new books are all described in a splendid new catalogue we have just prepared and which we shall be glad to forward to anyone who will write for it. Send a post card for it today.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY
35 W. 32nd Street
NEW YORK

BOYS! A FLEET OF YOUR OWN!
WE SEND YOU ALL *the* MATERIAL & YOU PUT THE SHIPS TOGETHER. LOTS OF FUN FOR WINTER EVENINGS. 6 SHIPS 25¢-13 SHIPS 50¢
SEND TO S.A METCALFE
BOX 972 SAN FRANCISCO



SPECIAL SALE
$8. Heavy Shaker COAT SWEATERS $5.48

All wool, plain colors. Very heavy. Full collar, can be buttoned up or rolled down. A real $8.00 value. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

*Write for our handsomely illustrated catalog of Sporting goods*
I. DAVEGA, Jr., 125 West 125th St., New York


it was burned; with dispatches for General Jackson at New Orleans, he made a trip from Pittsburgh down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers—enough adventures, surely, to make a book of interest to any boy no matter how red-blooded.

GREAT BOOKS IN THE SCOUT "EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY"

I am sure you will be interested, too, in the new additions to the Boy Scout Movement's "Every Boy's Library." Boys who like to read about the marvelous inventions of recent years will be delighted with Harry E. Maule's *Boys' Book of New Inventions*, and *The Wireless Man*, by Francis A. Collins. Then there are three big adventure tales: *Ungava Bob*, a story of fur trappers, by Dillon Wallace; and *The Last of the Plainsmen*, the life story of Buffalo Jones, by Zane Grey; and *The Wrecking Master*, a story of the business of saving wrecked ships, by Ralph D. Paine. All of these stories are just the kind in which skill and daring and courage abound to delight the boy reader. And not the least among the new additions to "Every Boy's Library" is Colton Maynard's *School Days of Elliott Gray, Jr.*, which gives in genuine lifelikeness all the thrilling, joyous experiences that go to make up the busy round of a boys' preparatory school.

THE CHIEF SCOUT LIBRARIAN.

## A Great Adventure Tale of Boy Scout Crusoes

Strange and exciting experiences of a Scout Patrol Stranded on a Tropical Island When a Hurricane Strikes the *Flying Fish*, are Features of Our NEW BIG SERIAL STORY which starts NEXT MONTH. Everybody will be Reading It! Don't Miss the First Installment in DECEMBER

LOST! A broken engine on the *Flying Fish* in the far away Pacific starts all of the trouble. Aboard the ship are most of the members of the Coyote Patrol of Boy Scouts. While the engine is being repaired, the boys with their scoutmaster go ashore on a small island to see the sights. A terrific storm suddenly breaks, making their return that night impossible.

In the morning, they are all up with the first break of dawn, eager to return—but the *Flying Fish* has disappeared! Left alone without food or shelter, the scouts are beset by strange sights and perils by day, and stranger sounds and dangers by night. How heroically they faced their dangers, how well prepared they were as scouts to overcome their difficulties, makes a story as fascinating and thrilling as any Boys' Life has been privileged to give its readers.

In addition to the strange, exciting and dangerous adventures the scouts en-

counter, Edwin C. Burritt, the author, describes the queer animal and plant life of the islands in the southern Pacific. He tells of the trees, the flowers, the snakes in the jungle, the queer fish that live on the coral reef; the wild beasts of the forest, and the wonderful birds that live in the palm and fig trees. He tells of the—well, how would you like to read a few paragraphs selected at random from this stirring tale of adventure? A few are given here:

"What on earth is that," said Rod as they neared the cabin, "over there by that pile of cocoanuts?"

Karl approached cautiously, not wishing to frighten the creature away. He stopped when the ungainly figure raised itself up in alarm.

"A big land crab," he whispered. "Keep still and let's see what he is doing."

They stood still and watched. The great crab seized a cocoanut in his pincers and, bit by bit, tore off the husk from the end where the eyes of the nut are. Into an eye he inserted one of his sharp claws and worked out a space large enough so that he could get hold with his nippers. Then piece by piece he snapped away the shell until a large enough opening was made. Turning around he began to extract the nut through this opening with his hind pincers, which were much smaller and narrower than the strong front ones.

"So that's the beast that steals the cocoanuts!" exclaimed Rod.

* * *

The next three days were busy ones. The patrol decided to build a better and more comfortable house than the one at the bay. To keep out snakes and insects they imitated the natives of this part of the world and raised the floor of their dwelling about four feet above the ground. Across beams lashed firmly to stout posts split bamboos were laid for flooring. The walls were also of split bamboo, placed vertically this time, and fastened to three horizontal canes, one a few inches above the floor, another at the top of the walls and a third half way between. Lianas and cocoanut fibre were used in tying and in some places bamboo pegs were made use of as a substitute for nails. The floor was made to project beyond the walls about six feet in front and four at the sides and back to form a porch. A ridge pole was set up and a properly pitched roof of bamboo and palm leaves built to project over the porch as a protection from sun and rain. A door was left in the end towards the sea and a window at the rear and on each side. Lattices of narrow strips of bamboo were placed in the windows to keep out wild beasts, while another movable lattice could be set up in the doorway. A ladder that could be pulled up at night was necessary to enter the dwelling.

Dinner consisted of crab soup, broiled pigeons, bamboo sprouts, hot sago cakes sweetened with palm sugar and spread with cocoanut, and bananas.

* * *

Karl turned back to the fire and heaped on a fresh supply of fuel. Suddenly he heard a slight rustling sound and turning quickly in the direction from which it came, he uttered a shrill cry of horror. The flickering firelight revealed the ugly head of a great snake thrust through a little hole, the sinuous body following it!

For a moment Karl was so frightened that he stood transfixed, unable to move. Then quickly he seized his axe and made a quick move in the direction of the advancing reptile, but just as he was about to strike he realized that it would be almost impossible to hit that swaying head. He knew that he must wait until the snake came far enough through the opening so that its body rested on the ground.

Rod, who had been awakened by Karl's shrill cry, grabbed his gun by the barrel and was about to strike at the ugly head which was protruding through the opening, when Karl shouted, "Don't strike yet! Wait!" Rod understood and the two boys watched with bated breath while the reptile crept slowly through the opening. At last the fore part of the snake's body touched the earth and the repulsive creature advanced toward the two boys, its head raised and hissing.

* * *

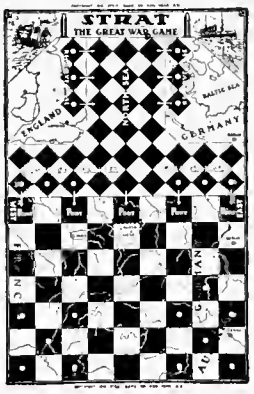
The long tale of adventure, crowded with breath-holding episodes like these, and with accurate information about nature which every boy should have—

BEGINS IN "BOYS' LIFE"
NEXT MONTH
DON'T MISS IT


"Folks say I'm sad,'
I'm really glad,"
Sad Iron cried with glee,
"Although I'm 'flat,'
I'm bright at that,
Old Dutch has polished me."

*Are You In It?*

THE **STRAT** SELLING COMPETITION




You make a steady income and stand a chance of earning one of the

**25 Prizes**

**It's a competition where you can't lose!**

**Strat Game Co., Inc., 450 Fourth Ave., New York**

Fill this out and mail it to us and we will send you full particulars.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

If you are a Scout, give Troop number and name of Scoutmaster.

**3 Individual "NAME PENCILS"—25c** (ALL SAME NAME)

Holly, Floral and Santa Claus boxes. "Christmas Greeting," "New Year," etc., pencils in Green and White stripes.

New—send for illustrations. One Pencil with name, 10c. Also largest line "Ad" pencils for *business houses.*

**C. L. DAMON, 441 Tremont Avenue, New York**

*Mention* Boys' Life *in answering advertisements*

STAMPS

*[No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.]*

**STAMP ALBUM** with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl Old Mexico, Malay (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., 10c. 100 diff., Jap, N. Zld., etc., 5c. Big List, Coupons, etc., **FREE!** 1000 Fine Mixed 20c. 1000 Hinges 5c. **Agents Wanted, 50%.** WE BUY Stamps. **HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

**SNAPS** 175 different Foreign Stamps for only 10c. 65 diff. U. S. Stamps, including old issues of 1861 and revenues $1.00 and $2.00 values, for only 11c. Our pamphlet which tells "How To Make a Stamp Collection Properly" free with each order. **QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., Room 35, 604 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio**

**FREE** 20th Century Packet of stamps from Argentine, Sweden, India, etc., to all requesting our approvals, sending reference and 2c stamp for postage. **Try this special offer:** 250 stamps all different and 1,000 English Peelable Hinges for 25c. **ATLAS STAMP CO., W. Somerville, Mass.**

**FREE!** Scarce War stamp free if you request approvals or with an order for any of the following: Fine packet of rare stamps, set of Persia, 3 old Mexican, 50 old stamps mixed, rare old U. S., fine set of unused, and coupons worth 10c in trade-all for only 25c. 1000 fine old stamps, mixed, 25c. Fine collection of old stamps, all diff., from all parts of the world, incl. rare, for only $1.00 (regular value $1.50). Special: all the above offers for $1.00. **H. RAYMOND STILES, 306 Summitt Ave Schenectady, N. Y.**

**STAMPS FREE**—75 all diff. for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 5 Bosnia pictures 1906, 10c.; 30 Sweden, 10c.; 6 Roumania 1906 pictures and heads, 10c.; 20 diff. Foreign coins, 25c.; large U. S cent, 5c Lists free. We buy stamps and coins Buying list 10c.
**TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.**

**STAMPS FREE**—100 Foreign to those asking for our approvals and sending reference, also 2c to pay postage. 10 Japan 6c., 25 Canada 10c, 10 Mexico 10c, 25 India 10c, 7 U. S. P. Post 8c, 10 Brazil 5c, 15 Chile 7c, 10 Costa Rica 5c, 25 France 8c, 25 N. So. Wales 10c, 1000 Mix. Foreign 20c, We Buy Stamps. **Marion Stamp Co., Marion, O.**

STAMPS. 108 all different. Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps.
**C. Stegman, 5951 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.**

**STAMPS FREE** ONE of these sets 3 diff. Soudan (camel), or 3 diff. Nyassa (giraffe), or 1916 Hungarian War Stamp, or 1 Nyassaland, big price lists, bargain lists, $2 premium coupon, etc., free for 2c postage. Finest 50% approvals. **W. C. PHILLIPS & CO., Glastonbury, Conn., (Dept. F.)**

**BE A STAMP DEALER THIS YEAR!** The right kind of a young man can make a success of it. It is profitable. I have on hand a large quantity of stamps that you can sell for 1c and 2c each and make 100% profit, and I will include my personal instruction in how to start. For each 25c I will send you $1.50 cat., value mounted on sheets. **O. M. WARD, 222 Taney St., Gary, Ind.**

**$$—OLD COINS WANTED—$$** $4.25 each paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. $2 to $500 each paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1895. Send 10c. at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. Get posted; it may mean your good fortune. C. F. CLARKE & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 10, Le Roy, N. Y.

**STAMPS FREE** 100 all different stamps from all countries, free. Postage 2c. Mention this paper Large album, 15c. If possible send names 2 collectors. We buy stamps.
**QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio**

**BIG WAR PACKET**

50 stamps from warring countries, including Germany surcharged Belgium and Poland All for 25 cents to those applying for approval sheets.
**FAR WEST STAMP CO., Tacoma, Wash.**

COINS, Notes, Stamps, Indian Relics, Antique Weapons exchanged for United Profit Sharing Coupons. Booklet for Stamp.
**COIN EXCHANGE, New Rochelle, N. Y.**


*(For other Stamp Advertisements see page 37)*

*Mention* BOYS' LIFE *in answering advertisements*

## Stamp Helps by Mr. Coes

*(Continued from page 17)*

foreign post marks, or war post marks, are not really valuable except prior to 1865. It is rather difficult to keep a complete collection of covers in viewable form, and unless old or of personal interest, the stamp probably will be of as great value off the cover.

In the case of documents, if they have been cancelled, it is perfectly allowable to remove the stamp. The exception to this being the old document fiscals not perforated. Some people collect these imperforated fiscals in pairs to prove the absence of perforations. It is obvious there are not likely to be enough pairs to go round. This being so, an imperforate stamp, *on the document* or part of it, is pretty satisfactory evidence of the place to catalog the specimen.

Remember I am not giving counsel *against* a collection of stamps on cover, but simply telling you that you are more likely to progress rapidly with the stamps alone, and they are certainly just as instructive in most cases. Stamps on covers are usually cancelled. The catalog difference between used and unused (mint) often is so great as to seem discouraging. But, you can learn just as much from the used stamp, and if you try to get lightly cancelled copies your pages will look fully as well as the pages of collectors who can afford mint copies.

I am all the time trying to teach the fact that a collection is valuable just in the proportion that it teaches us facts. With that in mind you can see that the instructive value is not a bit different, and in some cases is greater when the stamp has been used.

### Transferring from Old Albums

The same parent has a "pasted down" collection he is going to make over for the scout. Of course we will agree the young man is lucky. The think to talk over is how to remove the stamps from the old album and get them into the new one in good condition. If the stamps are pasted to both sides of the pages, it is best to use steam for removing the stamps on one side at least, if not both. For this use the hot water kettle, holding the sheet in front of the spout, and go very slowly. *It can't be hurried* Hurry will do more damage than anything else. Wet paper, especially old stamp paper, is very tender, so use no force. Dry them flat, either on clean blotting paper or clean glass.

Do the work with every thing clean—tongs, fingers and blotters.

(Another stamp article by Mr. Coes in the December Boys' Life.)

# Our Lonesome Corner

FIRST, this month, we will let all of our Lonesome Corner boys read one of several letters which have come recently from China. This letter is from a boy named Byron S. H. Liu, who wrote:

My dear Friend:

The word "Friendship" is very important, so important that men cannot do without it: for all men in the world cannot stand alone, all of them want one another's help in their present and future works. So we must learn to have some friends when we are young. Will you please to be a friend of me. If you are in need of help, perhaps I can help you; if I am in need of help perhaps you can help me. Thus, friends are helping hands.

Here the boy scouts have been formed about four years. Perhaps the arangement is not so good as yours. We have a bugle band and two troops, A and B—about eighty scouts. I am very anxious to know a full description about the scouts in your school. Will you be so kind as to tell me about it. I hope that you will write to me often, if time allows you to do so.

I am,

Your faithful friend,
(Signed) Byron S. H. Liu.

From Denmark, which is surrounded by war, comes a letter from Fritz Kraul, a patrol leader who writes: "Winter is coming soon and we have already started to gather wood to be distributed to the poor people at Christmas time; also we will have quite a collection of toys to give to the children." Scout Kraul wants to receive letters from "brother scouts in America." Who will be the first to write him?

A Wisconsin scout writes: "I have 51 correspondents for letters in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Porto Rico, Ireland, England, Scotland, Holland, Denmark, France, Australia, and Hawaii. I also have 10 postcard correspondents. It costs me only about $1.50 a month for all of my expenses for this letter writing, and about 30 hours time. I would not have missed it for a farm. I am now starting a collection of foreign scout manuals, books, etc."

## Any Boy Can Do It

*This Wisconsin scout has 61 Lonesome Corner correspondents in twelve countries.*

### This is the Way

Pick out the name of a boy.

Write a letter to him.

Adress an envelope with his name and the right postage.

Put your own name and address on the reverse side of the inside envelope.

Don't seal that envelope.

Enclose it in another, addressed to the boy, in care of Boys' Life. Mail this to us and we will forward it.

If your letter is to a boy in North America or England, put on a two-cent stamp. If it is to go to any other country abroad, five cents.

Tom Fort, Jr., of New Mexico, writes: I sent my name to the Lonesome Corner of Boys' Life three months ago and have received letters from all over the world and I think nothing could have been done any better to draw the boys all over the world together by correspondence.

These boys with hobbies have sent their names to Boys' Life. They want letters from you right away.

AMERICAN

Dean Burkholder, O.; scouts, especially in Colorado, Pacific Coast and Panama.

Donald Cruikshank, O.; exchange photographs and specimens with foreign boys.

Roland Ellis, Ark.; patrol leaders, athletics, Indian relics, out-door sports.

George L. W. Errickson, N. J.; model aeroplanes; agriculture; patrol leaders.

James Gann, Fla.; exchange stamps; foreign scouts.

George A. Gibson, N. J.; postcards and snapshots.

Edwin Glause, O.; foreign scouts; scouts west of Mississippi on wireless; postcards.

John Spears Gaw, Ill.; boys in Arizona or New Mexico; boys who can write from personal experience about Grand Canyon, Yellowstone, Yosemite, Glacier Parks; New Zealand or Alaskan scouts.

Russell Hult, Ill.; stamps, scout news, etc.

Harry M. Hezlep, Pa.; camping, hiking and books.

Roy H. Honaker, W. Va.; exchange photographs with boys in Ireland.

John J. Hayes, N. Y.; postcards with boys in foreign lands and in Newark, N. J.

George Kingdom, O.; stamps with boys in foreign countries.

Evan Lyon, N. Y.; stamps; cycling; scouts in war zone.

Robert Louis Lowman, Neb.; collecting street car transfers, poster stamps, foreign and United States stamps.

Hix Long, Jr., Del.; stamps, books, magic, signalling.

Harold Mason, Mass.; inventors; ways to make money.

John Millane, Pa.; scouts in Colorado, Montana, along the border of Texas; Alaska, Australia.

John L. Moore, O.; German and American boys.

Woodford Mansfield, Conn.: "what boys in the west hunt and fish for, and how."

Harold May, Mo.; merit badges.

William Pfugfelder, N. Y.; first aid; boy scouts of Germany.

Alfred Rolland, Kan.; photography, travel, cycling, foreign countries.

Robert Rahl, N. Y.; stamps, coins, curios, minerals.

William Singleton, Pa.; hiking, camping, books.

Clark, Trittschuh, Ind.; cycling and electricity.

McFall Taylor, Va.; scout scribes, assistant patrol leaders; bird boxes, wood from every state, whistle and flag signalling, woodcraft, foreign scouts and sconts that work.

Boyd Taylor, Ga.; exchange stamps, coins and butterflies with foreign boys.

William P. Taylor, Wash.; correspond with Spanish speaking boys who are studying English.

Ralph F. Willard, Me.; boys in Maine about wireless and general electricity.

Raymond Young, Kan.; stamps, etc., with foreign boys; especially Mexico, Panama, German Guiana, etc.

La Roy H. H. Zehrbach, O.; foreign boys—exchange photographs and specimens with them.

FOREIGN

Nils Bostrom, Sweden; 17-year-old American boys.

Eddie Cook, South Australia; wants to exchange gifts with American boys for their respective troops.

Richard Currie, Scotland: American scouts who work.

Ernest M. Monaghan, England; American, African, Japanese scouts.

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These boys also want letters:

AMERICAN

R. B. Aldrich, La.
John D. Biery, Jr., Pa.
Edward G. Powell, N. Y.
Thomas D. Reno, Pa.
Thomas Page Averill, Ky.
Richard Mason, La.
Edward Powers, N. Y.
Edward Starbird, Mass.

FOREIGN

Harold Brown, New Zealand
Fritz Kraul, Denmark

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A large number of letters has been received at the office of BOYS' LIFE since the last issue was published. These were from both American and foreign boys. Any of them will be glad to receive letters from you. Their names are:

Charles M. Adams, Jr., Pa.
Orlin Andrews, Wis.
W. Leroy Brooke, Pa.
Forder Buckley, Mo.
Van Bell, W. Va.
Leslie M. Abercombie, Conn.
Francis Mark Bream, Pa.
Paul H. Berrien, Pa.
A. W. Bushy, Jr., Ill


# You can win a KING prize

—if you can prove yourself one of the fifty best air rifle shots in the country. They're crackerjack prizes, too. Just the things that red-blooded boys want most—things for the camp, for the stream, for the woods and for the athletic field.

If you're sixteen or under you ought to be practicing right now. If you haven't an air rifle buy or borrow one and get into training for the Grand National King Marksmanship Contest—Nov. 8-13, inclusive.

Ask your dealer—the man in your town who sells air rifles—about this great shooting contest. If he can't give you full information and free targets, just send us his name and address and we will supply him with all the data.

For over thirty years the "King" has been first choice among thousands of boys for its sure, straight, sharp-shooting qualities. Whether you want a popgun, a 1000-shot lever action repeater, or the newest King model, called the King Kadet army gun, you'll find it in the King line. There is an interesting illustrated booklet B we'd like to send you. Write for it.

**The Markham Air Rifle Company**

*Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.*

Pacific Coast Office: Phil B. Bekeart, 717 Market St. San Francisco, Cal.
Southern Representatives, Sand & Hulfish, 11 Hansa Haus, Baltimore, Md.

KING AIR RIFLES

If there is no "King" dealer in your town write us a letter and the postman will bring the "King" you want by parcel post, at the retail price.


STAMPS—*(For other Stamp Advertisements see page 36)*


**ATTENTION!** Illustrated Stamp Album, over 500 spaces, 250 hinges and 100 varieties, stamps, 5c. **WRIGHT, 47 Court St., Boston, Mass.**

**VERY GOOD APPROVALS FOR BEGINNERS**
**R. B. WATT, 435 Park Street, Hackensack, N. J.**

**STAMPS.** 105, China, &c., stamp dictionary and list 3,000 bargains 2c. Cata. stps. of world 12c. Agents, 50 per cent. **A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A9, Boston, Mass.**

**100 DIFF. UNITED STATES STAMPS** ..... **$0.15**
**13 DIFF. NYASSA, 1901, STAMPS** ..... **.25**
**15 DIFF. DUTCH INDIES STAMPS** ..... **.10**
**100 MIXED SOUTH AMERICAN STAMPS** ..... **.25**
STAMPS ON APPROVAL AT BIG DISCOUNTS
**Chas. E. Birr Stamp Co., 1736 Newport Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

**CHRISTMAS PACKETS**
Santa Claus ..... (400 different) $0.75
Kris Kringle ..... (600 different) 1.50
Boy Scout ..... (750 different) 2.25
**BURT McCANN, 321 No. Newton, Minneapolis, Minn.**
**(Member American Stamp Dealers' Association)**

**All for 30c.** A 25c California gold piece, a Columbian nickel, a Coin Book, and a Lucky Seed.
C. J. CAREY, New Rochelle, N. Y.

**WAR ISSUES FREE.** I give these historic stamps to each applicant for approvals. My Specialty: **CLEAN** stamps at 1 and 2c for **THRIFTY** collectors. **C. A. PLOCH, 1133 Reid Place, Indianapolis, Ind.**

**½lb BAG of REAL UNSORTED MISSION POST-AGE STAMPS.** From over 60 countries, being well mixed so there are over 500 varieties represented. **Immense Value!** Postpaid at **$1.00.** **WORLD-WIDE MISSIONS, Box D, Storm Lake, Iowa.**


*Mention* BOYS' LIFE *in answering advertisements*

# MESCOLITE

## WILL MAKE YOUR WAY SAFE AND BRIGHT

(Illustration shows container with the cover off and battery partly inserted.

The MESCOLITE should be in every Boy Scout's home. It gives a dandy light that is clear, bright and steady. To do "a good turn daily," is the constant aim of every true Boy Scout. No better way of filling your pledge can be imagined than to have one of these electric lanterns. It is **SAFE. Anywhere—Everywhere—Always—** in the barn, garage, cellar or closet. On the automobile or motor boat. On the dark trail or in the camp. For bicycle or push-mobile. When around gas, gasoline, naphtha or other explosives where the open flame of oil lamp, lantern or candle would be dangerous. So you see how many good turns may be done and how many ways may be made Safe and Bright with the MESCOLITE.

The RED SEAL DRY BATTERY will give about twenty-five hours of continuous service and from forty to fifty hours of intermittent service.

The MESCOLITE can also be supplied with a "Special" two-cell dry battery which will give approximately sixty hours of continuous and one hundred twenty hours of intermittent service.

**No. 5343—MESCOLITE, complete with RED SEAL DRY BATTERY, 1½ V. LAMP..each $1.50**
**No. 5344—MESCOLITE, complete with "Special" 2-cell dry battery, 2.8 volt lamp..ea. 1.75**

## Send for Our Manual No. 5 of Wireless Telegraphy

You should have it even if only superficially interested. Around about you every day you read of some marvelous occurrence in which wireless played a distinguished part. It may not be entirely clear to you. The Manual will explain it. To the student of Wireless Telegraphy, the Manual contains much that is indispensable to a proper understanding of the art. A good portion of this is now published for the first time. The Manual contains 120 pages, fully illustrated on high-grade paper stock with a two-color cover.

## We ask ten cents ($.10) for it—give you a coupon receipt which can be applied on any order amounting to One Dollar ($1.00) or more

Do not wait until some other time, but sit down now and send your name and address, and get one of the most complete, comprehensive and reliable wireless pamphlets published.

## Send for Our Catalog J-28

It is pocket size, 8x4½ inches, contains 248 pages, with over 1,100 illustrations, and describes in plain, clear language all about Bells, Push Buttons, Batteries, Telephone and Telegraph Material, Electric Toys, Burglar and Fire Alarm Contrivances, Electric Call Bells, Electric Alarm Clocks, Medical Batteries, Motor Boat Horns, Electrically Heated Apparatus, Battery Connectors, Switches, Battery Gauges, Wireless Telegraph Instruments, Ignition Supplies, etc.

**There exist a thousand and one ways where electrical devices may be used, and to know what is best for your purpose you need this catalog.**

**It Means Money Saved to You**

MANHATTAN ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO.

NEW YORK: 17 Park Place. CHICAGO: 114 S. 5th Ave. ST. LOUIS: 1106 Pine St.
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: 604 Mission Street.


AMERICAN

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Randolph Clifford, Mass.
William P. Cochran, Jr., Pa.
Oliver F. Crawford, O.
Howard R. Emery, Me.
Marion Griffin, Ill.
Richard Grasham, S. C.
Alvin Goldstein, Iowa.
John Hudok, N. J.
George J. Hart, Neb.
Ralph Headricks, Mo.
Austin D. Higgins, Conn.
Lawrence Johnson, N. D.
Clifford Kulp, Tenn.
Clarence McMillan, Mich.
Joseph P. McKinney, N. Y.
George Muse, Mass.
Norman C. Macdonald, Minn.
James Maze, Ill.
William Nugent, N. Y.
E. G. Philbrick, Mass.
Van Pell, W. Va.
Robert Pilkington, O.
W. A. Ramsey, Jr., Ga.
Henry M. Shaw, Me.
Ralph Stegner, Wis.
Dudley A. Streeter, Mass.
Frank Smithson, Tenn.
Millet R. Sweeny, O.
Eugene Thornhill, Kas.
Andrew Timko, Pa.
Franklin Earle Wells, Conn.
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George Mueller Coles, Wash.
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Wilson Grayell, O.
Wilbur Harvey, Pa.
A. E. Hamilton, Me.
Harold Healy, Me.
Harry Handley, W. Va.
Clinton Izzard, Minn.
Victor E. King, N. H.
Mahlon Leightamer, O.
Donald McCloughan, Pa.
Joseph Mazzori, Pa.
Blount Mull, Ind.
Perry Molstad, N. Y.
Cason Mast, Tex.
Robert J. Nossaman, Colo.
Laurence H. Penny, N. Y.
Virley S. Porter, N. Y.
Arthur R. Quackenbush, N. Y.
Kenneth Ralston, O.
Bennett B. Smith, Mo.
H. P. Strong, N. C.
Edward B. Spooner, N. Y.
Aaron J. Sayder, Pa.
Arthur Travell, N. J.
David Tilson, Texas.
John Varnedoe, Ga.
William L. Welch, Tenn.
Thomas Ward, Jr., Ill.

FOREIGN

George Cassidy, Australia.
Charles L. Stiles, Canada.
Charles A. Jones, Alaska.
Leslie A. Watson, New Zealand.

## Some Speed—Are You Keeping Up?

Only eight months ago Boys' LIFE published the story of Melville Bell Grosvenor, the first boy who talked over the wire from New York to San Francisco. On September 29th President Vail of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company talked, without wires, from New York to San Francisco to his chief engineer John J. Carty. The next evening John Mills, one of the company's engineers, talked into a wireless telephone transmitter at Arlington, Va., and Lloyd Espenchied heard him in Hawaii, 4,600 miles away.

Only two days later the newspapers announced that Prof. Pupin of Columbia University had perfected a device which prevented static disturbances in the atmosphere from interfering with radio communication. This does away with the worst difficulty which wireless engineers have encountered.

The whole world is on high speed these days. If a fellow stops to wink he misses something. There are bigger opportunities for the boy right now than there ever were before. Only a few years ago Lloyd Espenschied, who was sent to take charge of the Hawaiian end of the experiments with the wireless telephone, was a high school boy in Brooklyn, studying wireless by making his own apparatus.

The only fellow who gets left is the one who stands still and lets the procession go by.

---

Dr. Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa), writing in the *Popular Science Monthly*, says the death-rate prevailing among the American Indians is 30 per thousand of population, or double the average rate among white Americans.

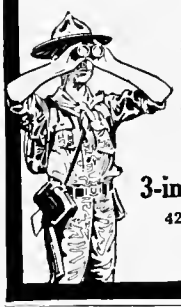

# BOY SCOUTS—ALL BOYS—TRY 3 IN ONE FREE

*"Attention!"* We want every Boy Scout and every other boy in America to give 3-in-One a good hard test, *absolutely free.*

Write *today* for a generous free sample and the valuable free 3-in-One Dictionary. 3-in-One has been for over 17 years the leading bicycle oil. It makes all bearings run much easier and prevents wear—cuts out all dirt and never gums or clogs. It cleans and polishes, prevents rust on all metal parts.

3-in-One is also the best gun oil. It oils exactly right trigger, hammer, break joint—cleans and polishes barrels, inside and out; polishes the stock like new, too.

Always use 3-in-One on your ice and roller skates, fishing reels, scroll saws, golf clubs, cameras and every tool you own. A few drops does the work. 3-in-One will keep your catcher's gloves soft and lasting, also prevents rust on your catcher's mask.



3-size bottles at all good stores: 10c, 25c and 50c. (The 50c size is the *economical* size.)

Write for the free sample *today.*

**3-in-One Oil Co.**
42ELF Broadway
New York

# FREE

## New 1916 Book of Sporting Goods

## 64 pages! Just off the press

Send no money! Merely a postal card brings you this latest, greatest, free catalog of the Charles William Sporting Goods Store, fully prepaid. It tells you how to make a big saving on your sporting goods. Gives rock-bottom prices on

**Standard Guns and Rifles**
**Quality Basket Balls**
**Real Grain Leather Foot Balls**
**Latest Model Revolvers**
**Best Hunting Clothing**
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**Sweaters, Gloves, etc.**

and nearly 2,000 other articles—standard makes—for all sports. Don't buy any article for Hunting, Trapping, Foot Ball, Basket Ball, Skating, Photography or other sport until you have this new up-to-the-minute book to help you. We have millions of dollars' worth of merchandise in stock. Nowhere can you have so big a variety to choose from; no one else can offer you the convenience, safety and saving in purchasing. This new book is free—write a postal now; simply say, "Send the Free Sporting Goods Book". Address

**The Charles William Stores** 372 Stores Bldg. New York

**FREE** We have made a special price on these carefully selected sets of fancy colored **POSTER STAMPS** and will give a 10c album free with every order for 25c or more.
Set A—33 col. adv. stamps, 10c; Set K—16 Peace Stamps, 10c; Set L—18 Indian & Cowboy, 10c; Set V—15 For'n Poultry, 10c; Set H—16 U. S. Battleship, 10c; Set AA—70 selected stamps from For'n & Am. sets, only 25c. EXTRA SPECIAL—127 all different colored Adv. Stamps, all new fine art design, this month only 25c. 19 samples & price list, 6c. **Aurora Poster Stamp Co.**, Dept. L **Aurora, Ill.**

## A Real Rubber Tire

wheel and tire fob, 35c; tire fob only, 10c; paper weight, 25c. Toy balloons and complete line rubber novelties; quantity prices with special lettering.

**Agents Wanted**
—remit price for sample and get catalog and Agency Proposition.
**A. & M. NOVELTY CO.,**
410 Hamilton Bldg., Akron, O.




*Mention* BOYS' LIFE *in answering advertisements*

# "The Quartermaster Says"

## Chats with the Equipment Man

By FREDERICK N. COOKE, Jr., Secretary, Committee on Scout Supplies

NATIONAL Scout Headquarters has a problem! And we are willing to pay liberally, if necessary, for the solution! Help must come from members and officials of the Boy Scouts of America, since it is largely their problem.

If you have reached first class or even second class rank, you know how important a part of a scout's training is the instruction in first aid. The requirements for ranks above tenderfoot are such that a scout who passes the tests with credit is equipped to render intelligent service even in serious accidents. This training is one of the assets which scouts possess over the average boy and which has so often saved lives and brought scouts and the Scout Movement great commendation.

But in addition to his training, the scout versed in first aid treatment must have suitable materials to work with. He must have just the right bandages and remedies, and he must be sure that they are of the very finest quality. The bandages must be thoroughly antiseptic and the remedies of highest standard of purity and proper strength.

The needs of the scout in the way of first aid equipment are a little different from those of an ambulance surgeon, the household cabinet or the factory emergency case. In training the scout or scout leader for first aid service, it is not the aim to enable him to take the place of the physician, but to give him sufficient knowledge and the proper equipment to permit him to take charge in an emergency and to give temporary treatment which will stay further damage until the physician arrives. In many instances the simple treatment which a scout has rendered has been all that was sufficient, but the doctor's wider knowledge and experience should always be relied upon to check up the scout's work and, if necessary, to go on with the treatment.

So far no standard first aid outfits have been devised which meet sufficiently the peculiar needs of the boy scout. The Committee on Scout Supplies have examined many first aid outfits and have sought very able advice upon the subject, but still feel in need of further assistance, and so the Quartermaster has been asked to consult the Boy Scouts of America, all of them, the country over.

Let's just try to think of the various circumstances under which a scout might be called upon to render first aid. He may be the only scout in a crowd when an accident happens, and with all his training he may be little better off than any other person unless he has in his pocket a first aid packet equipped to meet the most common forms of emergencies. Or again, he may be on duty with his patrol at some public gathering when the chances of his being called upon to render first aid service are numerous. Here, in addition to the pocket outfit of the individual scout, the patrol, as a whole, should have a more adequate kit supplied with materials for relieving temporarily almost any injury which may arise.

Then, there is the scout who is a member of an "ambulance squad" or troop which devotes itself especially to first aid work, in which instances a much larger and more complete outfit must be provided. This case, too, would be the scoutmaster's outfit in camp. Such an outfit must be amply stocked with bandages, gauze, splints, compresses, minor instruments and simple medical remedies for the relief of trifling ills or for the immediate treatment of those which threaten to be more serious. We must still remember, however, that neither scout nor scoutmaster is to be equipped to take the place of the physician, and so even this last outfit may not contain drugs or remedies which might prove dangerous in any but professional hands.

So far it would seem that we have thought mostly of what a scout's first aid equipment should *not* be. But now, of what ought it to consist? There is just the rub, and it is upon that point that we want your help. The Quartermaster knows that many troops and numberless individual scouts have made up outfits of their own which they have found practical and satisfactory.

National Headquarters is seeking to adopt three first aid kits which it may recommend and make available officially to scouts. These outfits should be roughly as outlined above. (1) A simple pocket kit for the individual scout which may be sold at from 35c to 50c. (2) A patrol outfit which is to be more complete and which would sell for from $1.00 to $1.50. This may be a pocket case or may be slung in a small pouch from the belt. (3) A practical troop or scoutmaster's outfit for camp use or for special first aid squads. This latter outfit should include a pouch or case with strap so that it may be worn over the shoulders. The selling price may be from $3.00 to $5.00.

If you or your troop have suggestions for such outfits, please make them available to the Quartermaster. Write him a description of your first aid kit, giving a list of the contents and telling him the purpose for which the kit was designed. It will be especially interesting to know in what instances, if any, the contents of your kit have been of service in practical first aid.

If you are willing, forward your outfit to National Headquarters by express at our expense and it will be returned or purchased at its cost.

### Scouts Holiday Cards

The Supply Department at National Headquarters will have for sale again this year the attractive Christmas and New Year's Greeting Cards which were so popular last season.

The cards show five distinctive scout designs in colors and there are ten different holiday messages. The set of ten may be had at 25 cents or any two cards for 5 cents. The low cost offers an unusual opportunity for scouts and scout leaders to exchange appropriate Christmas greetings through the medium of cards unlike those on general sale.

Orders should be placed now as the demand may exhaust the supply, though if cards are not wanted until nearer the holidays, they will be held until any date requested.


*ORDER NOW*

# THE SCOUT DIARY

**FOR 1916**

Last Year Two Editions Exhausted—Don't Wait and Be Disappointed.

## The "Miniature Handbook"

A Scout's Most Prized Possession.

Revised and Up-to-date
Filled with Scout Lore

**Some of the Features**

"How to Tell Time with Your Hands," "Boy Scout Eats," "Semaphore Code," illustrated; "How to Build a Sun Dial," "Bandaging," "Knots for Scouts to Tie."

Scouts' Membership card and passport. Scout Oath, Law and Requirements explained. Record of promotions in the Scout movement. How to tell time by the stars. Patrol signs. Whistles and hand signals. Boxing the compass. Woodcraft and First Aid Hints.

**ORDERS PLACED NOW WILL BE FILLED IN ORDER OF RECEIPT.**

**Three Styles of Binding**

Regular Paper Edition, 10c.; 100 or more, each 8½c.

Scoutmaster's Edition Flexible Cloth 25c. Souvenir Edition Limp Leather 50c.

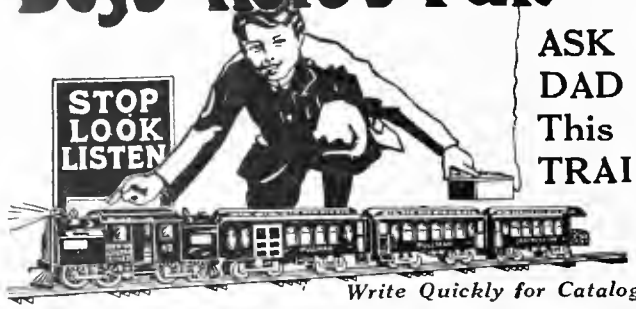
ORDER DIRECT OF

**DEPARTMENT OF EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES**

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

200 Fifth Avenue, New York City

# Boys-Here's Fun




ASK DAD for This TRAIN

*Write Quickly for Catalog*

You'll have barrels of fun with a Lionel electric locomotive; couple to it Pullmans or freight cars; get switches, semaphores, electric lights, track, etc. Make the trains scoot around with a touch of your finger. Run 'em on batteries or from electricity in your house with a Lionel transformer which saves Batteries. (See illustration below.)

250,000 boys own them—join us—this quarter million of happy boys. Lionel Electric Trains are safe—no shocks. They're steel—not Cast Iron and won't break.

## LIONEL TOYS ELECTRIC

Are highest grade of material throughout, but not high priced. Unconditionally guaranteed. Finished handsomely in colors and gold. Models are faithful reproductions of originals seen on our prominent railroads.

**Write Quickly for New Boy's Catalog**—written specially for YOU, crammed full of pictures. New photos tell you why you'll have such a dandy good time with Lionel Trains.

**Section of Lionel Rail Free** Most toy dealers, electrical stores and department stores sell Lionel Toys. If you'll go to your toy dealer, find out if he sells Lionel Trains, and tell me when you write for catalog—I'll include a special section of rail—free.

**J. Lionel Cowen, a Friend of Boys, President.**

THE LIONEL MFG. COMPANY
Dept. 42,
48-52 EAST 21st STREET
NEW YORK CITY

**If You Have Electricity In Your Home Be Sure to Get this Transformer** ☞

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR

# ELECTRICAL GOODS *and* WIRELESS APPARATUS

OUR 216 pp. CATALOG IS THE BEST ONE PUBLISHED

## EXPERIMENTERS

**This is the Experimenter's Reference Book**

It's the latest edition of the famous **Amco Catalogue**, contains over 200 pages and is fully illustrated. Complete description and prices of the latest electrical and experimental apparatus — Storage Batteries, Rectifiers, Transformers, Induction Coils, Wireless Apparatus, Lamps, Flashlights, Meters, X-Rays, Books, Tools, Electric Railways, Steam Engines, Water Motors, Dynamos, Motors, Telegraphs, Telephones, Electrical Supplies, Model Aeroplanes and Parts for building your own apparatus. **6c in stamps will bring you this wonderful book.** Contains a complete list of Wireless Calls, gives Codes, Wiring Diagrams, tells how to put up an aerial and install apparatus, etc.

**Best catalog of Wireless and Electrical Apparatus, etc., published. Send for this catalog right away. Our prices will save you money. 6c in stamps brings it by return mail.**

### FUN WITH ELECTRICITY

Here is a rare chance to get started right in your study of electricity. This wonderful outfit contains 55 page book of instructions and all the apparatus for performing 60 interesting and spectacular experiments which will give any boy a practical knowledge of electricity.

**Price Only 50c. Postage 10c Extra.**

### FUN WITH MAGNETISM

This outfit contains 32 page book of instructions and all the apparatus for performing 61 fascinating experiments. It will give you some new ideas about electricity and magnetism in such an interesting way you can't help remembering it.

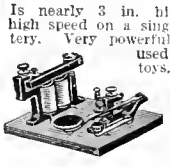
**Price Only 25c. Postage 5c Extra.**

### LOTS OF FUN FOR BOYS!

3½ volt, 2 C. P. TUNGSTEN lamp switch, socket, 20 ft. insulated wire and 3 cells of dry battery all ready to install. **May be used to light a dark closet or hall.**

**Price Only 60c. Postage 15c Extra.**

### LITTLE GIANT MOTOR



Is nearly 3 in. high. Runs at high speed on a single cell of battery. Very powerful and may be used to run small toys, etc. Just the motor every boy has been looking for. **Sent postpaid for only 50c.**

### THE SIMPLEX TELEGRAPH OUTFIT

An opportunity for every boy to learn to telegraph and to put up a line with his chum. This is a full sized telegraph set, consisting of a fine key and sounder, mounted on a polished base. Will work any distance. An excellent Field Telegraph for Boy Scouts. **Price, 98c. Postage Extra. Wt., 2 lbs.**

### UPRIGHT STEAM ENGINE

A fine engine of the best materials. 9 in. high. The Right Engine for Any Boy. Runs at high speed. Each engine tested at factory and fully warranted. **Sent postpaid for only 50c.**

### SIMPLEX WIRELESS OUTFIT

Every boy wants a wireless. Get in this interesting game and read the messages flying around you. This outfit is the greatest bargain ever offered. Consists of a large double slide tuner, a sensitive detector, condenser, telephone receiver and cord. Weight 3 lbs.

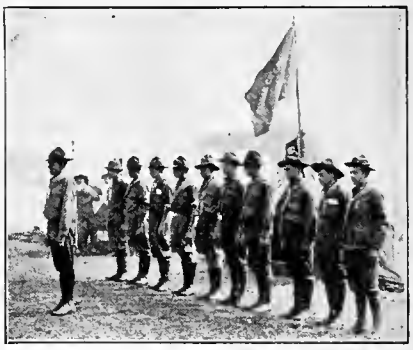
**Special Price, Complete, $2.25. Postage Extra.**

**ADAMS-MORGAN COMPANY**
*"The Experimenter's Supply House"*
**30 Alvin Place Upper Montclair, N. J.**


*Mention* Boys' Life *in answering advertisements*

# Scouts Afield

Boys are urged to send in reports of their interesting doings.



*A crack troop of Kansas City.*

Kansas City, Mo.—One of the crack troops of this city is Troop 1, composed exclusively of First Class scouts. Their scoutmaster is D. S. Stophlet. At the Kansas City Camp, five of the ten scouts in the picture were awarded the highest honor and the other five won second honors. They certainly are a classy looking bunch and appear to be ready for any emergency.

Corpus Christi, Texas.—A sail of 500 miles in two weeks in their naval cutter was taken by Troop 7. They sailed up the Intercoastal Canal to Galveston, visiting all coast towns en route. One incident of the trip was a "good turn" when two Mexican fishermen were found in a half-starved condition. Their boat had been stuck on a sandbar for several days, and it was impossible for them to get it off. The scouts managed to get the boat off, and then gave them some food. At La Porte, Texas, the boys were entertained by the scoutmaster and his troop, and were taken by automobile to the San Jacinto battlefield. From La Porte they sailed back to Galveston and thence home.

Detroit, Mich.—The scouts are assisting the Board of Commerce in an Educational Campaign. This campaign is for the purpose of impressing on immigrants employed in the city the importance of attending night school, learning to speak English and becoming citizens. Handbills in seven different languages are being distributed with the assistance of the scouts throughout the immigrant sections of the city.

Boston, Mass.—When Fannie, the favorite mare of the Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses, turned up missing, there was great consternation and the scouts were called out to assist in the search. This mare was the first colt born at the Dedham Home after its opening for charitable work some years ago, and was a great pet. After a three days' search, under the leadership of Scoutmaster F. S. Evans, the mare was finally located and returned to her home by the scouts.

Astoria, L. I.—Little Josephine Eifert recently stepped on a bed of hot coals which someone had covered over with sand and the skin was burned from the bottom of one of her feet. There was no doctor near, so she was taken to the home of her cousin, Richard Stoehr, who is a member of the first aid scout patrol of Astoria. Scout Stoehr treated the burned foot and succeeded in relieving the pain until the doctor's arrival. The attending physician, and many other persons who witnessed this first aid work by Scout Stoehr, highly commended the skill he displayed.

Hammond, Ind.—Troops 1 and 3 won much praise from the visitors to the National Efficiency and Expansion Congress of the Church of Christ because of the splendid service rendered as guides and messengers.

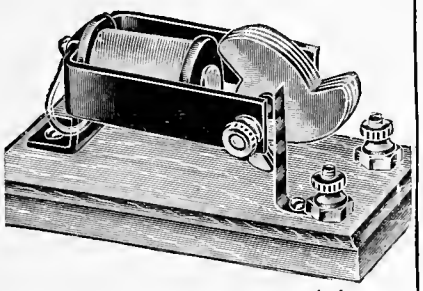
Ellsworth, Wis.—Troop 1 acted as police during the Pierce County Fair.

Bannister, Mich.—The Crow Patrol of Troop 1 held their first camp at Lake George, Mich. The last day was spent in an eight-mile hike to three lakes, which was led by Mr. Newson, in the absence of the scoutmaster, who was called home. The boys greatly appreciate Mr. Newson's kindness.

Denver, Colo.—One of the special stunts of the Denver scouts during their summer camp was a three-day trip into Lost Park, a wild, rugged and little known section of the country Years ago this section was laid waste by forest

## Monocoil Motor

"1 Mousepower"



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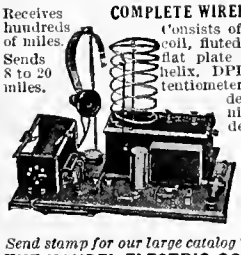

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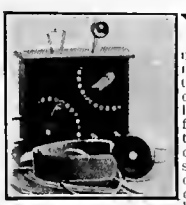

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**Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America Woolworth Building, 233 Broadway, New York**


*Mention* BOYS' LIFE *in answering advertisements*

fires. There is no trail into the district, and the ground is covered with trunks of fallen trees and is very rocky. For this reason the trip of the scouts was rather a strenuous undertaking.

In a report of this hike, Scout George M. Nye writes in part as follows:

"We made camp the first night close to Goose Creek, in a little aspen grove. About ten o'clock we ate our supper and then turned in. Next morning after breakfast just as we were starting out we found bear tracks not fifty feet from our camp; they were fresh and made you feel sort of creepy.

"Hiking down Goose Creek we stopped about one o'clock for lunch. Here we discovered some prickle cone or fox-tail pines, a rare species in this part of the country. That afternoon, after going down Goose Creek through Lost Park, we crossed the pass over the Kenosha Range on an old logging road, and camped on the other side. On the way down to this camp we followed deer tracks for about a mile, but although they were fresh we did not catch sight of the animals."

ST. PAUL, MINN.—The twenty-one members of Olivet Troop 20, this city, decided at a recent meeting held at the Olivet Congregational Church to prepare for the necessary examinations to become an all-eagle scout troop. This decision was made after talks made by Herbert Page, the only Eagle Scout of the troop; Rev. G. M. Miller, W. A. Buchanan, organizer of the troop; A. W. Alley, Scoutmaster, and Frank Neibel, Ramsey County Scout Executive.

WATERLOO, N. Y.—During the Seneca County Fair the scouts pitched nine tents and remained on the grounds, acting as guards and serving in other capacities. A large sign was posted in a conspicuous place, "Ask the Boy Scouts," thus advising the public of their willingness to help. On Wednesday scout contests were run off and many prizes were awarded. That of a year's subscription to BOYS' LIFE offered to the scout entering the most events was won by Scout Foster Crane, of Waterloo. On Thursday, when the Governor of the State visited the Fair, the scouts were of special service, actiog as an escort and keeping the crowds in bounds with their staffs.

SHEBOYGAN, MICH.—A hike to Lighthouse Point, one of the largest lighthouses on Lake Michigan, was made by Troop 1. This trip was varied with hardships, one being the pulling of the trek cart across a corner of Duncan Bay, a wade of half a mile. This troop also hiked to Stony Point on the Straits of Mackinaw, where they encamped for three days.

CHARLESTON, ILL.—Troop 1 recently visited the old Lincoln farm near Janesville. The log cabin has been removed, but a pile of rocks marks the spot where it stood. Two of the original trees still remain on the site. At the

*Flower garden at the Lincoln farm.*

time the scouts visited this spot the old-fashioned flowers, which had been planted by the Lincolns, were in bloom. The picture shows the members of Troop 1 in the flower garden.

Another interesting spot visited by this troop was the Shiloh cemetery, where Lincoln's father, his stepmother, his cousin and his stepbrother and stepsister are buried.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—Troop 8 with Scoutmaster Howard S. Fox hiked to Forestville and encamped there over night to attend the scout day held in connection with the Chautauqua. In the scout events this troop came off with the Horse and Rider Relay. There were nineteen boys and two adults in the party, and it goes without saying that it was "some time."

WESTDALE, MASS.—Troop 1 spent three days camping at Long Point, where they enjoyed some successful fishing. This troop is growing steadily and making good progress in scouting.

MOUNT VICTORY, OHIO.—Scout Merle Harvey reports a fine twelve-pound carp caught with a small rod and hook in the Lewistown Reservoir.

FREEPORT, ILL.—Troop 5 took a hike to Crane's Grove where all enjoyed a good swim and rousing game of ball. After exploring the grove thoroughly and practicing various scout stunts, they started for home. Being caught in the rain on the way they arrived there pretty well soaked, though their ardor for scouting was not dampened in the least.

CHARITON, IA.—The first camping trip of Troop 1 was at Good Indian Camp, about nine miles east of Charlton. Many good times were


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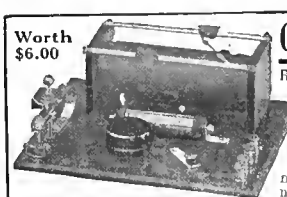

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**Street** .....

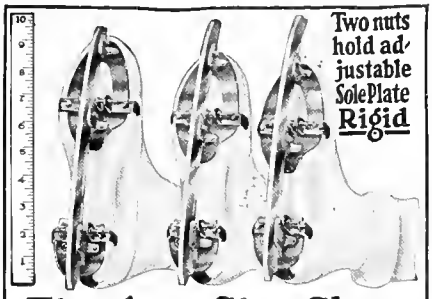
**Town** .....

**State** .....

**Date of next hike** .....

**No. of Scouts in Troop** .....

.....
Nov. *Scout Master*

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enjoyed and the boys are all enthusiastic over their experiment and looking forward to a similar venture next year.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Since Scout Executive J. W. Patton has been placed in charge of the work in this city, scouting has been booming, and it is expected that East Orange will soon take its place in the front rank of scout cities in the country. One of East Orange's liveliest troops is Troop 8, of which Carl C. Lanning is scoutmaster. The picture shows a jolly bunch

*A jolly "feed" in the fall woods.*

of members of the Bob White patrol eating their lunch at the end of a hike into the fall woods.

ORANGE, TEX.—The people of Orange are convinced that the scouts of that city are a real live organization, and a valuable member of their group of civic bodies. This conviction has come through the fine work which these boys are constantly doing. Just recently reports have been sent to BOYS' LIFE telling of the aid rendered to people during the severe storm which that section of the country encountered, and the latest reports tell of their remarkable efficiency in fighting fires. One of the residences of the town caught fire, and even before the fire whistle had blown, Scoutmaster Stanley Barnes and two of the scouts were on the roof of the building, doing their best to save the house from what seemed certain destruction. Other boys arrived and before the fire department wagon had reached the scene there were seventeen scouts either on the roof or on the ground, working with all their might. The water supply was from a pump in the yard and a bucket brigade was quickly formed. To reach the topmost peak of the roof three boys formed a human chain and managed to pass the water up in this way. The boys are under strict orders as to their conduct at fires and a very noticeable feature of their work was that they were systematical, showed evidence of real training, and that they gave implicit obedience to all orders.

LUZERNE, PA.—Scoutmaster Charles Taylor reports a "good turn" of the Luzerne scouts. He says: "Our boys did one thing this summer that makes them more popular. They took entire care of the lawn surrounding our church, and did it well."

ITHACA, N. Y.—In the Fair and Carnival Parade held in Ithaca on September 22, Troop 1, of the Ithaca scouts, marched as a special escort to Lieut. Gov. Edward Schoeneck and Commissioner of Agriculture Charles S. Wilson.

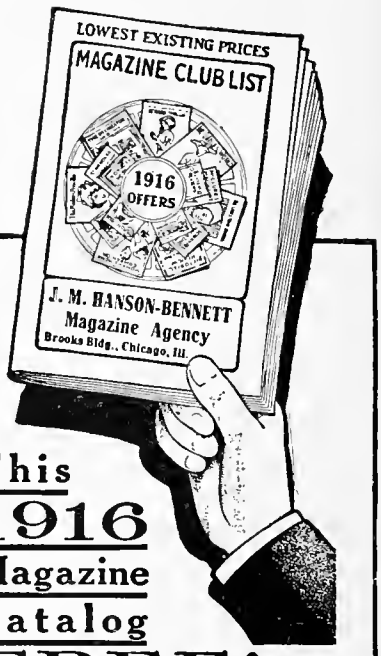
URBANA, OHIO.—The scouts of Urbana are now taking up basketball under the direction of Assistant Scoutmaster Ross. A four-day outing on the Big Miami River was an event of the past summer which all enjoyed.

WHITTEMORE, MICH.—Troop 2 was very active during the Whittemore Fair. Tents, cots and cooking utensils were furnished by the Fair Committee and the boys camped on the grounds day and night, guarding the exhibition tents, and helping in other ways. They took part in the parade each day, and conducted a first-aid tent. This troop is growing constantly and has many applications for membership on the waiting list.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO.—In writing an account of the hike and camping trip of the scouts of this city, Scout Frank Finley tells many funny incidents which happened, such as for instance a breakfast consisting of pancakes "hard, brittle and uninviting, made by mistake with lime instead of flour." These boys spent four or five days in camp on a cliff overlooking Walnut Creek.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Members of Troops 2 and 3 of the New Bedford scouts took a bicycle hike to Newport, R. I., where they were entertained by Scout Commissioner Gatzenmeier. A visit to the Naval Training Station and the carnival which was being held there were incidents. The Newport scouts also acted as an escort in conducting the visitors to the other points of interest in the city.

ROME, NEW YORK.—Troop 8 of the Rome State Custodial Asylum, enjoyed its annual field day, with a fine exhibition of fireworks and band concert in the evening, on July 9. Mayor H. C. Midlam was the guest of honor, and his invitation was delivered by relay runners who made especially good time in the two mile run to the city hall.

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# Scouts' Questions Answered

Q. 1. *When was Sir Baden-Powell born?*
2. *When were the Boy Scouts of America organized?*
3. *Can a scout pass part of his first class tests when he has not passed the second class requirements?*
4. *Can two patrol leaders who are not yet first class scouts pass a second class scout to first class?*
5. *What is the present number of registered scouts?*
6. *Can a boy belong to the scouts and to a military organization at the same time?—Scout H. B., Michigan.*

A. 1. February 22, 1857.
2. February 8, 1910.
3. That depends entirely upon the scoutmaster, providing the Local Council, if there is one, has no ruling on the matter. If it is deemed advisable by the local officials to permit a scout to do this, there is no reason why he should not.
4. No patrol leader can give official tests, although he may conduct preliminary ones for the benefit of the scoutmaster.
5. 144,115, on October 4, 1915.
6. This is a question for the parents and boy to decide. We believe scouting to be the most beneficial for all growing boys.

Q. 1. *Does the catalogue of the Department of Equipment and Supplies cost anything, besides postage?*
2. *Why was the "Discoveries and Rediscoveries" department discontinued?*
3. *Can back numbers of* BOYS' LIFE *be obtained? At what price?*
4. *Are any books published that would aid a patrol leader in his work? If so, what are the titles?—Scout J. B. S., Mass.*

A. 1. No. This catalogue is sent to any scout free of charge.
2. The "Discoveries and Rediscoveries" department formerly in BOYS' LIFE was discontinued because of the fact that space was not available for this feature.
3. Yes. Ten cents a copy.
4. In the back of the Handbook for Boys and also in the Scoutmaster's Manual there are lists of books which will be found useful. Some of these are difficult for a patrol leader. He should talk the list over with his scoutmaster who could give good counsel as to books best adapted to his needs. He will find that many of the books can be obtained from a public library without expense.

Q. *Can a boy who is not a scout write to boy scouts and subscribe to* BOYS' LIFE *sending letters in care of said paper?*

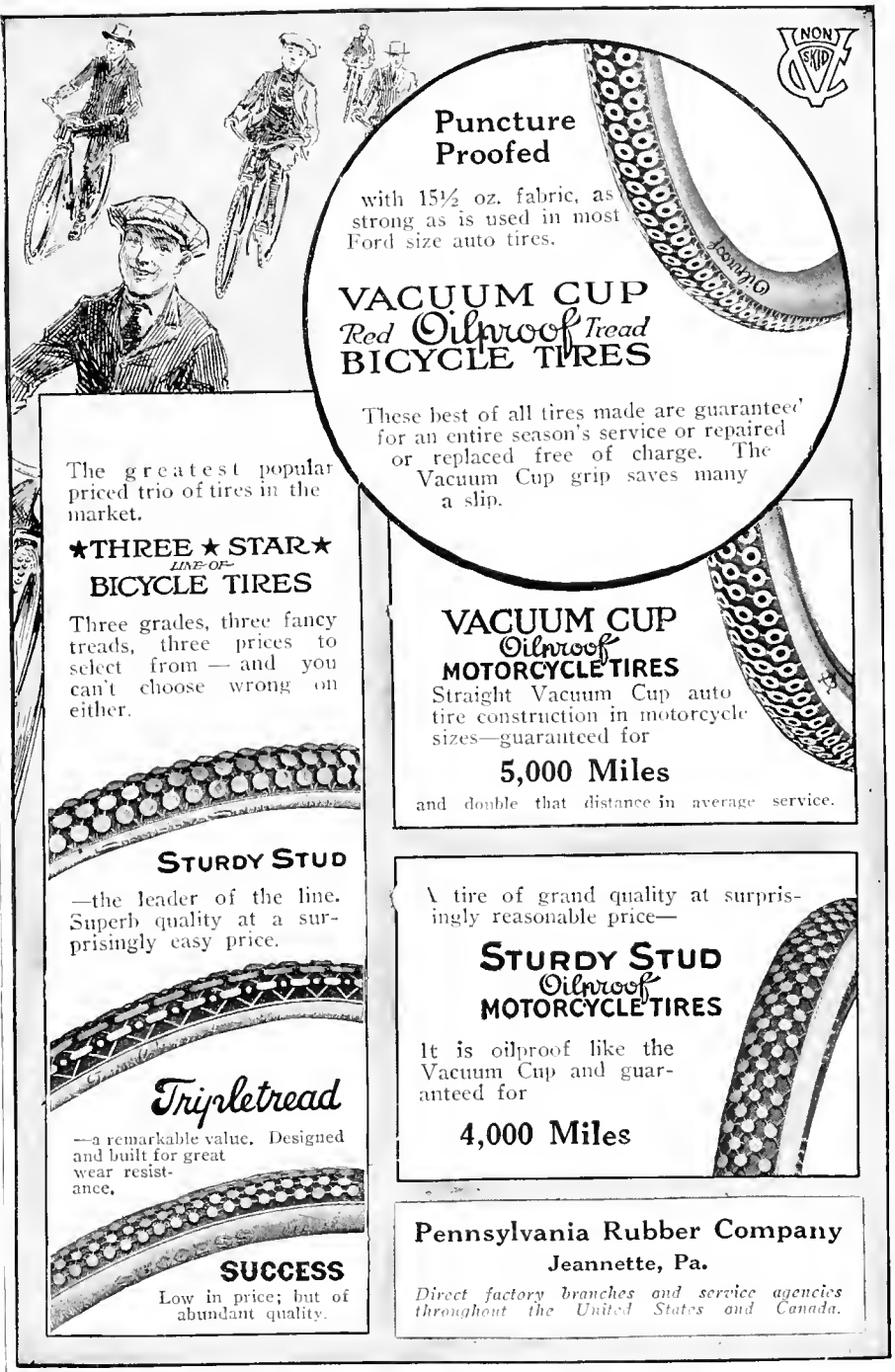
A. Yes. Any boy may correspond with other boys through the Lonesome Corner Department of BOYS' LIFE, whether he is a scout or not. It is not necessary for a boy to be a scout in order to subscribe to BOYS' LIFE.

Q. 1. *Will you tell me who is the Cave Scout that writes for* BOYS' LIFE?
2. *If a scout's troop has broken up and he hasn't joined another, can he still call himself a scout?—B. S. W., Washington, D. C.*

A. 1. The identity of the Cave Scout is veiled in mystery. The cave is deep and dark. Once in a while he is caught with a camera on one of his excursions into the outside world, but his name is a carefully guarded secret.
2. A boy can only consider himself a member of the Boy Scouts of America while he is a registered member of a registered troop. When a troop breaks up prompt notice should be sent to National Headquarters, which will do all within its power to re-organize the troop and provide it with a scoutmaster. If a troop cannot be re-organized and some of the scouts still wish to go on with their work, National Headquarters will endeavor to find a place for them in some other troop, or they may become lone scouts.

Q. *My parents will not allow me to swim. Is it possible for me to become a first class scout or to receive merit badges?—W. A. R., Weymouth, Mass.*

A. The National Council has never authorized any exception to any of the required tests. If they did so, the badge would mean little or nothing. Every boy should know how to swim unless he has some physical ailment which would make it dangerous for him to do so.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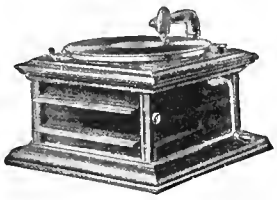

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This Model, $50

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## Stories About the Pictures on Our Double Page

THERE is a great conglomeration of pictures in our double page display this month—Chinese scouts, nautical scouts, pioneering scouts, forestry scouts — and several other kinds of scouts.

The picture in the upper left hand corner shows a group of boys from Troop 28, Rochester, N. Y., straddling a tree which was broken in rather unusual shape by a high wind.

In the picture just below are half a dozen scouts from Troop 16, Salt Lake City, Utah, reading BOYS' LIFE. They are sitting on a fallen pine 250 years old, which is on the top of a mountain 9,000 feet above sea level. Looks like BOYS' LIFE is coming up in the world, doesn't it?

French Boy Scouts are mighty busy during the Big War—not at the front, but back of the lines, acting as messengers, and performing all sorts of civic duties wherever their services are needed. But they find time occasionally for a display. The picture shows them giving a review in the Tuilleries in Paris.

The big round picture was taken at Camp Chief Red Oak, where several thousand boys from Allegheny County, Pa., had a bully time during the past summer. These Pennsylvania scouts made quite a specialty of pioneering work, and the picture shows them hoisting one of their number in a barrel which was rigged up on the arm of an improvised derrick. Probably these boys will be building skyscrapers some day.

Notice that bright looking boy at the bottom of the page. He's a Prince—yes, an honest to goodness Prince, not just a "good fellow"—for his daddy is the King of Italy. His name is Umbert, and he is going to be king himself some day. He couldn't be a scout in the United States, because he is only seven years old, but the Italian scouts were glad to take him in. And Prince Umbert was glad to be taken in, too, for he is very proud of his uniform, and he is working like a nailer to learn all the secrets of scoutcraft.

Up at the top of the page, to the right of the pioneering scouts, is the picture of the scout totem pole at East Orange, N. J. Some of these East Orange scouts got themselves in bad by marking up trees near the city. So Scout Executive J. W. Patton located an old dead tree. Then he called the boys together and said: "Now we will give one section of this tree to each troop, and the members of the troop can mark it and decorate it any old way they please."

The Allegheny county nautical scouts have made great progress in their work. The picture just below the totem pole shows a group of these scouts receiving their merit badges for swimming. Only first class scouts are admitted to the nautical troop, and they are all required to qualify for their merit badge in swimming as soon as possible. The troop has received two whaleboats from the United States Government, and they are going to engage regularly in life-saving drills along the Allegheny River.

Look out for that fellow in the small picture just to the right of the nautical scouts! He is a genuine old western rattlesnake, photographed alive by Scoutmaster M. C. Guggenheimer, of Troop 7, Buffalo, N. Y. This picture was posed in western Canada.

The parade picture at the bottom of the page shows 500 Chinese boy scouts assembled at the big review held in Shanghai. If it weren't for the bamboo fence and the flags it would be easy to imagine that this picture was taken in the United States.

Scout R. Val Dannebe, whose picture appears in the upper right hand corner, probably is training for a wild west show, although he doesn't admit it in the letter we have received from him. He lives in Fredericksburg, Va. He says it is no trick at all to ride a horse like this—and you will notice that he hasn't any saddle, either.

Scouts Adam and Prindle, of the blazing arrow patrol, Troop 1, Rockford, Ill., while on a hike recently, came to a dangerous washout in the road. While they were erecting a danger signal that would keep wagons and automobiles out of the ditch, their scoutmaster, Mr. C. Dickinson, snapped their picture.

Los Angeles, Cal., scouts spent a bully summer in the Angeles Forest Reserve, where they worked for Uncle Sam, patroling the forests and protecting them from destruction by fire. The Government paid the scout camp a ranger's salary of $75.00 a month, in return for which the boys did regular ranger service, covering a distance of 9,000 miles on patrol duty. The boys were thrown almost entirely on their own resources, did all their own cooking, and took care of themselves generally, under the direction of Scout Executive Pollard, of Los Angeles. They made a specialty of camp cooking, and became quite expert in the art of baking bread and biscuits in a mud oven, as shown in the picture.

# Two Boys Who Recently Did Big Things

*Robert W. Dowling*

*W. M. Johnston*
*© Am. Press Assn.*

The new tennis champion of the United States is William M. Johnston, a twenty-year-old youth from California. Johnston won his title on September 7 in a match at Forest Hills, N. Y., with Maurice E. McLoughlin, several times National Champion and regarded by many as one of the greatest tennis players the United States has ever produced.

On the following day Johnston and Clarence T. Griffin, another Californian, defeated McLoughlin and Bundy for the double championship on the Forest Hills Courts. Last year McLoughlin and Bundy defended against the Australian players in the International matches for the Davis Cup. They have been the national doubles champions for four years.

Robert W. Dowling, an eighteen year old boy living in New York City, performed a feat which has never before been accomplished, when on September 5, he swam entirely around Manhattan Island, a distance of thirty-five miles. Young Dowling was in the water thirteen hours and forty-five minutes.

He was accompanied on his long swim by a motor boat carrying his coach and a party of friends. At half hour intervals he was fed beef juice and chocolate in the water.

The long swim was begun at Spuyten Duyvil Creek, continued down the Hudson River, around the Battery and up the East River into the Harlem River and thence to the starting point.

Young Dowling attempted this swim on August 15, but was forced to give it up. His first failure only made him the more determined to establish the record, so he immediately started training and got himself into perfect physical condition before making the second attempt which proved successful. Perfect condition, grit and persistence made possible this success.

## The Scout and the Serpent

(*Continued from page* 19)

and you can stay under water two or three or four times as long as if you didn't."

I said I would try it some time and then we went down and looked at the remainders of the sea serpent. If Smitty and Slats ever find out about it I guess they will make up their minds that the Scout is quite a feller, after all. It's a long worm that won't turn.

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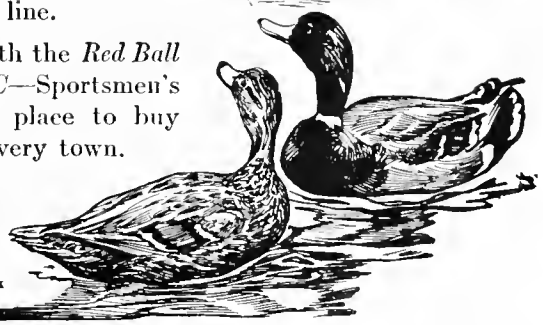

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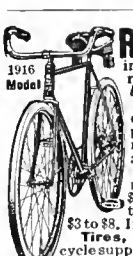


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in each town to ride and show a new 1916 model **"RANGER"** bicycle. Write for our *liberal terms* on a sample to introduce.
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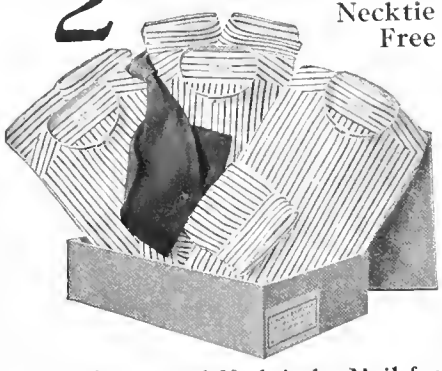

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**DURO Shirts are guaranteed to wear six months** without fading, shrinking or ripping or new shirts free. Made of fine white percale shirting fabric with narrow stripes of blue, black and lavender. One shirt of each color to the box. Cut in the popular coat style, cuffs attached, laundered and fashionable. Standard sizes 14 to 17½, sleeves 33 and 35. Neckties are navy blue, black and lavender. **Take your choice.** The shirts would cost you a dollar apiece and you would get no **guarantee** of wear. The tie would cost 75c. DURO haberdashery catalog on request, but save time by sending $2 bill and 15c postage today with size and five names, for if all the goods are not satisfactory on arrival we will gladly refund your money. Highest bank references.

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## Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

(*Continued from page* 16)

first-class scout. Well, why couldn't he train Andy?

Before Don reached home he had arrived at still another conclusion—he'd coach Andy in pitching and make him sure of himself. The sturdy up-hill game that Andy had pitched that day seemed to make a great difference—that and the fact that Andy had fought for him.

It wasn't hard to interest Andy in scouting. Don loaned him the handbook and the latest issue of Boys' Life next morning. Andy was over at Don's house early, and declared that he wanted to join as soon as possible. So Don taught him the knots, and the history of the flag, and explained all about the Scout Law, sign, salute and badges. Before the week was out Andy had taken his oath, and another member had been added to the Wolf Patrol.

Don had wondered how Andy would take baseball coaching. Andy accepted it gladly. Sometimes Ted came over. But now Andy did not repulse the first-baseman. Often the three of them, with Alex, argued out some pitching problem. Slowly Andy began to show confidence—something he had lacked before.

Friday there was a wild downpour of rain. Next day the high school nine was scheduled to travel; but Friday afternoon Mr. Wall received word that the field was flooded

Don was glad that the game could not be played. This would give him a Saturday to himself, a whole day in which to take the long hike that was necessary if he wanted his First-class badge.

Next morning he was out of bed an hour before his usual time. Barbara wanted to know if the nine was going to play a game before breakfast; but when Don told her about the hike, she packed him quite a lunch. Directly after breakfast he set forth on his journey. As befitted a scout on scout duty, he wore his khaki uniform. He had a compass in his pocket for use should he become lost, and he carried a small pad for making notes of his trip.

(*Continued in December* Boys' Life)

## How Don Strong Began

DON STRONG wants to enter the Chester high school—not to study, but to play football and baseball under Mr. Wall, the Latin teacher, who coaches the team.

Alex Davidson, a widow's son, also is ambitious to enter high school. Alex works all summer. Don learns that Alex has twenty dollars saved. Amazed, he goes around to Alex's house for a look at a boy who has saved that much money and finds Alex wearing a boy scout uniform. He sneers at scouts; but later, when he discovers that Mr. Wall is the scoutmaster, he enters the troop. Ted Carter, a shiftless lad, worms his way into the boy's good graces.

A theatrical company comes to town, and in order to earn money for the show, Don works with feverish haste to finish a bird house. The house is so poorly made that he refuses to sell it, but he borrows a quarter from Ted, and together they see the show. When the football season closes, Don has more time to work. His savings grow, and he prepares for his second class test.

The troop decides to obtain a club room and Don makes arrangements with the Chester Trolley Co. to use an abandoned waiting room. He also arranges to purchase furniture for the room on credit.

The troop agrees to accept the offer of the trolley company, but to pay for their generosity by keeping the new waiting room clean. They decide not to buy furniture on credit and Don thinks of the money he owes Ted. At the close of the meeting Mr. Wall asks Don about his relations with Ted and gives him a copy of the eleventh Scout Law. Next day Don repays Ted the loan.

The busy winter passes and the baseball season opens. Don determines to make the position


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The New Scout Knife is specially made for BOYS' LIFE readers, and on the transparent handles, which are as clear as glass and tough as horn, is the Emblem of the Boy Scouts of America, with the magazine's name on one side, **and Your Own Name and Address** on the other side. These special insignias cannot be removed without destroying the knife.

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# A Page that is Largely for Parents

## Christmas Hints for Boy Scouts' Fathers and Mothers

Nothing will make a boy happier than to receive on Christmas, gifts connected with his Scout activities. Most of his "equipment" a true Scout earns, but at Christmas it is proper that his thrift be rewarded with some specially prized article which will increase his enjoyment of the Scout program. Below are suggestions sure to prove popular, and useful as well.

## SCOUT EQUIPMENT *for* WINTER DAYS *and* HOLIDAY GIFTS

### How About a Mackinaw?

**A Splendid Coat for School or Scouting**

"Bigger-than-weather," these Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw coats are called. Made from the wool of sheep that thrive in the snows of the great Northwest.

Scouts are proud of them for school wear or for use with their uniform. Belted Norfolk model, with big rolling collar that snuggles up in the neck and turns up about the head and ears.

*All-Wool; Olive Drab or Plaids.*

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### Boy Scout Blankets

**For Hike or Home**

No more cherished possession of a Scout than the blanket he rolls up in on the hike. Handy for his bed at home or in camp.

"Scouts' Own." Stamped with official badge design. Soft, beautiful blanket for all year use; strong and durable. Size 66 x 80 inches, weight 4 lbs. Remarkable value, $3.50.

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**$5.00**

### Field Glasses

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"Superior." Adapted to long range. Tan mountings and case, with extra shoulder cord ..... **$7.50**

### Canteen or Water Bottle

**Made of Aluminum**

It isn't always safe for boys to drink any water they come across when on a "Hike." Better that they should carry a little with them.

This "Wearever" canteen holds just over a quart. Made of heavy aluminum. Olive drab cover with adjustable carrying strap. An enviable possession. High cost of metal will soon make this canteen more expensive .....$1.50

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**"Wearever" Brand**

Scouts have to know how to cook. In this new kit, there is a fry pan with patent handle, a cooking pot with cover, drinking cup, and a stew pan which also serves as plate or soup bowl. A fork and spoon are included.

All parts nest compactly inside the khaki carrying case. Price must soon be advanced owing to cost of aluminum .....$2.00

### BOY SCOUT STATUETTE.

**For Your Boy's Room.**

Designed by a prominent sculptor, this statuette should be an inspiration for any boy. The strong, well posed figure of a Scout in typical costume stands seventeen inches high. Attractively modelled base includes the Scout's emblem and the watch-words of his code.

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### Boys' Life: Statement to Post Office.

Statement of the ownership, management circulation, etc., of BOYS' LIFE, the Boy Scouts' magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1915, required by the Act of August 24, 1912. Editor, Walter P. McGuire, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Frederic L. Colver, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York; Publishers, Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York. Owners (if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not a corporation, give names and addresses of individual owners.) Owners: Boy Scouts of America, incorporated February 8, 1910, under the laws of the District of Columbia, governing "Institutions of Learning." There are no individual stockholders. The present officers are: Honorary President, Hon. Woodrow Wilson, Washington, D. C.; Honorary Vice-President, Hon. William H. Taft, New Haven, Conn.; Honorary Vice-President, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, New York, N. Y.; President, Colin H. Livingstone, Washington, D. C.; Vice-President, B. L. Dulaney, Bristol, Tenn.; Vice-President, Milton A. McRae, Detroit, Mich.; Vice-President, David Starr Jordan, Stanford University, Cal.; Vice-President, F. L. Seely, Asheville, N. C.; Vice-President, A. Stamford White, Chicago, Ill.; National Scout Commissioner, Daniel Carter Beard, Flushing, N. Y.; Treasurer, George D. Pratt, New York; Chief Scout Executive, James E. West, New York; Associate Editor, Daniel Carter Beard, Flushing, N. Y. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities (if there are none, so state), none. Average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding date shown above. (This information is required from daily newspapers only.) Frederic L. Colver, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1915. John J. Haley, Notary Public, New York County. (Seal) (My commission expires March 30, 1916.)




of pitcher and beat out Andy Ford, who made and on the football team in Don's place.

Don pitches the first game. The opposing players use unfair tactics and Ted Carter urges Don to "get even." Don knocks the ball out of a player's hand and wins the game. Mr. Wall tells the team there is no honor in a dirty victory, and Don goes home very much disturbed. He breaks with Ted Carter and Ted begins to coach Andy Ford. Don fears Ted will deliberately "throw" a game when he is pitching.

## The Cherrington Scrubs

(*Continued from page* 4.)

throw up his hand. His arm flashed and as the Anoka ends leaped upwards, the ball spun safely over their outstretched fingers and, turning like a rifled projectile, sailed far down the field.

For an instant there was a confused mixup at the spot where it fell, and Cherrington could not see what was happening. Then Sturdevant emerged beyond, racing towards Anoka's goal with all behind him!

When play was resumed, after Cherrington had kicked goal, Anoka took desperate chances in a tremendous effort to score in the few moments remaining. Tricks, forward passes, onside kicks—everything was tried recklessly, but Cherrington's men held stubbornly.

The captains had been warned that time was almost up, when—no one knew just how it happened, whether Hayes failed to back up the line properly, or, as he said, the left tackle stumbled and could not reach the play—Sanford broke through and started for Lincoln's goal with only Cherrington in front.

A sick feeling, clear down to the knees, came over the scrub captain. Sanford was far faster than he and the best dodged on the field.

Cherrington trotted slowly ahead; the Anoka back loomed up like a runaway horse as he bore down upon him. The yell which had arisen was like the shriek of a tremendous siren.

Throughout the game Cherrington had watched carefully Sanford's dodging, and had noticed that he relied largely on a double feint and a change of speed. Gathering himself Cherrington appeared to respond to Sanford's second feint, then whirled and drove himself with all his might in the other direction. Almost by the tops of his fingers he caught his man For an instant he was jerked and bumped, and his hands began to slip down, but with a convulsive effort he circled one of Sanford's legs and hung on grimly. Gradually the other's knee came to the ground. A whistle blew. As he got up the timekeeper came running out. The game was over.

All Lincoln poured out on the field. After a long and hearty cheer for Anoka they placed the men of their own two teams on their shoulders and bore them through the writhing ecstasies of the snake dance.

A WEEK later Cherrington received a letter from his brother which closed as follows:

"I have just seen Folwell, who refereed your game. I would rather have had you do what you did than have had you play all fours years on the Lincoln varsity."

The honor society, which Cherrington founded at Lincoln, is a permanent institution and is known as "The Cherrington Scrubs."

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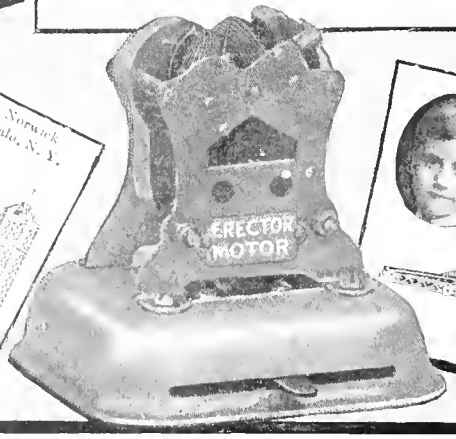


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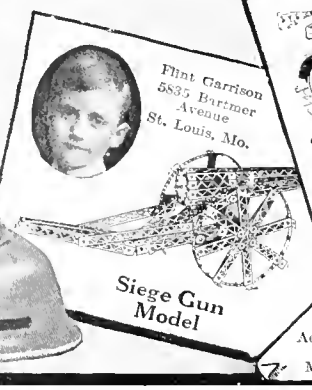

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THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

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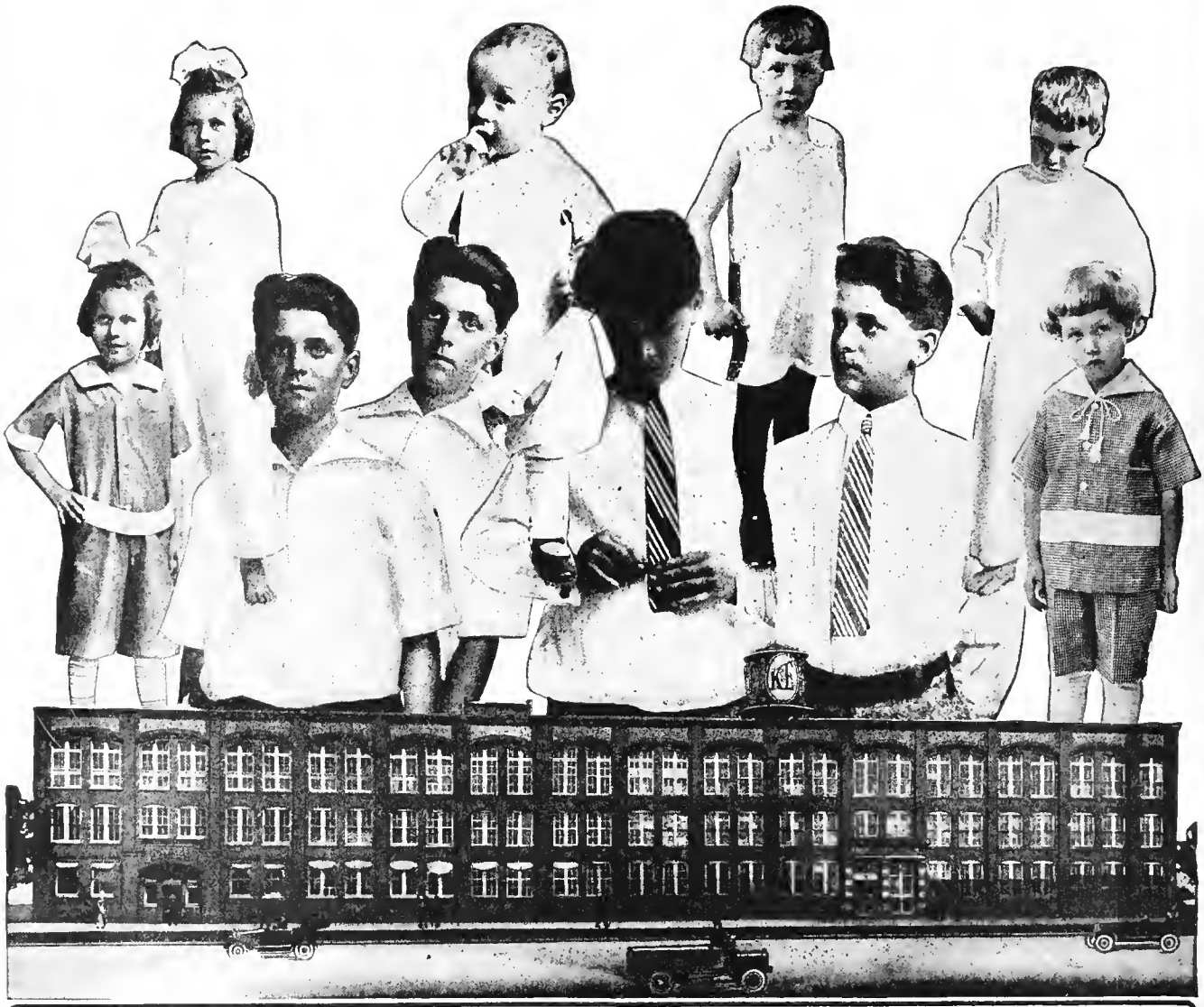

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In order to give you something definite to try for each month, we have chosen special subjects:

February —Good Turns
March —Scout Contests
April —Pioneering Work — Bridges, Signal Towers, Derricks, etc.
May —Community Service
June —"Eats"
July —Woodcraft
August —Illustrations of Scout Law
September—Handicraft
October —"Funny Fotos"
November—Illustrations of Scout Tests
December—Wild Life
January —Winter Activities

### STUDY THESE POINTS

And in order that each contestant may know what kinds of pictures the judges will consider "best," we have outlined four points on which photographs will be judged:

(1) Originality; (2) definiteness of suggestion. For instance, a game should be so illustrated that those who see the picture will have a good idea how to play it; or a picture of a signal tower should be so clear that it would help others to build one like it; (3) clearness and arrangement; (4) action, whenever the subject matter makes an action picture possible.

To guard against misunderstanding, contestants are urged to observe carefully the following suggestions:

1. This contest is open to anybody.
2. All pictures to be entered in this contest must be addressed—"Picture Contest Department," Boys' Life, The Boy Scouts' Magazine, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York.
3. Every photograph must be marked carefully with the name and address of the sender, and the title.
4. Stamps must be enclosed if it is desired that the pictures be returned.
5. It is understood that all prize-winning pictures shall become the property of Boys' Life.
6. Pictures must be received not later than the 20th day of the *second* month preceding date of issue. That is, for the February number, photographs must be received not later than December 20.
7. It is understood that Boys' Life, by payment of 25 cents each, shall have the right to make use of photographs which do not win prizes, in other parts of the magazine.
8. It is understood that pictures for which return postage is not enclosed shall become the property of the magazine.
9. Persons who have photographs in our files may enter them in this contest by sending notice as follows:
   "Please enter in your picture contest, under the subject ————, photograph sent to Boys' Life on (date).
   Name..... Address....."
   Pictures which have been used in Boys' Life, "Scouting" or any other Headquarters' publications cannot be entered in this contest.
10. It is understood that Boys' Life shall use on the double-page display, in case of necessity, photographs not submitted in the contest.
11. Pictures on any of the subjects outlined may be sent at any time. The first prize winners will be announced in the February number.

### REMEMBER

**The contest starts right away!**
**Subject, first month: "Good Turns."**
**Pictures for the first month must be received not later than December 20th.**

**GET BUSY TODAY.**

WALTER P. McGUIRE, *Editor*
DAN BEARD, *Associate Editor*
FREDERIC L. COLVER, *Business Manager*

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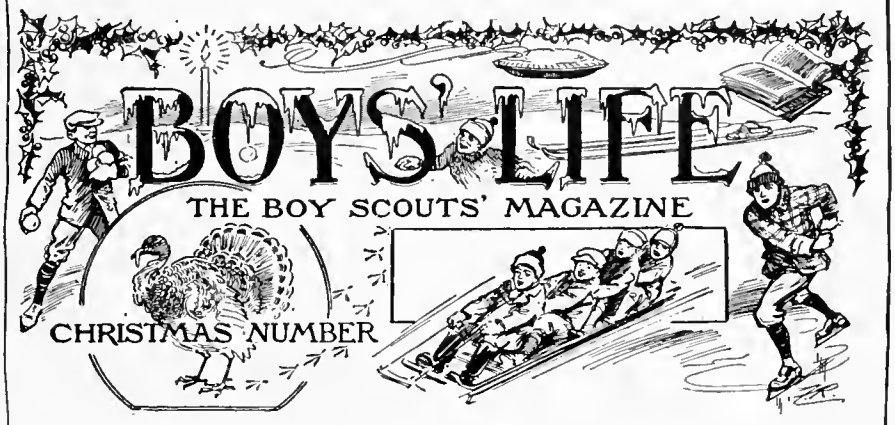


## FAMILY TALK—

CHRISTMAS is the season of good cheer—lots to eat—presents—perhaps a "Potlatch" like the one Mr. Beard describes on page 24.

HERE is *our* Christmas present to the big Boys' LIFE family: a 64-page magazine (the largest we ever published)—a new serial story (a dandy)—two prize offers (see pages 2 and 30).

REALLY, fellows, the Christmas Boys' LIFE is a regular monster, chock-full of the things we know boys like.

ISN'T it fine that we are able to give you all of this without charging an extra penny? That's because our circulation is gaining so fast. Let's keep it up.

SERIALS are a delight—and we have *five* this month: the new "Boy Scout Crusoes," "Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol," "In the Land of Gold," and the Quarry Troop and "Scoot" stories. What do you think of that?

THEN the contests. Boys' LIFE has been strong on contests for two years now—and our readers have been strong for them. With two under way, every boy can take part. The prizes are plentiful. Begin now.

MANY times we have seen how splendid is the Christmas spirit of scouts. This year there will be further evidence everywhere.

AFTER you read "The Quarry Troop's Christmas" you will want to pull off something fine like that community Christmas tree for your own town. Your scoutmaster will help you. Ask him.

SURE as shooting, you will be happiest if you do something worth while for someone else—for someone who especially needs it. A Scout is Helpful, especially in the winter.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

Vol. V. DECEMBER, 1915 No. 10

## Leading Features

**Cover Design, The Community Christmas Tree**
By Walt Louderback
**Prizes for Photographs** ..... 2
An Announcement
**The Boy Scout Crusoes (Our New Serial)** ..... 4
By Edwin C. Burritt
**The Quarry Troop's Christmas** ..... 7
By Irving Crump
**In the Land of Gold (Part II)** ..... 10
By Walter Walden
**Bunk Carson's Christmas War** ..... 12
By William Merriam Rouse
**Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol** (Cont.) ..... 14
By William Heyliger
**The Christmas Duffel Bag** ..... 17
By Daniel Carter Beard
**The Medal He Lost** ..... 18
By Oscar Lewis
**Winning the Rock** ..... 20
By Irving Crump
**Two Pages of Scout Pictures** ..... 22-23
Prizes Offered for More Pictures
**For a Christmas Potlatch** ..... 24
By Daniel Carter Beard
**What's a Boy Scout?** ..... 26
From "The Boy Scouts Year Book"
**In the Scout Cave** ..... 28
By The Cave Scout
**Scouting in the Dictionary** ..... 30
$100 in Prizes to be Given
**A Boy Scout Clock** ..... 31
By Joseph Yeames
**New Books Boys Like Best** ..... 34-35-36-37
By The Chief Scout Librarian
**What Boy Scouts Are Doing** ..... 29-38-39-40-41-49
News from Troops Everywhere
**Our Lonesome Corner** ..... 42-43
Our World-Wide Letter Exchange
**Another Dandy Stamp Find** ..... 44-45
By Frank L. Coes
**The Electric Scout** ..... 46-47
By Alfred P. Morgan
**Scouts' Discoveries and Re-Discoveries** ..... 48
Things All Scouts Should Know
**Scout Events in "Movies"** ..... 50
By Barton K. Huntington
**Scout Leonard and What He Has Done** ..... 50
What Any Scout With "Pep" Can Do
**Scouts' Questions Answered** ..... 52
**The Quartermaster Says** ..... 55
By Frederick N. Cooke, Jr.

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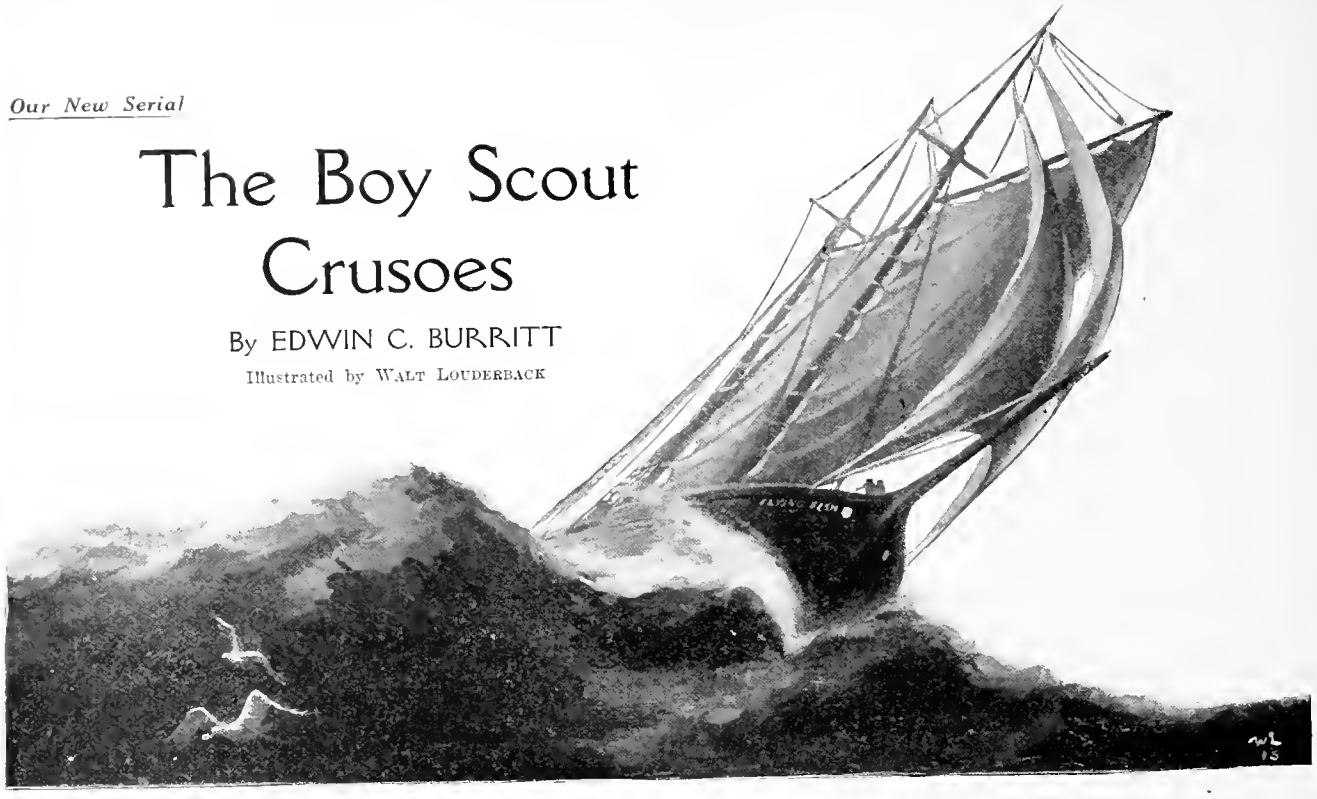
*Our New Serial*

# The Boy Scout Crusoes

By EDWIN C. BURRITT

Illustrated by WALT LOUDERBACK



*"The machinery was disabled and the ship was obliged to trust to her sails"*

CHAPTER I

*A Trip Ashore*

"IT will probably take all day to repair the engines. In the meantime, perhaps you would like to go ashore."

"That is just what I should like, Captain. I may find some interesting specimens."

The speakers, Captain Morton and Dr. Cameron, were standing on the deck of the little schooner-rigged steamer *Flying Fish*. Surrounding them were six lads in the khaki uniform of the Boy Scouts of America. They were the Coyote Patrol, part of a troop from a college town in a Western state.

Dr. Cameron was their scoutmaster. He was visiting the South Seas for scientific purposes and the boys had come with him to see something of this interesting part of the world. They had traveled by one of the regular steamers to Honolulu and there had chartered the *Flying Fish*, owned by Captain Morton. After visiting the Caroline Islands, making several stops, they had gone on their way towards New Guinea, where the doctor had a cousin living on a ranch. It was the scoutmaster's intention to leave the other lads with this cousin, while he, his assistant and his elder son, Roderick, made an excursion into the interior.

Shortly before they reached the Molucca Passage, however, a violent hurricane struck the *Flying Fish*, driving her out of her course. Although the worst part of the storm did not last long, the wind continued to blow a gale for three days. The machinery was disabled and the ship was obliged to trust to her sails. The sky remained heavily overcast all this time so that it was impossible for the Captain to take any observations to find out where they were. For the last twenty-four hours, however, the wind had been steadily decreasing.

This morning at daybreak land had been discovered, which, on nearer approach, proved to be a small island. A place shallow enough for anchorage having been reached, the captain sent the mate with a boat's crew to find out what the island was and to get fresh water. They had just returned with the news that they had found no signs of habitation and no fresh water, although they had explored the coast for some distance from the little bay where they landed. As the sea was now comparatively smooth and the sun had come out, the Captain decided to remain here until the engines could be repaired.

"WON'T you take us with you, father?" asked Roderick Cameron, when he heard his father's reply to the Captain's suggestion.

"I don't know of any reason why you shouldn't go," the Doctor answered. "The mate saw no signs of either natives or wild beasts. If you will all obey orders strictly, keep close with me and not wander off by yourselves you may go."

"Hurrah," cried Dick Lynch, the irrepressible, "we're going to explore a desert island."

Dr. Cameron smiled. "Hurry and get ready," he said. "You may take your knapsacks with your first aid kits, and a plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon each.

"You won't need your cooking utensils as we shall take a cold lunch to save time, and you won't need your blanket rolls. Wait a moment though. A couple of rubber blankets might not be bad things to have when we stop for lunch. The grass and sand on tropical islands are apt to be full of unpleasant insects. Dick, you and Karl may each take a rubber blanket.

"Rod and Fred, take your axes. We shall probably need to cut our way if we go into the forest. Fred may take his rifle too; I shall have my gun. You can divide the provisions among you and I may need your help to carry specimens.

"Away with you now and get ready. Rod, just go to Mr. Harvey's cabin and ask him if he feels well enough to go with us."

Mr. Harvey was a young man who helped Dr. Cameron in his scientific work. Like most of the others, he had been made very ill by the storm, but unlike the boys, he had not yet fully recovered. In answer to Rod's question, he replied that he did not feel well enough to undertake such a trip.

HALF an hour later the party were leaving the ship. The older boys helped the two sailors at the bars, while the others gazed eagerly at the approaching island, not knowing what that dot in the mighty ocean would be to them some day.

The six lads were of various ages and sizes, from Fred Morris, a tall boy a little over seventeen, to Robert or Bobby Cameron, just thirteen, the baby of the patrol. Fred was the son of an army officer, who was an old friend of Dr. Cameron. He had spent the last year in Hawaii, where his father was stationed, and had joined the party at Honolulu.

Roderick Cameron, the patrol leader, a pleasant looking, blue-eyed, curly-haired lad, was some six months younger than Fred and almost as tall. Then came Karl Seidl, dark, sturdily built, wearing glasses over near-sighted, brown eyes. Karl's father was one of the professors in the college to whose faculty Dr. Cameron belonged, and the boy's strong bent towards the study of plants and animals was the main reason for sending him on this trip to the Pacific islands.

The next in age was Harold Whitney, who, though over fifteen, was not as tall and not nearly as muscular as Dick Lynch, several months younger. Harold was quiet and bookish and his father had urged him to join the Scouts in the hope of getting him to take more interest in an active,

out-door life. This trip Mr. Whitney thought would be not only a help to that end, but a physical benefit to the boy who was not very strong. Richard Lynch was a lively, headstrong, red-haired lad, always ready for fun or adventure and a very loyal scout. Robert Cameron, the youngest of the group, was also a very enthusiastic scout.

The three older boys and Dick were all first class scouts, but Harold and Bobby had not yet passed out of the second class.

THE island they were gazing at so eagerly was of interesting appearance. A white sand beach against which breakers rolled was broken here and there by masses of rock projecting into the ocean. Cocoanut palms, with greyish-red trunks and feathery crowns leaning towards the sea, grew along the beach; farther back and running up the sides of the low mountain, which rose almost in the center of the island, was a dense forest.

This mountain, instead of having a sharp peak, such as might be expected from the regular form of its slopes, was cut flat across the top as if, Rod said, the peak had been sliced off with a giant's knife. It was evidently volcanic, for the upper part was bare with dark furrows down the sides. Dr. Cameron explained that these probably had been made by lava streams, possibly centuries before.

A coral reef, running out from the shore and curving around almost parallel with it, formed a small bay protected from the force of the breakers. Into this harbor, through a narrow channel, the sailors steered the boat, beaching it easily on the hard sand.

It was arranged that the seamen should stay close by the boat while the others went along the short and, if everything seemed favorable, a little way into the forest. They carried their lunch with them and planned to return by four or five o'clock.

## Chapter II

### *The Storm*

"IT'S later than I thought. We must start back at once."

The explorers had gone a little way into the forest. Interested in the tropical plants and trees, many of which were entirely new to the boys, they had not realized that the time was passing so quickly. On looking at his watch Dr. Cameron was surprised to see that it was after three o'clock.

It was easy to find the trail back, as they had been obliged in many places to cut their way through the undergrowth, and where this had not been necessary Fred and Roderick had taken care to blaze the path clearly.

"Blazing won't do any hurt here in this uninhabited jungle, will it?" Rod had asked. "Not a bit," said the scoutmaster. In the thick forest the tall, straight tree trunks stood close together like columns. Far overhead the dense foliage, intertwined with great creepers, did not allow the sun to penetrate. A gray gloom like twilight rested over everything.

After they had been retracing their steps for perhaps half an hour, Karl said suddenly:

"Dr. Cameron, are you sure your watch is right?"

"Why, yes, Karl," answered the scoutmaster, surprised, "why do you ask?"

"Because," said Karl, "it seems as if it must be much later than that. I'm sure it is a great deal darker than it was when we came through here before. I know I could see that fallen tree with the orchids climbing over it much plainer then. I could distinguish the blossoms and I can't now."

Dr. Cameron paused and glanced around him. Then he looked at his watch. Fred look at his. They agreed to a minute.

"It *is* darker," said the Doctor. "It must have clouded over. All the more reason why we should hurry back to the bay."

They made the best speed they could through the woods. Now that their attention was called to the matter they all realized that it was much darker and from time to time they could hear the rumble of thunder.

When they came out among the scattered palm trees that skirted the edge of the forest they discovered that the sky was black with storm clouds. It had been very still in the woods, but now they could hear behind them the swishing noise of the wind swaying the tops of the trees. Before they were through the belt of palms it was thundering and lightning almost continuously and the forest behind them was roaring with the wind.

Beyond the palms lay a stretch of coarse grass leading to the shore, here a broken line of rocky cliffs with a sandy beach at their base. They were not half way across this open ground when the wind struck them with such violence that Harold would have fallen if Dr. Cameron had not seized him by the arm. The trees behind them were twisting and bending almost to the ground and the roaring was so loud that the Doctor had to shout at the top of his voice to Fred close beside him.

"We can't get back to the bay. Run for the shelter of the rocks."

"There's a little cave down there. I noticed it as we came along the beach," Fred shouted back.

"Lead to it, then."

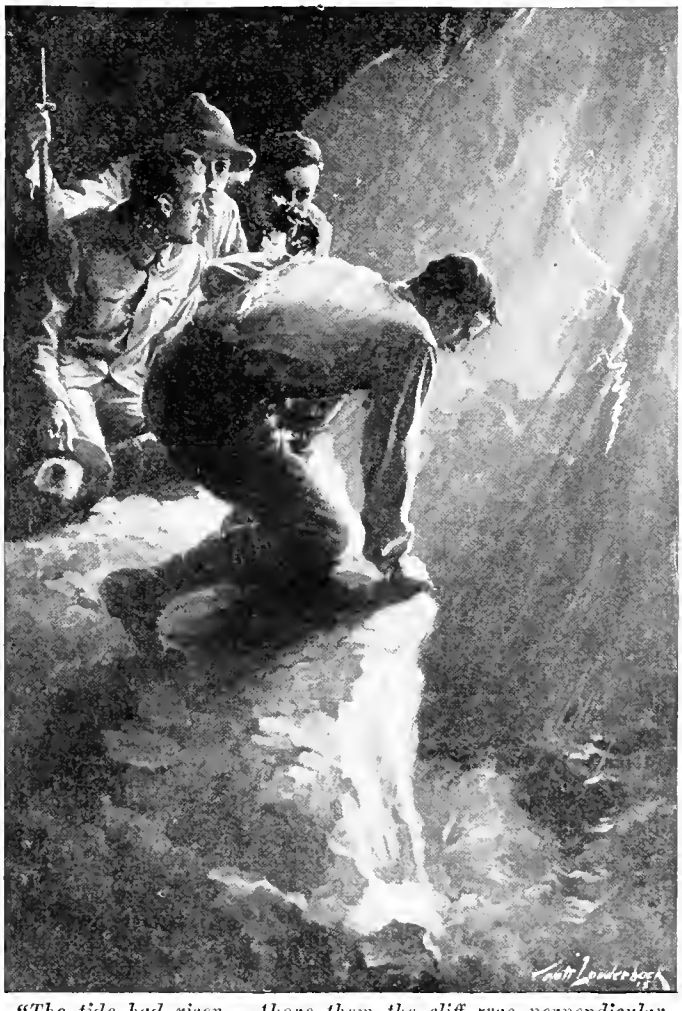
DICK, who was ahead, heard this and started at a run for the shore. Just then a terrific clap of thunder and blinding flash of lightning caused the boys, by one instinct, to throw themselves flat on the ground. A minute later, however, they were up and following Fred again. He led them through a break in the rocks down to the sand beach and along for a little distance under the cliff. They were sheltered here and could make better progress.

Presently he found the place—two shallow eaves, scarcely more than ledges, one above the other. The boys ahead had already scrambled up when Dr. Cameron with Bobby and Harold came around a point of rock in sight of the caves. Harold was almost exhausted and had to be pushed and pulled up the cliff to the lower ledge.

The rain had begun before they reached shelter, and by the time they had stowed themselves away as well as they could in their narrow quarters the full force of the tempest had broken loose.

The expression "raining in sheets" hardly means anything to one who has not seen a tropical storm. The rain seemed like a solid mass. Except for the flashing of the lightning it was almost as dark as night, and the combined roar of wind, rain and thunder made it impossible for the boys to hear each other speak.

Dr. Cameron, Roderick, Harold and Bobby were in the lower cave, while the others were in the upper one. The two ledges, for they were hardly more than that, were so situated that the occupants could not see from one into the other, and the roaring of the storm made it impossible to communicate between them. Bobby and Harold were crowded close




*"The tide had risen. Above them the cliff was perpendicular. They were prisoners!"*

to the back of the cave with Rod and the Doctor in front of them. There was scarcely room enough for them all. Fortunately the rain and wind came from landward so that they were fairly well sheltered.

For nearly three hours the storm continued with great fury. There would be short lulls from time to time and then it would burst out again as violently as ever. There seemed to be several distinct storms of almost equal fierceness, one following close after the other. At last, however, the thunder and lightning became less frequent and severe and the wind and rain decreased slightly. When he could make himself heard Dr. Cameron called to the boys in the cave above:

"Are you all right up there?"

"All right," came Fred's answer, "but a little cramped."

The boys began to realize that they were very hungry. It was dark now and the Doctor had to strike a match to see his watch. It was nearly half past seven.

"What have we left to eat?" he asked.

The lads rummaged their knapsacks as best they could with only the light of matches, but the remains from lunch were slight. Rod had a couple of pieces of hard pilot bread, Harold a small tin of corned beef, and Bobby part of a jar of jam. This they divided among them, but it made little impression on their appetites.

"It looks as if we should have to make a night of it here," said Rod.

"I am afraid so," answered his father. "It would be hard work to find our way back to the boat in this storm and darkness."

It was still raining and blowing and it was now dark with the deep blackness of the tropical night.

"If we did succeed, we couldn't put off to the ship until morning and we have better shelter here than we would have where we landed," replied Rod.

They were so cramped in their narrow quarters that they could not make themselves very comfortable and the storm was still too noisy to make conversation easy, so the time dragged slowly enough. The younger boys stretched out as well as they could and placed their heads on the Doctor and Rod, but they found their rocky bed decidedly hard and, in spite of their weariness, could not sleep much. As the night wore on it grew rather cold and Harold, who was not used to exposure, began to shiver.

"Hello up there," Rod shouted to the boys on the ledge above. "You fellows have both of the blankets. Can't you lower one down to us?"

"We have only one," Karl called back, "Dick has the other."

"Isn't Dick up there?" cried Dr. Cameron in surprise.

"No," came Fred's answer, "just Karl and I."

"I thought he was with you. He was ahead when we started for the rocks."

"He didn't reach here with us. I don't remember seeing him after we began to run. I supposed he was back with you."

"What can have become of the boy?" exclaimed the scoutmaster. "I don't see how he got separated from us."

"He's found shelter in some other cave," said Rod. "Trust Dick to take care of himself."

"I ought to go look for him." The Doctor spoke anxiously.

"You can't," Rod replied. "Look down there."

His father leaned out over the edge of the ledge and looked down. A sudden flash of lightning showed him the waves beating against the rocky wall. The tide had risen. Above them the cliff was perpendicular. They were prisoners.

### Chapter III

*Deserted*

WITH the first signs of dawn the boys descended to the beach. The tide was out, the rain had ceased, and the sky had partly cleared, but the wind was still blowing a gale and the waves were running very high. The lads were stiff from their cramped positions and very hungry, but otherwise all right. All, however, were anxious about Dick.

The scoutmaster proposed that they divide into two parties and go in different directions along the shore looking for signs of the lost boy and calling his name. So Roderick, Fred and Karl started in the direction of the landing place, while the others went back along the way they had come the night before. It was of no use to look for tracks, for the ocean had covered the sand but a few hours before, and the rain, washing in torrents over the cliff, must have completely blotted out any signs that Dick might have left in his descent.

They had, however, gone but a few hundred yards when the scoutmaster's call brought an answer.

"Hello," Dick's shout came from directly above their heads. There he was, looking down from an opening near the top of the cliff.

Dr. Cameron's voice was husky as he cried out, "Dick!——are you all right?"

"As right as can be, but hungry as a bear," came back the cheery answer. "I'll be down in a jiffy."

The Doctor fired his gun once, the signal agreed upon to let the others know that Dick had been found.

"How did you manage to get separated from us?" the scoutmaster asked as they started back.

"I don't exactly know," said the boy. "I heard Fred say there was a cave down here we could all get into. I thought I knew the place he meant and started for it.

"Then there came that awful clap of thunder and that made me put on full steam. I guess it kind of rattled me too, for I never looked to see if the rest were coming. I found the cave I'd noticed and scrambled in. I thought the rest of you would come before long, and before I had made up my mind you weren't coming the storm broke.

"I couldn't see a foot beyond the entrance it rained so, and I knew you never could find the place in that downpour. But I figured that where there was one cave there must be others and that you would probably find shelter somewhere. It was of no use for me to try to find you in that storm, so I concluded that the only thing to do was to stay there and let you find me. Of course, I knew as soon as it let up you would look for me, and I figured that if I started out to look for you I'd probably miss you. If I stayed where I was you'd be sure to find me sooner or later."

"You did quite right," said the scoutmaster. "I'm not going to scold you for getting separated from the rest, for it might happen to anyone in such a storm. It would have been better, of course, if you hadn't been in such a hurry, but had followed Fred's lead. But when you found you had lost us you did quite right to stay where you were and let us hunt you up."

"Weren't you frightened alone there in the storm?" Harold asked.

"Oh, no," said Dick, "I was all right and I felt quite sure the rest of you must be. Of course, it was a bit lonesome."

"Did you have anything to eat?"

"I had a couple of pieces of hard bread and half a cake of sweet chocolate. There were some sticks and dried grass in the place. I don't know how they got there. It looked as if sea birds might have nested there. So I built a little fire and with the water from my water bottle made me some hot chocolate in my cup. That helped a lot. Then I rolled up in my blanket and went to sleep. The storm woke me up a few times, but I didn't stay awake. I slept till I heard you call."

"You have a cool head, Dick," said Dr. Cameron, "and thorough good sense."

Dick's face flushed with pleasure at this praise from his scoutmaster. It more than made up to him for the discomforts of the past night.

Presently the others, who had heard the signal, came running to meet them, and, as they made their way back towards the bay, Dick had to tell his adventures all over again and listen to those of the rest of the party.

The thought of breakfast caused them to make good speed. They followed the route by which they had come the day before. They went along the shore for some distance. Then when the way was blocked by a point of rock jutting out into the ocean, they climbed the cliff and crossed an open space with the forest a short distance to the right.

After they left the shelter of the rocks the effects of the storm were everywhere plainly visible. The tall grass was bent almost flat to the ground by the force of wind and rain, while many broken and uprooted trees were to be seen along the edge of the woods. They did not stop to examine them, however, but hurried forward.

A low ridge thinly covered with palm trees shut off from view the little bay and the ocean beyond. Rod and Fred, who were short distance ahead, were the first to ascend. Dr. Cameron, at the foot of the ridge, saw them stop on the summit. They stood still for a moment gazing ahead of them. Then Rod wheeled suddenly and shouted. The wind blowing towards him prevented him from being heard. Seeing that he had not been understood, he began signalling with his arms. Dick, who was very quick at reading the semaphore code, translated the words aloud.

*"No boat, no sailors, no ship."*

THE scoutmaster made no comment, but started on the run, the others after him. In a few minutes they had reached the top. There before them was the little harbor, its whole shore line visible. There was no boat drawn up upon the beach, no one in sight. Beyond, where the ship had been anchored, there was nothing but open sea.

The boys stood aghast. Their faces went white and Harold's eyes filled with tears. For a moment no one said a word.

*Continued on page 47)*

# The Quarry Troop's Christmas

By IRVING CRUMP

Author of "The Quarry Troop Life Savers," "Jack Straw in Mexico," "Jack Straw, Lighthouse Builder," Etc.

Illustrated by WALT LOUDERBACK

*"Get ready, Bud—steady—ready, now—JUMP!" cried Bruce.*

"WHEW-W-W! Hi, shut that door—good night! want to freeze us out?" shouted Romper Ryan, as he glared across the workshop at Bruce Clifford and Bud Weir.

"Aw, don't get fidgety. You won't ever freeze the way you're hanging over that forge. What's the matter Romper?" asked Bruce.

"Busted the frame of my snowshoe. Trying to make a little brace for it and get it fixed up before you fellows arrived."

"When'll you be ready? Where are the rest of the fellows?"

"They're upstairs. I'll be ready in a jiffy now."

The two scouts crossed the shop and made their way noisily up the wooden stairs to the meeting room, where they found half a dozen lads in an animated discussion as to where the biggest and best Chistmas trees were to be found.

"I tell you the forest fire cleaned everything out of the Long Lake district," asserted Ray Martin.

"Well, I suppose you want us to go all the way over into Bland County this cold day," said fat Babe Wilson sarcastically.

"Speaking of forest fires," said Bruce, who had come into the room just in time to hear Ray Martin's remark; "speaking of forest fires, did any of you fellows see the Northern Lights last night up back of Haystack Mountain? Father and I thought first it was a forest fire. The sky was all pink and white. But we concluded it must have been the reflection of the Aurora Borealis. You can see 'em this time of year, you know. Snow helps their reflection, Pop says."

"Is that what it was? I saw it, too, and thought it was a fire," said Nipper Knapp.

"Nope, it was the Northern Lights, I think; and, say, speaking of Haystack Mountain," added Bruce, "why not go up there for our tree? If this is going to be the town's Christmas tree it must be a whopper. Most all of that land up there belongs to the people Mr. Ford works for and he has permission from them to cut as many trees as we need. How about it?"

"By jiminy! that's just what I said, Bruce," cried Jiminy Gordon, "and Romper agrees with me."

"Sure I do," said Romper, suddenly making his appearance from the workshop, his mended snowshoe in hand.

"Then it's Haystack Mountain. Come on, fellows, get ready; half the morning will be gone before we start," said Bruce, and in a twinkle a half-score of scouts were donning mackinaws and sweaters and making themselves generally secure against a temperature that hovered very close to the zero mark. And five minutes later the entire crew, armed with axes and snowshoe-shod were to be seen leaving headquarters in single file and heading up Otter Creek valley over three feet of December snow.

WOODBRIDGE had once more honored the Quarry Troop. But the lads had earned the honor by suggesting that the town hold a public celebration in the square in front of the Town Hall on Christmas Eve. Moreover, they had worked their hardest to gain the interest of village officials, ministers, and men and women of the community in such a celebration and it could well be said that through the efforts of the khaki-clad youngsters, Woodbridge, as a community, would for the first time welcome the coming of Christmas. Neighbors and friends, rich and poor, young and old, would stand shoulder to shoulder this Christmas Eve and sing the joy and happiness of the Yuletide.

And for their share in the organization work the scouts had been granted the privilege of providing the town with a big community Christmas tree, which was to stand in the centre of the square and be decorated from bottom to tip with colored electric lights. This decorating was an affair of the Quarry Scouts also. They had been given the commission by Mayor Worthington and the councilmen to do all the electric wiring and the stringing of the bulbs.

Of course the lads welcomed such an important task, for they were eager to demonstrate how useful they could be. Also they were pleased to display their knowledge of mechanics. So it can be easily understood why Bruce and his chums were eager to get an early start the Saturday morning a week before Christmas. They intended to search the woods for the tallest and straightest fir tree in the township.

In spite of the fact that their ears tingled with the bitter cold and the wind whistled through the valley, whirling the powdery crystals of snow into their faces, the scouts were a happy lot of youngsters as they swung their way northward. Who could be other than happy with Christmas but a week off? Snowballs flew thick and fast among them, and now and then snowshoe races were run, too.

The lads chose the valley bottom for their journey and avoided the highway which swung to the left and made a wide detour before the byroad that approached Haystack Mountain joined it. With this route the lads could cut down the journey at least three miles and then, too, they had fine snow for shoeing.

SOON they had left the open and entered the hardwood belt from which all the firs and other evergreens had long since been trimmed. Snowshoeing through the woods was not so much of a lark, for the lads had no trail to follow and must needs work their way between half-covered underbrush. The snow was softer here, too, and their shoes dragged. But most of their surplus energy had been worked off by this time and they were willing to settle down to single file. Each took his turn breaking a trail.

On they traveled for more than an hour, always keeping the shoulder of Haystack Mountain, which loomed up above the tree line, their objective. About half a mile from the mountain they suddenly came clear of the woods and into the highway. Here a brief conference was held as to the advisability of trying to climb the shoulder of the mountain or taking the road which led around. The last route was decided upon, because up here the thoroughfare was little traveled and was practically unbroken. Indeed, they saw signs of very few sleighs having passed there since the snowstorm four days previous.

Away they swung, keeping an eye out on either side of the road for a Christmas tree, but they did not find a fir tall enough to be used for the town's tree.

Soon they were around the shoulder of the mountain and traveling west. The woods were thicker here and trees more numerous. But there was a peculiar odor of burnt wood in the air, too, which all the scouts detected.

"Cracky! I believe your Northern Light *was* a forest fire, or—or—say, isn't that smoke rising above those trees there?" demanded Nipper Knapp.

"Right, by gollies!" shouted Bruce, "but—oh, I know, now. There's a little farm in there. It's been vacant for—no it hasn't, by jingoes! a little woman has been living there all Fall. I've seen her in town. Nanny Haskells, they call her. Cracky! come on, fellows, maybe the poor old soul has been burned to death!"

THE scouts were off at a gallop, stirring up the snow like a whirlwind as they loped along the road. Soon they came to an unbroken lane through the woods. Into this they turned and a hundred yards further on they emerged into the little farm clearing. What a sight met their eyes.

In a smouldering, smoking heap of charred ruins lay what remained of an old-fashioned farmhouse and barn that had stood there for years. The fire had burned itself out, except here and there where glowing coals showed themselves. Only two blackened timbers remained standing. And in this picture of devastation, looking the most lonesome and pathetic figure in the world, wandered the tiniest, most old-fashioned and motherly looking woman the lads had ever seen.

She seemed all but distracted with her misery, for she went about wringing her hands and sobbing as if her heart were broken. Here and there she picked her way, peering into the smoking ashes and now and then poking among them for a trinket or a keepsake that the fire had only blackened. It was a pathetic sight indeed, and the sturdy scouts all felt heavy hearted as they watched her.

Finally Bruce left the group and went toward her. Then for the first time the little woman looked up, startled at first. But when she saw the uniforms the lads wore she was no longer frightened. In truth, she seemed to welcome them as the only sympathetic human beings she had seen to whom she could tell her woes.

"Oh, boys, boys, it's gone, all, all gone. Look—my old home all in ruins. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm so miserable. What shall I ever do? Why should this be taken from me, too? They took—they took her—her—and, oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?" she cried.

Bruce put his hands out to comfort her as best he could and the little lady came toward him and laid her head upon his chest, sobbing as if her heart was broken. But the all-night strain on one so old had been too great and presently she became very quiet, so quiet indeed that Bruce became frightened and looked down into her face. And instantly he realized that she was completely worn out.

"Here, fellows," he called in a business-like tone, "the poor old lady is all in. We must take her to town and get her into the hospital Come, fellows, quickly now. You, Jiminy, and Nipper, make a coat stretcher—cut some staffs—strong ones. The three of us will take her back to town. The rest of you fellows go after the Christmas tree. But first lend us a jacket or a sweater or two to bundle the old lady in."

In a twinkle the scouts were busy. Staffs were cut, the stretcher constructed and old Nanny made comfortable with extra coats and sweaters that the more warmly clad scouts could spare. Then, as the three lads started townward, Bruce shouted:

"Hi, Bud, see that you get a whopping big tree. A thirty footer, if you can. We'll be back in an hour or so to help you. So long."

CRISP weather and an additional snowstorm during the week that preceded the holidays gave the youngsters of the Vermont town full assurance of a white Christmas. And they would have been mightily disappointed lads if such had not been the case, for what would a Community Christmas celebration and a town Christmas tree be like without snow everywhere? It was good packing snow, too, as numerous snow fights at noon time, on the academy campus, attested.

But, aside from these noon-day diversions, the Quarry Scouts had little time to indulge in Winter sports that week. The hills about town were just right for coasting and the broad Champlain Valley stretched north and south to be explored on snowshoes, skis, and with sleigh-riding parties, but the scouts could not find time to enjoy these opportunities. Rather, they found their fun in anticipating a good time after Christmas, providing the snow lasted, for they had work to do. There was the big Christmas tree to be erected and trimmed.

It was a monster tree. Thirty-two feet from base to tip, and as it lay there in front of the town hall waiting to be elevated into position, it commanded the admiration of the whole town. Thursday afternoon, after the carpenters had finished a big platform and grandstand, the

lads erected timber shears and block and tackle and set the tree into place in the very center of the pavilion, which was to accommodate the mayor, town officials, visitors, the orchestra and a host of school children who were to sing carols.

"Gee, it looks great," said Nipper Knapp, surveying the tall fir proudly, "and won't it look corking after we get it all trimmed tomorrow afternoon?"

"Yes, but mind, you fellows, we'll have to work like everything tomorrow. All the wiring has to be strung and all the lights put on between one o'clock in the afternoon and half past four. It'll be some job," said Bud Weir.

"You're right it will," said Bruce, "thank goodness we have everything shipshape up at headquarters to get a good start. There's more than enough wire in the lot Mr. Ford sent over. And I guess we must have put on about three thousand lamp sockets during the last few days, haven't we?"

"Two thousand and eighty-seven," corrected Romper, "and it's a good thing school lets out at noon tomorrow."

"It'll be a sight for sore eyes. Say, fellows, I'll tell you what. Let's bring old Nanny Haskell down and give her a seat on the visitors' stand. I guess Mr. Ford could arrange that for us. It might cheer the poor old soul up a little. How is she today? Anyone been up to the hospital?"

"Sure, Romper and I were up there. She's all well and ready to leave, but the poor thing hasn't any place to go to, it seems. She's bluer than all git out, too. Jiminy, but I feel sorry for her," said Jiminy Gordon.

"Well, then, by gollies! we'll see if we can't make her happy on Christmas Eve at least. We'll have her all bundled up and bring her down here. Listening to the kids sing and all the fun and things might help her spirit a little."

"Fine idea, if she'll come," said Bruce.

"Oh, we'll arrange that, all right, I think," replied Romper. "I'll go up to the hospital tomorrow. Perhaps Mr. Ford will go along, and we can talk it over with Doctor Basset."

"Good enough; I'll go with you. And now let's go home and get some supper, fellows. It's getting dark," said Bruce. And presently the scouts were tramping off through the snowy Winter twilight to their respective homes.

FORTUNATELY, Mr. Clifford allowed Bruce the use of Blossom, his big black trotting horse, and a light box sleigh, or otherwise the lads would have had to make a dozen trips up the steep, snow-covered Otter Hill to headquarters to get their coils of wire and boxes of lamps to town next day.

As it was, the spirited animal had to haul three sleigh-loads of equipment to the Town Hall before the scouts could even start the task of decorating. As soon as the coils of wire arrived a dozen scouts began to swarm the big Christmas tree, looping the wires from branch to branch and fastening them securely. Other scouts followed in their wake and screwed red, white and blue, green and yellow lamps into the vacant sockets. And while all this was going on, a crew of linemen and meter-setters from the local electric light company were running an

*Bruce put his hands out to comfort her as best he could.*

extension, or service line, from the nearest street wires, for the electric company had promised to furnish current free for the evening's celebration.

The square was a very busy place for several hours that afternoon, and every one was working with a will for he realized that he must be finished before dusk came. By half past three, however, the scouts found that they could ease up a little for, with the arrival of one more load of colored lamps from headquarters, the tree would be thoroughly decorated even to the shining electrically illuminated star on top which Jiminy Gordon placed there with the help of an extra long ladder.

"Whoope-e-e! almost through. Don't it look fine, eh? And here comes Bruce with the last load of lamps. Come on, fellows, and help unload the sleigh," shouted Bud Weir as Jiminy finally reached the ground after he had finished wiring the big star in place.

"Right-o-o! and last man to the curb is no good," shouted Nipper Knapp, starting to run. Next moment there was a scurry of scouts through the snow that covered the square and a pell-mell race to the curb where Bruce drew up the panting Blossom with a jingle of bells and a shower of powdery snow.

"Whoa there, Blossom," he shouted. Then to the scouts, "Come on, you duffers, and get these things unloaded. I want to get the horse into the stable so I can do some work, too."

The "duffers" arrived with a rush and in a twinkle the boxes were being removed from the sleigh in a manner quite violent, and this to the imminent peril of the contents.

"Hi, not so bloomin' reckless," shouted Bruce, "don't smash 'em, whatever you do. They are the last colored lamps in town and we need 'em. And, say—listen—what's the fuss up the street? Hear 'em shoutin'? Gee, it's a runaway an' here it comes—no—no—it's going to turn down High street toward the railroad—an' —cracky! fellows, there's a freight pulling out of the siding! See the smoke! And there's a woman and a girl in the cutter! Wow! Look at those chumps up the street shoutin' and wavin' their arms. That's no way to stop a horse! Those women will be killed. Hi, Bud, hop in here. Come on, we've got to stop 'em. I'm goin' after 'em with Blossom. Geet*yap* there, Blossom. Git, now, that's t' girl. Go!"

THERE could be no mistaking the fact that the horse and cutter coming down the street was a runaway. The big animal was almost mad with fright. Its eyes bulged out until the whites showed and its nostrils were distended with fear. And, to make matters worse, there were a dozen men and boys shouting and waving their hands in a foolish effort to stop the horse. But all that they accomplished was to make the animal still more frightened.

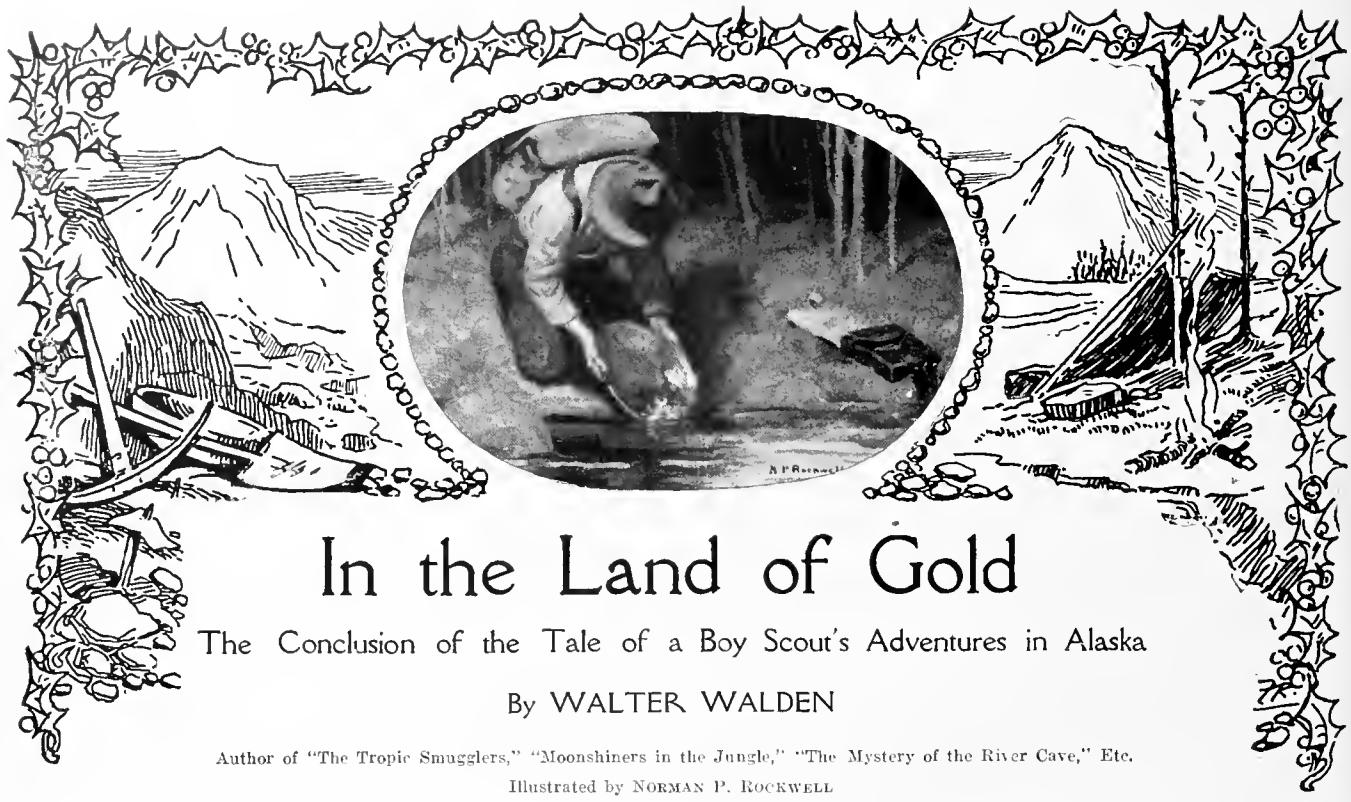
Fortunately, Bud's mind acted as quickly as Bruce's. He came into the sleigh with a bound, but almost before he landed Bruce had Blossom under way. Just a touch of the whip was all that was needed and the nervous trotter shot forward like a flash of lightning. A moment later she was a jet black streak flying toward the corner of High street around which the runaway cutter had just disappeared.

Almost in the wink of an eye Blossom reached the corner and swept around it at a gallop while the sleigh careened first on one runner and then upon the other, each time on the brink of turning over and pitching its occupants into the snowbanks that lined the road. But the scouts gave no heed to this. All their attention was on the flying cutter a hundred yards ahead and upon the railroad crossing half a mile down the road. The freight train had left the siding, and at the moment the scouts rounded the corner she was chugging her way slowly toward the crossing. Of course, the gates were down but this only added to the peril. The runaway horse was blind with fright. He would plunge into the gates, tear through them and probably kill himself and the women in the sleigh by dashing headlong into the freight train.

"Go it, Bruce, go it. We *must* save them. They'll be killed if we don't," cried the half frantic Bud.

And Bruce, pale of face but determined, cut Blossom with the whip to urge her forward. Rarely was the trotter treated that way and when the cut came she leapt

(*Continued to page* 25)



# In the Land of Gold

## The Conclusion of the Tale of a Boy Scout's Adventures in Alaska

By WALTER WALDEN

Author of "The Tropic Smugglers," "Moonshiners in the Jungle," "The Mystery of the River Cave," Etc.

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

PART II

ALAN hurriedly scrambled out to the top of the canon and went at scout's pace back to camp. Taking up ax, pick, shovel and pan, he tramped back to his new find, and in a few hours, pacing both down in the bottom and up on the banks, outside the canon, he had measured off his twenty acres, taking in the falls. He set his Initial Stake at the lower end of the claim near the stream; and in the top of the stake he made a little split to hold his Location Notice, which he wrote with his indelible pencil, as follows:

NOTICE OF LOCATION—PLACER CLAIM.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, in compliance with the requirements of the Revised Statutes of the United States, has this day located the following described Placer Mining Ground, viz:

Commencing at the Initial Stake, where a copy of this notice is posted, thence running 330 feet in a northerly direction to Corner Stake No. 1; thence running 1,320 feet in a westerly direction to Corner Stake No. 2; thence running 660 feet in a southerly direction to Corner Stake No. 3; thence running 1,320 feet in an easterly direction to Corner Stake No. 4; thence running 330 feet to the Initial Stake, or place of beginning; situated in the Golden Gate Mining District, Northwestern Alaska. This claim shall be known as Discovery Claim, on Cascade Creek, a tributary of Iron River, Northwestern Alaska. Located July 17, 19... Locator.

ALAN WORTH.

.....Witness.

Alan prepared a copy of the Notice, to be taken for record to the recorder's office for the district; Mr. Healy would sign as witness.

There was hardly enough left of the bit of canon for another full claim for Mr. Healy, but that troubled Alan little, for there was a plenty of ground for the two, if they found gold.

Alan lost little time in getting a little pile of rock and sand into the miner's pan from the edge of the water; and when he had washed all out but a dash of black sand in the bottom, he watched eagerly as he set the water whirling in the pan again, and then presently a tiny flake of yellow gold peeked out of the black.

A second pan he washed, and it yielded three colors, and out of a dozen, more than half showed gold. But Alan had learned enough of gold prospecting to know that that was no evidence of gold in paying quantity. He knew that it was necessary to find a streak of dirt that should yield several cents to each pan before it should have mining value.

He kept at his prospecting that night and the following with no better nor worse results. On the third night he struck in his pick at the edge of a basin, a hundred yards below the falls, and the first pan washed down to an abundance of black sand. Alan sent the water spinning around in the pan, watching for colors. And then almost popped into view a chunk of yellow as big as a nail-head. He pounced on it, and he danced on the edge of the pool as he held the beautiful wee lump of a nugget before his glad eyes. He felt that, even though he might never find another, that bit would pay him in some sense for all his suffering.

Pan after pan he washed; but though he found coarse flakes, there were none even so large as the first.

WHEN he got back to camp, he found Mr. Healy already returned an hour, and not a little puzzled over Alan's absence. When Alan exhibited the little nugget, he marvelled.

"Well, Alan, lad," he said, as he took it in his hand, "it looks like you have been making discoveries. And where, my boy, did you find that?"

"On Cascade Creek," said Alan.

"Cascade Creek," said the old miner, cogitating. Then he got out a map of the region and examined it carefully, while Alan smiled his satisfaction.

"I don't see any Cascade Creek on the map," said the puzzled Mr. Healy, knitting his brows in his search.

"We're going to put it there," said Alan.

"Ah, 'put it there,'" quoted the old miner, looking up, wonder still in his face. "And so you have been discovering a new creek?"

Alan exhibited the copy of the location notice.

"Quite correct," said the old miner, when he had read. "We must have a look at this creek."

His wonder was not lessened when he had inspected that wee canon, hidden amongst the willows.

"No wonder it was not sooner seen," said he.

The two moved camp to Cascade Creek, and journeyed to the recorder's office, eight miles or more distant, on Pilgrim River, to place their claims on record. As they reached the summit of the divide that gave them a view of Pilgrim River to the north, they could see the tents of the miners down on Rabbit Creek, and on their return journey they made a detour that brought them into that camp.

Sluice-boxes and hose were already in place, and there was every evidence that there was, here, no lack of resources for extensive mining activity. The two friends had some talk with the superintendent, who, on learning of Alan's find, volunteered the statement that, should they find gold at all in paying quantity, he was prepared to make them a cash offer for their claims, based on the yield of gold per pan.

Thanking him, Alan and his old comrade "mushed" back to their own diggings. When they again got their tools in hand, prepared for serious work, the old miner said:

"Now, then, my boy, we must get at this thing systematically. We will begin by digging trenches from this pool—where

you found your coarse bit—outward, keeping down to bedrock."

THEY put vigor into pick and shovel, giving to their labors the hours between seven in the evening and six in the morning. Alan did his turn in a manner that would both have surprised and pleased his father. Each morning, near the end of the period of labor, they would attack the pile of pay-dirt, taken from bed rock, and wash out all but the black sand, from which they carefully picked the little grains of gold-dust, which at the end of two weeks yielded an average of two cents to the pan. August had come; the sun had begun to sink lower each night, leaving a chill behind. Before another week had passed a misty rain came to add to the chill air, and the working hours were changed to daytime.

Near the end of the month the two miners took stock of their resources. Each had in his "poke" a little over five ounces of gold-dust.

"At sixteen dollars an ounce, you can see what that means," said the old miner. "We have made nearly three dollars a day apiece. Now, Alan, boy, I have been thinking. In a few weeks this creek will be frozen, and it will be nine months before we can resume operations. There is a little fortune here, but the ground is not rich enough for our kind of mining; it will take much more extensive apparatus to get the gold out in paying quantities; I am sure your folks will want to see you back home this fall; I propose that we seek an offer from our friends over on Rabbit."

"You know best, Mr. Healy," said Alan. "I've learned enough to take advice of those who have had more experience."

So, in another two days, a force of six men and the superintendent from Rabbit were sinking prospect holes on Cascade, with the result that three days later the superintendent approached Alan and Mr. Healy with an offer of $2,500 cash and an eighth interest in their claims.

"I've an idea this young lad will like to keep an interest in his first discovery," smiled the good-natured superintendent.

Alan's eyes gave corroboration to this statement.

A short conference between the old miner and Alan settled the matter. The offer was accepted, the papers made out and signed, and Alan could say that the claim he had discovered and staked himself was still part his own.

AS the two comrades "mushed" back toward Nome Alan bore a lightened pack, a cheerful face, a roll of bills totaling $1,250, and a little poke of gold-dust weighing a fraction over five ounces and representing very hard work. This he promised himself to keep for many a day.

At Nome Alan found awaiting him a letter from his father. "I cannot convey to you, my son," a part read, "any proper idea of the pleasure I got from your letter—to think you have come to realize the truth of things as they are. And Mr. Healy's letter assures me of your strong character. I freely forgive your mistake, and I must confess that I am glad of the expedition, which for many another might have proved disastrous. Be sure to come home to us this fall. Drop the gold-seeking long before the cold comes, no matter what the prospects may seem; it is a very precarious occupation at best." And more in like tone.

After two weeks' study of mining operations on the creeks and beach Alan said a warm good-bye to his old comrade, whose last word was this:

"I'm very glad for you, my boy. I wish I might go back to your age. It's many, many years ago that I started out expecting to make my strike in one season. I haven't made it yet. And now I'm unfit for anything but just this prospecting and hoping."

Then Alan sailed in a ship for "The States."

WHAT with the long voyage, some travel on the north Pacific coast, and a few weeks' visit with his sister in Portland, it was on Christmas Eve that Alan felt the tender arm of his mother about his neck and the warm clasp of his father's hand.

Alan had been very quiet about his doings on Cascade Creek, far back in the north; and the others, fearing to touch a sore spot, had refrained from questioning him. So, when the Christmas goose had been attended to, the mother, sister and father looked on with wondering eyes when the prodigal loosed the string of his poke and poured the gold-dust onto a plate. It was then he unbuckled a belt from his waist, got out a packet of bills counting up $1,000 and pushed it over to his father with the words:

"Put that into the store, father. I mean always to stay with you; and I don't want to go far away again till we can all go together."

Early Christmas morning Alan put on his scout uniform and went to meet with his troop comrades who had gathered at their headquarters to assist the women of their church in distributing Christmas dinners, in baskets, to the poor people of the town. The boys gave Alan a hot welcome.

"You look like a tough old tar," said Phil Boyd. "Tell us about it—when are you going back?"

"I don't expect ever to go back," said Alan. "I'm going to school till I finish; and then I'm going into father's store."

When Alan had told the scouts a part of the big story of his adventures, and as he persisted in his declaration that he didn't care to throw over any more of his life to gold-digging, young Harry Tobey broke out with:

"Golly! I don't see why! I'd like to do just like you did."

And some of the others couldn't appreciate Alan's view of the matter.

. . . . . .

For three years Alan received an average of $82 per year from his eighth interest in the claim on Cascade Creek. His interest in his father's store brought him $200 per year. THE END

*At the summit they could see the tents of the miners on Rabbit Creek.*

## Lightning Calculators

MULTIPLY 45,989 by 864,726.

How would you like to have somebody pop that at you in arithmetic class or some evening while, at your little desk in your room, you are trying to find out how much sugar you could buy for $3.80, when the price is 5¾ cents a pound?

Well, the larger problem mentioned above wouldn't flabbergast S. Ramanujan, a young Hindu, who last year left India and entered Cambridge University in England. It would take him only a few seconds to multiply 45,989 by 864,726. In less time than that he could add 8,596,497,713,826 and 96,268,593. In the time it would take the average school boy to divide 31,021 by 13, Ramanujan could find the fifth root of 69,343,957, or give the correct answer to the problem: What weight of water is there in a room flooded 2 feet deep, the room being 18 feet 9 inches by 13 feet 4 inches, and a cubic foot of water weighing 62½ pounds.

The professors at Cambridge have found Ramanujan a mystery because he is quite untaught and appears to have discovered for himself many of the deepest mathematical principles.

America has produced three wonderful boy calculators. "Marvelous Griffith" as he was called, could raise a number to the sixth power in eleven seconds. Truman Safford at the age of ten could multiply one row of fifteen figures by another of eighteen in a minute or less. The third was William James Sidis, who at 11 went to Harvard and astounded all of his instructors by his profound grasp of mathematical principles.

# Bunk Carson's Christmas War

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

Illustrated by F. RIGNEY

Author of "Strawberries and Scoots," "Fatty Masters Tries to Think," Etc.

WE figgered to do something big on Christmas Eve. The only trouble was we couldn't think of anything big enough. Smitty Henderson and Slats Sanders wanted to make it a bigger time than Hallowe'en.

"What's the matter of you, Bunk Carson?" Smitty said to me. "You don't have ideers any more."

"I have 'em just the same," I told him. "I don't let 'em out any more for they always come home to roost."

He couldn't say anything to that for it was true. I had got into a good deal of trouble having ideers. So he and Slats set to work to think.

"Let's put up something on the boy scout," said Slats.

"What's the use?" Smitty said. "He ain't got even with us yet for putting salt in his cream cake at Ellery Hodgkins's ice cream festival."

They didn't know it was John Nelson, the scout that had made the sea serpent that got them both licked, although he didn't mean to do that. I kept still.

"How about Stumpy Dawson?" Grunter Perkins asked. "We ain't paid him a visit for a coon's age."

"That's what I call a real ideer," Smitty said. He was tickled and so was Slats. They talked it over and finally they figgered out a plan that sounded as though it ought to work pretty good.

*"Take first-class care of 'em, Lord," he said. "This is going to be a mighty good Christmas for Stumpy Dawson."*

ALL of us that could get out agreed to meet right after supper at the old mill down on the lake shore. It turned out to be a fine night, with lots of stars and snapping cold. There was an awful lot of snow on the ground and some places it was drifted waist high, but Smitty said that would be all the better for Stumpy wouldn't have a chance to catch any of us.

Stumpy Dawson has got a kind of shack in a ravine off to the south of Cartersville. Where his shack is the sides of the ravine are steep but you can get down all right. Further west away from the lake the sides are straight up and down and one place there is a shaky footbridge.

Stumpy is lame and you can't tell whether he is a hundred years old, going on two hundred, or not quite a hundred yet. He lives all alone and gets his living by selling herbs and doing chores and such-like. Some folks say he ain't very bright, but the fellers used to think he was kind of a witch. Once in a while we played tricks on him to hear him yell and shake his cane.

The plan was for Grunter Perkins and Fatty Masters and me and little Runty Brown to go straight to the top of the ravine on this side. Then we was to go down careful and peek in the winders. If Stumpy was to home we would wait for a whistle from Slats and Smitty and then pound around and yell and make him come out and chase us. Then while he was chasing us Smitty and Slats, who had gone around over the bridge to the other side of the ravine, would run down and bust up things in his house.

WE started out altogether, but pretty soon Smitty and Slats branched off and went up the ravine towards the bridge. They had quite a ways to go and so there was lots of time for the rest of us to sneak up on Stumpy's house careful, just like a lot of Indians getting ready to scalp a settler. That part of it was pretty good fun.

There was light in the winder of Stumpy's shack and we crawled up through the snow, making believe we were getting ready to give a warwhoop and get out our tomahawks. The four of us worked along until we was right under the winder and then we raised up just enough to look over the sill into the room. He didn't have any curtains and the sash was open a little bit.

Stumpy was taking a lot of truck out of a big basket that set on the table and it looked like Santy Claus had been to his house all right. There was a turkey that would make your mouth water and a spareribs of pork and a hunk of beef. He trotted off to the cupboard with them, shaking his head and smacking his lips and muttering to himself. When he opened the cupboard doors you could see there wasn't a darned thing in there except part of a loaf of bread. There wasn't much in the shack, anyway.

Stumpy dug into that basket again and got out a couple of pies and some fried cakes and sugar cookies that looked an awful lot like the kind Ma makes. They was a crock of butter and a lot of stuff—more than you could keep track of. Stumpy, he put it all on the table and stood back rubbing his hands. Well sir, all of a sudden he flopped down on his knees in front of the table and grabbed holt of the crock of butter with both hands.

"Lord, You put it into these folks' heads to fetch me them vittles," Stumpy said. "I'm old and poor and not much 'count in the world but I wish You'd show me how to do something for You. And I feel mighty good towards them folks from the village. Take first class care of 'em, Lord. This is going to be a mighty good Christmas for Stumpy Dawson."

He stayed right where he was for maybe a minute with his face sort of shining like and then he got up and said "Amen" and went to putting the rest of the stuff away.

BEING a minister's son, I get plenty of prayers to home, and Pa is a good hand at praying, but he never said anything that took holt with me like Stumpy Dawson's prayer did. I began to swell up inside and get bigger and bigger until it seemed like I would bust.

"I can lick you if you do a darned thing to Stumpy Dawson," I whispered to Grunter Perkins.

Little Runty Brown sniveled right out.

"So c-can I!" he said.

"Lick nothing!" Grunter said. "All I'm going to do to him is pick up some fire wood for him. He ain't got but two or three sticks out to his back door."

"Me too," said Fatty. "It must be terrible to have a stummick and not enough to eat."

There was a patch of woods on the side of the ravine where we had come down and not much snow there on account of its blowing away. So we went away from the winder careful and started to pick up dead wood and pile it up outside Stumpy's back door. All of a sudden I remembered Smitty and Slats coming around from the other side. If they didn't hear anything from us they would start in to raise ructions themselves. I told the other fellers to keep on getting wood till they had a good pile and I would go and head Smitty and Slats off.

I crossed the ravine back of Stumpy's shack and went along up the other side. The more I thought about it the more I could see trouble coming right straight towards me. It stood to reason Slats and Smitty wouldn't feel the same way the

rest of us did about Stumpy. Of course, if they had been with us they would, but the way it was I didn't know what to tell them. When you don't know what to do the right thing is to follow your nose, so I kept p l u g g i n g along through the snow and trusting to luck. Pretty soon I got to the foot-bridge and there was luck ahead of me, with both feet.

I SAW a feller that I could tell was the boy scout right off, by the way he handled himself. He was standing on the edge of the cliff at the end of the bridge. I walked up behind him carefully and said:

"Hello, Scoot!"

He j u m p e d around quick. On account of the stars and so much snow it was pretty light and I could see his face looked as though he'd made up his mind about something.

"Are you in this business, Bunk Carson?" he asked me.

"Which business?" I said, for I wanted to find out what he was doing before he found out what I was doing.

"Picking on poor old Stumpy Dawson," he told me.

"I left three fellers piling up firewood," I said. "That's the way I'm picking on him. And I come up here to see if I couldn't stop Smitty and Slats from doing anything to him."

"Honest?" he asked me.

"Honest to goodness!" I told him.

"All right," he said. "That's what I'm here for, too. I heard 'em talking about it."

"Mean to say you was going to tackle both of 'em alone?" I said. Smitty Henderson is the strongest boy in town.

"Well, there wasn't anything else to do."

"You got a good nerve," I told him. "I'll help. I guess trouble has made up its mind to get me and there ain't any use in running away."

He said all right for me and to shake hands and just then we heard voices on the other side of the ravine. It was Slats and Smitty.

THE ravine was only about ten feet across there and the bridge wasn't anything but a couple of stout poles with some boards nailed on. The Scoot had knocked the poles loose at both ends where they had been frozen to the ground. The ravine was maybe ten or fifteen feet deep but it was most filled up with loose snow that had drifted in.

Nelson had a rope wound around his waist. He made a noose and hitched it to one end of the bridge. He told me what he wanted to do, only one feller wasn't strong enough to do it alone. We both took hold of the rope and waited. We could hear Slats and Smitty getting nearer all the time and pretty soon they popped into sight out of a clump of trees.

"Hello there!" I yelled.

They stopped.

"Who's that?" Smitty hollered back.

"It's Bunk Carson and John Nelson," I told him.

He didn't say anything and in a minute Slats spoke up.

*We went backwards and Smitty and Slats let out a double yell.*

"Well, what you doing there?"

"We figgered we'd better not do anything to Stumpy Dawson," I said. "Let's let the old feller alone this time."

"Yah!" yelled Slats. "We'll let you alone! I guess not!"

He jumped for the bridge and Smitty give a beller like a mad bull and jumped ahead of him and they was both in the middle of it before you could say Jack Robinson.

"Pull!" the Scoot yelled, and you better believe I laid back on my haunches and pulled. It meant a first class licking if we didn't pull hard enough.

But we did. We went over backwards ker-flop and Smitty and Slats let out a double yell. The Scoot and me picked ourselves up and looked down into the ravine. The other end of the bridge had slid off the cliff and dropped into the snow. Smitty was floundering around, up to his shoulders in the drifts, and somewhere underneath him was Slats. We could tell that by the whoops he let out. Pretty soon Smitty got Slats dug out and they brushed the snow out of their faces and looked up at us.

"It makes me ache to think of the licking you fellers are going to get when I lay my hands on you," said Smitty. Well, it looked like I might just as well go it whole hog or none, so I fired a handful of snow at him and said:

"Me and the Scoot will be glad to have you come out right now and try it."

That made Smitty and Slats pretty near froth at the mouth and they went floundering up the ravine looking for a place to climb out.

"What did you say that for?" Nelson asked.

"That's all right," I told him. "As quick as they get out we'll run and lead 'em away from Stumpy Dawson's. Probably they'll chase us clear back to the village. We can run the fastest and Stumpy'll be safe."

"That's a good ideer," said the Scoot.

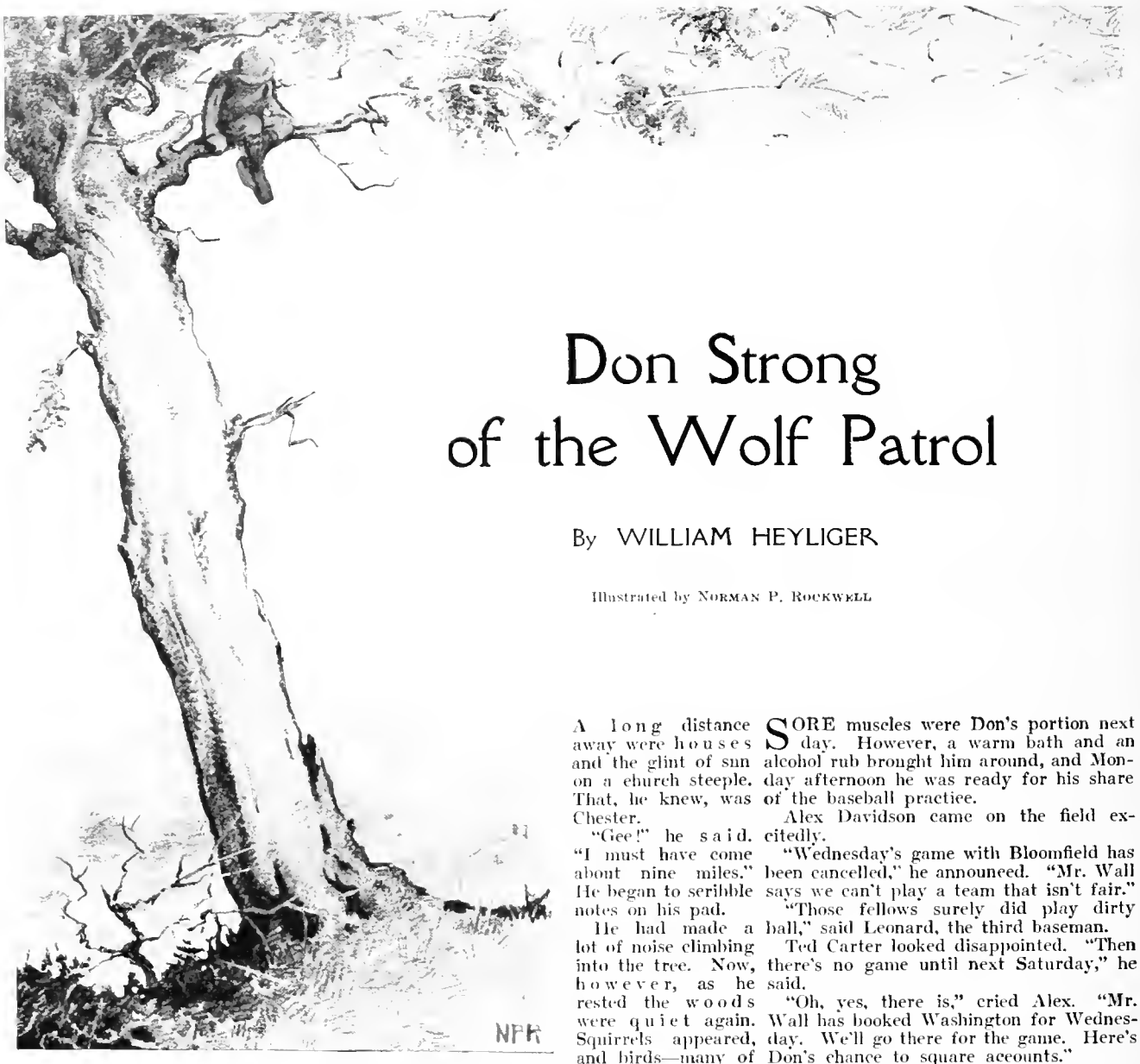
Just that minute Smitty and Slats got out and we ran faster than I had s'posed a feller could run and got to the village safe, but it was nip and tuck for a while. Anyway, it worked all right for Stumpy Dawson. He had a good Christmas. Which shows that there is more than one way to skin a cat.

## What Is Noise?

Why does a noise break a window?

You might as well ask why does a baseball break a window! For noise is an irregular wave in the air, a real thing that has weight and power. Every time a noise gets through a shut window it shakes the window. If the noise is coming in, the air outside is thrown into waves which pass through it till they strike the window and shake it; then the window shakes the air inside the room exactly the same way as the air outside shook it, only perhaps not as strongly. Well, plainly, the noise has only to be loud enough—that is to say, the waves in the air have only to be big enough—to shake the window more than it can stand and then it breaks.—From the *Book of Knowledge.*

*We ran faster than I s'posed a feller could run.*



# Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

CHAPTER VIII (*Continued*)

THE morning was fresh and clear when Don started on his long hike alone that Saturday. The rain had made the roads firm and springy. Don, rejoicing in the glory of the day, could not content himself with a mere swinging stride. Every now and then he broke into the scout pace—fifty steps running, fifty steps walking. And as he went along he made note of the roads he passed, and of their condition, and of the birds, and the trees and other growing things.

He had planned to follow the road that ran parallel with the river; but the woods were so cool and fragrant that he turned off, after three miles, and plunged into their depths. By and by he did not know exactly where he was, and he had a reckless feeling that he did not care. Toward midday he climbed far up into the tallest tree.

All the world, it seemed, was below him. Far off the woods ended, and after that he could see the clear land of the valley. A long distance away were houses and the glint of sun on a church steeple. That, he knew, was Chester.

"Gee!" he said. "I must have come about nine miles." He began to scribble notes on his pad.

He had made a lot of noise climbing into the tree. Now, however, as he rested the woods were quiet again. Squirrels appeared, and birds—many of them of a kind he had never seen before. He wished he could stay there for hours and watch. Soon, though, his legs began to cramp, and he came down to the ground and ate his luncheon.

An hour later he started on the return journey. It was slow work finding his way out, and twice he was tempted to climb a tree and get his bearings. However, he stuck to his compass, and at last he found the road he had left that morning. The sun was getting close to the western hills. Don squared his shoulders and trudged toward home. There was no scout pace now—he was content to walk.

That night a very tired boy sat down to supper. Afterwards, on the porch, he began to tell his father about the trip. Just how much he did tell he never knew, for presently his father was shaking his shoulder and laughing and saying: "Up to bed, Don. You're falling asleep."

And Don, not the smart-looking scout of the morning by any means, stumbled upstairs to his room.

SORE muscles were Don's portion next day. However, a warm bath and an alcohol rub brought him around, and Monday afternoon he was ready for his share of the baseball practice.

Alex Davidson came on the field excitedly.

"Wednesday's game with Bloomfield has been cancelled," he announced. "Mr. Wall says we can't play a team that isn't fair."

"Those fellows surely did play dirty ball," said Leonard, the third baseman.

Ted Carter looked disappointed. "Then there's no game until next Saturday," he said.

"Oh, yes, there is," cried Alex. "Mr. Wall has booked Washington for Wednesday. We'll go there for the game. Here's Don's chance to square accounts."

"Oh, Don wasn't 'right' when he faced Washington," Andy claimed quickly.

"I'd like to beat those fellows," said Don; and all afternoon he practiced that wicked in and that quick return throw.

"Are you going to use those?" Alex asked.

"Sure," said Don. "I guess they'll hold Washington for a while."

WEDNESDAY found him throbbing with ambition. He had finished writing the account of his long hike. This afternoon he would go to Washington and pitch his hardest. He had a feeling that he was going to win. And as soon as the game was over he would tell Mr. Wall that he was ready for his first-class tests. Then, ho! for the merit badges.

At one o'clock the nine met at the Transfer Station. They piled their suitcases behind the motorman. Then, bunched in the seats of the car, they began to plan for the game. Alex and Don bent their heads over a score-book and tried to determine what to pitch to Washington's batters.

"They seemed to be hitting everything last time," Alex said.

"I have a couple here they won't hit," said Don.

Alex looked troubled.

Chester, as the visiting team, went to bat first. By reason of a streak of consecutive hitting she scored two runs. Don walked out to the mound with Ted beside him. Ted was playing heart and soul today.

"We've started you with a two-run edge," the first-baseman encouraged. "Hold on to that and we'll get you a couple more."

"Oh, I'll hold onto it," said Don. He pitched to the first batter, and the batter ducked his head and sprang away from the plate.

"What are you trying to do?" he demanded.

Don grinned, and worked the outside corner twice. Then, when the batter crowded the plate, he delivered his in-shoot again. The boy fell trying to get away from the plate. The next ball was straight over, but he was so badly rattled now that he let it go by for a called strike.

"One down!" cried Ted. "Pretty soft for you, Don."

Don grinned again. There were things beside drops that Washington could not hit.

The game ran along in this fashion for six innings. In the seventh, with the score 3 to 0, Washington braced and defied that in-shoot and got three boys on the bases with two out. The team's heaviest batter strode to the plate.

The Washington rooters began to yell for a clean-up hit. Don shook his head. This chap had been to bat twice already, and had refused to be driven back. He was dangerous. So Don walked in for a conference with his catcher.

"I'm going to try my drop," he said.

"But you haven't thrown it in two weeks," Alex exclaimed.

"Can't help it," said Don. "This fellow's a bad actor. I'm going to use a slow wind-up, and if I get two strikes on him, look sharp."

"But—"

"I'll give him a drop for the first offering," said Don, and went back to the mound.

THAT first pitch was as beautiful a drop as he had ever thrown. The batter swung, and missed by a dozen inches.

"Yah!" cried Ted. "Get a shovel."

Don, winding up very, very slowly, tried the drop again. Once more it worked.

"Get two shovels," Ted yelled. "Give him another one, Don."

But Don was through with drops for the day. That second pitch had kinked his wrist.

Still winding up slowly, he wasted two. As the second wide one was thrown he set himself. Alex tossed him the ball. Instantly he shot it back on a line.

The batter was caught unprepared. He saw that this ball would be a strike and made a frantic stab with his bat.

"You're out!" said the umpire.

Alex stood for a moment behind the plate as though lost in thought. He rolled the ball out toward the pitcher's mound and began unbuckling his chest protector.

Don came to the bench wearing a wide grin. He sat next to Mr. Wall.

"That's what you call sneaking one over," he said.

"Sneaking?" Mr. Wall asked. "Is it necessary to sneak something?"

"Oh, that's only a way of putting it," Don laughed. "The batter must be on his guard. That's the rules."

Twenty minutes later the game was over. Chester had scored a shut-out.

"I guess that was getting back at Washington," Ted crowed.

Don looked pleased. While the others ran off for the dressing room, he waited for Mr. Wall.

"I've taken my fourteen-mile hike," he said, "and I've written an account of the trip. I'd like to take my first-class tests, sir."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Mr. Wall.

Don stopped short in surprise. "But I'm ready, sir."

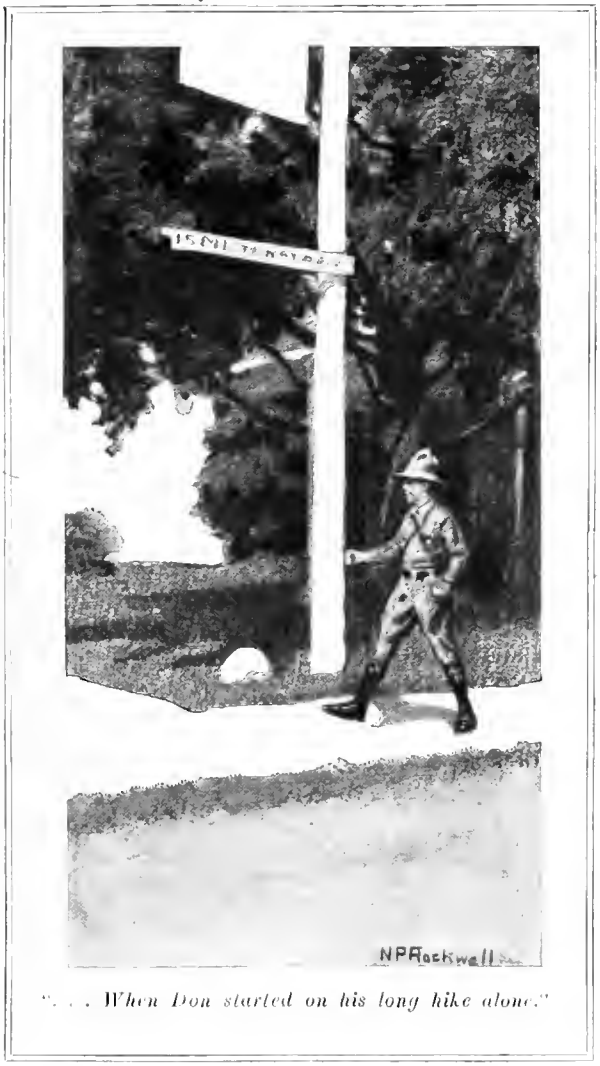
"I'm sorry," said the scoutmaster. He walked a few steps in silence and then spoke again. "I am afraid that I cannot recommend you for promotion," he said.

## Chapter IX

### *The Call of Duty*

DON did not ride home with the nine. He was too stunned and too miserable for companionship. When the players crowded aboard the trolley he slipped away unobserved and waited for the next car.

Why wouldn't Mr. Wall recommend him for his first-class scout badge? What had he done?




*". . . When Don started on his long hike alone."*

Supper was over when he reached home. Barbara had kept his food warm.

"Ted Carter passed here long ago," she said.

"I didn't come on that trolley."

"Did you win?"

"Oh, yes," said Don.

Wise little Barbara sat on the other side of the table and waited. Don kept looking down at his plate. Presently he blurted the news that Mr. Wall would not recommend him for promotion.

Barbara gave a little cry of distress. "Why not?"

Don shook his head. "I don't know. He just said he wouldn't."

"Aren't there certain things a boy must do to become a first-class scout?"

"Yes."

Barbara smiled hopefully. "Well, we'll look those things up and see where you fall short. Brace up, Don."

But Don ate his supper gloomily. Mr. Wall wouldn't turn a fellow down, he thought, without a very good reason.

Later he and Barbara sat together and studied the Handbook.

"Now," said Barbara, "let's see where we're at. To become a first-class scout a second-class scout must be able to swim fifty yards."

"Fifty yards is easy," said Don.

"Earn and deposit at least two dollars in a public bank."

"I have over three dollars in the bank," Don said. "And I can send and receive messages about twenty letters a minute, and I've taken my hike, and I've instructed a tenderfoot scout. I've covered all that."

Barbara nodded. "All right. Now, how about first aid—"

"I can do all that, and I can do the cooking stunts. I've read maps and I've drawn maps. Dad has shown me how to use an ax and a hatchet. I've judged distance and things many times—we've had troop contests. I tell you, Barbara, I've done all those things."

Barbara read patiently from the Handbook. "Describe fully from observation ten species of trees or plants, including poison ivy, by their bark, leaves—"

Don gave a scornful laugh. "There isn't a fellow in our troop can't do that."

Barbara read again. "Furnish satisfactory evidence that he has put into practice in his daily life the principles of the scout law and oath. How about that, Don?" She looked up.

This time Don did not answer so readily. After a while his shoulders shook in a sigh.

"Maybe that's it," he said.

"Oh!" cried Barbara. "Haven't you been living up to the scout law and the oath?"

"I think so," said Don.

"But Mr. Wall has been talking about my in-curve and my quick throw and— He's wrong, Barbara, if that's his reason."

Barbara closed the book. "What about that in and that quick throw?" she asked. Her eyes were puckered thoughtfully.

And just as though he were talking to a boy, Don told her how he had had to give up his drop, and of how he had cultivated that wicked in-shoot and that quick return.

"It's fair," he argued. "Lots of pitchers do it. I've read of big league pitchers who used a high, fast in to get the batter away. Of course, there's a chance of the batter getting hit. I never pitch any higher than a fellow's chest. And if I hit him that means a runner on the bases. The batter isn't the only one who's taking a chance. The pitcher's taking a chance, too; but Mr. Wall thinks only of the batter."

Barbara sighed. "I don't know enough about baseball to advise you, Don."

"I don't want any advice," Don cried stubbornly. "I know I'm right. Mr. Wall is against my quick return because I called it 'sneaking one over.' He forgets that you have to throw so quickly that you're taking all kinds of chances of pitching a ball instead of a strike. If that's his reason for telling me—"

"How big is that 'if'?" Barbara interrupted.

Don shook his head. "I don't know," he said hopelessly. "What would you do, Barbara?"

WHEN he went upstairs to his room he stood in front of the scout law once more. It had become a habit for him to go up there and read it whenever he was in trouble. He read it again. "A scout is clean. He keeps clean in body and thought, stands for clean sport, clean—"

"That's it," Don said bitterly. "Clean sport. Mr. Wall's holding me up on that. He's doing just what I did when I had my row with Ted—he's piling it on too thick. I play a clean game. I never tried to hit a fellow. I'm not going to change my pitching."

After classes next day he went off to the practice and wondered if Mr. Wall would be any different to him. The coach treated him just the same. Don wanted to rest his arm. He threw a few balls to Alex, and then began to coach Andy Ford.

"I'm glad you're standing by me," Andy said.

"Shucks!" said Don. "All you need is to get the feeling that they can't beat you."

Andy must have acquired that notion within the next few days, for on Saturday he beat Mapleridge School easily. It was the best game he had yet pitched.

"You're coming, Andy," cried Ted.

"You mean Don is making me go," said Andy. He glanced at the coach. "Don is giving me a lot of help, Mr. Wall."

"I know it," the coach said quietly.

Don flushed. But even in the midst of his boyish embarrassment, in the face of praise, he couldn't help wondering how Mr. Wall could one minute give him credit for helping Andy and the next minute find fault with him for pitching an in-shoot that never was intended to hit a fellow.

"Maybe he thinks I don't care whether or not I hit the batters," Don muttered. Suddenly he brightened. Why, it would be easy to show Mr. Wall that this was not so. He'd do it in the very next game he pitched. Then maybe Mr. Wall would recommend him and everything would be all right.

When Don reached home his father and his mother and Barbara sat on the porch. His father waved a letter.

"Business conference. Sit down, Don."

DON found a chair. He looked inquiringly at the three faces. Barbara smiled.

"You come into this conference as the advertising expert," she said.

"You are making fun of me," Don protested.

"I'm not," said Barbara. "Tell him, Dad."

Mr. Strong opened the letter. "It seems," he said gravely, "that the making of window screens and screen doors is a business that has been sadly neglected in these parts. People from Irontown have been driving over this road and have seen my sign—"

"Oh!" said Don.

"Didn't I tell you?" Barbara cried triumphantly.

"They have seen my sign," Mr. Strong resumed, "and they have asked a hardware dealer in Irontown for screens and he didn't have them. I guess they asked him because my sign—Don's sign, rather—put them in mind of it."

"Mr. Wall said you never can tell how far advertising will carry," Don said in a tone of wonder.

"Mr. Wall is right," said his father. "But to resume. This hardware dealer at Irontown is a merchant. He buys and sells. He doesn't make things. So he has written to me asking my prices for screens and what commission I will allow him on orders. He thinks he can take many orders if I will send him sample screens."

"Bully!" cried Don.

His father laughed. "There's the advertising man talking. He thinks only about getting business; he doesn't think about how the business is to be handled."

Don's face fell. "Can't you handle it, Dad?"

"I'm afraid not. I can't handle the extra work alone, and there wouldn't be enough profit to justify me in hiring help."

"That's as far as the conference got," said Barbara.

"That's far enough," Don replied dubiously.

"The question is," said Mr. Strong, "what shall I do?"

Don shook his head. He didn't know. Mrs. Strong sighed.

"If it was something about housework I might know," she said.

"And if it was something about keeping us well-fed and contented you'd know, too, wouldn't you, mother?" Barbara asked. She looked at her father. "My idea," she added seriously, "would be to hold back a while."

"If I cannot accept to-day," said Mr. Strong, "I cannot accept tomorrow."

"Nobody ever knows anything about tomorrow," Barbara said wisely. "Let's all think it over for a couple of days. Something may turn up."

Mr. Strong smiled and put the letter in his pocket. "Hopeful little Barbara, aren't you?"

"It doesn't cost anything to hope," Barbara said brightly.

Don carried that thought with him to bed. It cost nothing to hope. Well he'd hope that Mr. Wall would recommend him after he pitched his next game.

Alas for Don's hopes, it was to be a long time before he again stepped out to the mound for the Chester team. But he didn't know that then.

Monday, when he came home from the baseball practice, Beth was sitting on the porch.

"Hello!" he said in surprise. "Did they give you a holiday?"

Beth made a wry face. "A long holiday, I guess. The bakery has closed."

"Failed?"

Beth nodded. "A man came this afternoon and tacked a notice on the door and shut everything up. Do you know of any store in the village that needs a girl clerk?"

Don said he did not. He went up to his room. Barbara out of a job meant $3 less a week coming into the family.

"Maybe it's a good thing that Dad didn't say no to that man in Irontown," he muttered. Maybe his father would be able to find a way to make extra screens. If there was only some way he could help—

He walked to the window and stood there looking down at the yard. There was a way that he could help. But-t but it meant a sacrifice.

"Anyhow," he said aloud, "the nine needs me. Andy couldn't do all the pitching. And I must show Mr. Wall that I don't mean to hit the batters."

This reasoning seemed to settle the matter. When Barbara called he went down to supper whistling a merry tune.

However, he wasn't at the table long before he began to feel uncomfortable. His mother was unusually silent, and his father was grave. Barbara had little spells when she became thoughtful and forgot to eat. The loss of Beth's $3 suddenly

*"He came down to the ground and ate his luncheon."*

began to loom before Don's eyes as a staggering misfortune.

"But I must stick to the nine," he muttered. "When I quit the football team Mr. Wall made me see that a scout must be helpful—"

"You're talking to yourself, Don," said Barbara.

He glanced up in confusion. "I was thinking."

"About what?"

"About—about scouts," he said hesitatingly.

After supper he returned to his room. The problem that he had thought was settled had come back to harass him again.

The sign on the wall seemed to offer no solution. He picked up his Handbook. Maybe he would find something there. He turned the well-thumbed pages until he came to the scout laws. He read the third:

"A scout is helpful. He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and share the home duties. He must do at least one good turn to somebody every day."

There it was in black and white. Nothing about standing by the nine, or showing Mr. Wall, or getting his first-class badge—but a little about sharing the home duties. And what was the chief home duty? Why, seeing that the home was supported, of course.

He closed the book and stared down at the floor. The games with Irontown High School, the big series of the year, were approaching. He had figured on pitching two of those games—and at Irontown the visiting team was always met at the station by a tally-ho and ridden to the playing field in triumph. He had looked forward to that ride ever since the first day of practice. But the scout law didn't say a word about rides in tally-hos or about big games.

"Gee!" Don said huskily. "It's hard to be a good scout."

(*Continued in January* Boys' Life)

## What Animal —?

By F. Moulton McLane

WHAT animal will suffocate for want of air if you hold its mouth open?

What animal will suffocate for want of air if you hold its mouth closed?

What animal has eardrums on the side of its body?

What animal breathes through openings on its abdomen?

What animal has its tongue fastened at the front end and free at the rear end?

What animal has some teeth that never cease growing?

What animal leaves live "fresh meat" for its young stored beside its eggs?

What animal has eyes on stalks, which it thrusts about as a burglar uses a bull's-eye lantern?

What animal has five eyes?

What animal has two different kinds of eyes?

What animals keep "domestic animals," which they care for from the egg, and which they "milk" for a juice they eat?

What animals keep and cultivate a garden, whose plants they use for food?

What animal has four stomachs?

What animal, when it eats, extends its stomach out over its food, instead of putting its food into its stomach?

What animal can leap 200 times its own height?

The author's answers to these questions will be published in the January Boys' Life.

# Dan Beard's Duffel Bag

## Nine Times Nine Cheers for Old Glory and Santa!

By DAN BEARD

National Scout Commissioner

OF course, the only Duffel Bag for Christmas is the one carried on the back of Santa Claus, the one that has real tangible gifts in it, such as I have described in another part of this issue of Boys' Life under the title of a Christmas Potlatch. So you must forgive your National Scout Commissioner if he only furnishes you with thoughts in place of material things, for after all every material thing had to be a thought first. The ball, the bat, the boat, the skate, the gun, the bow, the sled, the book, this magazine —all were thoughts to begin with. The same can be said of our Movement—the Boy Scouts of America, our uniform and our rules, our oath and our law.

That is not all. Self-government, on which our great country is founded, was only a *thought* at first, and first put in practice on this soil by the Pilgrims when they landed from the *Mayflower*. You see, those sturdy people intended to land down in Virginia, somewhere south of the Hudson river, but in place of that they went bumping around Cape Cod and they had no charter from King James for any settlement up there and no Governor appointed by the King, so they set up a little government of their own, and elected their officers in good democratic fashion and made *real* the *thought* of self-government.

This is the glorious Christmas time, and let us all be thankful that we can enjoy it in peace under the shade of Old Glory. Poor old Santa Claus will have a distressing time on the other side of the waters where a few men with crowns on their heads are directing millions of other men without crowns in their effort to exterminate each other for purposes not understandable by people who believe in self-government.

Imagine Santa Claus over there, creeping down a chimney in the night time only to find himself in the ruined habitation, deserted or occupied by the dead and dying. Imagine the Christ Child trying to find its way around in the blinding powder smoke or the suffocating fumes of poisonous gas!

Poor old Santa! His eyes will be unable to twinkle over there for they will be blinded with tears.

Then let us give him a hearty welcome here and help him in his efforts to make people happy. Of course Santa Claus himself is only a thought, an idea, but he is a happy thought and a beautiful idea and he and his tiny reindeer will always be dear to the hearts of the American children.

That is, dear to the hearts of the American children as long as they are *American children*. That they remain American children, is up to you scouts. You are the boys to keep the traditions of freedom and self-government living, you are the boys to follow the teachings of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln to make this country the home of justice and not of kings and cranks (although we may need a few cranks to furnish us with ideas)—the home of high ideals, lofty ambitions, personal freedom and good scouts, where every citizen is expected to do his good turn daily, and obey the Scout law, for the Scout law and the preamble to the Declaration of Independence will go hand in hand where every citizen is a monarch in his own right.

From this we see that to have a thing or make a thing we must think it first. This opens a grand Christmas idea. It puts us back into the time of the fairy stories, when the godmother would give us three wishes. These fairy stories are true, in that if we wish for a thing hard enough and long enough we will get it—for we will work for it and win. Then let us all agree now to work for a happier land and a merrier Christmas each year of our lives.

Merry Christmas to you all and nine times nine cheers for Old Glory and Santa Claus!

Dan Beard

# The Medal He Lost

By OSCAR LEWIS

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL

AS SOON as "Ten-One" Doyle heard that the interscholastic meet had been postponed for a week, he dismissed all thought of the championship gold medal from his mind and set about packing his suitcase.

"But, Ken," objected Benny Leard, "Ten-One's" roommate, viewing his friend's actions with growing alarm, "of course you are going to stay for the meet. You will win the quarter, sure. You'll walk away with it, and set up a new record in the bargain. And a new record means a championship medal. Surely you are not going to miss all that just because this late rain came along and made them postpone the meet?"

Kenny Doyle fished a pair of heavy shoes out of the bottom of the closet and jammed them into one corner of the suitcase. "Ten-One" they had called him on the campus since that day in early spring when he had won the hundred yard dash in ten and a fifth seconds. "See here," he said, "I've wasted nearly a week of my vacation already, and I can't wait any longer. I'm leaving for the quarry to-night."

"What, and miss the gold medal?"

"Now listen here, Benny," the athlete looked down at his friend for a moment and then walked over to the window and stood gazing out across the campus. "Do you think this gold medal is going to pay my expenses here at Boone's next term? It's not likely. If I intend to come back in the fall, I'll have to work this vacation. I will have to put in every day, too.

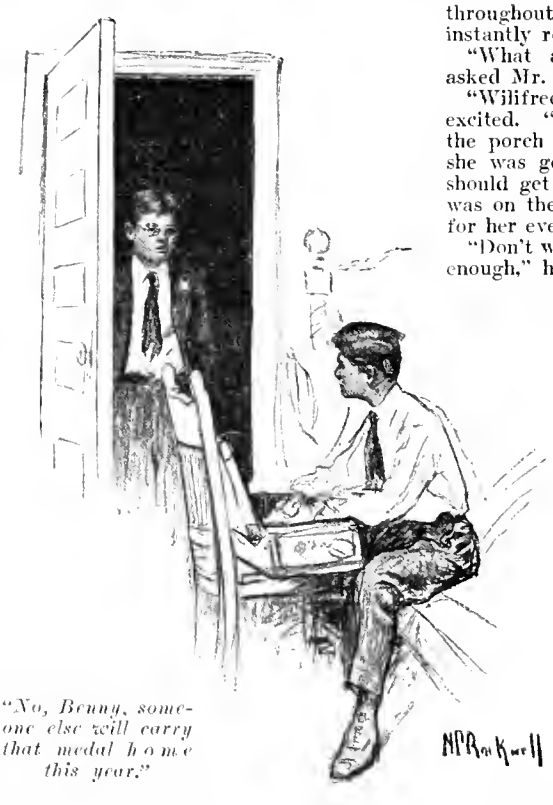
"Besides," and here he broke into a smile, "if I stayed down here another week they probably wouldn't let me go to work up at the quarry when I got there. I know Mr. Brant pretty well. He's mighty funny about some things. And if he learned that I had stayed down here for two weeks just to run a quarter of a mile in a track meet—well, there just wouldn't be any job at the quarry for me this year. No, Benny," he added, regretfully, "I'm mighty sorry, but someone else will carry that medal home with them this year."

DURING the next two weeks Ken was so busy that he forgot all about the interscholastic meet and the championship medal. His work at the quarry occupied all of his time, and it was too exacting to allow his thoughts to wander.

Ken operated the derrick trolley that fed Crusher No. 2. Eight hours a day he stood on the little roofed-over platform above the hoppers. His eye rested upon one or another of the little groups of men down at the bottom of the quarry across the way. Now and again, one of the foremen waved a hand and Ken in answer, would shove in one of his levers. Then came a wholesale puffing of the powerful little donkey engine and the cable would swing clear of the ground and start its slow ascent of the hill. Arriving finally, another lever was pushed as the load hit the "trigger" on the cable which capsized the box and sent its contents roaring down through the hopper into the crushers.

Ken often thought it enough to be continually alert all day without having to listen to an unending stream of joshes during the time he was off duty. Yet that is exactly what he had to contend with. Somehow or other, Ken's proficiency as a runner had become known in camp, and for some reason they came to regard it as an admirable source of humorous comments.

"There's one big drawback to having an expert runner in camp like young Mr. Doyle over here," Joe King, quarry foreman, announced across the table at the cookhouse one noon. "You see, when 12 o'clock comes he travels so fast that he's clear down here at the cookhouse before the whistle stops blowing. Of course he gets first helping to everything, and I, for one, say that he's taking an unfair advantage over us older fellows who can't run so fast."



*"No, Benny, someone else will carry that medal home this year."*

A round of laughter greeted this sally, in which Ken joined good-naturedly.

"It certainly appears as if that graceful stride of his captured all the hearts in the neighborhood," smiled Mr. Brant, the superintendent. "Why, I even saw Wiffles admiring him yesterday."

"Wiffles" was Wilifred Brant, the superintendent's little four-year-old daughter, and a great favorite in the camp.

"Where is Wiffles?" some one asked..

"She's off visiting to-day," replied Mr. Brant. "She went over to Forrester's with her mother."

"Why, no she didn't," put in the camp blacksmith. "I saw Mrs. Brant driving past the shop this morning and she was all alone."

"Then she must have been left with Hilda," said the superintendent, smiling. "Seems to me I remember hearing her mother mention something about it last night."

Hilda was a young emigrant girl employed in the Brant household and this, of course, allayed any fears that may have been springing up regarding Wiffles' whereabouts. But when, a few moments later, Hilda herself appeared in the doorway and stood glancing nervously about throughout the dining-room, those fears instantly returned.

"What are you looking for, Hilda?" asked Mr. Brant.

"Wilifred," replied the girl, becoming excited. "She is not here? She was on the porch all morning and then—quick—she was gone. I did not mean that she should get lost. Oh, Mr. Brant," the girl was on the verge of tears, "I have looked for her everywhere."

"Don't worry, Hilda. We'll find her fast enough," he assured her. "How long has it been since you missed the girl?"

"A half hour, an hour—I'm not sure." And she began to cry in earnest.

They had all stepped out on the porch before the cookhouse. Mr. Brant decided that the quickest way to find the child would be to divide the men into different parties and to send them out in all directions. He had just started to pair them off when someone cried "The quarry. See, she's up there."

All eyes turned to the great rock-scar on the hill a quarter of a mile away. And there, walking about near the talus pile at the bottom of the cliff, was Wiffles, her red coat making her easily distinguishable.

Almost simultaneously, every man present reached for his watch, and, though no one said it, the thought in each mind was the same—"the blasts!"

Every day, during the noon hour, it was

the custom of "Dynamite" Fredericks, as he was called, to set off the blasts that he had all morning been drilling and loading up on the face of the cliffs. These blasts, being exploded at noon, would shake down upon the floor of the quarry enough rock to feed the crushers the rest of the day.

Fredericks always lighted the fuses on the blasts at twelve-thirty and immediately hastened over to the valley road to warn off any chance traveler who might happen to wander within the danger zone. It was not thought necessary to guard the road up from the camp, as everyone connected with the quarry knew of the noon blasts.

Ken's watch was out before any of the others. "Twelve thirty-two. Fredericks is over on the other side of the ridge—"

For a short moment each man stood tense, dreading momentarily to see the grayish puff on the side of the cliff and hear the subsequent detonation.

But almost immediately they had started a wild rush up the trail toward the quarry; some of them calling out futile warnings to the child as they ran.

Ken stopped long enough to throw off his mackinaw work coat and when he started he was several yards behind the others.

ONE result of Ken's training was that he had learned to hold his head and keep cool under the stress of an exciting moment. Like all good runners, he ran with his head as well as his feet. Now as he ran, he was able to review the situation and consider the chances of success. They did not seem very bright. The match had been applied to the blasts at twelve-thirty. Generally the fuses burned three minutes; sometimes it was four—never more. It was now after twelve thirty-two.

Once on the cinder track back at Boone's Ken had run the quarter in 52 seconds. But it had been under vastly different circumstances. He had not run over a rock strewn trail and, instead of heavy shoes and clothes, he had worn only his spikes and light running suit. Besides the course here was mostly uphill. Yes, the circumstances were different entirely. To-day it seemed that everything was against the chances of making good time.

But, then, counterbalancing this, was the reward—the stakes! Formerly Ken had run just to be running; for the pleasure of winning, of demonstrating his superior skill; for a little medal, or to gain a few points for his school. But now—his chances of winning he knew were small, but here surely was the time to make a supreme effort.

At this thought Ken's teeth snapped together. His eyes narrowed and his lips formed together into a firm, straight line. His "fighting face," they called it back at Boone's, and whenever Ken flashed past the rooting section wearing that expression, it was a signal for a time of wild applause.

To-day the grandstands and the rooting sections were lacking, but Ken ran none the slower because of that. One after another he flashed by the other runners, who saw him pass, not with the envious glances that he had come to know on the track, but with welcoming half smiles and sometimes with words of encouragement.

It was hard work, this jumping on and off the path as he forged ahead of the others, and when the last struggling runner was behind him, Ken breathed something like a sigh of relief. Now, his runner's instinct told him, was the time for the supreme effort.

Ken's head went back, his lips drew closer over his tight-set teeth and his legs, moving with the long, low, pauseless motion of the born sprinter, seemed to carry him along without apparent effort.

*Ken stopped long enough to throw off his mackinaw work coat.*

The others, strung out along on the trail behind, saw this new burst of speed with wondering eyes.

"Go it, boy. Go!" they called after him.

But the pace that Ken had set was beginning to tell. The rough, uneven trail, his own heavy shoes and clothes, and most of all, the steady, uphill grade had sapped his strength, and suddenly he realized that he was very tired.

The way was not all uphill, however, and this fact gave Ken courage. The last hundred yards—from the spot where the trail joined the wagon road to the floor of the valley—was practically level. And when Ken, gasping and weak of knee, gained the summit, his courage returned and he raced on with pace unchecked. It was the stretch—that crucial test that calls for the final dash.

It seemed to Ken that never had he moved so slowly. His eyes stole upon the face of the cliff and he was sure that he saw a thin film of white smoke issuing from one of the rock fissures. But he resolutely drew his gaze away and fastened it upon the child playing in the talus pile before him.

It was only the strength of desperation that carried Ken the last few yards. Wiffles had noticed him at last and stood up as he approached. Ken grasped the child about the shoulders and had struggled back with her a few yards when something caused him to glance up at the cliff. In the instant that his eyes had been raised, he saw a vaporish gray dust shoot out between the fissures and a section of rock loosen itself from the side of the cliff.

But before the sound of the explosion reached his ears, Ken picked up the child, and as the roar of the blast echoed across the excavation he turned and staggered with her into the shelter of a large bowlder on the quarry floor. In another instant the flood of stone poured down upon them, the mass of it falling just in front and on the opposite side of the rock. Detached fragments dropped on all sides, but a projecting ledge of the bowlder sheltered them. The bowlder itself swayed as the mass of rock crashed against it, and Ken could see smaller fragments streaming past like a mountain torrent dividing and rushing by on either side of a projecting rock in midstream.

Three other explosions followed at short intervals as Ken crowded Wiffles up against the side of the projecting bowlder. But these latter blasts occurred either to the right or the left of them and, except for flying fragments, there was no danger.

And then, when the blasts were over and quiet had returned, Ken realized that never had he been so tired. He sent the frightened child down to meet her father and then lay still, forehead on his arm, while he tried to get his breath back again.

Nor was he fully recovered when the others arrived, and to their praise and painfully enthusiastic handclasps he could only smile feebly.

BACK at Boone's at the beginning of next term, several of Ken's friends ventured to sympathize with him because he had not been able to stay for the interscholastic meet and had thereby lost the championship medal. They could never quite understand the smiling resignation with which Ken accepted the loss.

## "Red Bar" Scouts in an Ohio City

A special first-aid class for scouts has been formed in Youngstown, Ohio, as the result of an incident which happened during the past summer.

A man fainted at a baseball game and a crowd immediately surrounded him and propped him up erect in a chair. A boy scout was there and he knew that when treating a faint spell the patient should be laid flat on his back. The scout tried three times to get to the man to render first aid, but each time he was pushed back because he was only a kid. He was, however, a second-class scout, fairly competent to render assistance in the emergency.

Every scout who completes the first-aid course, which is now being given, will receive a red-bar pin from the local council, and will always carry on his person a first-aid kit. These "red-bar" scouts will be advertised, so that the people of Youngstown will know that these boys can be depended upon to render first aid in any emergency

*"Ray's fingers closed upon the wrist, to which he clung despite the surging of the current."*

# Winning the Rock

By IRVING CRUMP

Author of "Jack Straw in Mexico," and the popular "Quarry Troop" stories.

Illustrated by WALT LOUDERBACK.

*THIS story is taken from Mr. Crump's new book, "Jack Straw, Lighthouse Builder," just published by Robert M. McBride & Company, and is printed in Boys' Life by their kind permission.*

*Jack spends his vacation helping to build the lighthouse on Cobra Reef, Hood Island, Maine. "Winning the Rock" will give our readers a pretty good idea of the kind of a vacation Jack had.*

THUMP, thump, thump.

"Hi, Jack! Hello, Ray! Come, wake up. Think you can sleep all day? It's half past five."

Thus were the two lads aroused by Mr. Warner as he came from his room across the hall.

"Come," he added, "tumble out. The boat will start for the rock before you are dressed."

This was enough to stir both lads, for they had set their hearts on taking part in the tussle with the waves to gain the top of Cobra Head. They were on their feet in a jiffy and presently were whisking on their clothes with little regard for sartorial effect. Jack managed to get his undershirt on wrong side out and Ray discovered that he was trying to get his left foot into his right shoe. But they adjusted things quickly, dashed cold water in their faces, gave their hair a brief but effective brushing and emerged from their room.

Ray's arm was a little stiff at first, from a recent accident, but the iodine that had been applied the day before had taken most of the soreness out of the cut and he positively refused to keep his hand in a sling any longer.

"I'll keep on the bandage but I won't wear a sling. Makes me feel like an invalid," he told Jack as they descended the stairs and joined Mr. Warner in front of the lighthouse cottage.

Captain Eli was of course snugly tucked in bed and snoring lustily at that unseemly hour, and since the engineer and his young companions were destined to be early risers during their stay on the island it had been decided that they take their breakfast with the crew in the main mess hall.

BONGO, the big negro cook of the outfit, was just sounding his call to quarters on the bottom of a big dishpan when the three entered the long, low building. There was little of a decorative nature about the arrangement of the tables in the hall. There were two that extended the full length of the room and were flanked on either side by long backless benches. In twos and threes and groups of half a dozen the burly lighthouse builders came from the bunk house to the mess hall.

During the meal Mr. Warner and "Big" O'Brien, the foreman, were in earnest conversation about the details of the expedition to the rock, and as the lads listened they realized more and more that they were about to embark upon a hazardous undertaking.

By quarter of six the foreman and the engineer had drained their cups and pushed back their plates. Others of the crew were doing the same thing when O'Brien stood up and shouted, "Come bhoys, ye have t' sha-ake a leg. In haf en hour-r we'll man t' bhoat and r-run out on t' last o' the down tide. That'll give us an hour-r t' fuss ar-round befer it sthar-rts a-racin' in again. Come on Mike, and you Sandy, and Lafe there, git a wiggle on yez, yer all part of the boat crew." And presently there was a scuffle of many feet and the rasp of the benches being pushed back, and five minutes after O'Brien left the mess hall Bongo had the place to himself.

BEFORE collecting his crew the foreman singled out three sun-tanned workmen who were among the last to leave the mess hall and with them at his heels the big Irishman went into one of the tool sheds. Soon all four reappeared, one dragging a little brass cannon, such as is used by coast guards, while the others carried a big open box, into which hundreds of feet of sail cord was coiled upon pegs.

The cannon was hauled to the cliff's edge, loaded and sighted by one of the weather beaten trio, so as to hurl a rocket-like projectile over the ugly gray rock there where the breakers curled.

Of course, Jack and Ray could not entirely understand what it was all about, but, while they were wondering, Mr. Warner, who had gone to his office for his steel surveying tape and plumbline, arrived on the scene and explained that when the

men succeeded in landing on Cobra Head the projectile would be fired so as to carry a rope to them. And when they had all things fast, a breeches-buoy would be rigged to carry more men from the cliff to the rock.

Upon Mr. Warner's return, O'Brien quickly gathered his crew and, with Jack and Ray among them, they started down the pathway that led to the beach, where the two whaleboats were moored. Into one of these the men swarmed and within a few minutes the craft shot away from the strip of sand and headed north inside the reef and toward the dangerous Cobra's Head.

IT was low water and the long jagged reef, exposed from end to end, looked exactly like a giant of the species after which it had been named. Outside, beyond the wicked rocks, rolled the Atlantic; great ground swells heaving in restlessly and thundering against the granite barrier with a grumbling roar. Jack and Ray, who sat in the stern of the whaleboat with Mr. Ryder and "Big" O'Brien, were fascinated by the sight.

But, although the waves piled up outside, the strip of water between the island and the beach was unruffled, so far as the surface was concerned. Under this calm exterior, however, were currents and cross currents that slipped like oil over the granite-strewn bottom in spite of the fact that it was the hour for slack water. Jack could see from the way "Big" O'Brien handled the tiller and the strength that the men put into their tugs at the oars that the force of these currents was tremendous, and he wondered what that strip of water would be like when the tide turned and began to come in.

As the whaleboat proceeded northward and approached the big rock the currents became more vicious. They ripped and swirled and licked at the side of the sturdy vessel like the advance guard of Neptune's forces defending the rock from the invaders. Slowly but surely the boat drew nearer the tremendous boulder, and as the lads got a closer view of the pedestal on which the new lighthouse was to be erected they realized why Mr. Warner had cause to worry about the outcome of the expedition.

For fifty feet about the great chunk of granite the water fairly boiled with eddies and currents and the force of the heaving swells of the Atlantic. Here all these met and struggled for supremacy, and the ugly sides of the Cobra's Head were lashed and pounded by tons of water hurled against them. It seemed folly for a craft even as staunch as the big whale boat to venture into that turmoil and dare the approach of the rock.

And to make the situation harder the head presented a grim and foreboding surface to the adventurers. Indeed, there did not appear to be a niche or crevice in which the men could get a foothold when they attempted a landing, and if there really were any they were well covered with slippery brown rock weed and kelp that draped the sides of the massive stone. In truth, as Jack gazed upon the grim barrier, it looked to him like the great shaggy head of Medusa with her snaky locks tossed about in the hissing breakers. And the thunder of the tumbling water was almost deafening.

"Mighty ugly looking, isn't it?" shouted Mr. Warner, for a shout was necessary to make his voice heard above the roar.

"Gee, I should say so," cried the boys, trying to suppress their excitement.

"Big" O'Brien cupped one hand about his mouth and shouted to the boat crew:

"Row on boys. Pull, an' we'll go around t' blitherin' thing t' see if ther-re be a place for a fly to sthick on."

And the men bent on once more and urged the craft forward, keeping outside of the run of troubled water as much as possible.

Slowly they made their way round the circle, the whale boat pitching and rolling like a cork. Foot by foot they moved through the boiling, foam-flecked water all the time "Big" O'Brien and Mr. Warner scanned the great granite crag for a place to attempt a landing.

AND at last they found it. To be sure it was not much of a landing place, but then it was better than a sheer wall of granite covered with slippery kelp. On the ocean side where the great breakers dashed in with a roar the rock weed had been all torn away by the force of the water. Ages of erosion had worn soft spots of the granite away, too, until there remained a sloping trough into which the water dashed with a hiss and fountained twenty feet in the air.

The constant action on the side had worn the hard stone as smooth as glass and the dashing of the wave plumes had pitted the rock here and there above, so that a man of great agility could hope to gain the top if he moved fast enough and could beat these curling tongues of water that shot against the rock and licked it clean.

"May Hevin per-rtecht us whin we tr-ry to," shouted the foreman to Mr Warner, "fer if wan o' thim waves hits yez a slap in t' back 'twill be Davy Jones' Locker t' next stop. No shwimmin' yez ivver learnt will save yez agin the undertow."

"Well, the engineer who made the survey last year did it, O'Brien, and I guess we can do as much," called Mr. Warner.

"Shure yez 'er a Kilkenny cat fer pluck," said the foreman, "but I'm wid yez. Hi, bhoys, we'll make a landin'. Tiz me an' Mr. Warner that does it an' don't anither wan o' yez even think o' thr-ryin'. Yez hear-r me now. I'll lick t' life out o' eny man who even sthands up in t' boat. Here, Lanky Sims, yez 'er t' bist sailor in t' outfit; take t' tiller and mind yez kape her bull. Jist a shlip an' she'll be smashed t' kindlin' agin t' r-rock an' we'll all be at t' bhottom."

Lanky Sims, a tall, rawboned Yankee who had been brought up on the high seas, came from the bow and took O'Brien's place. Mr. Warner turned solemnly and shook hands with Jack and Ray, and O'Brien did the same. Not a word did they utter, but the lads understood, and a lump as big as an apple came into Jack's throat.

The engineer and the foreman made their way to the bow of the boat. Then Lanky Sims spat over the side and shouted:

"Yo-heave-ho, boys!"

And the men bent to the oars with a will.

SIMS took the craft out toward the open ocean, they turned her, and with the swells at her stern started to ride in slowly, keeping his eyes pinned on the sloping trough of rock into which each big wave plunged. Nearer and nearer they drew, the men rowing with short strokes and keeping their great bodies alert and ready to obey Sims' orders. Mr. Warner had decided to try first in spite of the Irishman's protests, and he stood waiting in the bow, one foot on the gunwale and his hand resting on Big O'Brien's shoulder to steady himself.

Sims watched the waves with cold eyes. Not a muscle in his face moved. Closer and closer moved the pitching boat. A great wave raised it, held it trembling aloft for a moment, then slipped out from under it and shot into the trough, spurting foam and water aloft and drenching the entire crew. And the moment its force had been spent and the water began to suck backward Sims gave the expected order.

"Yo-heave-ho!" he roared and bent his body forward. The oars dug deep and the whale boat shot ahead. Mr. Warner hesited a moment, then jumped.

INTO the trough he dropped and up the slippery granite he scrambled. He reached the first niche, the second, and third. He was ten feet up, twelve, and now fifteen. Then Sims shouted:

"Back, boys, back water quick. Here comes another!"

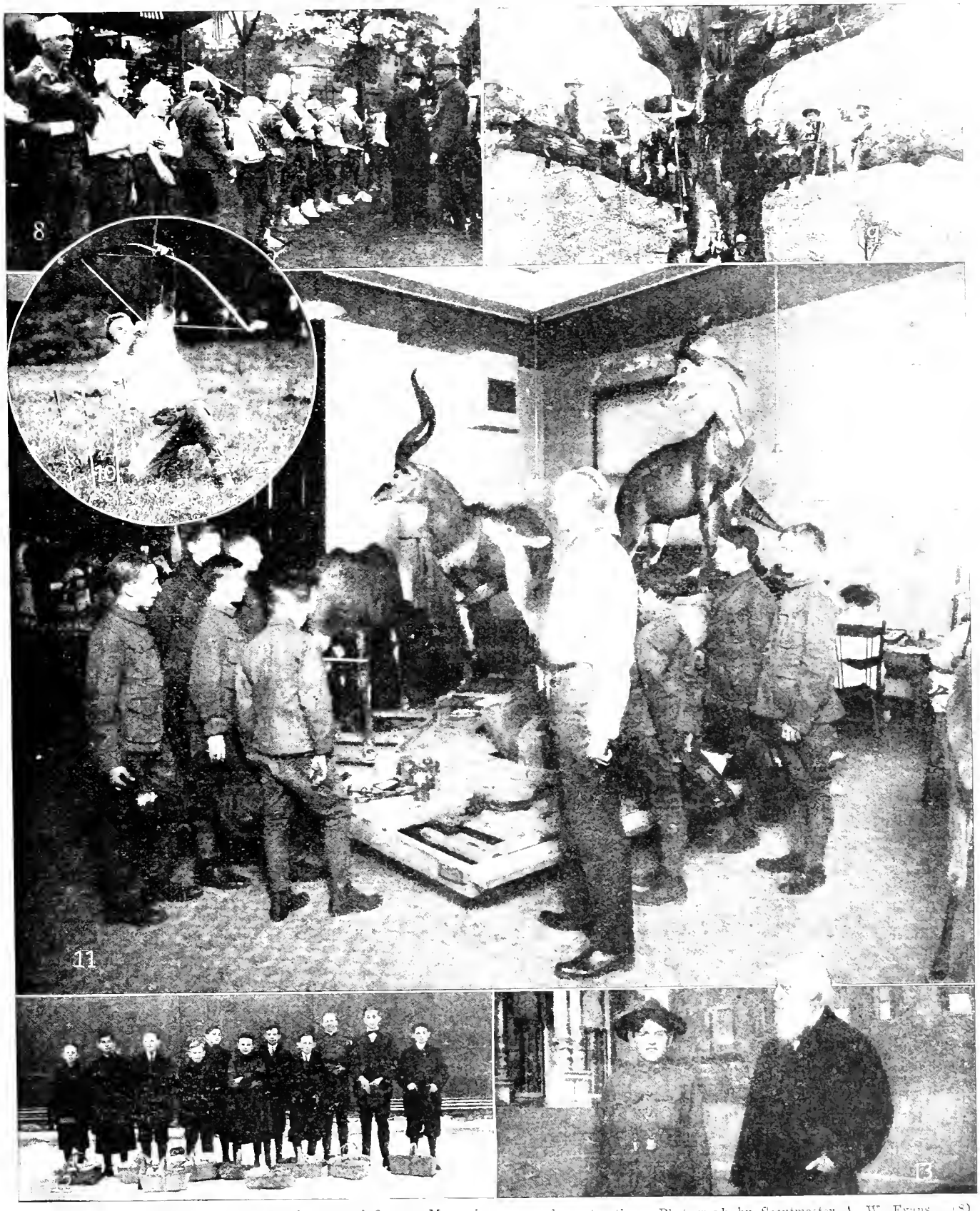
The oak oars bent and creaked under the strain. The whaleboat shot backward and full into the oncoming wave. For a fraction of a second it stopped dead and every timber quivered. Then with a rush it shot backward again and the wave slipped under it and hurled itself into the trough, its great curling tongue licking up the side of the rock as if seeking to tear Mr. Warner from the little niches he clung to. But the engineer was safe. He was drenched with foam and spray, but he was well out of the way of the dangerous water. Up he climbed, slower now, feeling his way from place to place; while the boat backed off to a safe distance and the crew watched his progress.

(*Continued on page 54*)

*"With a rush the wave hurled itself into the trough, its great curling tongue licking up the side of the rock."*

(1) First aid squad of Troop 19, Kansas City, Mo., featuring "Mike, the ambulance dog." Photo from Scoutmaster D. S. Stophlet. (2) Troop 5 of [illegible] N. J., on a winter trip to their cabin headquarters. Photo from Scoutmaster Joseph B. Ames. (3) St. Paul scouts defeated Minne[illegible] in a relay race between the two cities, covering a distance of eight and one-half miles in 46 min. 35 1/5 sec. Fred Anderson, the [illegible] for St. Paul is shown receiving the message from Scout Clayton Lewis. Anderson ran the last half mile in 2 min. 47 sec., overcoming [illegible] and finishing the race ten seconds ahead of the Minneapolis runner. The scouts carried a message from the Mayor of Minne[illegible] Governor of Minnesota. Photo used by courtesy of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*. (4) Modern cliff dwellers. The scouts of Vernal, [illegible] fifty feet up a precipice to pose for this picture. Photo by Deputy Commissioner J. Winter Smith. (5) Scout P. Leon Mayfield, [illegible] Va., who has thirty-six merit badges and is working for more. (6) The annual snowball battle held in Swope Park is one of [illegible] scout events of the year in Kansas City, Mo. Photo from Scoutmaster D. S. Stophlet.

BOYS' LIFE PICTURE CONTEST BEGINS NOW. See Page 2



(7) Signal and observation tower of scouts of Orange, Mass., in course of construction. Photograph by Scoutmaster A. W. Evans. (8) Ready for the judges in first aid contest in East Orange, N. J. (9) "Birds of a Feather" roosting in a virgin oak tree 300 years old at Tarrytown, N. Y. Photo by Scoutmaster John D. Hazen. (10) Scout Harold Day, a champion archer of Indianapolis, Ind. He has a record of five arrows in the air at one time. Scout Day makes his own bows and arrows. Photo from Scout Executive F. O. Bolzer. (11) A group of scouts at Pittsburgh, Pa., studying animals in the Carnegie Institute under the direction of the Institute's taxidermist, R. H. Sinfer. Photo by Huber. (12) "Christmas Cheer," typical scout activity on the morning of December 25. This picture, showing a group of scouts at Mattoon, Ill., was taken by Assistant Scoutmaster R. F. Cressey. (13) Delegates to the National Council of Congregational Churches, held in New Haven, Conn., in October are still talking about the many "good turns" the scouts did on that occasion. Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Outlook*, took an especial interest in the work of the boys. The picture shows him talking to a New Haven scout. Photo from Scout Executive G. N. Jerome.

LIBERAL PRIZES FOR SCOUT PICTURES. See Page 2

# For a Christmas Potlatch

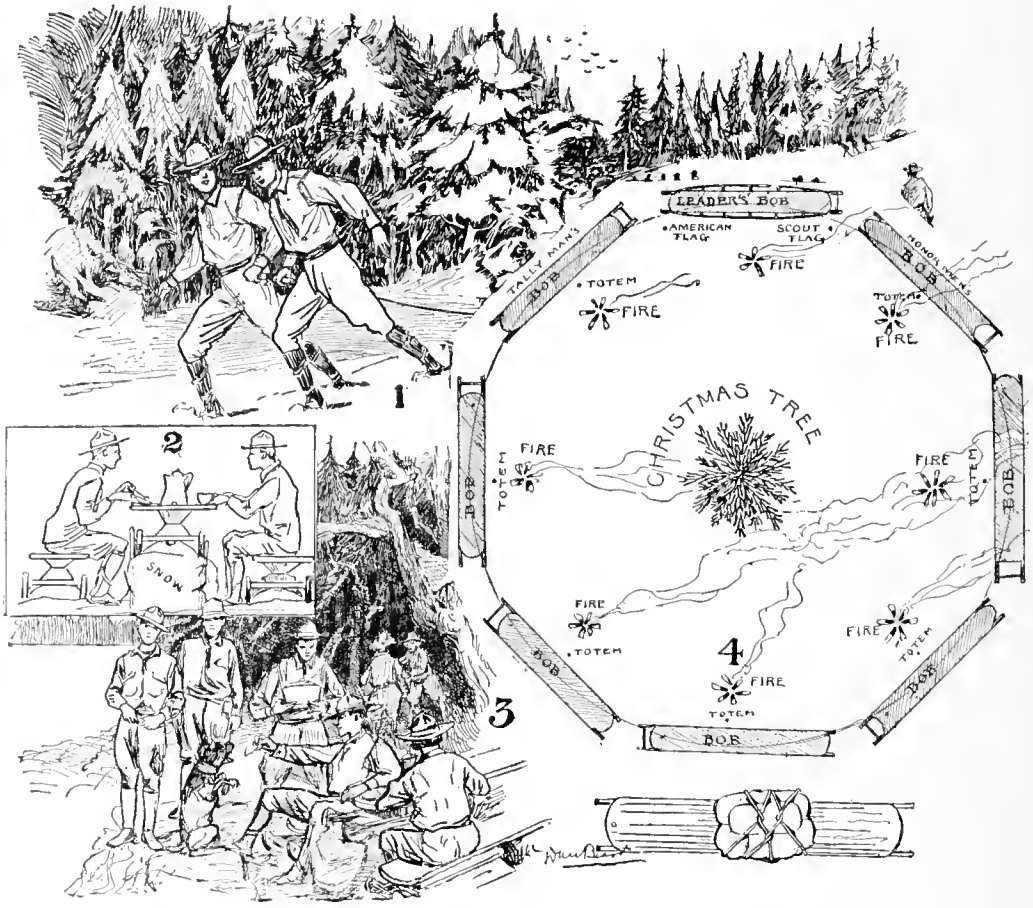
## How to Have One With a Bob-sled Council and an Outdoor Christmas Tree*

By DAN BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.

THE scouts should manage to have a Round-up every Christmas—Christmas eve, or Christmas night—and each patrol come with its own bob-sled or sleds groaning under a load of good things. But to be real scouts, we should have some things for the outsiders and these somethings we may put on the Christmas tree, a real live growing tree if we can find one, if not, a tree planted in the open for the purpose.

Of course, any scout who has handled a bob-sled knows that it is not built for carrying a pack, but for that matter, neither is a horse; consequently, man had to invent the diamond hitch to hold the pack on the horse and there is no reason why the scouts should not bind their duffel on a bob-sled with the same old hitch. But this is not an article on the diamond hitch, hence I must refer you to my "Field and Forest Handy Book," Chapter XXIV, which you will find in the library or book store. If every scout possessed one of these books it would save me the trouble of telling again many things already explained.




*Sketches by Mr. Beard which make clear the way to have a Christmas Potlatch.*

Well, when you have your duffel bags packed with your plum pudding and mince pies, roast turkey, duck and goose, boiled ham—yum, yum! It makes me hungry even to talk about it—and all the good things we have, or are supposed to have, on Christmas loaded on the sleds and firmly fastened with the diamond hitch, then we are ready for the Christmas Hike.

It will not be selfish and it will help the Christmas spirit if the scouts have a good dinner in the open and fill their own tumtums with roast turkey, goose and ham as well as some mince pie and puffing, but the real object of the Christmas tree is to have a "potlatch."

### What a Potlatch Is

You know what a potlatch is? With the Northern Indians, a potlatch is a feast where the host gives everything he has away to the guests. We do not propose to go quite as far as the Indian custom would require, but in order to have the real Christmas spirit, one must make presents and our Christmas potlatch (or phatlatsh, pahchilt, pachatl, as it has been spelled by different people) is to be a Tighegh potlatch, that is, a great distribution of gifts. We must avoid a poor potlatch, of purposeless gifts. However, we may, if we so choose, have a potlatch muck-a-muck. But whatever we have, it should be a Kloshe Kopa, cultus potlatch—a generous one.

### The Pictures Explained

I've drawn some pictures that will help you. *Fig.* 1 shows the scouts dragging their bob-sleds through the snow. If there is no snow at Christmas you must pack your potlatch on your back or load it in trek-carts, hand wagons or wheel-barrows. *Fig.* 2 shows the arrangement of bob-sleds for a Christmas picnic in the snow. The bob-sled used as a table is set upon a bank of snow or of big snow balls and the runners are prevented from slipping off the bank by having stakes driven alongside of them. The other bob-sleds are used as benches. *Fig.* 3 shows a perspective view of tables and seats arranged as in *Fig.* 2. *Fig.* 4 shows the Christmas Council Camp. The bobs are arranged in a circle and in place or having a big Council fire, each bob has its own fire and the Christmas tree is planted in the center. Also in front of each bob is the totem flag or totem-pole or the patrol, while in front of the leader's or Scoutmaster's bob-sled floats the American Flag, at his right; and the scout flag at his left.

### Gifts for Your Guests

After the scouts have had their private banquet in the snow, the guests may come, and the guests may be of the scouts' own choosing. They may be their parents, guardians, teachers and friends, or they may be the poor people or poor children of the neighborhood whom the scouts want to make happy with presents. If the tree is to be loaded with presents for the parents and teachers of the scouts, then the gifts should be of the scouts' own handiwork. Noggins from the burls on trees, ditty bags made from the skins of wild animals, chamois skin or leather, fire-making outfits, napkin rings made from

*Copyright 1915, by D. C. Beard.

sections of young trees. All such handiwork will be appreciated by the older people as showing the skill and affection of their boys.

But for the poor people, mitts, gloves and warm clothing will, of course, make most appropriate presents. It is not necessary, however, for the National Scout Commissioner to tell you what to give the poor children, for they need everything, God bless them! so give them everything you can that will not work injury to their little tum-tums in the way of food, and everything in the way of toys which will not be a means of putting out their eyes or blowing off their heads, and everything in the way of clothes which will tend to make them comfortable during the winter months.

It would be better to have hot food and not "cole chuck" Kloshe-Totoosh, that is, ice-cream; and it would be best to mamook-kunamokst chko-kunamokst with the Scout Executives, Scout Council and all the officials of your troop, by which I mean, unite with them and let them help in the expense of the potlatch, either by furnishing the chikamin (money) or the Iktas (goods) and let all join hands to make he! he! tum-tum hyas Sunday. In other words, Merry Christmas.

### The Indians' Potlatch

You may skip all the Chinook words if you desire, but they were suggested by "potlateh," because potlateh is an Indian custom and a Chinook word. The potlateh was the greatest institution of the Indian and is to this day. When a Big Chief gives a potlateh, the invited guests and tribes assemble from far and near and with feasting, singing, chanting and dancing, the bounteous collection is distributed while the Chief is made penniless, the wealth of a life-time given away in an hour; but he knows that ever after he will be crowned with the glory of a satisfied ambition and has won honor and the reverence of his people. It is a beautiful custom in the eyes of the natives of high or low degree, confined to no particular tribe, but to be met everywhere along the Coast.

The poor Indians by their generosity reduced themselves to abject poverty while they are alive. White people seldom do it before they die and not always then. We scouts want to emulate the Redman's generosity and good will, without reducing ourselves to a helpless state of poverty and thereby, in a measure, cutting off our power to be of help to others. We want to do our good turn every day, besides doing a *big* good turn on Christmas Day. Santa Claus, with sunshine in his heart, is a good old Scout!

### Remember Kit Carson

Do not forget that this is Kit Carson's Moon and that he was a good old scout and a grandson of Daniel Boone, so do not fail to mention him in your wa-wa, that is your address, oration or speech at the Council Meet.

By the way, I spoke of the tum-tums of the children, using that word as it is used in English, meaning stomachs, but in Chinook tum-tum means the will, the mind, the heart. So in the Carson's Moon when in the Tshis-ki-yu (sky), the Tsil-Tsil of the Kah Sun Yaka Chako, that is when the Star of the East shines in the sky. The star of Bethlehem is a beacon to the scouts of today as it was to the shepherds of old. When it shines your National Scout Commissioner will doff his hat and wish you he-he tum-tum as he repeats, "May the Great Chief above bless you."

*Saghalie Tyee Wa-Wa Kloshe Wa-Wa Mesika!*

# The Quarry Troop's Christmas

(*Continued from page 9*)

forward like a deer. Then her racing instinct seemed to come back to her. She knew what was wanted. The horse ahead must be passed. She stretched her long legs to their utmost and the pace she set made the light sleigh pitch and rock like a ship in a gale. Bruce never used the whip again. Indeed, he tossed it into the road, for he must needs use two hands to govern the flying horse.

The animal ahead was flying, too, and it was a question for a few moments whether the scouts could make up the distance. But Blossom was at her best. Faster and faster she went while town folk stood on the sidewalk and gaped in amazement at the pace she held. The hundred-yard lead was cut down to fifty, now to forty, thirty-five, thirty. Bruce and Bud could see the look of terror on the faces of the girl and the woman in the cutter. Also they could see the reason for the accident. The reins had parted and one short length dangled over the horse's side and slapped him continually on the ribs while the longer section dragged under the cutter.

"We'll make it, Bud, we'll make it. We've *got* to make it. I'll drive like mad. We'll start to pass them and I'll run Blossom as close as I dare and then when we get abreast of the horse you hang out upon the running-board, and jump for the shafts of the cutter. Get astride the horse's back and grab those reins. Get ready, Bud! Out on the running-board, now! Hurry!" cried Bruce.

Blossom was drawing abreast of the cutter. Bud clung to the running-board and crouched for a spring.

"Go it, Blossom," cried Bruce. "Good old girl, go it. Go on, go on. Get ready, Bud—steady—ready now—*jump!*"

BUD reached far out and leaped. One foot struck the shafts. He threw himself forward and grasped the runaway's mane and in an instant he had swung himself astride the horse's back. For a moment all that he could do was cling to the swaying animal. And when the horse felt the extra weight drop upon him he bounded forward like a stag, uttering a shrill whinny of fear.

For a fleeting moment the lad thought of the peril of his position. But when he recalled that the lives of two women depended upon him, he became active. Reaching forward he grasped the broken line and the long one and forced the bit home into the horse's mouth. The animal snorted and plunged. Bud pulled back again. The runaway reared and pawed the air, snorting and shaking its massive head. "Whoa," cried the scout, "whoa, boy,

(*Concluded on Page 27*)

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# What's a Boy Scout?

## A Glimpse of the Life of a Boy Who "Belongs"

*Reprinted from "The Boy Scouts Year Book," just published by D. Appleton & Co.*

A SCOUT! He enjoys a hike through the woods more than he does a walk over the city's streets. He can tell north or south or east or west by the "signs." He can tie a knot that will hold, he can climb a tree which seems impossible to others, he can swim a river, he can pitch a tent, he can mend a tear in his trousers, he can tell you which fruits and seeds are poisonous and which are not, he can sight nut-bearing trees from a distance; if living near ocean or lake he can reef a sail or take his trick at the wheel, and if near any body of water at all he can pull an oar or use paddles and sculls; in the woods he knows the names of birds and animals; in the water he tells you the different varieties of fish.

A SCOUT walks through the woods with silent tread. No dry twigs snap under his feet and no loose stones turn over and throw him off his balance. His eyes are keen and he sees many things that others do not see. He sees tracks and signs which reveal to him the nature and habits of the creatures that made them. He knows how to stalk birds and animals and study them in their natural haunts. He sees much, but is little seen.

A SCOUT, like an old frontiersman, does not shout his wisdom from the housetops. He possesses the quiet power that comes from knowledge. He speaks softly and answers questions modestly. He knows a braggart, but he does not challenge him, allowing the boaster to expose his ignorance by his own loose-wagging tongue.

A SCOUT holds his honor to be his most precious possession, and he would die rather than have it stained. He knows what is his duty and all obligations imposed by duty he fulfills of his own free will. His sense of honor is his only taskmaster, and his honor he guards as jealously as did the knights of old. In this manner a Scout wins the confidence and respect of all people.

A SCOUT can kindle a fire in the forest the wettest day and he seldom uses more than one match. When no matches can be had he can still have a fire, for he knows the secret of the rubbing sticks used by the Indians, and he knows how to start a blaze with only his knife blade and a piece of flint. He knows, also, the danger of forest fires, and he kindles a blaze that will not spread. The fire once started, what a meal he can prepare out there in the open! Just watch him and compare his appetite with that of a boy who lounges at a lunch counter in a crowded city. He knows the unwritten rules of the campfire and he contributes his share to the pleasures of the council. He also knows when to sit silent before the ruddy embers and give his mind free play.

A SCOUT practices self-control, for he knows that men who master problems in the world must first master themselves. He keeps a close guard on his temper and never makes a silly spectacle of himself by losing his head. He keeps a close guard on his tongue, for he knows that loud speech is often a cloak to ignorance, that swearing is a sign of weakness and that untruthfulness shatters the confidence of others. He keeps a close guard on his appetite and eats moderately of food which will make him strong; he never uses alcoholic liquors, because he does not wish to poison his body; he desires a clear, active brain, so he avoids tobacco.

A SCOUT never flinches in the face of danger, for he knows that at such a time every faculty must be alert to preserve his safety and that of others. He knows what to do in case of fire, or panic, or shipwreck; he trains his mind to direct and his body to act. In all emergencies he sets an example of resourcefulness, coolness and courage, and considers the safety of others before that of himself. He is especially considerate of the helpless and weak.

A SCOUT can make himself known to a brother Scout wherever he may be by a method which only Scouts can know. He has brothers in every city in the land and in every country in the world. Wherever he goes he can give his signs and be assured of a friendly welcome. He can talk with a brother Scout without making a sound or he can make known his message by imitating the click of a telegraph key.

A SCOUT is kind to everything that lives. He knows that horses, dogs and cats have their rights and he respects them. A Scout prides himself upon doing "good turns," and no day in his life is complete unless he has been of aid to some person.

A SCOUT does not run away or call for help when an accident occurs. If a person is cut he knows how to stop the flow of blood and gently and carefully bind up the wound. If a person is burned his knowledge tells him how to alleviate the suffering. If anyone is dragged from the water unconscious, a Scout at once sets to work to restore respiration and circulation. He knows that not a minute can be lost.

A SCOUT knows that people expect more of him than they do of other boys and he governs his conduct so that no word of reproach can truthfully be brought against the great brotherhood to which he has pledged his loyalty. He seeks always to make the word "Scout" worthy of the respect of people whose opinions have value. He wears his uniform worthily.

A SCOUT knows his city as well as he knows the trails in the forest. He can guide a stranger wherever he desires to go, and his knowledge of short-cuts saves him many needless steps. He knows where the police stations are located, where the fire-alarm boxes are placed, where the nearest doctor lives, where the hospitals are, and which is the quickest way to reach them. He knows the names of the city officials and the nature of their duties. A Scout is proud of his city and freely offers his services when he can help.

A SCOUT is a patriot and is always ready to serve his country at a minute's notice. He loves OLD GLORY and knows the proper forms of offering it respect. He never permits its folds to touch the ground. He knows how his country is governed and who are the men in high authority. He desires a strong body, an alert mind and an unconquerable spirit, so that he may serve his country in any need. He patterns his life after those of great Americans who have had a high sense of duty and who have served the nation well.

A SCOUT chooses as his motto, "Be Prepared," and he seeks to prepare himself for anything—to rescue a companion, to ford a stream, to gather firewood, to help strangers, to distinguish right from wrong, to serve his fellowmen, his country and his God—always to "BE PREPARED."

# The Quarry Troop's Christmas

(*Continued from page 25*)

steady now," and it seemed as if the animal recognized the authority in his command for the next time the lad reined in the panic-stricken horse slowed up and presently came to a complete standstill and stood trembling like a leaf.

Then, when the scout looked up for the first time, there, not twenty yards away, was the railroad crossing, with the freight train rumbling slowly by.

"FINE work, Bud, fine," cried Bruce, who had pulled in on Blossom the moment the scout had jumped from the sleigh. "Fine work, and—and—gee! but it was a narrow escape."

Indeed it had been a narrow escape. Bud realized it as well as Bruce. And so did the woman and the little girl in the cutter, for their faces were white and they hardly had strength enough left to step from the cutter when Bruce tried to assist them.

"Goodness me, what a day—what a day," said the woman, trembling with nervousness. And when the little girl heard this she began to cry.

"Oh, mother, I'm unhappy, too," she wept. "Poor Nanny, poor Nanny, just think she's been burned to death, and all because you and father sent me to school last September. Oh, mother, mother, it's terrible. And then the horse acting up like that. I—I—oh, Mr.—er—Mr. Boy Scout, do you know anything about old Nanny—Nanny Haskell? She was my dear nurse. Last Fall she left our house in St. Cloud because my father and mother sent me to school down in Boston. She—she—oh, dear!—she said she wouldn't live in St. Cloud without me, because she would be too lonesome, so she came back to her old farm in the woods here, where she hadn't been for ten years, and—now—oh, dear! oh, dear!—it burned down—and—Nanny must have been burned to death."

"Why—why—no—no, she wasn't burned to death," said Bruce, when he fully understood, "she—she—why she's over in the Woodbridge hospital. That big building over there on Willow street. We found her and took her there, and she wasn't a bit hurt, only sick, that's all."

"What! is she alive—really—honest—Nanny Haskell—boy, you're sure?" cried the woman excitedly. "We—we—came over today to get her and bring her back to St. Cloud. We wanted to tell her that Genevieve had come home from Boston to stay, and that we wanted her to come back with us on Christmas Eve and live with us for good. Are you sure——?"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure. I helped bring her into town," said Bruce.

"Then come, mother, come. I must see old Nanny and cheer her up. The boys will take care of the horse and put him in a stable. Won't you, boys?" said Genevieve, excitedly.

"Sure—Bud will fix the reins and drive him to the hotel stable. Come into my sleigh and I'll take you to the hospital," said Bruce.

A COLD wind was driving powdery flakes out of the darkness overhead when the Woodbridge town folk began to gather in the square to celebrate their first community Christmas. The scouts were there early, for, besides the fact that several of them had the task of taking care of the electric switches that controlled the lights on the big tree, the rest of the troop had been delegated to police the square.

The ceremonies were supposed to begin at eight o'clock, but by half-past seven the big platform was filled with visitors, officials and prominent townsmen. The orchestra had arrived, too, and taken its place and the chorus of four hundred school children stood waiting, song books in hand. The big square was literally jammed by joyous men and women and shivering, though none the less enthusiastic, youngsters. And over these thousand or more silence reigned and every eye was fastened on the tall somber looking tree.

Then came the signal from the Mayor. The next moment the orchestra leader swung his baton and the orchestra rang forth. Simultaneously the voices of the children took up the opening bars of a good old English Christmas carol. This was the cue the four scouts at the switches were waiting for. One by one they jammed the tiny rubber covered connections home and in circuits of eight and twelve, the colored lamps on the great tree began to twinkle until it was a blaze of glory from the lowermost branches to the great glittering star on the top.

What a wave of applause greeted this illumination. Then someone in the throng took up the carol the children were singing and in a moment thousands of throats were pouring forth the happiness of Yuletide. The people's enthusiasm seemed boundless.

But though the lights of the great tree revealed joyous countenances everywhere, the scouts could single out three in the group on the platform that seemed far happier than the rest. In truth, tears of joy were coursing down old Nanny Haskell's cheeks as she sat there hugging the form of Genevieve to her and listening to the rejoicing of the vast throng. And close beside them, her arm about the old nurse's shoulder, sat a very happy mother.

All through the ceremonies they stayed, lingering even till the lights on the big tree began to go out in groups. And when the star on the top, after a preliminary wink, went dark too, they turned and made their way slowly across the square to where their cutter, a hired driver in the seat, stood waiting.

"WELL, fellows," said Bruce, as with a jingle of bells the sleigh started in the direction of St. Cloud City, "I guess old Nanny's Christmas won't be such a sad one after all, thanks to Bud, here."

And then with boisterous shouts of "Merry Christmas, everybody," the scouts all started for home.

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Mail the coupon today for our handsome book that shows how Carom or Pocket Billiards starts a riot frolic that never lets up till bedtime.

**Superb Brunswick Home**

## Billiard Tables

Made of rare and beautiful woods in sizes to fit all homes. The "Grand," "Baby Grand" and "Convertibles" have long been conceded the finest and fastest home tables in the world.

Our new "Quick Demountable" is made by the same skilled men and methods. Yet here is the table that you can set up anywhere in a jiffy and put aside when not in use. Not a toy, but a scientific table with life! speed! and accuracy!

**$27 Up—Pay 10c a Day**

Our prices are now the lowest in all our history because we are making these tables for thousands—$27 upward. You can pay monthly till the table is paid for—as little as 10c a day!

**30-Day Trial—Outfit FREE**

Select the table you want. We let you try it 30 days.

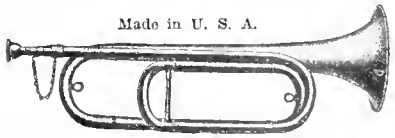
We also include Complete High Class Playing Outfit FREE—Balls, Cues, Markers, Cue-Clamps, Chalk, Expert Book of 33 games, etc. Our handsome color-catalog shows all tables, prices and full details. Sent free to any boy. Mail the coupon at once, while these books last.

**Send This For Billiard Book FREE**

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 21L, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.
Send free postpaid your color-catalog
**"Billiards—The Home Magnet"**
and tell about your free home trial offer.
Name .....
Address ..... (483)

## $4.50 Bugles for Boy Scouts

Made in U. S. A.



Built in C with slide to F. Length, fifteen inches. Highly polished brass with silver plated mouthpiece—same model as used by U. S. M. C. Made to give service and especially well suited for Boy Scouts.

Get your Scoutmaster to O. K. order and we will ship one of these bugles subject to three days' trial. If found satisfactory send us $4.50; if not satisfactory, return bugle.

A Useful and Appropriate Christmas Present.

**J. W. YORK & SONS** Grand Rapids, Michigan

*Mention* BOYS' LIFE *in answering advertisements*

# The Cave Scout

F. J. P

Getting Down to Hard Pan on Tips.

HEY there, Scouts! Merry Christmas! Come in here by the fire; there's no use of your trying to hide. I can see you dodging round out there!

Are you all inside? All right. That's fine. Now pull that curtain shut, for this old fire place sometimes smokes in a strong draught.

I suppose when you came sneaking up to the cave a minute ago you were playing that old game we used to play on the farm where I lived when I was a boy. There was always great competition on Christmas morning to see who should be the first to shout a Christmas greeting to other members of the family. I used to go stealthily down stairs early in the morning with my shoes in my hand, but Mother was always too quick for me. But I used to even things up with my sister. (You fellows who have sisters know how girls like to lay abed in the morning.)

Well, after everybody in the family had been properly "Merry Christmased," I would go scouting down through the edge of the timber to the neighboring farm where "Net's folks" lived. I had to be mighty careful or their old dog would come barking to meet me, and I had to step softly in the snow to keep it from squeaking under my shoes. But I'd slowly work my way around the old straw shed where "Uncle Net" was milking the cows and then suddenly jump through the door and shout "Merry Christmas!" Then I'd try to get to the horse barn where Charley was doing the chores and surprise him in the same way. Next I'd manoeuver around to the kitchen where "Aunt Eunice" was getting breakfast ready and shout "Merry Christmas!" through the key-hole. Then I'd streak it for home where I knew Mother was building up a stack of buckwheat cakes and home-made sausage.

Yes, I know you chaps in the city have a big time on Christmas, but you needn't feel sorry for the boys in the country!

---

Well, if we're going to do anything at all today with scout questions it's time we got started. Let's see what's in the question hole.

Hm-m, here's a mighty interesting letter. It brings up the question of tips. But I notice this request, "I prefer not mentioning any names." Well, I'll explain the case to you briefly and then we'll talk it over.

Here's a scout who works outside of school hours delivering packages for a drug store. He is always courteous and obliging and a number of people have made a practice of giving him a nickel or a dime whenever he calls. But since he has become a scout he has refused to accept these tips.

What's that I hear? "He's all right?" "He's a good scout?"

Of course I knew you'd say that, but there is another feature of this case that makes it more complicated. You see the scout's mother wants him to take these tips and she thinks he is foolish for not doing so. She even called on the Scout Executive of her city and asked him to tell her boy that he could accept this money. She explained that they are not rich and that her boy is saving his tips to help him get an education.

Well, that seems to put a different face on the problem, doesn't it? Still, I wonder if it makes any real difference after all? Let's talk it over.

---

All of us sort of "feel it in our bones" that there is something wrong about taking tips. And whenever we have a feeling like that, scouts, the chances are ten to one that there is some good reason for it. Well, let's see if we can't get right down to the bottom of this tipping business and find out what is the matter.

Wonder how the tipping system ever got started anyway? Something like this, I imagine: In the olden days when every country was run by kings and lords, it was the fashion for persons of noble birth to make a lavish display of their wealth. In travelling through the country, it was their custom to scatter coins among the populace. While visiting other nobles it was the common practice to give money to the servants of their hosts. But these gifts were always given in a haughty manner, calculated to impress the people with the exhalted station of the donor, and the recipients of their bounty invariably acknowledged its receipt with some act of servitude. The whole proceeding tended to emphasize the vast chasm existing between persons of noble and of humble birth.

---

Old customs, you know, stick to society tighter than sand-burrs to a shaggy pup, so there is nothing surprising in the fact that we have in our modern society a remnant of this ancient custom of the "nobility." Tipping may have been all right when society was built up on the nobility plan, but it is as out of place in our modern, democratic country as a British flag on Bunker Hill on the Fourth of July.

Let's consider, briefly, the reasons why people give tips.

Some persons, like the old nobles, like to make a show of their wealth, and by a lavish expenditure of money in public they advertise not only the size of their "roll," but their vulgarity and lack of good taste. They delight in hearing people say: "Look at those folks over there! Why, they spend money like water. They must have skads of it!"

Others believe that by giving tips they can be assured of some special attention. But this is nothing more nor less than pure bribery, and it is unfair to persons who cannot afford to give tips, for the persons who receive the tips are employed to render the best service they can give to all alike, whether they receive tips or not. Such tips carry with them this implied statement: "Here, let those people over there go hang, even if they have paid for a reasonable portion of your service. I want more than my share of your attention, even though I have no right to demand it. I want to pay you to neglect your real duty and to buy some of your time that really belongs to somebody else."

Then there are people who give tips "because it's the custom." This is cowardice. They are afraid not to give tips because they think people will call them "cheap skates."

---

But the people who give tips are not hurt half so much as those who receive them. Tips are always given by superiors to inferiors. When a man offers a tip to another man, or a boy, he practically says to him, "Here, take this money. It is a token that I occupy a higher station in life than you do—that you are my inferior and that I expect you to keep your place."

And when a man or boy accepts a tip he practically answers, "I acknowledge myself to be your inferior and I humbly accept your gracious bounty."

Gee whiz! fellows, it is simply impossible to accept a tip and maintain complete independence! Any man or boy who accepts a tip IS inferior, because he admits it himself!

I don't think that any boy with any gumption and grit and backbone and independence wants to admit that he is inferior to anybody, especially when he lives in the United States, where democracy is the foundation stone of our country. And that is the reason why no real scout would take a tip. Self-respect is worth more than all the tips ever given!

---

And don't think for a minute that it is a question of occupation. You can sell papers, or shine shoes or deliver messages or bundles, and as long as you have your own self-respect you can look people square in the eye and assert your independence and command their respect. But as soon as you accept tips, down you go into the class of fawning, flattering boot-lickers.

So whatever the temptation may be, scouts, don't sell your American birthright of independence and when people offer you tips reject them courteously but firmly. Independence is the only requirement for a position in American nobility, and any boy can have that!

---

I know we will all feel like saying to this scout who is standing up for his principles so bravely: "Bully for you, old man! You're the real stuff! Hang to it! And don't worry about the education fund. A fellow with a spirit like yours will find a way, all right, without putting a blight on his character. We're all blamed proud of you!"

I tell you, fellows, it's great to have some principles to fight for!

---

Several scouts have letters here in the question hole which are not signed. The Cave Scout has repeatedly stated that anonymous letters will not be answered here. If "B. S. A.," of West Graham, Va., and "O. C. H.," of Chicago, will send their

names and addresses to the Cave Scout, their questions will be answered in Boys' Life or by letter. The Cave Scout never betrays any confidences, and never mentions any names when he is requested not to.

Well, I guess we've had about all we can digest in one day so I'll say once more, "Merry Christmas!" And may you all have good luck—in bunches!

THE CAVE SCOUT.

## Scouts Climb Mountain Two Miles High

Members of Troops 1 and 2, Heber, Utah, may now qualify as first-class mountain climbers. In the late summer they hiked eighteen miles to Aspen Grove, at the foot of Mount Timpanogas, where they made camp. The following day thirty-seven scouts and four scoutmasters started the exciting climb of 11,957 feet to the top of this mountain. The trail to the summit leads over steep ledges and rocky cliffs, up steep snow and ice banks and across a perpetual glacier one mile long. The climb requires such endurance that none but those in the best physical condition attempt it, but thirty-six members of this party reached the top. Coming down was less strenuous and more laughable. Each scout straddled his staff and slid down the steep snow banks.

## An Efficient Boston Scout

We have had several inquiries for the name of the scout whose picture appeared in the November number of Boys' Life, showing him in conversation with Governor Walsh in the executive chamber of the Massachusetts capitol.

This boy is Scout Donald B. Alexander of Troop 39, Boston. He is a first class, merit badge scout and a senior patrol leader. When a number of Boston scouts were selected to go on duty on Saturday afternoons in Governor Walsh's office, Scout Alexander was one of the first scouts to be selected. He was also one of the eight chosen by competition from Greater Boston to work on the government trail constructed by scouts in the White Mountains in the summer of 1914. This year he was awarded one of the two scholarships open to scouts of Greater Boston at Greenwich Academy. Scout Alexander's name has just been added to the subscription list of Boys' Life.

## From the Mexican Border

The scouts down near the border line of Mexico are feeling the effects of the Mexican Revolutions, as the following extracts from a recent letter from Scout Scribe Donald Martin, of San Benito, Tex., show.

"No doubt the scout official in headquarters who reads this will have seen in the papers something of the situation that this country is in. There have been several battles with the U. S. troops and several murders by lawless Mexicans within a few miles of San Benito, which is only eight miles from the Mexican border. The condition is very bad to say the least.

"Of course it has an effect on scout work. We cannot hike and it is hard to get an attendance at meetings."

## Deaf Boys Become Scouts

Two troops of scouts have been organized in the Kentucky School for the Deaf, under the authority of the Danville, Kentucky, Local Council. There are sixteen members in each troop.

# Weavers of Speech

Upon the magic looms of the Bell System, tens of millions of telephone messages are daily woven into a marvelous fabric, representing the countless activities of a busy people.

Day and night, invisible hands shift the shuttles to and fro, weaving the thoughts of men and women into a pattern which, if it could be seen as a tapestry, would tell a dramatic story of our business and social life.

In its warp and woof would mingle success and failure, triumph and tragedy, joy and sorrow, sentiment and shop-talk, heart emotions and million-dollar deals.

The weavers are the 70,000 Bell operators. Out of sight of the subscribers, these weavers of speech sit silently at the switchboards, swiftly and skillfully interlacing the cords which guide the human voice over the country in all directions.

Whether a man wants his neighbor in town, or some one in a far away state; whether the calls come one or ten a minute, the work of the operators is ever the same—making direct, instant communication everywhere possible.

This is Bell Service. Not only is it necessary to provide the facilities for the weaving of speech, but these facilities must be vitalized with the skill and intelligence which, in the Bell System, have made Universal Service the privilege of the millions.

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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"Ideal" accurate Scale Drawings and knocked down parts will enable you to build EASILY exact 3 ft. **Flying** Models **of those Aeroplanes, now** used in the European **War. America Must Rely On Her Boys** to develop her Aeroplanes. Study Aeronautics. Build a model man-carrying machine. We will send you 3 ft. Scale Drawings with **building & flying** instructions at following prices:

Curtiss Flying Boat.....25c
" **Military Tractor**.....25c
" Hydroaeroplane .....35c
Nieuport Monoplane.....25c
Bleriot Monoplane.....15c
**Taube Monoplane**.....25c
Wright Biplane.....26c
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**Complete Set of Eight, $1.60 Postpaid**
JUST OUT--1916 cat. of Model Aeroplanes & Supplies, 50pp., 5c
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**Leedawl COMPASS** FOR CHRISTMAS

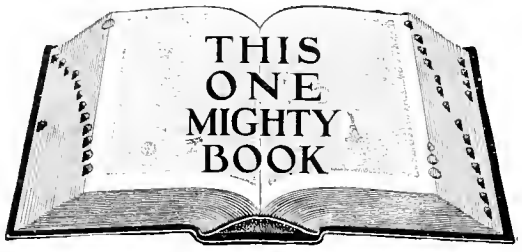
A very useful gift that appeals to every boy. Ask your dealer for the Leedawl—the only guaranteed, jewelled compass at $1.00. If he does not have them, remit direct to us. Send for free folder C-15 or 10c for book, "The Compass, The Sign Post of the World."

*Taylor Instrument Companies* Rochester, N. Y.
*Makers of Scientific Instruments of Superiority*

**BOYS** Earn Christmas money. Send for 25 XMAS PACKAGES. Each pack, containing 48 assorted Xmas Seals, Cards and Tags. Sell for 10 cents each. When sold, send us $1.50 and keep $1.00. We trust you. CHRISTMAS CARD CO., Dept. A, Beverly, Mass.

# Scouting in the Dictionary!

## A Great Contest, with $100.00 in Prizes for Forty-four Winners




WHAT'S the biggest book you ever saw? The dictionary, of course. You have all seen it—most of you see it nearly every day standing alone on its spindley legs in the corner of your schoolroom, or on the reading table in your home.

What a story book it is—full of thoughts that have come down to us from the days when myths were common, thoughts that were born of wars, of crimes, of great religious crusades, of laboratory research into the deep mysteries of life, of school boys' play. For all words are thoughts put into letters.

Bigger and bigger grows the dictionary year after year, until today it contains 3,000 pages and 450,000 words, all different, all expressing different thoughts.

What do you think about it? You cannot tell *exactly* what you think unless you know the words that represent your thoughts. You cannot tell what you think about anything—about a football game, a hockey match, a moving picture show, a book you have read, a lesson you have studied, the food you eat—unless you know just the words to express it. And did you ever think you thought something, then, looking in the dictionary, find that you did not think that way at all—that words you had in mind, or spoke or wrote, meant something you didn't mean at all? That's a common experience, even of grown-ups who did not learn to use the dictionary when they were your age.

Now Boys' Life has a game for you nimble-witted boys. It will be great fun, and will open a new world of words to you—words which forever after will be yours, to use when you write or talk or merely think.

### The Contest

Here's the game—a contest:

Take the letters in the words, Boy Scouts of America, and see how many words you can form from them.

This is the way you can start:

Out is to be found in scOUTs.

Fame you can make up from oF AMErica.

You from boY scOUts.

We will go further in starting you on the hunt by giving you the following so as to show you a convenient way of arranging the words:

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

Buy, bear, bait.
Out, oats, obscure.
Yes, year, yucca.
Suit, sore, scarce.
Come, cocoa, corset.
Use, ubiety, umber.
Team, tear, torso.
Fist, first, feast.
Are, arc, armor.
My, must, mace.
Far, east, embryo.
Race, rest, roast.
It, ice, imbue.

You can start with the words given above (the judges will count them in). Others you can find for your list in newspapers, magazines, story books, school books, but the best place to get them is, of course, in the dictionary. Whenever you discover a word for your list that is new to you, make *very* sure that when you write it down you know exactly what it means; then nobody can take that word from you.

## The Prizes

Which Will You Win?

First Prize: The Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary—a book of more than 3,000 pages, containing 450,000 words and phrases and their definitions, and 7,000 illustrations; including 60 full page illustrations, many of them in colors; bound in full morocco; value.... $30.00

Second Prize: The Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary, same as above, but with 53 full page illustrations; bound in antique Spanish lamb; value..... 27.00

Third Prize: The Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary, same as above, but with 40 full page illustrations and bound in sheep; value. 12.00

Fourth Prize: The Desk Standard Dictionary—720 pages, 80,000 words and phrases and their definitions, and 1,000 illustrations; value ..... 2.25

Fifth Prize: The Comprehensive Dictionary — 720 pages, 48,000 words and phrases and their definitions, and 1,000 illustrations; value ..... 1.25

Sixth Prize: The Concise Standard Dictionary — 589 pages, 38,133 words and phrases and their definitions, and 780 illustrations; value ..... .85

Eighteen Prizes (seventh to twenty-fourth inclusive): Each one year's subscription to Boys' Life, the Boy Scouts' Magazine, value ($1.00 each) ..... 18.00

Twenty Prizes (twenty-fifth to forty-fourth, inclusive): Each one a book selected from Every Boy's Library, Boy Scout Edition; value (50 cents each)..... 10.00

### The Rules.

Of course the game has rules; if it didn't it would not be a game—it would be a sort of rough-house, and no one could ever tell who came out ahead.

The boy who sends in the largest number of words, in accordance with the rules, will receive the first prize. The second prize will be awarded to the boy who sends in the second largest list, the third prize for the third largest list, and so on.

In case of a tie for any of the prizes, the prize will be sent to each contestant so tied. Those winning books from Every Boys' Library will receive a complete list of 40 books in that Library from which to make selections.

The Judges will be the Editors of Boys' Life, in collaboration with the Editors of The New Standard Dictionary.

We will agree, of course, that no letters can be used except those in the four words, Boy Scouts of America.

That in any single word you write, the letters cannot be used more often than they occur in these four words, That is, only one *y, b, u, t, m, e, i,* can be used in one word; *s, c,* and *a,* not more than twice in one word; *o,* not more than three times in one word. No word may appear in your list more than once.

No word will be counted that is not found in a modern dictionary of the English language; and it is understood and agreed by contestants that in deciding any question that may arise as to the correctness of a word used, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is to be the sole arbiter.

*Do not write* plural forms, they will not be counted. *Do not write* compound words, foreign words not in active use in English, abbreviations, names of persons, obsolete words, misspelled words—they will not be counted.

(Note: If you were to use both the singular and, by adding an *s,* the plural forms of the words, you would almost double your work and the work of the judges without adding any new words. Obsolete, that is, dead words are marked with a cross (†) in the New Standard Dictionary and *Obs.* in some other dictionaries.

The contest is open to all boys who have not reached their 18th birthday.

Contestants may consult with parents, teachers or friends about the contest, but the lists must actually be compiled and written by the contestants themselves.

The words must be written in ink or on typewriter, on only one side of the paper.

Arrange the words in the order in which their first letters occur first in the words Boy Scouts of America; that is in the order in the list above: B, O, Y, S, C, U, T, F, A, M, E, R, I. At the end of the list under each letter, the contestant should write distinctly the number of words in that list.

At the top of the first page must be written the name, age and address of the contestant and the total number of words he submits in this contest.

Do not include in the contest letter any information or question about any other subject.

Papers may be folded or sent flat, but must not be rolled.

All lists must be in the office of Boys' Life by February 15, 1916.

The prize winners will be announced in Boys' Life as soon as the judges can complete their work.

It is understood by contestants that individual acknowledgment of contest lists cannot be made, or information given to contestants in advance of publication in the magazine. If you put your own name and address on the envelope containing your list, and sufficient postage (lists should be sent by first class mail), it will reach Boys' Life, or the Post Office will return it to you.

Contributions which are not sent in accordance with the rules will be disqualified.

Address all contest lists to

Word Contest Editor, BOYS' LIFE,
200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

## The Boy Scouts' Clock

By James Yeames.

Scouts, you have all learned the twelve laws. Yes, twelve of them—just as many as the hours on the face of the dial. Why should not every hour as it strikes remind you of your oath and duty as a scout?

When the clock strikes one, or when your eye rests on the hand pointing straight to that lone figure, the hour rings out, "You are the ONE I *Trust* as *Worthy* of my confidence," and you look at your badge and say to yourself, "I am the ONE you may tie to, Trustworthy in word and in deed."

TWO reminds you to be LOYAL *to* (2!) Flag, Country, Friends, and the Truth.

THREE—see the three fingers of the HELPFUL hand in salute!

FOUR—Four links in the FRIENDLY chain.

FIVE, C-O-U-R-T-(5 letters)-E-O-U-S, by the sign of the lifted hat.

SIX—KIND, "Have a Heart," fellows!

SEVEN—The Tablets of the Law—equal to the two Great Commandments of love of God and love to Man; and, duty is love obedient.

EIGHT—CHEERFUL! See that smile! The ribbon with the motto has it. Keep smiling!

NINE—Busy bees, THRIFTY bees. Working, storing. "Neither waster nor miser am I."

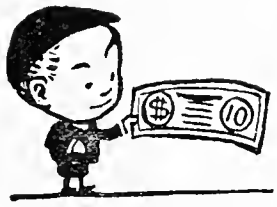
TEN—Sword and shield; BRAVE to stand or to strike for truth and the right.

ELEVEN—Clear, crystal water, gushing from the fountain; CLEAN thoughts, words, life!

TWELVE—"REVERENCE for God and things holy."

So, boys, every hour the clock strikes it reminds us of our obligation. Ours is a chiming clock, and at the hours it rings out: Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean, Reverent!

Hear the bells!

# Ten Dollars for a Boy Who Sells Things

What do you sell—newspapers, chocolate, books, bicycles, soap?

Whatever you sell, write us about it. We want to tell other schoolboys how they may earn while they learn.

## FOR THE BOY'S LETTER

which contains the best story about what he himself sells, how he sells it and what he does with his earnings we will pay

## TEN DOLLARS

Your letter must be about what *you yourself have sold.* It must not contain more than 350 words, must include your name, street and city address, and must be in our hands before January, 15. If you are a Boy Scout your letter must give the name and address of your Scoutmaster and of the number of Scouts in your Troop.

A beautiful silk American flag will be given to every boy from whom we receive a letter telling all about what he sells; and to the writer of the best letter we will send $10.00.

Address your letter to

*Vocational Section, Desk 181*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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**Learn Watchwork, Jewelrywork and Engraving.** A fine trade commanding a good salary, and your services are always in demand. Address HOROLOGICAL Department, Bradley Institute, Peoria, Ill., for our latest catalog.

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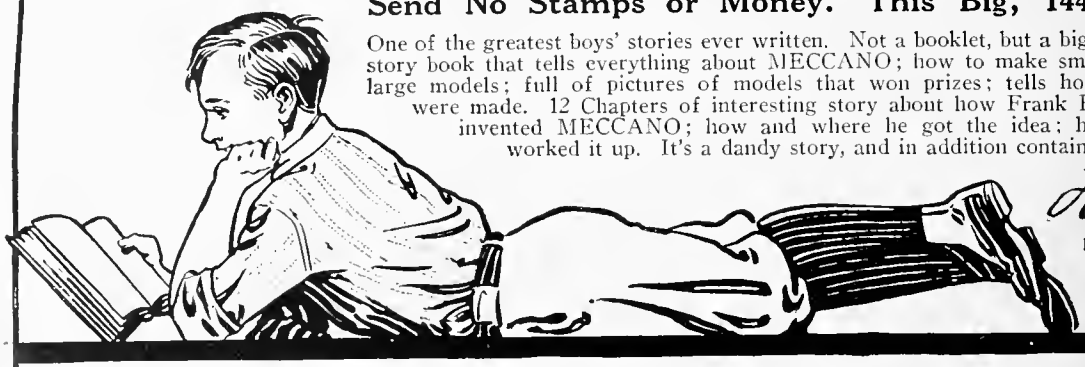
# FREE—Boys' Big Story

## Send No Stamps or Money. This Big, 144 P

One of the greatest boys' stories ever written. Not a booklet, but a big, thick story book that tells everything about MECCANO; how to make small and large models; full of pictures of models that won prizes; tells how they were made. 12 Chapters of interesting story about how Frank Hornby invented MECCANO; how and where he got the idea; how he worked it up. It's a dandy story, and in addition contains com



Frank
Pr
MECCA
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71 West
New

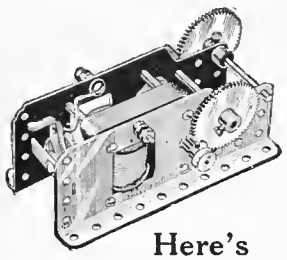
### What This Great Book Contains

This isn't like a regular catalogue Boys. It tells all about MECCANO; but it's also a wonderful story about the success of a great inventor. Tells how he started, how he fought against failure, how he invented this toy, how he made it and how he finally won success. Other boys say it is the finest book they ever read. Get it now and see what you think of it.

## Boys—Get MECCANO for Christmas!

# MECC

## *Builds All Kinds of Model*



### Here's the MECCANO Gear-and-Shaft Drive Electric Motor

It makes your models run like real, big machines. It's the most powerful toy electric motor made. Will lift 30 pounds. Connects direct to your models and drives by gear wheels and shafting—no belt to slip. It's a dandy and isn't equaled for power, speed or reliability.

Motor shown above has starting, reversing and stopping lever. Included in outfit No. 3x ($7.50). Sold separate for $3.00. Same motor, without control lever and with fewer gears, included in outfits No. 1x (3.00) and No. 2x ($5.00). Sold separate for $1.50. Get one of these electric motors and double your fun.

Boys—You can build any kind of a model you want to with MECCANO. Large or small, simple or complicated ones; big, sturdy toys that it's *real* fun to play with.

MECCANO parts are made with equidistant holes (½ inch apart), so you can fasten them together in a whole lot more ways. Every MECCANO part is inter-change-able. You can change each part around as much as you like. That is why you can build so many more models with MECCANO.

MECCANO is mechanically correct and builds models that faithfully duplicate real things—anything you can think of. MECCANO parts are all ready to use; you don't have to put them together before you start to build.

You get more and better parts with MECCANO, too boys! Flanged and Sector plates, girders, flat strips of many sizes, vent strips, lots of rods, brass gears, wheels, pulleys, couplings, cranks and many useful parts you won't find elsewhere. MECCANO is the original and leading constructional toy. The one you can have the most fun with and that shows you the most about real engineering.

## 10,000 Models

were entered in the last prize contest; just think of all the models that can be built with MECCANO. You can win a prize this year in our

### $1,000.00 Prize Contest Now On

Get an entry blank at any store that sells MECCANO; it tells you just what to do. Ask for one and enter your models in the contest. And don't forget to send for Frank Hornby's book! See Free Offer above.

### MECCANO Ready to and

### *Boys—Get Busy With MECCANO*

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SEND FOR PRIZE MODEL MANUAL FREE

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plete information about MECCANO. Size 3½ in. x 5½ in., cloth bound. This book sent absolutely free to any boy. *Don't send any money or stamps.* Simply write the names and addresses of five boys you know on a postal card and mail it. That's all you have to do to get this fine book. *Send the names now. Don't wait!* Do it right away and get the book before Christmas.

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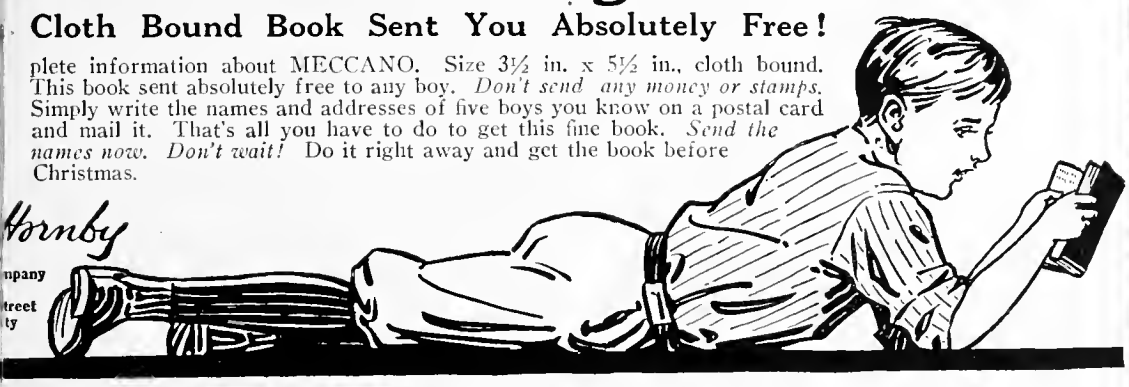

# ANO

## Boys—MECCANO Builds More and Better Models!

## *Easier, Quicker and Better*

## Girders are se; Strong Rigid.

Boys—You can build real working models with MECCANO; high towers with electric elevators, derricks that hoist heavy loads, cranes that swing them around, bridges that open and close, steam shovels that you can dig with. You can work them all with the MECCANO Electric Motor. It does more than turn the wheels; it actually works, lifts 30 pounds. That's where the fun is—making your models do real work.

MECCANO this year is bigger and better than ever—it leads 'em all! The 1915 improvements are wonders. The new MECCANO Girder Strips make it easy for you to build big models. You can see how they work on the tower the boy is building; they come in two sizes: 5½ inches long and 12½ inches long.

The Inventor's Accessory Outfit is another new improvement. If you have MECCANO, you should get this outfit. Costs $2.00 and contains big three-inch wheels, girder strips, sprocket wheels, chains and other fine parts that you want, and which can be used with any MECCANO model.

## MECCANO

### With Electric Motor as low as $3.00

You can get a MECCANO outfit, including the most powerful and reliable toy electric motor made, for as little as $3.00; also larger outfits with motors for $5.00 and $7.50. When you visit the Toy Department, or any store that sells MECCANO, be sure and look at the outfits. Look for the MECCANO box shown above; there is only one MECCANO and there isn't anything just the same. See the new Improvements, too, that make MECCANO the leader of them all.

### Sold by all dealers

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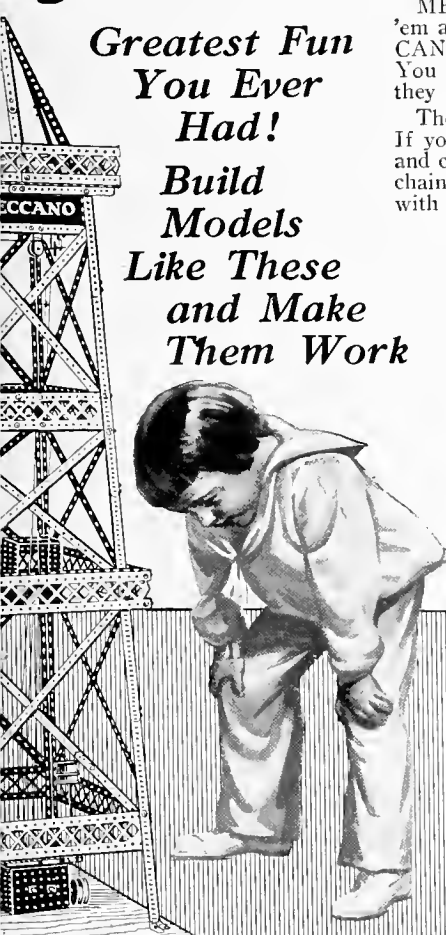
| Outfit No. 0 | $1.00 |
| Outfit No. 1 | 2.00 |
| Outfit No. 1x with Electric Motor | 3.00 |
| Outfit No. 2 | 4.00 |
| Outfit No. 2x with Electric Motor | 5.00 |
| Outfit No. 3 | 6.00 |
| Outfit No. 3x with Electric Motor | 7.50 |
| Outfit No. 4 Spring Motor Free | 10.00 |
| Young Inventor's Accessory Outfit | 2.00 |

Others at $14.00, $18.00 and $36.00.

## *Greatest Fun You Ever Had!*

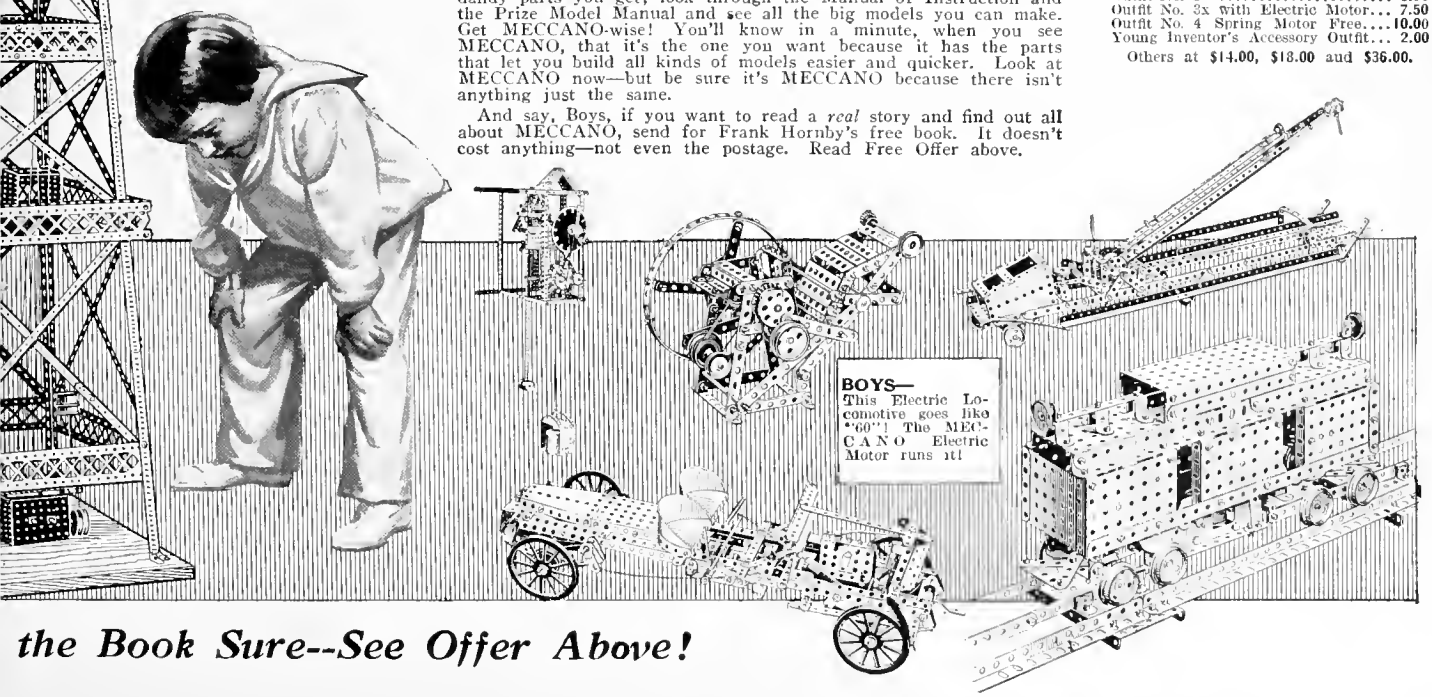
## *Build Models Like These and Make Them Work*




## Boys—See MECCANO at Your Dealers

Look at the fine outfits. See all the new improvements and the dandy parts you get; look through the Manual of Instruction and the Prize Model Manual and see all the big models you can make. Get MECCANO-wise! You'll know in a minute, when you see MECCANO, that it's the one you want because it has the parts that let you build all kinds of models easier and quicker. Look at MECCANO now—but be sure it's MECCANO because there isn't anything just the same.

And say, Boys, if you want to read a *real* story and find out all about MECCANO, send for Frank Hornby's free book. It doesn't cost anything—not even the postage. Read Free Offer above.




*the Book Sure--See Offer Above!*

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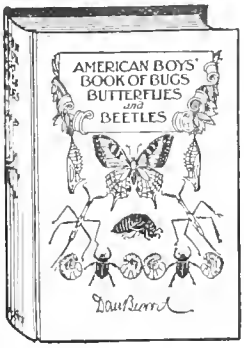


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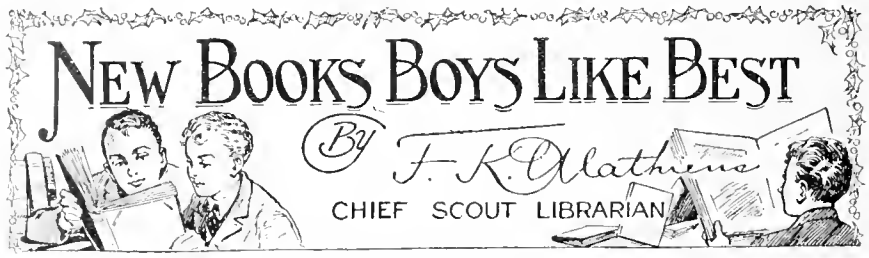


A WONDERFUL story is "The Lost Prince" (Century Co.) by Frances Hodgson Burnett. The letter sent with the book describes it so well, I must quote a part of it:

The boy hero is a prince who does not know he is one, though he has always the noble image of a prince before him; and he makes his way through Europe in the guise of a stalwart little tramp, secretly carrying a sign and a message to stray men in crowded streets, at palace gates, in forests and on mountain sides—he himself ignorant of all but that he must obey and pass on in silence.

He must obey, for as a little lad of twelve one day his father gave him a big bared sword, and stood erect before him.

"Repeat these words after me, sentence by sentence," his father commanded.

"The sword in my hand—for Samavia!"

"The heart in my breast—for Samavia!"

"The swiftness of my sight, the thought of my brain, the life of my life—for Samavia!"

"Here grows a man for Samavia!"

"God be thanked."

That is the oath the little lost prince swore, and he kept it unafraid to the very end of his life. Such a beautiful story it is—how I wish every boy everywhere might be privileged to read "The Lost Prince."

### Heroes All

"Treasure Island!" Who wrote it? Of course—Stevenson. And what was his front name? Robert, and his middle name was Louis, you say. Fine, indeed, but how much more do you know about the wonderful man who has given to this and succeeding generations one of the very finest stories ever written for boys?

Jacqueline Overton's "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson" (Charles Scribner's Sons) tells about him in a most entertaining way. You know Stevenson's father and grandfather before him were lighthouse builders and that's how it is that he knows so much about the sea. Then, too, he lived for a long time in the South Sea Islands, where he had such thrilling experiences with the natives. And did you know he spent quite a little time in our own country, once as an "amateur emigrant," as he called himself, and again, when quite sick, in the Adirondack Mountains, where he wrote some of his best-known books? But I am not going to tell you any more. I promise you if you will only read "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson" you will find it a treasure, if not a "Treasure Island."

*Remember the Alamo!*

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead." That's what Davy Crockett said, and what he preached he practiced, particularly as regards the "go ahead." How you do like to read about such men, you boys. You are so constantly "on the go" yourselves, that that kind of a boy or man is always sure to interest you.

In the series, "True Stories of Great Americans" (The Macmillan Co.), William C. Sprague tells of the adventureful life of Davy Crockett. How interesting it is you will learn when you run over the chapter headings: "Scouting in the Creek War"; "Fighting the Indians"; "Perils of Pioneers"; "Davy as a Bear Hunter." But why tell you more? Surely this is enough to make you just hungry to read the life story of the pioneer patriot who died so gloriously defending the Alamo.

*"Bobs"—Who Was He?*

You boys well know, I hope, of such of England's great soldiers as Nelson and Wellington, and no doubt many another's of lesser fame. In later days "Bobs" was the nick-name of one of her best beloved generals. In "The Boys' Life of Lord Roberts" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), by Harold F. B. Wheeler, there's a record crowned with valiant deeds and noble actions. Boys who read this book, in a most entertaining way, will learn much of England's history during the last fifty years.

*Our Own Heroes*

In "The Young Heroes of the American Navy" (W. A. Wilde & Co.) Commander Thomes A. Parker, U. S. N., tells of our great commanders who as boys in the navy had such startling experiences and who won so often in the face of terrible odds. There is the story of "The Captain Who Won with a Beaten Ship." Who do you think that was? And "The Man with Nine Lives," is another story. I am willing to give you all nine guesses as to who that was. "How Bagley Met Death with a Smile," is another thrilling chapter. But so are they all thrilling, as you are sure to find if by some good fortune "The Young Heroes of the American Navy" should come into your possession.

*The Life Savers*

"The Boy with the U. S. Life Savers" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard) is the seventh volume of the "U. S. Service Series," by Francis Rolt-Wheeler. The book is profusely illustrated from photographs supplied by the U. S. Government Bureau, and makes yet more interesting the story of how our Government cares for the lives of its citizens by means of the Coast Guard.

The rescue of the engineer trapped on a burning ship and the pluck of the man who built the Smith Point Lighthouse is sure to make you feel like giving a cheer or something like that, which you boys give when you are mightily pleased.

### Boy Scout Stories

Is this to be a meeting of bandits or Indians or Boy Scouts? Because if it's Boy Scouts, I have just fried a batch of doughnuts, but I don't suppose Indians or bandits care for such things.

That's the proper way to begin a book, don't you think? It's one of the opening sentences in Charles P. Burton's "Camp Bob's Hill" (Henry Holt & Co.). Some of you boys have read about "The Boys of Bob's Hill"; and how the Band (gang), with Skinny Miller as leader, was organized into Raven Patrol.

Now, in the latest of the series, "Camp Bob's Hill,"

Mr. Burton portrays with vivid accuracy the exciting doings of the same fine bunch of boys, only this time they have their good time camping on Long Lake in Indiana.

They named their camp Bob's Hill, and this is the way they did it:

Then Skinny stepped forward with a dipper of water, his eyes shining, his cheeks very like an apple. "I, Skinny Miller," he said, "leader of Raven Patrol No. 1, Troop 3, Massachusetts, name this camp *Bob's Hill*, and all those that don't like it will do their kicking now, or forever after hold their peace."

As he spoke he dashed some water from the dipper on each tent, then folded his arms like a bandit and looked fierce.

"I have spoken," said he; "let be what is."

After that, don't you think they had a good time? And they "sure did," as every boy will agree who reads the book.

*Here's "Peanut" Again*

Boys interested in "Peanut," one of the heroes of Walter Prichard Eaton's scout stories, will be pleased to learn that in his new story, "Boy Scouts of the Wild Cat Patrol" (W. A. Wilde & Co.), Mr. Eaton tells of his adventures as an assistant scoutmaster.

Peanut takes a younger bunch of fellows in his town (their baseball team was called by some "The Baby Braves" and by others "The Brave Babies") and organizes them into the Wild Cat Patrol. What happens after that, how well Peanut succeeded in his undertaking and what the Wild Cat Patrol did, is clearly indicated in some of the chapter headings, such as: "Peanut Stops a Fight"; "Peanut and Jimmy Climb a Cliff and Find a Cave"; "Jimmy Emulates Sherlock Holmes"; "Peanut's Farewell Feast."

*Scouting in Winter*

I wonder how many boys have read "The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island"? It was one of the very first of the Scout story books. The author, Rupert S. Holland, has written another book equally as good. The title is, "The Boy Scouts of Snow-Shoe Lodge" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). The story is laid in the Adirondacks in winter, offering fine opportunity for sledding, snow-shoeing, skiing, trapping and other winter sports of which you boys are so fond.

*Boy Scouts Year Book*

Somebody says it's "the greatest boys' book ever published," which undoubtedly is saying too much But it must really be a very fine book, or "somebody" never would have praised it so extravagantly. "The Boy Scouts Year Book" is a large volume with beautiful cover in colors, and contains 248 pages, including two pages of colored pictures and twenty pages of half-tone reproductions of photographs similar to those used each month on the double-page in Boys' Life.

The book will be of peculiar interest to boy scouts, of course, but thousands of copies will be purchased by, or for, boys who are not yet scouts. The publishers (D. Appleton & Co.) say, from their long and intimate knowledge of boys' books, that "never before was there such a book as this—never was there such a list of distinguished contributors to a single volume—never such a wealth of good things for boys between the covers of one book." It contains over a dozen corking good stories by prominent juvenile writers; a great number of special articles by the most famous men of America—public officials, educational leaders, naturalists, explorers, handicraft experts, scout leaders; about

**A Book of Thrilling Adventure by the Father of the Boy Scout Movement.**

Every red-blooded American boy, whether he be a Boy Scout or not, and every Scoutmaster should own a copy of

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***A modern tale of chivalry and adventure, with a boy hero***

**The Lost Prince**

BY

**Frances Hodgson Burnett**

**A New and Beautiful Romance of Today by a Magic Story-Teller.**

"A story for all ages from ten to a hundred. The very essence of youth and romance. . . . As fresh and gracious as Springtime, full of high and clean and simple ideals. . . . A tale of faerie, touched with mysticism, instinct with romance and courage and the spirit of consecration to an ideal of splendid service. . . . The gallant Prince . . . a bright and shining figure, quintessence of all that is true and noble, high in aim and of good repute."—New York Times.

**Illustrations by Maurice L. Bower**

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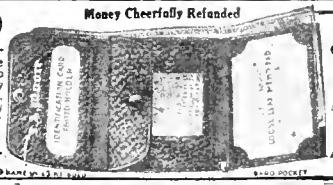


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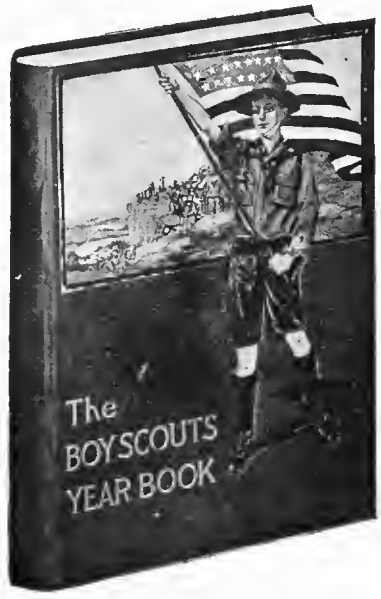


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and many other famous men helped to make

# THE BOY SCOUTS YEAR BOOK

the greatest treat that American boys have had for many a year. THE BOY SCOUTS YEAR BOOK is edited by Walter P. McGuire, Editor of "Boys' Life" and Franklin K. Mathiews, Chief Scout Librarian of The Boy Scouts of America, and published under the supervision of the editorial board of The Boy Scouts of America. Of course, *every Boy Scout* will want this wonderful book, but thousands of *other* boys will, too. For never was there such a boys' book as this—never such a list of famous contributors—never such a wealth of good things between the covers of one boys' book. It contains eleven corking short stories; a great number of special articles by the most famous men in America—public officials, educational leaders, naturalists, explorers, handicraft experts, scout leaders, athletes and big men of sport, humorists and artists; many pages of "what to do and how to do it" material on woodcraft, carpentry, etc.; photographs of Boy Scout activities in all parts of the world; and many other things far too numerous to mention. Yet the price of this marvelous book is only $1.50, a few cents more than that of the average boys' story.

## Write for This Wonderful Book To-Day or Get It at Any Bookstore!

THE BOY SCOUTS YEAR BOOK contains more than 100 pictures, including 20 full pages of photographs and 2 colored plates, is 10¼ inches high, 7½ inches wide and 1½ inches thick. It is bound in red cloth, stamped in gold, and finished with a beautifully colored inlay on the cover. The price is $1.50 net, or $1.65, if sent by mail. If you can't get this bully book NOW, be sure to put it first on the list of things you want for Christmas.

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We want live boys to act as agents for THE BOY SCOUTS YEAR BOOK. Here is your chance to earn some Christmas money. Write for terms NOW!

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thirty pages of "what to do and how to do it"; material on woodcraft, camping, fishing, etc.; photographs of boy scout activities in all parts of the world; stories of heroic deeds by scouts; several pages of games to play; boy scouts in foreign countries; and other things too numerous to mention.

### Indians!

"The Red Arrow" (Harper Bros.), of course is an Indian story. Elmer Russell Gregor, whose stories have delighted many a boy's heart, is the author. White Otter, a young Sioux, is the hero of the story. At his own request, he goes to recover the Red Arrow from the Pawnees.

Many years before, that famous medicine trophy had been stolen from the Sioux medicine lodge by a daring young Pawnee. The Sioux had made countless efforts to recover it, and many warriors had forfeited their lives in the attempt. White Otter had heard the tales of their heroism recited at the Sioux council-fire, and they had filled him with a longing to achieve the exploit.

How well he succeeded makes a story so brimming full of desperate exploits that all boys are bound to read it with glowing interest.

### *The Great Wild North*

"In the Great Wild North" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard) D. Lange recites thrillingly the adventures of a pioneer boy, who with his father and a faithful Indian guide made a five-hundred-mile canoe trip from a Hudson's Bay trading post to Red River. There they join in a great buffalo hunt, narrowly escaping capture by hostile Blackfeet Indians. Following that comes a perilous journey down the Arkansas River to the Mississippi, and then on to St. Louis, where all land in safety after so many stirring experiences and hairbreadth escapes from the perils that constantly beset the pioneers.

### *Hurrah for the Golden West!*

Have any of you boys read "On the Plains with Custer"? Very good, that's quite a number. And how many of you read "Buffalo Bill and the Overland Trail"? Well, well, that's a good many more. I needn't tell you boys, then, that it was Edward L. Sabin who wrote both of these books.

And now he has written another one of the same fine sort, "Gold Seekers of '49" (J. B. Lippincott). What it meant for men to make their way across the plains, bound for the Land of Gold, and what happened when they reached there, though told in fascinating story form is all set down with due regard to accuracy, so that in reading it you boys will learn of the beginning of California's history, and be proud of what is one of our greatest states today.

### *More Indians*

You know of cowboys, but did you ever hear of a cowboy artist? "Indian Why Stories" (Charles Scribner's Sons) by Frank B. Linderman, has many beautiful illustrations, the pictures from which they were taken being painted by Charles M. Russell, a real cowboy. So you can well feel that book must be very good or a cowboy would not have wasted his time illustrating it. The book is especially for younger boys, though I am sure big boys enjoyed the stories when they heard War Eagle tell them across his lodge-fire long centuries ago.

### School Stories

There are two school stories that are likely to interest you very much, though both are quite different. The one is "The Secret Play" (Appleton) by Ralph Henry Barbour; the other, "Deal Woods" (Macmillan Co.) by Latta Griswold. The first story is very largely of football and how "the secret play" won the big game of the year. The second story is quite unusual, for there is in it so little of school sports. It's a gripping story just the same because it gives in such a vivid way the everyday happenings, and the things that don't happen every day, in a boys' preparatory school.

### All Hail America!

The beautiful, the great and glorious, and what helps to make her so are the many places of scenic beauty and historic memories that stretch from shore to shore, and Lakes to Gulf. In "Places Young Americans Want to Know" (D. Appleton Co.) Everett T. Tomlinson marshals all of his many abilities to make real and attractive to young people their country's noblest and best possessions.

Maybe you will be fortunate enough to travel about a bit and see this glorious land of ours. If so, be sure to read this book, for you will enjoy every place you visit the more for having read it. For those who never "get about" to see all the places, let me add that the profusion of beautiful illustrations makes it almost a picture book.

### "Making Good"

When I was a boy I lived not a great distance from a tannery, where in the great yard we had such good times tumbling about in the tan bark. I was never privileged to go through the big buildings, but looked through the windows, wondering what was going on in there, for there was not only the roar and rattle of machinery that invited, but also the mystery of it all, since it was commonly reported that the tanning of certain leathers was a secret process.

But no boy need feel like that today, for in "The Story of Leather" (Penn Pub. Co.) by S. W. Bassett, you may learn all about it, and in a most delightful way, for the book is not simply a record of dry-as-dust facts, but a story, the story of how Peter Codington, leaving his comfortable home to enter his father's leather tannery under an assumed name, with his friend Nat, mastered this fascinating but difficult industry and became, by his courage and faithfulness, a power in the tannery, and with his father.

### Story With a Mystery

Good news for the boys who read about the adventures of the four classmates who went on a cruise "To the Land of the Caribou." Good news for all boys, too, for the author, Paul G. Tomlinson, has written a second book, "In Camp on Bass Island" (Charles Scribner's Sons), in which he chronicles more experiences of these same four boys. This time they spend their summer's vacation camping on an island in the St. Lawrence River. Such good times they had—fishing, boating, swimming, camping, and competing in athletic games at a summer colony nearby. And on the island they found a hermit who proves to be such a mysterious person. Of course those boys couldn't be satisfied until they found out all about him. And how they did it and what their discovery was give a most intense element of interest to the story.


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By WALTER P. EATON

**A story of Boy Scouting**

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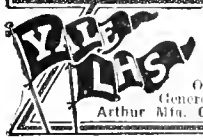


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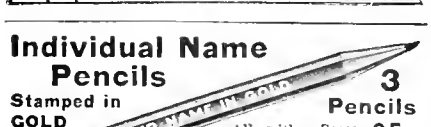


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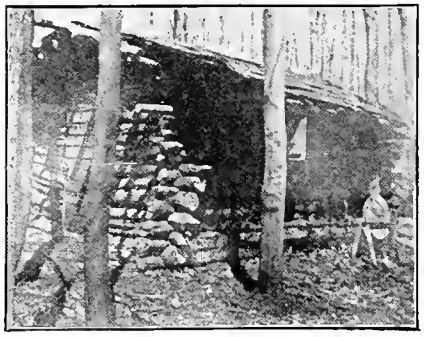
*Mention* BOYS' LIFE *in answering advertisements*


# What Scouts are Doing

Stories of Interesting Activities in All Parts of the Country.

## Troop Outgrows Its Cabin—Building a New One

TROOP 1, of Albion, N. Y., which started with twenty members a year ago, now has thirty. Last winter the troop built a log cabin 9 x 12 in the woods, but as this is now too small for the troop meetings a new one is being built on an acre of ground donated by a philanthropic farmer. There will be plenty of room for field sports. A scout



*The Outgrown Cabin*

social was held at which the boys prepared and served flapjacks and other scout grub. An admission fee was charged, and the net proceeds were $15. At an ice cream social $10 more was made, and together these amounts were sufficient to start the new building.

The new cabin is 18 x 36 and contains a council room with a large fireplace, a library, and a cloak room. The boys, with the assistance of Scoutmaster Charles W. Palmer, are doing all the work. The scouts are passing their tests regularly.

## Report of National Court of Honor for October

### HONOR MEDALS

William Bridgman, Belchertown, Mass.
Herbert Story, Belchertown, Mass.
Gerald Shugbron, Ronceverte, W. Va.

### LETTER OF COMMENDATION

Rea Eggleston, Jamestown, N. Y.

### EAGLE SCOUTS

To win the Silver Eagle these First Class Scouts must have qualified for 21 Merit Badges. It is the highest honor given for winning Merit Badges.

Donald Parsons, Park Ridge, Ill.
Luther Hearne, West Orange, N. J.
Leon Mayfield, Richmond, Va.
Frank McNamer, Prophetstown, Ill.
Peter Isaksen, Woodmere, L. I.
Earl D. Dryfoose, Toledo, Ohio.

### LIFE AND STAR SCOUTS

Life Scouts hold Merit Badges in first aid, athletics, life saving, personal health and public health. Star Scouts have five badges in addition to these.

Floyd Mack, Cleveland, Ohio.
Harry McNamer, Muskegon, Mich.
Clarence Carty, Cumberland, Md.
W. Edgar Wylie, Pittsburg, Pa.
Alva C. Corrao, Pittsburg, Pa.
Harry Davidson, Portsmouth, Ohio.
Hulbert Robertson, Decatur, Ill.
Leon Mayfield, Richmond, Va.
M. L. Mattern, Richmond, Va.
William E. Jones, Richmond, Va.
Gilbert Hardacre, Kansas City, Mo.
Harvey C. Lapp, Kansas City, Mo.
Russell Williams, Portsmouth, Ohio.
Harvey Wagner, Portsmouth, Ohio.
Joseph B. Williamson, Pataskala, Ohio.
Frank R. McNamer, Prophetstown, Ill.
Alexander H. Holcombe, Jr., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Bertram Hammond, Chicago, Ill.
Peter Isaksen, Woodmere, L. I.
Carl Walker, Portsmouth, Ohio.
Charles Morison, Bridgeport, Conn.
George Warrek, Bridgeport, Conn.
Leonard Thomas, Kansas City, Mo.
Frank Snell, Kansas City, Mo.
Charles Brennon, Kansas City, Mo.

### LIFE SCOUT

Harvey Wagner, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Total number of Merit Badges issued, 859.

## The Life Savers

By ARMSTRONG PERRY

THE recommendation of one member of the National Court of Honor in this case read:

"Bronze medals for the two boys for rescue and scout work. 'Chump marks' for all three for attempting the swim without a boat accompanying them."

They were all old enough to know better, and they do know better now. Probably most scouts will be willing to overlook their mistake, in view of the heroism which followed it.

The three boys were Milton Howe, William Bridgman and Herbert Story, and they started to swim Lake Metacomet near Belchertown, Mass. They got across safely, and half way back, and right there, in the middle of the lake, is where the trouble occurred. Howe found he could not swim another stroke—tired out. Bridgman started pulling him along and Story kept him on the surface by continually diving under and pushing up.

It was strenuous work and Bridgman got a mouthful of water now and then, but they stuck to it. Fifteen rods from shore Howe became unconscious. Ten rods out they all went under, but the two fought their way up and struggled on. When they had cut the distance down to five rods, Story wisely concluded to get ashore as quickly as possible and secure a pole. Just in time he found one, waded back in as far as he could, thrust one end of it into Bridgman's hand and pulled him and his helpless burden ashore.

Bridgman was so exhausted that he could not even assist with the first aid treatment, but later he recovered, ran a quarter of a mile and called a doctor.

Now, altogether—"Safety First! Safety First! Safety First!" Say it ten times before you duck under and you will not have to spend eternity in Davy Jones's locker.

---

THERE is a tree which overhangs the Greenbrier River at Ronceverte, W. Va., and from one of its outstretching branches hangs a rope. To take the end of this rope, stretch back, and then with a few quick steps launch out into the air, swinging fifteen feet above the swirling water, makes a fellow feel like an aviator. When he lets go, he flies in a graceful parabola and then drops into the stream kerplunk and makes the water fly—airship, flying boat and submarine trip all in one.

There's one kid down in Dixie who will not try it again without a stabilizer, pon-

toons and compressed air tanks. He was just tuning up the engines of his monoplane on the day after the Fourth and hadn't even thought of needing a diving suit, but his hands slipped and he looped the loop all the way down. He knocked a hole in the water as big as a wash tub and the crowd on the bank simply laughed themselves sick.

However, the little comedy had its serious side—and very serious it was. The aviator could not swim. For a moment there was some doubt as to whether the last act would be a rescue or a funeral. Only one person correctly interpreted the meaning of the drawn face, the convulsive movements, the choking cry of the boy in the water. That one was Scout Gerald Shugbron, tenderfoot, age twelve. He flew in like a kingfisher bird, and, although fully clothed and lacking in life saving experience, he did the job like an expert. And now he wears a bronze medal.

SCOUT ATWOOD PEARL got the jump on his scoutmaster and the rest of the troop in going after a brother scout who was swept into a deep hole by the swift current of the Grand River, near Grand Ledge, Mich., on June 22. The presence of so many, who were prepared to render assistance, materially reduced the risk, but nevertheless Pearl's promptness deserved a letter of commendation from the National Court of Honor, for in such emergencies every second counts.

RHEA EGGLESTON was waiting for a chum on the shore of Chatauqua Lake one morning last July. They were intending to practice some of the work required for second-class tests. The chum's brother, a baby of two and a half years, was left alone for a few moments and started on an exploring expedition. He went as far as the end of the pier—a little farther, in fact. Rhea heard a splash and grasped the situation instantly. He rushed out, disentangled the toddler from the weeds and snags and pulled him out of the muddy water. It was not deep enough to drown a scout and there was no danger at all, but to the mother the rescuer will always be a hero—rightly so—and the letter of commendation he received was well deserved.

## Bicycle Travelers

Scouts Willard and Edwin Gloss, of Troop 13, Elizabeth, N. J., made a bicycle trip during the past summer from Elizabeth to Scranton, Pa. They carried all their equipment with them and pitched camp along the road wherever night overtook them. One of their camps was on Lake Hopatcong and another at the Delaware Water Gap. The total distance covered on the trip was 275 miles.

## Blind Scouts Form Debate Team

Troop 85, Cleveland, O., composed of blind boys, is making a specialty of debating and has formed a team with Scout Roy Searls as captain. They are planning to challenge other scouts to debates.


Boys—Here's Fun

ASK DAD for This TRAIN

*Write Quickly for Catalog*

You'll have barrels of fun with a Lionel electric locomotive; couple to it Pullmans or freight cars; get switches, semaphores, electric lights, track, etc. Make the trains scoot around with a touch of your finger. Run 'em on batteries or from electricity in your house with a Lionel Multivolt transformer which saves Batteries. (See illustration below.)

250,000 boys own them—join us—this quarter million of happy boys. Lionel Electric Trains are safe—no shocks. They're steel—not Cast Iron—and won't break.

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Are highest grade of material throughout, but not high priced. Unconditionally guaranteed. Finished handsomely in colors and gold. Models are faithful reproductions of originals seen on our prominent railroads.

**Write Quickly for New Boys' Catalog**—written specially for YOU, crammed full of pictures. New photos tell you why you'll have such a dandy good time with Lionel Trains.

**Section of Lionel Rail Free**—Most toy dealers, electrical stores and department stores sell Lionel Toys. If you'll go to your toy dealer, find out if he sells Lionel Trains, and tell me when you write for catalog—I'll include a special section of rail—free.

**J. Lionel Cowen, a Friend of Boys, President.**

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**Something Beautiful**

You Scouts who live on the sea coast have seen the mysterious colors in a DRIFTWOOD camp fire, continuously changing—now blue, now green, now yellow, now gold, now old rose.

Right in the circle of your own camp or council fires (or your fireplace at home) by sprinkling a few of the DRIFTWOOD CRYSTALS on the open fire you get all the marvelous effects, in varied colors, of a DRIFTWOOD fire at the beach. They make your fireplace a thing of weird beauty and your evening one of romance.

FREE—A small sample of DRIFTWOOD CRYSTALS will be sent, without cost, to any reader of "Boys' Life," with our plan showing how you can get one large box free for your council or self. You must give name of Scoutmaster and Troop number.

**DRIFTWOOD CRYSTAL CO.**
**Gloucester, Mass.**

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SPEEDWAY VACUUM ENGINE

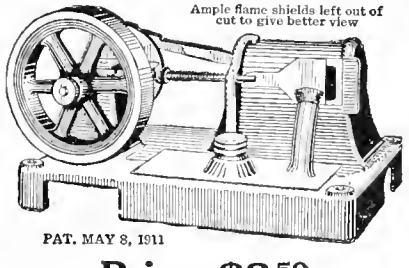
WHAT MAKES IT GO!

Few have been able to answer correctly.

**A PERFECT TOY that "GROWN-UPS" will enjoy**

A Real Engine in miniature built of high-grade steel and castings, carefully machined. Has 1-in. cylinder, 1½-inch stroke. Runs at 2000 revolutions per minute. Simple, instructive and safe. Many interesting experiments can be made with the **Speedway** running builders' outfits and other toys.

Ample flame shields left out of cut to give better view



PAT. MAY 8, 1911

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**SPEEDWAY TOY MFG. CO.**
**217 Gibbons Arcade, Dayton, Ohio**

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

THREE Scout Rules for Winter: Keep warm, keep dry, be well nourished—and doesn't a big Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwich go to the spot just right after a hike through the snow. The best of the peanut-acrid heart, *completely* removed, crushed to a butter, ready to spread.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.



*Scout Master:*

Fill in coupon and mail. We will do the rest. That is—

**Send Free of All Charge enough**

**Wheatena**

**Scout Rations for your Next Hike**

The Wheatena Company
Wheatenaville, Rahway, New Jersey

**Troop No.** .....

**Street** .....

**Town** .....

**State** .....

**Date of next hike** .....

**No. of Scouts in Troop** .....

.....
Dec. *Scout Master*

(*This order must be signed by Scout Master*)



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"Camp Fire Cocoa"

7,000 boys should do the same.

Drop us a post card for circulars and copies of letters.

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60 days for payment.

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# Scouts As Auxiliary Firemen

*A view of the splendidly equipped troop at Unadilla, N. Y.*

Troop 1, of Unadilla, N. Y., has the distinction of possessing what is probably the best equipped auxiliary fire apparatus of any troop in the country. They are organized as a regular auxiliary to the Unadilla Fire Department. Their scoutmaster, Yale Lyon, has been chaplain of the two fire companies in Unadilla for the past five years. He owns a fire wagon and two hose carts, which he turned over to the members of his troop for their use.

The duty of this scout fire auxiliary is to go with supplies for the regular firemen in case of fire. They are not expected to take any active part unless in a great emergency, or in any way not directed by the firemen.

Unadilla scouts have had a great many drills and exhibitions and are proficient in handling the apparatus. So far, however, the scouts have not had an opportunity to put their equipment and training to a real test at a large fire. But the boys are confident that they would be able to give a good account of themselves should the occasion require.

# "A Scout Is Helpful"

## Reports from Everywhere Prove It!

FREMONT, O.—A most commendable enterprise has been inaugurated by Troop 2. These scouts assist at the Lake Shore Electric Station, making themselves generally useful to women with luggage and small children, old women, particularly receiving careful attention. This is a busy corner, and the efforts of the lads are greatly appreciated.

Troop 2 has also been active in a Safety First campaign. Scout Harold Lease was awarded a prize of fifteen free theatre tickets for picking up 1045 nails in a week and other scouts hold records almost as good. Another feature of the campaign was a poster distributed whenever the occasion seemed to demand it. This poster reads as follows:

BEG YOUR PARDON
But your car is headed
on the wrong side
of the street
SAFETY FIRST

The Boy Scouts have removed thousands of pieces of glass, tacks, nails, etc., from the streets and highways. If you appreciate this fact, endorse their commendable enterprise by obeying the traffic ordinance. Safety first. Keep to the right. Turn around at crossings. Slow down at school houses.

Motorcyclists: Everyone knows you have a machine—so keep your muffler closed.

FREMONT BOY SCOUTS
Approved by City Safety Department.

NASHVILLE, ARK.—The local paper of Nashville, in reporting a fire in which one residence was totally destroyed, gives the following paragraph: "The residence of H. H. Benedict, located near, caught fire from sparks from the burning building, but was saved through the efforts of the boy scouts."

GOWER, MD.—The scouts of Gower are building bird shelters and feeding boxes for their feathered friends this winter. These scouts demonstrated their helpfulness during the Sunday School convention, held in Gower. They met the delegates, checked and transferred all baggage and suit cases, superintended the registration, and helped in many other ways.

PATCHOGUE, L. I.—A "good turn hike" was taken by Troop 3 on Columbus Day, when they tramped seventeen miles to entertain the patients at the sanitorium at Medford, L. I. This visit caused great happiness to the boys and girls confined there because of weak or affected lungs. The patients take no medicine but simply undergo the "pure air, out-of-doors" cure, and many are discharged every year, entirely cured. The main feature of the day was a baseball game between the scouts and the boys of the sanitorium.

CHICAGO JUNCTION, O.—A letter from Scoutmaster Leon Z. Davis reports excellent progress being made by the scouts. A plot of ground, donated by the railroad company, was cleaned up by the scouts, planted with flower beds, awings put up, seats placed, and opened as a public park. An educational feature was an exhibition of "The Adventures of a Boy Scout," which helped to swell the camp fund and was a decided success from every standpoint. During the Chautauqua the scouts assisted in every way possible.

NORTH WOODSTOCK, N. H.—The members of Troop 1 showed their appreciation of their scoutmaster by splitting his wood and keeping the snow shoveled from the roof of the church and parsonage during his three months' illness last winter. North Woodstock is a summer resort town, and the people who come here year after year have remarked on the improved appearance and gentlemanly conduct of the boys since the scout troop was organized.

COLUMBUS, O.—In appreciation for the fine service rendered at the State Fair, Troop 6 was presented with a fine army cook range and utensils. Their duties at the fair consisted of police and messenger work, assisting the hospital corps and finding lost children and restoring them to their parents. Those scouts who had qualified for the firemanship merit badge were given an opportunity to demonstrate the value of their training when a string of three box cars caught fire. These "firemanship" scouts helped the firemen, while the remainder of the troop rendered service probably equally as valuable, by keeping back the crowds.

SOMEWHERE IN CONNECTICUT.—"I am a boy scout and could not possibly take pay." This was the reply given to a party of automobilists travelling in Connecticut, who were assisted by a scout who found them stranded because of lack of gasoline. The scout, who was driving in a buggy, went to the nearest house and obtained a fresh supply. Before his return, however, the automobilists secured enough gasoline from a passing automobile to enable them to proceed on their journey. When the scout returned they offered to recompense him for his trouble, but he politely declined with this explanation: "It is one of my duties to give service, and you are welcome to what I have done without pay." This incident was reported by the travelers. The name of the scout is unknown.

TRENTON, N. J.—Two boy scouts, members of Troop 19, and their scoutmaster prevented a serious fire in one of the residences recently, when a lace curtain blew against a gas jet. They discovered the flames coming out of a second-story window in the rear of the house. By climbing upon a shed, and forming a bucket brigade, they soon had the fire under control.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Girl scouts of Troop 18 and boy scouts of Troop 12 went hiking together recently. While the boys were giving the girls instructions in woodcraft, a member of the girl scout troop, Ethel Thomas, fell into Eastern Branch, a deep stream of water. She was unable to swim, but the timely assistance

of Scouts Kenneth Veith and Henry Brebekast prevented anything more serious than a wetting.

ELYRIA, O.—The boy scouts have volunteered to take charge of the city flag and to raise and lower it with appropriate ceremonies. They have noticed that this flag is permitted to fly continuously in spite of the fact that the law provides that all public flags be hoisted at sunrise and lowered at sunset.

PATERSON, N. J.—The boy scouts have received a letter of thanks and commendation from the Chamber of Commerce for their splendid services rendered during the First National Silk Convention. As many as twenty scouts were on duty at all times. That their assistance was deeply appreciated is shown by the following extract from the letter:

"The uniform courtesy of the boy scouts was noted by all delegates who called upon their services, and I am pleased to send you the thanks of the convention for your service and their best wishes for the continued success of your fine organization."

BOWLING GREEN, O.—"Scoutmaster Mitchell's troop of boy scouts reflected honor upon the great organization of which they are a small unit." This is what the local press said of the work which these boys did in the Chautauqua held recently in that city. The boys acted as ushers and assisted in every way in their power toward making this meeting a success.

STOUGHTON, MASS.—The scouts here did patrol duty at the Stoughton Pageant which was held the last week in September, and acted as an escort to the Governor of the State, who was the guest of honor. Scoutmaster D. W. Bowmar, of Troop 1, has gone to Singapore as a missionary, and will probably be away for two or three years. Mr. R. K. Bennett, the superintendent of schools, has taken his place and the boys all say he is fine.

## Scouts Afield

Boys are urged to send in reports of their interesting doings.

TENNILLE, GA.—Troop No. 1 reports that on October 1 they hiked out into the country and started the 'possum-hunting season by catching two fine ones. How is that for luck? On a Friday, too.

UNION CITY, IND.—Troop No. 1 has spent much time and money in fixing up an athletic field and seems to feel quite satisfied with the results of its efforts.

WEBB CITY, MO.—A breakfast hike was greatly enjoyed by the members of the Wolf and Beaver patrols of Troop 2. A breakfast of bacon, scrambled eggs, flapjacks, baked potatoes and coffee was served by Scoutmaster Carmichael, who acted as chef.

WILLIMANTIC, CONN.—The report of Scoutmaster William T. Beard gives many activities of Troop 1—attendance at the large scout meet at Hartford, where they secured several medals; a seventeen-mile hike to demonstrate the benefits of scout work to a community desirous of organizing a troop; participation in Old Home Week with a monster parade, an address by ex-President Taft, and a two-weeks scout camp where the Dan Beard honor mark system was successfully used.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—A three-days trip to camp on a farm at Stillwater was taken by Troop 2. Each boy pitched his own tent, cooked meals and made beds; four went on a fourteen-mile hike. A bridge was built during the encampment.

TRINIDAD, COL.—Sopris Troop 1 took part in a scout rally at the county fair held here.

L. I. CITY, N. Y.—Troop 1 held their annual camp at Mount Beacon, N. Y. With regular camp activities and a trip home on the boat *Albany*, Scout Noe reports a most enjoyable time.

SCOTTSVILLE, N. Y.—A fine field day, rally and three-day camp was held in Scottsville recently. Scouts from troops in all the nearby towns and cities were in attendance to the number of two hundred. Regular scout events were run off with banners awarded to the troops winning the highest number of points.

ELIZABETH, N. J.—Troop No. 13 has nineteen scouts, all of whom come from nine families. There are nine sets of brothers.

HOOVERSVILLE, PA.— Scoutmaster William Lohr is giving the members of his troop a course of special training in methods of preventing and extinguishing forest fires. The woods in the

(*Continued on page 49*)

**Yours for a Sound Body and a Keen Mind—**

# Shredded Wheat

Snow and ice and long days spent in the biting wind. Skating, snowshoeing, coasting, sleighing and the cold tramp home through the bare, still forests. These are the days for SHREDDED WHEAT. It fills the body with vigor and warmth, the muscles with strength and endurance.

Not only is SHREDDED WHEAT at all times delicious to eat, but it is also the perfect food for the athletic, active boy.

Stores the muscles with strength without overburdening the body; ready-cooked, easy to serve.

When provisioning for your outing trips, see to it that SHREDDED WHEAT has its place on your list. It is the ideal food for the Boy Scouts outfit.

**"There is health and vigor in every shred."**

**Made only by**

**The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, New York**

**BOYS MAKE MONEY**

**Growing Mushrooms**

Boys and girls can easily make money growing mushrooms for profit. We will send any boy or girl our free book telling all about it and how they can be grown in cellars, sheds, old boxes, etc. Earn your own spending money and have a lot of fun, too. Send for full information today, to

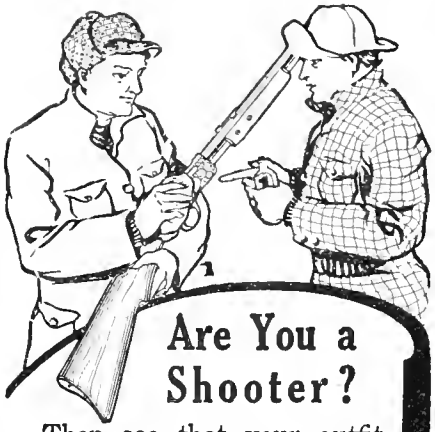
**BUREAU OF MUSHROOM INDUSTRY**
**Dept. 250 1342 N. Clark Street, CHICAGO**

**POULTRY PAPER** 44-124 PAGE periodical, up-to-date; tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry for pleasure or profit. Four months for 10 cents.
**Poultry Advocate, Dept. 197, Syracuse, N. Y.**

**BOYS—Get a Shetland Pony for Christmas.** Ask your parents to buy you one of the most useful of all presents. They require very little feed, and you can find work for one every day. Big Discount for cash. Beautifully illustrated catalogue of Vehicles and Ponies only 10 cts.
**BLUE RIBBON SHETLAND FARMS, Williamsport, Ohio**

**$$$$ In Pigeons!** Start Raising Squabs for Market or Breeding Purposes. Make big profits with our Jumbo Pigeons. We teach you. Large, free, illustrated instructive circulars.
**PROVIDENCE SQUAB CO., Dept D., Providence, R. I.**

**PET SKUNKS** —Christmas Offer— **"Skunk Culture for Profit"** our beautiful 144 page book with 50 illustrations postpaid for $1. Every boy will enjoy learning of this newest and most profitable industry. We supply beautiful, odorless, pet skunks. Send 10c for illustrated circulars, breeding chart and information on Skunk Fur Farming.
**Skunk Developmeat Bureau, Box 554L, Chicago, Ill.**



**Are You a Shooter?**

Then see that your outfit includes a plentiful supply of 3-in-One oil. Nothing like it to keep a gun in fine shooting condition. Oils lock, trigger, ejector and break-joint perfectly. Cleans the barrel of burned black powder residue. Prevents leading and pitting. Also keeps a fine polish on stock and fore-end.

**3-in-One oil**

contains no acid or grease. Never gums or dries out. All big gun makers use and recommend 3-in-One oil. Hardware, sporting goods, drug and general stores sell it. Three sizes: 1 oz. bottle, 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., (½ pt.) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz, 25c. If your dealer hasn't these cans, we will send you one by parcel post, full of good 3-in-One, for 30c.

**FREE**—Write for a generous free sample and the 3-in-One Dictionary.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42ELH. Broadway, New York

**TRAPPERS**

**Men and Boys—Attention:**

There is a terrific demand for furs this season and prices are sky high. You can get a share of the millions of dollars that will be paid to the trappers of North America this Winter.

**WE WILL HELP YOU**

If you are in earnest and mean business we will send you FREE *"The Story of the Steel Trap"*. Contains everything a trapper should know to be most successful.

Our Trappers Supply Department will equip you. Write at once for full information.

F. C. TAYLOR FUR CO.
225 FUR EXCHANGE BLDG. ST. LOUIS, MO.

**16 - 4 - 1**

YOUR SELLING PROFIT 60%

An excellent opportunity to make extra money. Send one dollar and try sixteen assorted handkerchiefs.

They sell at 10 cents each. Enclosed in individual sanitary envelopes.

AMANDA & SON
143 Terrace Ave., Port Chester, N.Y.

**Have You a Camera?** Write for samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which will tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. FRAPRIE, 887 Pope Building, Boston, Mass.

# Our Lonesome Corner

MERRY CHRISTMAS to all Lonesome Corner boys!

BOYS' LIFE can print this here and 200,000 or more boys will read it.

But what about *your* "Merry Christmas" greeting, boys—we mean your "Merry Christmas" to all the other Lonesome Corner boys you know? They are scattered all over the world, of course—in Europe, South America, Asia, Africa or in the islands in the great seas. You're *wishing* them a Merry Christmas, naturally, but wouldn't it be a fine thing for you to let them *know* it?

Why not send a letter, or even a postcard, to each boy who is now or ever was on your list of correspondents—just a friendly greeting in that happiest of all seasons—the Christmas season?

Or, if you are one of the boys who hasn't any Lonesome Corner friends yet, wouldn't this be a good time for you to get some by sending Christmas greetings to boys whose names are printed in this issue of BOYS' LIFE, together with a request that they write letters to you?

Remember that it takes *time* for trains and steamships to carry the mails, so get your Christmas greetings off *early*, especially those going to boys in distant lands.

There's no doubt about the fun (and the benefit) any boy will have who through the Lonesome Corner makes friends around the world.

### FROM A BOY IN CHINA

Let's let some of the boys speak for themselves on this. First, a boy in China, who has written as follows to "any boy in the United States of America"—

Dear Friend:

It seems that the friendship of us cannot be performed if we are not at the same boy scouts. But I am very willing to make a friend of you, so I am obliged to perform our friendship through letters.

The first thing which I am going to tell you is the work of our boy scouts. We are divided into two troops and one bugle band and we have all the works which boy scouts should know to learn and have afternoon drill on Monday and Friday and have an hour of learning all sorts of works which we should learn as the members of the boy scouts on the Thursday afternoon, but have morning exercise on every morning.

The second thing which I want to tell you is the works of our school. We have to study six hours a day and two hours out of six are for Chinese and the rest for English, except Saturday afternoon and Sunday, for on Saturday we have only three hours to study and the rest for holiday, and on Sunday we have only one class of Scripture and the rest for services. In addition to this, we also have two hours for preparation on every night. Again I want you know that I study in the fourth form of Boone preparatory school.

Will you please tell me something about your boy scouts and your school, and in what form you study, through a letter? I have a great and sincere pressure to wait for this letter.

With best wishes to you, I am,

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) PHILIP C. T. TSEN.

Scout Eddie Cooke, of South Australia, writes to BOYS' LIFE that his troop has a very interesting "Foreign Boys' Box." He wants scouts in the United States to correspond with him about this box, saying his troop will be glad to "send something from the wilds of Australia" in exchange. A letter to Scout Cooke sent through the Lonesome Corner will bring a response giving full information.

## Any Boy Can Do It
## This is the Way

Pick out some names from the long lists below and WRITE NOW, following the simple rules of the Lonesome Corner.

Pick out the name of a boy.
Write a letter to him.
Address an envelope with his name and the right postage.
Put your own name and address on the reverse side of the inside envelope.
Don't seal that envelope.
Enclose it in another addressed to the boy, in care of BOYS' LIFE. Mail this to us and we will forward it.
If your letter is to a boy in North America or England, put on a two-cent stamp. If it is to go to any other country abroad, five cents.

### THESE BOYS WANT LETTERS ABOUT THEIR HOBBIES

*In the United States*

Strother Alsop, N. C.; athletics, pets, coins, scouts 12 and 13 years old, electricity.

Leonard Akkala, Mich.; cycling and motorcycling; what other boys think of the Cave Scout; boys from Minnesota, Ishpeming, Mich., and Florida.

Harold Arnold, Ind.; football, athletics, hiking, books; scouts from Colorado.

Clarence H. Ames, Me.; exchange postcards; golf, baseball, automobiles, books, camping, woodcraft, wild flowers.

Paul Buttery, O.; scouts from every state.

Richard Begthol, Colo.; exchange poster stamps.

Milton P. Byron, N. Y.; wireless, swimming, first aid, signalling.

Louis Cohen, N. Y.; electricity and scouts in the west.

Harry Curtis, Tex.; correspondents in foreign countries who know English.

Clarence S. Chandler, N. H.; boys in China, New Zealand, France, Belgium, Panama, Switzerland; exchange postcards and curios.

Donald Cooper, Okla.; photographs, athletics, poster stamps, Indian relics.

Lee Evans, Tex.; trapping, fishing, hunting.

Joseph C. Gephart, Pa.; hiking, woodcraft, foreign scouts.

J. Rupert Gruver, N. Y.; chemistry, materia medica, first aid.

Frank Gilliam, Tex.; hunting, trapping, stamp collecting, birds, books, wild animals, scouting.

J. Talbot Harlan, Cal.; 15-year-old scouts.

Milton Hoffer, Mich.; American boys; foreign boys, coins and postals.

Wesley Honeycutt, Ark.; everything, everywhere.

Edwin Hageman, Wis.; electricity, scouting, state flowers and soil.

Robert A. Hughes, S. M., N. Y.; boys of his troop want postcards from foreign boys.

Ralph Hendricks, Mo.; (shut-in) boys in War Zone.

Paul Huckleby, Okla.; wireless.

Joseph M. Hutchison, Pa.; wireless, hunting, taxidermy, camping, electricity.

Horace V. Kain, Ind.; cycling; exchange postcards.

Thomas Knipe, N. Y.; wireless, woodcraft, boys in Texas and foreign countries.

Leonard Kellogg, Jr., Iowa; birds.

Boyd Kopf, N. Y.; printing, first aid.

W. M. McMahon, S. D.; boys in Forestry Service, preferably in Northwest.

Clarence Meador, Md.; books, motion pictures, scout work, second class scouts, 15 years of age in the U. S.; foreign scouts.

Daniel Noble, Conn.; fire by friction, first aid, anything else.

William M. Ross, Colo.; scouts in England, France, Japan, China, etc.

Luke Schmucker, O.; Africa, Germany, Norway, Greece, China, Japan, Turkey; wants photographs of all boys who write to him, in their scout uniforms; California, Texas.

Ralph Sloan, Ark.; scouts in every state on how their troops made good progress.

Charles Saylor, Kans.; football.

Howard A. Thorpe, N. H.; exchange photographs, postcards with boys in California and Washington, D. C.

Clifford Tatum, Fla.; scout work and outdoor life.

Ernest Voss, Wis.; Star and Eagle scouts, scoutmasters where scout work is efficient; scouts over 18; scouts interested in literary work; foreign scouts.

Herbert Williams, Pa.; exchange scout manuals and badges with foreign scouts; American scouts on woodcraft, camperaft, scoutcraft.

Russell Wright, Okla.; wireless, magic, electricity.

Leonard A. Zirkle, D. C.; star fish, stamps, wireless, postcards.

### *In Foreign Lands*

Charles A. Jones, Alaska; wireless, exchange postcards with Seattle, Wash., scouts.

Louis Perregaux, Switzerland; boys from 15 to 17 years old.

Arturo Rodriguez, Porto Rico; scouts in Miss., Ala., La., Fla., desiring to exchange postcards.

### Others Who Want Letters

These boys will correspond about anything:

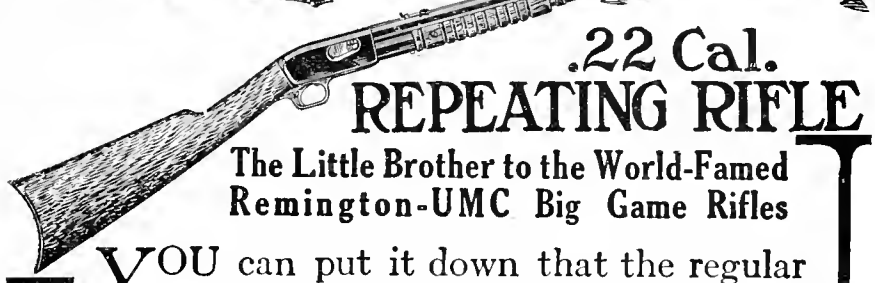
Percy H. Bond, England.
Ira H. Ballinger, O.
Harold Folk, Pa.
Clark Kingery, Iowa.
G. A. Wolgamott, Iowa.
Fort H. Callahan, Ga.
Ross D. Heath, Pa.
Stirling Menzies, N. C.

### Letter Writers—Write to Any of Them

The following list is the boys who have written letters through the Lonesome Corner since the November number went to press. Both American and foreign boys are taking advantage of this department of Boys' Life in increasing numbers.

E. Arnold, Jr., Wash.
Mark C. Bandy, Iowa.
Paul J. Bechtel, Pa.
Clarence Bradney, Kas.
Abner Baird, Utah.
Albert Butz, N. J.
D. Weaver Bridges, Miss.
Roy Carpenter, Md.
Roger Cochrane, Me.
Jas. I. Carpenter, Jr., W. Va.
Paul Cooper, Ill.
A. H. Danforth, Ill.
Edward Gabel, Mich.
Bliss P. Gander, O.
Winfred Grandy, Conn.
Robert M. Goff, Conn.
Waldo Hillbom, Conn.
Henry Hasegawa, Cal.
John B. Hartnett, N. Y.
Wallace M. Jacoby, N. Y.
Francis Kernan, Mo.
Robert King, Ark.
Wilbur Lewis, Kas.
H. R. Langridge, Iowa.
Morgan Bigham, Tenn.
Hugh R. Blackwell, Va.
Emerson R. Brooks, Mass.
F. H. Bernbardt, W. Va.
J. R. Bradley, Jr., Fla.
Wesley Brochvater, N.J.
Opal Cunningham, Tenn.
David Cockran, Jr., Vt.
Sydney Carpenter, Mass.
Carvel Clapp, Wis.
G. L. Cake, Jr., N. J.
J. A. Eiseman, Pa.
Glen Goodson, Mo.
Gordon C. Gunderson, Minn.
Donald George, O.
William C. Graf, N. J.
William Holtz, Mont.
Walter Hanneman, N. Y.
Herbert Harrower, Ill.
Charles E. Jackson, S. C.
Chas. A. Knudson, Jr., Wis.
Chas. C. H. Kendall, Mass.
William F. Lennan, N. J.
William McKenzie, Ga.
Walter Miles, N. Y.
Alfonso Man, Tex.
Milton Norris, Pa.
Percy E. Prickett, W. Va.
Arthur W. Roome, Mass.
C. H. Roser, Conn.
William Rettew, Pa.
Arthur I. Seymour, N. Y.
Marion Stroup, Ore.
Leonard Sudderth, Ga.
Howard G. Snyder, Pa.
Lamont Von Woert, N. Y.
Arthur Wriggins, N. J.
Myron Woods, Me.
James G. Wunder, Pa.
Howard C. Waldschmidt, Pa.
A. L. Lowe, W. Anstralia.
J. E. Mensah, Africa.
Rhea F. Moore, Va.
Vern Miller, Md.
Harry Painter, Pa.
Walter C. Rackliffe, Mass.
Harry Ralya, Jr., O.
Joyce Robertson, Kas.
Wheeler Ralston, O.
Margaret E. Snyder, Del.
Pruden Shockley, Va.
Roy Sutherland, Ill.
William Tisdel, Okla.
George G. Wallace, Ill.
Vincent K. Worman, N. Y.
Phillip E. Wood, Me.
Wilbur W. Wimberly, Tex.
Shigeji Minowa, Japan.
Hitoshi Suzuki, Japan.

Ernest M. Monaghan, England, writes that some time ago he wrote two letters to American boys, in reply to those he received, but is afraid they went down with the S. S. Arabic. He is anxiously waiting for replies from his American friends to the contrary.



.22 Cal.
REPEATING RIFLE

The Little Brother to the World-Famed Remington-UMC Big Game Rifles

YOU can put it down that the regular fellows want their .22 to be a real rifle—a *Remington-UMC*. A gun that a fellow can be proud of—and that will keep step and step with his shooting progress.

**Slide-Action Repeater**—Hammerless, fitted with the famous Remington-UMC Solid Breech. Handling fifteen .22 Short, twelve .22 Long or eleven .22 Long Rifle Cartridges.

If you've got your heart set on an *autoloading* .22, be sure to ask the dealer to show you the *Remington-UMC Autoloading Rifle.*

For rifles, for the Remington-UMC cartridges that everybody shoots in every make of rifle, go to the dealer who displays the *Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC*—your sign that he is Sportsmen's Headquarters.

*Write for booklets "Four American Boys Who Are Famous Rifle Shots" and "Boy Scout Marksmanship."*

**Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Company**
Woolworth Building (233 Broadway) New York City

**Camp Guide FREE**

Write today. Get our great "Camp Guide," which tells all about camp life; how to lay out a camp; what to take along; what to do when you get there. We will send this great book absolutely free. Just send a post card. Do it NOW.

**Army Shelter Tent**

Order at once—only $2.25. Same tents that are in active service in U. S. Army. Write for details. H. Channon & Co., Dept. 1589, 102 N. Market St. Chicago

MAKE XMAS MONEY
BY PROMOTING
FIRE PROTECTION
IN YOUR TOWN
Address S. F. HAYWARD & CO.
39 Park Place New York, N. Y.

BOYS, JUST OUT! Set of 20 colored views of EUROPEAN WAR. 25c. FULL OF ACTION.
REINHARDT SALES COMPANY
1337-39 Hull Street Baltimore, Md.

Every advertisement is carefully investigated before insertion in Boys' Life. Readers can help us maintain this valuable service by always mentioning Boys' Life when answering advertisements.

STAMPS

*[No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.]*

**SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER**

Send for our special $1.00 Christmas Combination Offer—the biggest bargain ever offered stamp collectors.

¶The modern stamp album—275 pages, 2,200 illustrations, spaces for 10,000 stamps, bound in full red cloth. ¶211 different foreign stamps. ¶50 different United States stamps. ¶Package of stamp mounts. ¶"What Philately Teaches," an interesting 75-page book on postage stamps.

We will mail this splendid gift, packed in a beautiful Christmas box, to any address with your card enclosed. Price, $1.00.

**SCOTT STAMP AND COIN COMPANY**
**Dept. F. 127 Madison Avenue New York**

**FOREIGN STAMPS FREE!**

Mention Gift No. F185 | 9 "ZOOLOGICAL" Stamps including Australia (Kangaroo), China (Dragon), Guatemala (Parrot), Malay (Tiger), Sudan (Camel), Cuba (Oxen), etc. | Send 4c. in U. S. Stamps for Postage

*Only one packet to each applicant*
**BRIGHT & SON, 164, Strand, London, W. C. ENGLAND**

**1000** different postage stamps only from all parts of the world. Fine specimens—no trashy junk. Many desirable stamps, choice sets and high values, listed up to 50c each. Lot catalogs $35. 2000 Imported Hinges (25c) & 25 diff. scarce (only $2). Entire lot for price of packet. **$2.45**
*Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded. Lists Free.*
**H. S. POWELL STAMP CO., Box 955, Storm Lake, Ia.**

**STAMP ALBUM with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Old Mexico, Malay (tiger), China (dragon) Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., 10c. 100 diff., Jap N Zld., etc., 5c. Big List, Coupons, etc., FREE! 1000 Fine Mixed 20c. 1000 Hinges 5c. Agents Wanted, 50%. WE BUY Stamps. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo**

**STAMPS FREE**—75 all diff. for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 5 Bosnia pictures 1906, 10c.; 30 Sweden, 10c.; 6 Roumania 1906 pictures and beads, 10c.; 20 diff. Foreign coins, 25c.; large U. S. cent, 5c. Lists free. We buy stamps and coins. Buying List 10c.
**TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.**

**COINS** Etc., For Sale:—For'n. Coins, 25 for .20; Large U. S. Cents, 5 diff., .25; Cuban P. Money, 3 var., .15; Panama Coins, 2 var...15; 250 yr. old coins, .12; 1500 yr. old, .10; Genuine Widow's Mite named, .60; Babylonian Tablet, 4000 yrs. old, .75. Premium List, .10; 160 pp. Book, .40; Retail Lists and Anc. Coin, .05. **T. L. Elder, Dept. B, 32 E. 23d St., N. Y.**

**ALL for 10c** | **SPECIAL U. S. LOT**
5 Spanish War Revenues.
10 U. S. Envelopes, cut sq., incl. War Dept.
8 Civil War Revenues.
6 New York State Revenues.
**CROWELL STAMP CO., CLEVELAND, O.**

**MEXICAN WAR STAMPS** The $ Surcharge .....(Set of 4) 10c
"Villa" Surcharge .....(Set of 3) 8c
Sept., 1915, issue .....(Set of 5) 10c
Vest Pocket Watermark Detector ..... 10c
My Specialty is Good Old U. S. A.
All of above for 30c.
**BURT McCANN, 321 No. Newton, Minneapolis, Minn.**

**STAMPS FREE** 75 all different stamps from all countries, free. Postage 2c. Mention this paper. Large album, 15c. If possible send names 2 collectors. We buy stamps.
**QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio**

STAMPS. 108 all different. Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps.
**C. Stegman, 5951 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.**

**STAMPS FREE** ONE of these sets 3 diff. Soudan (camel), or 3 diff. Nyassa (giraffe), or 1916 Hungarian War Stamp, or 1 Nyassaland, big price lists, bargain lists. $2 premium coupon, etc., free for 2c postage. Finest 50% approvals.
**W. C. PHILLIPS & CO., Glastonbury, Conn., (Dept. F.)**

**BOYS THREE RARE STAMPS FREE**
10c special packet for BOY SCOUTS—many scarce—all diff. 60% approvals. **Barrett Stamp Co., 4217 Regent St., Phila., Pa.**

**POSTER STAMP COLLECTORS**
Largest Stock in New England. Thousands of varieties, both art and advertising stamps. 25 advertising Poster Stamps representing 25 different firms, sent postpaid for silver dime. Our classy color stamp and price-list for postcard.
**THE HOBBY SHOP, Dept. A, Hartford, Conn.**

*(For other Stamp Advertisements see page 45)*

# Another Dandy Stamp Find

## And More Helpful Information for Collectors

By FRANK L. COES

THAT last "find" story I wrote about in the November Boys' Life has been supplemented by another lot of unusual covers. These can hardly be called a scout find, but they are a scoutmaster's find, and were turned over to a lucky scout for his collection. They were found in an abandoned store, which had been the post office for a tiny settlement. Doubtless the settlement still exists, although the store and other buildings were burned the winter after the stamps were found.

*Covers bearing "Blood's" stamps.*

Like the "Floyds" stamps, these were stamps issued by private firms; and doubtless during the stress of the Civil War, such failing companies offered much better service than the disrupted government mail service for local letters or packages. But these "Blood's" stamps seem to have been used long before the "Floyds" that were pictured last month.

The first Philadelphia Despatch Post stamps seem to have been in the form of a seal, and were used in 1841. The type was then changed to the odd picture of a man running across the house tops, and these were used from 1845 to 1847. Then a series of round stamps until 1848, when the little square ones appeared in various styles and colors, and in bronze ink on colored papers. These were used till 1854. In 1858 the post or "dispatch" service seems to have been sold or transferred to Kochersperger & Co., as their name is seen on the lower rim of the oval stamps on these envelopes.

This fairly fixes the time these were used as between 1858 and 1860, as the post marks on these bear a date as late as March 10, 1860.

It would be interesting to know just how a letter was posted and delivered by this service, but we can only surmise the details.

### They Are Valuable.

Stamps of this kind have an actual cash sale value, which is determined by the condition of the stamp and cover. The best cover of this lot is the second from the top on the right. This is perfect, the stamp has good margins all round and is lightly cancelled. Of course you will understand that the arrangement depended on the desire to show each cover against a contrasting color, and order of merit of value was not considered.

The little square stamp is "bronze on lilac" and is the lowest in value of the six varieties of this tiny stamp.

There were several "local" posts that used stamps of about the same size, Briggs', Carter's, Eagle, Glen Haven, and Jenkins' Camden Despatch being the ones that show in my album, and I believe Teese & Co. also had a similar post service in or about Philadelphia.

There are doubtless others. You can find the values of "local" stamps in the Supplement to Scott's catalog. The prices, however, are about twice what a stamp off cover is worth, if genuine. To be sure they are genuine they ought to be on the cover, as these stamps have been counterfeited and reprinted.

Some exceptionally clean and perfect covers would doubtless be worth full catalog, and others are unpriced because they are so rare as to make them worth very high prices.

Thus you see you may yet find something of value in apparently worthless papers, and in out of the way places.

There must still be a lot of these things to be found if the time is given to the search. I am glad scouts can find them, as they all help toward a collection, or will bring funds for making a collection more complete.

### Write Little on Album Pages.

In the November number I gave some helpful hints about transferring from old albums and the arrangement, etc., of new albums. Let's go on.

One question is about what the scout should write on his pages. I believe the least possible is best. Of course one can write a little essay about each notable portrait or animal or scene; but it is better to have that story in your head. It will add to your ability to remember and give you more time for the proper work you must do on your specimens.

If you have ever read Dumas' "Monte Cristo" you will remember the Abbe who had written from memory certain passages he needed to complete his book. Perhaps

# $2 a Box

## *Shirts and Neckties by Mail*

***for less than you pay for shirts alone***

**On receipt of $2 and 15c postage with name and address of five friends, we send a box of 3 DURO shirts and a handsome necktie by parcel post.**

***DURO Shirts are guaranteed to wear six months*** without fading, shrinking or ripping, or new shirts free. Made of fine white percale shirting fabric with narrow stripes of blue, black and lavender. One shirt of each color to the box. Cut in the popular coat style, cuffs attached, hand laundered and very fashionable. Standard sizes 13½ to 17½, sleeves 33 or 35. Neckties are navy blue, black and lavender. Take your choice. The shirts would cost you a dollar apiece and you would get no guarantee of wear. The tie would cost 50c. Illustrated literature on request, but save time by sending $2 bill and 15c postage today with size and five names, for if all the goods are not satisfactory on arrival we will gladly refund your money. Highest bank references.

**GOODELL & CO., Room 65, 158 E. 34th St., New York**

### STAMPS

(*For other Stamp Advertisements see page* 44)

[*No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.*]

**FREE** Stamps and Hinges for Coupons given to Agents. Premiums on receipt of first remittances for 60% APPROVAL SHEETS.
8 Different Siam for ..... 15c
11 Different Ecuador for ..... 15c
25 Different Japan for ..... 15c
SPECIAL—Not over two Sets to a customer.
**Frisco Stamp Co., Dept. B, P. O. Box 878, St. Louis, Mo.**

**FREE** 55 Foreign Stamps to applicants for our 60% approvals. Send reference and 2c stamp. 50 U. S., catalogue value $1.12, for 10c. 100 Foreign, catalogue value $1.25, for 10c. One thousand mixed stamps, 25c.
**HOLLY STAMP CO., East Pembroke, Mass.**

**70 DIFFERENT STAMPS** from 70 Different Foreign Countries, including Bolivia, Ceylon, Gold Coast, Monaco, Persia, Reunion, Servia, Trinidad, etc., **for only 15c—A BARGAIN.** Our pamphlet, which tells "How to Make a Stamp Collection Properly," with each order. **QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., Room 35, 604 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

**$$—OLD COINS WANTED—$$** $4.25 each paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. $2 to $500 each paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1805. Send 10c. at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. Get posted; it may mean your good fortune. C. F. CLARKE & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 10, Le Roy, N. Y.

**½lb. BAG of REAL UNSORTED MISSION POSTAGE STAMPS.** From over 60 countries, being well mixed so there are over 500 varieties represented. **Immense Value!** Postpaid at **$1.00. WORLD-WIDE MISSIONS, Box O, Storm Lake, Iowa.**

**ATTENTION!** Illustrated Stamp Album, over 500 spaces, 250 hinges and 100 varieties, stamps, 5c. **WRIGHT, 47 Court St., Boston, Mass.**

**STAMPS.** 105, China, &c., stamp dictionary and list 3,000 bargains 2c. Cats. stps. of world 12c. Agents, 50 per cent. **A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A9, Boston, Mass.**

**WAR ISSUES FREE.** I give these historic stamps to each applicant for approvals. My Specialty: **CLEAN** stamps at 1 and 2c for **THRIFTY** collectors.
**C. A. PLOCH, 1133 Reid Place, Indianapolis, Ind.**

**VERY GOOD APPROVALS FOR BEGINNERS**
**R. B. WATT, 435 Park Street, Hackensack, N. J.**

**20 DIFFERENT STAMPS**—Cataloguing $1.00—for 27c. **R. H. A. GREEN, 4407 Dover St., Chicago, Ill.**


such a memory is not needed but the more you memorize of facts, dates, names and locations, the easier becomes the learning of new things and the more certain their hold on your memory. Don't let your stamps make you waste time in writing things you can easily remember.

I met a scout this summer who could name the "allegorical" designs on the Newspaper Stamps of 1875-95, and I'm free to own that I am unable to do it without a look at the stamps and some thought. He said he learned them because they were the subject of a composition. You see how one thing leads to another. Anyway you should learn all the portrait subjects on our stamps, and don't let anyone fool you on Seward or what we owe him. It is a standard question which is more often missed than answered.

### The New Catalogue—A Review

I don't suppose it ever occurred to any of you that we all depend for prices on the Standard Catalogue, and that almost every one of the sixty-odd thousand prices is carefully checked over and changed if necessary before the new edition is printed. The 1916 catalogue is just off the press, and the editor announces 25,000 changed prices.

Every one of you needs a catalogue, especially if there is any exchanging or buying done, and to meet all pockets the new catalogue is issued in paper covers, in cloth covers and in a new de luxe form with soft leather binding.

While not as large as some of the European catalogues, the new Scott Standard Catalogue is most complete and thorough in United States stamps and envelopes, has a parcel post scale and map for package charge calculation, and "language" and "colony" tables, which are invaluable. I regret they continue the omission of the coinage equivalent tables, as they are very handy for foreign correspondents through the Boys' Life Lonesome Corner.

Remember always that the catalogue prices are for "fine" copies, and that specimens of quality below perfect must not be expected to bring more than a part of catalogue value, according to condition and rarity. Thus, "mint, full gum" is the best thing you can have; then "mint, no gum," "lightly cancelled," "medium cancelled" and "heavy cancelled," which grades will determine value, always remembering that a thin spot, perforations which throw the design "off center" or which cut the printing, torn perforations, etc., have a place in valuing, and often some minor details determine the value of an otherwise "mint" specimen.

I always tell a beginner that a poor specimen, if bought at a proper price, is better than a blank space, and that it can be replaced for a better stamp when opportunity offers. The blank space has no educational value, but the poor copy has some, and we are out to learn what every stamp teaches.

A catalogue can be bought through any of your trade acquaintances or at your book store, or direct from the publishers. In all probability, the Scott Catalogue will be the only true guide which can be easily obtained till the war in Europe is over. When peace comes there will be changes beyond all belief, but now they have stopped almost entirely as compared with the first few months of the trouble.

*Another helpful stamp article by Mr. Coes will appear in the January* Boys' Life. . . . *Many readers are exchanging stamps through our Lonesome Corner.*

# Isn't That A Dandy Present

Thousands of boys and girls want a *New Mirroscope* for Christmas this year. It is a dandy present, bringing fun for months to come. With

## The New Mirroscope

you can show snapshots, poster stamps, war pictures, post cards of scenes and buildings, cartoons, shadowgraphs, etc., enlarged to several feet across. All sorts of games, shows and entertainments are easy to get up.

Latest models now for sale have improved lenses and lighting systems, card holder that adjusts by simply turning a knob, and many other new features. Be sure to ask for a *New Mirroscope* and look for the name. Every *New Mirroscope* fully guaranteed.

**FREE:** Booklet showing six styles for electricity, acetylene or gas, priced from $2.50 to $25. **Send for it.**

**THE MIRROSCOPE CO,**
**16806 Waterloo Rd. Cleveland, O.**

# They'll fit you too dad!

*Fits any size shoe*

Here's the skate dad likes to buy—for himself as well as the boys because they're always "just right," no matter what the size, style or shape of the shoe.

The sole plate slides on the runner to the proper place and is rigidly locked in position by two nuts.

## CONRON
## EXTENSION ICE SKATE

made in both hockey and curved runner types—one size for men—one size for boys, to take care of the widest variation in shoe sizes.

Cut out this ad and show it to Dad—it's getting close to Christmas.

If the hardware man hasn't got them yet, send one dollar for the dandiest skate you ever saw—a polished finish that won't rust, and if the skates are not up to your fullest expectations, we'll return your dollar without a word.

**Conron-McNeal Co.**
**Dept. A**
**Kokomo, Ind.**

**How to Get a Fine**
No. 5 M Reach Practice Rugby (value $1.25), made of fine Brown Pebble Grain Leather, Canvas lined. Given to any reader of BOYS' LIFE sending us two yearly subscriptions (at $1 each) for BOYS' LIFE.




*Mention* Boys' Life *in answering advertisements*

# MESCOLITE

**A DANDY ELECTRIC HAND LANTERN**

(Illustration shows container with the cover off and battery partly inserted.

that should be in every Boy Scout's home. It gives a nifty light that is clear, bright and steady. To do "a good turn daily," is the constant aim of every true Boy Scout. No better way of filling your pledge can be imagined than to have one of these electric lanterns. It is SAFE. Anywhere—Everywhere—Always—in the barn, garage, cellar or closet. On the automobile or motor boat. On the dark trail or in the camp. For bicycle or pushmobile. When around gas, gasoline, naphtha or other explosives where the open flame of oil lamp, lantern or candle would be dangerous. So you see how many good turns may be done and how many ways may be made Safe and Bright with the MESCOLITE.

The RED SEAL DRY BATTERY will give about twenty-five hours of continuous service and from forty to fifty hours of intermittent service.

The MESCOLITE can also be supplied with a "Special" two-cell dry battery which will give approximately sixty hours of continuous and one hundred twenty hours of intermittent service.

**No. 5343—MESCOLITE, complete with RED SEAL DRY BATTERY, 1½ V. LAMP..each $1.50**
**No. 5344—MESCOLITE, complete with "Special" 2-cell dry battery, 2.8 volt lamp..ea. 1.75**

## Send for Our Manual No. 5 of Wireless Telegraphy

You should have it even if only superficially interested. Around about you every day you read of some marvelous occurrence in which wireless played a distinguished part. It may not be entirely clear to you. The Manual will explain it. To the student of Wireless Telegraphy, the Manual contains much that is indispensable to a proper understanding of the art. A good portion of this is now published for the first time. The Manual contains 120 pages, fully illustrated on high-grade paper stock with a two-color cover.

**We ask ten cents ($.10) for it—give you a coupon receipt which can be applied on any order amounting to One Dollar ($1.00) or more**

Send your name and address now, and get one of the most complete, comprehensive and reliable wireless pamphlets published.

## Send for Our Catalog J-28

It is pocket size, 8x4½ inches, contains 248 pages, with over 1,100 illustrations, and describes in plain, clear language all about Bells, Push Buttons, Batteries, Telephone and Telegraph Material, Electric Toys, Burglar and Fire Alarm Contrivances, Electric Call Bells, Electric Alarm Clocks, Medical Batteries, Motor Boat Horns, Electrically Heated Apparatus, Battery Connectors, Switches, Battery Gauges, Wireless Telegraph Instruments, Ignition Supplies, etc.

**There exist a thousand and one ways where electrical devices may be used, and to know what is best for your purpose you need this catalog.**

**MANHATTAN ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO.**
NEW YORK: 17 Park Place. CHICAGO: 114 S. 5th Ave. ST. LOUIS: 1106 Pine St.
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: 604 Mission Street.


# The Electric Scout

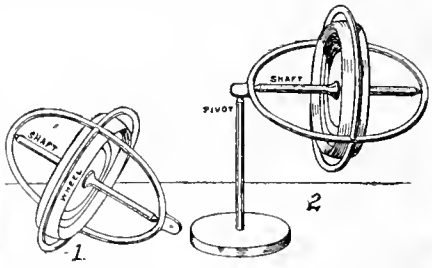
### A Pleasant Job, and a Big One, For the Scout on a Frontier

By ALFRED P. MORGAN

*Author of "The Boy Electrician," "Wireless Telegraph Construction for Amateurs," etc.*

DID you know that there is a reason why boy scouts should be *especially* interested in electrical things?

Turn to page four of the Handbook and you will read about scouts in all ages and in all kinds of work—principally frontier scouts, who have gone out on new and strange adventures, and through their work have benefited the people of the




*The Gyroscope—At Rest and Active.*

earth. The reader of BOYS' LIFE cannot go to some far away frontier whence he may push into the great unknown beyond. Fortunately it is not necessary. There is right at home a wonderful borderland which needs exploring and the scout who passes along the frontier of that land called *Science* has an opportunity for scouting which far surpasses almost anything across the seas.

Every boy probably knows a little bit about electricity, mechanics, chemistry, astronomy, etc. Some of you know so little that you think it wouldn't interest you, and it is not until you begin to approach the boundary line (on the other side of which lies the land of *Science*) that you will become interested. And here is room for the scout. Here is an opportunity for real scouting.

This land is really a huge wilderness into which countless men have gone in exploration. The knowledge they have brought back is one of our most precious possessions. This land is so huge that no man can even imagine going to its farthermost border.

### The Entrance at Hand

The entrance, however is right at hand and is in such a strange place that you would be scarcely apt to look for it. It is wherever your toys, or those things which you use for amusement, may happen to be.

The very top which you spin is a portion of the land of science which is just being explored and which promises many interesting adventures.

### The Top That Seems Alive

Did any of you ever hear of a *gyroscope?* It is really a specialized form of top. Every top exhibits *gyroscopic* action. That is why it stands up when spinning and falls down as it stops.

A gyroscope in a sort of top which is supported at both ends. You will perhaps understand better by referring to the illustration in Figure 1, which shows a gyroscope lying at rest. If the wheel in

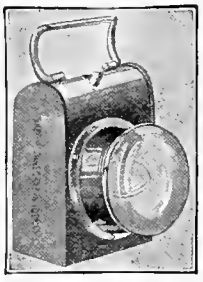

# ATTENTION!

## XMAS MONEY FOR YOU

**ELECTRIC LANTERN**
**HEIGHT:** 6 Inches
**FINISH:** Satin Telephone
**GLOBES:** Clear Ribbed Also clear or Colored Plain
**BATTERY:** High Quality Strong
**LAMP:** Genuine Tungsten
**PRICE:**
Lantern, 25c
Battery, 20c
Lamp, 13c
Complete Only ....58c

One agent wanted in every Scout troop to introduce this dandy lantern. Just the thing for your "hikes" and Scout duties. Furnished with red globe it's the best ever for your dark room and with blue and green globes for signal purposes. Absolutely safe and durable—no danger from fires and wind can't blow it out. To every purchaser we will tell how he can get his money back and keep the lantern, too.

**UNCLE SAM MAIL BOX ELECTRIC LANTERN NO. 707**



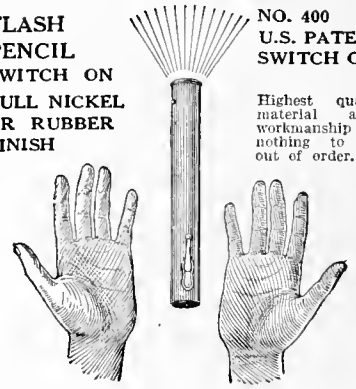
Beautiful green art Patina finish with 3 cell batteries; Tungsten bulbs; durably made to withstand jar and rough usage, unexcelled for brilliant light.

**PRICE: Lantern, 65c; Battery, 20c; Lamp, 13c.**

This wonderful lantern—absolutely safe with gas, oil, hay, anything inflammable or explosive—complete for only 98c.

## "Stayslit"

**FLASH PENCIL SWITCH ON FULL NICKEL OR RUBBER FINISH**



**NO. 400 U.S. PATENT SWITCH OFF**

Highest quality material and workmanship — nothing to get out of order.

Lantern, 50c. Battery, 20c. Lamp, 13c. Complete for only 83c.

SEND FOR SEL "L"—MANY OTHER NEW CREATIONS

## LINCOLN ELECTRIC WORKS

112 WEST ADAMS (L) CHICAGO, ILLINOIS




*Mention* BOYS' LIFE *in answering advertisements*

the center of the gyroscope is set to spinning by pulling a string, which has been wrapped around a shaft, in much the same manner as in spinning your top, the apparatus will exhibit many strange properties which it did not possess before the wheel started to spin. For example, if you pick it up in your hand, by means of the framework and try to give it a sudden twist you will find that it resists you and tries to push back just as if it were alive.

### Steers Vessels, Steadies Aeroplanes

Some one noticed this peculiar property of a spinning gyroscope to resist any attempts to suddenly change its position and tried to put it to good usage and as a result, gyroscopes now *balance* the aeroplane and steer some of the war ships of the United States Navy.

It used to be neeessary to keep a steersman continuously at the wheel to constantly shift the rudder so as to counteract the effect of the waves, currents and winds and keep the ship true to its course. Gyroscopes now perform this duty far more accurately than man. The gyroscopes used for this purpose are kept spinning continuously by means of an electric motor. They are mounted upon very delicate pivots. After the ship's course is set, any slight tendency for the vessel to turn to the right or left, even an almost imperceptible bit, affects the gyroscope and the latter by means of its resisting action immediately sets into operation an electrical arrangement which turns the rudder and corrects the course. This is only one of the many useful purposes of the gyroscope discovered in the past few years.

### Your Chance

An apparently trivial thing which you may notice about some of those objects which surround you, especially about your toys, and for which no useful application can be suggested at the time, may one day develop into a brand new invention which will prove of use to all humanity.

If you build a toy steam turbine, a telegraph set or an electric motor, the actual work will be of great interest and pleasure to you—but the greatest benefit will come from your observance of the principles of these devices and the things which take place after you finish them and set them in operation.

## The Boy Scout Crusoes

(*Continued from page* 6)

Then Dr. Cameron forced himself to speak.

"It's not surprising that the ship is not there," he said. "She couldn't stay at anchor out there in such a storm. She has either found a sheltered harbor somewhere along the coast, or has had to put out to sea. We were foolish to expect anything else. I ought to have warned you that you would not find her out there where you saw her last."

"But the rowboat?" said Rod.

"I don't understand that," admitted his father. "I shouldn't have thought that the sailors would have put off to the ship without us."

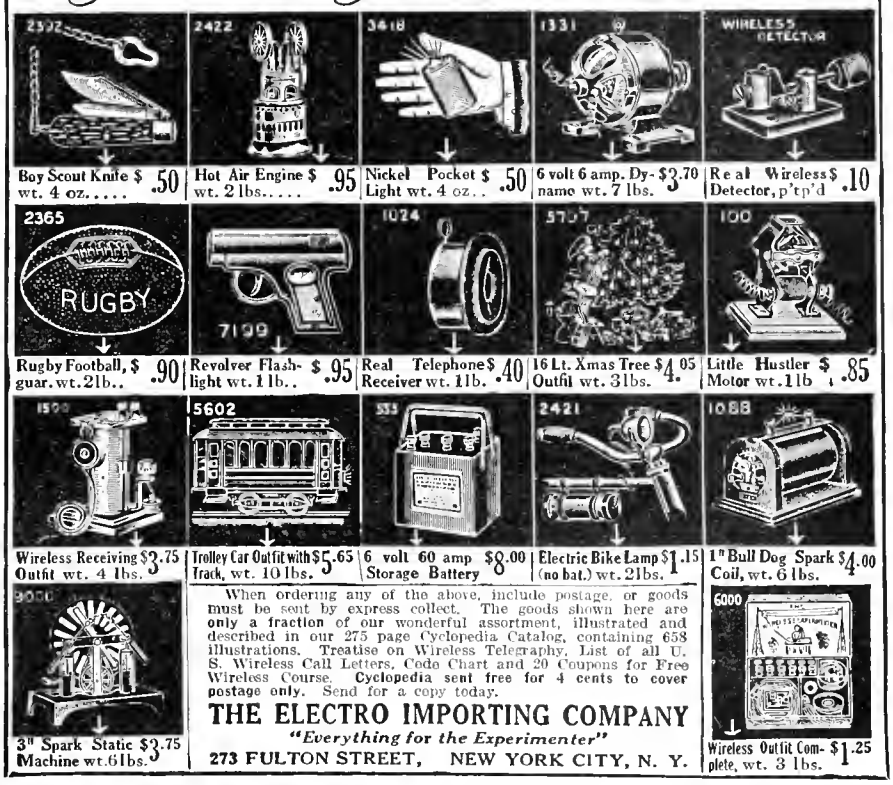
"Captain Morton would be rather shorthanded without them though," suggested Fred, "so perhaps he ordered them back."

"Perhaps. Let's see if they have left any message for us."

But search revealed no message or trace of the missing seamen.

(*Continued in January* Boys' Life)


*Boys! Here's your Xmas Present!*




Boy Scout Knife $.50 wt. 4 oz.....
Hot Air Engine $.95 wt. 2 lbs.....
Nickel Pocket $.50 Light wt. 4 oz..
6 volt 6 amp. Dynamo wt. 7 lbs. $3.70
Real Wireless Detector, p'tp'd $.10
Rugby Football, guar. wt. 2 lb.. $.90
Revolver Flashlight wt. 1 lb.. $.95
Real Telephone Receiver wt. 1 lb. $.40
16 Lt. Xmas Tree Outfit wt. 3 lbs. $4.05
Little Hustler Motor wt. 1 lb $.85
Wireless Receiving Outfit wt. 4 lbs. $3.75
Trolley Car Outfit with Track, wt. 10 lbs. $5.65
6 volt 60 amp Storage Battery $8.00
Electric Bike Lamp (no bat.) wt. 2 lbs. $1.15
1" Bull Dog Spark Coil, wt. 6 lbs. $4.00
3" Spark Static Machine wt. 6 lbs. $3.75
Wireless Outfit Complete, wt. 3 lbs. $1.25

When ordering any of the above, include postage, or goods must be sent by express collect. The goods shown here are only a fraction of our wonderful assortment, illustrated and described in our 275 page Cyclopedia Catalog, containing 658 illustrations. Treatise on Wireless Telegraphy, List of all U. S. Wireless Call Letters, Code Chart and 20 Coupons for Free Wireless Course. Cyclopedia sent free for 4 cents to cover postage only. Send for a copy today.

**THE ELECTRO IMPORTING COMPANY**
*"Everything for the Experimenter"*
273 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

**WIRELESS**

**5000 Mile Wireless**

How to make this long distance amateur receiving set at slight expense, as well as complete plans for building other types of wireless stations, are shown plainly in

**How to Conduct a Radio Club**

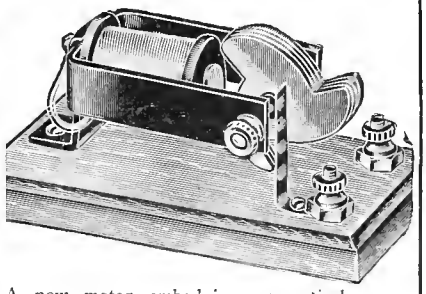
a book that no student of wireless can afford to miss.

Send 50 cents for your copy today and receive **FREE** the latest issue of THE WIRELESS AGE, the only magazine of Radio communication.

**MARCONI PUBLISHING COMPANY**
**450 Fourth Avenue, New York City**

**WIRELESS**

**Monocoil Motor**
"1 Mousepower"



A new motor embodying an entirely new principle in motor construction. The Monocoil is the simplest and most powerful low-priced motor on the market. Runs on one or more dry cells. Every boy will want a "Monocoil" whether he has any other motor or not. Costs you 30 cents.

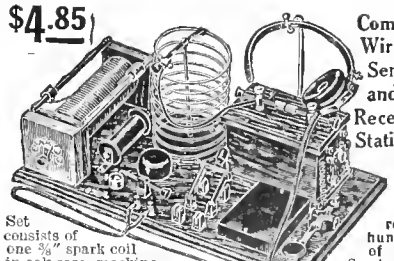
Show this "ad" to your dealer and he will show you the motor.

**C. D. WOOD ELECTRIC CO. Inc., 136 Liberty St. NEW YORK**
*Manufacturers of the Wood 3-color signal light for Scouts*

**"The Electrical Experimenter"**
The big electrical Magazine for those who dabble in electricity and *Wireless*. Chuck full of experiments intensely interesting. Monthly prizes of $5.00 for best experiments. Amateur Electrics, Wireless News, Latest Patents 100 articles, 100 to 150 illus. Read the great serial: *"Baron Munchhausen's New Scientific Adventures."* **$1.00 a year.**

*Send 10¢ for 3 issues*
**Electrical Experimenter 238 Fulton Street, N. Y.**
10c *a copy at News stands.*

**$4.85**



**Complete Wireless Sending and Receiving Station**

Set consists of one ⅜" spark coil in oak case, machine turned fluted spark gap, our 1501 key, flat plate condenser assembled in oak case, correct capacity helix, buzzer and switch to tell if the detector is working, tubular fixed condenser, bare wire wound double slide tuner of high capacity. Our new two-cup triple action cat whisker detector, 4 capacity loading inductance coil that allows you to get Arlington and the long wave stations. Send stamp for our large catalog "L" of remarkable values. If possible, call and see our stock.

**Will receive hundreds of miles. Sends from 1 to 5 miles.**

**THE HANDEL ELECTRIC CO., 138-140 Centre St., New York**

**Buy Now—Save Money**

**WIRELESS SALE**

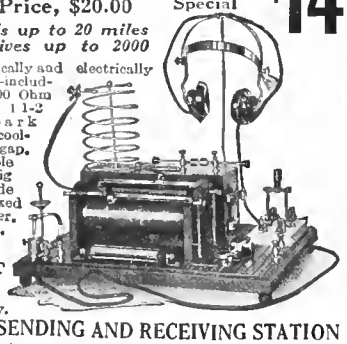
**Bargain Prices To PROVE**

the wonderful values we give you direct from our factory

***Complete Outfit,*** **$14**

Reg. Price, $20.00 Special

*Sends up to 20 miles*
*Receives up to 2000*



Mechanically and electrically perfect—including a 2000 Ohm headset, 1 1-2 inch spark coil, air cooler spark gap, collapsible helix, big two-slide tuner, fixed condenser, detector, wireless key, D P D T switch-huzzer with key.

THIS SENDING AND RECEIVING STATION

Reg. Price $5.95, for Xmas **$4.95**

All hooked up and ready for use

Send 6c in stamps for big 152 pg. Catalog L. 220

**FREE** Send for Big Electrical Toy Catalog. Save Money Xmas

**NICHOLS ELECTRIC CO**
Largest Mfgs. of Reliable Goods Only
1-3 W. B'way, N. Y. C

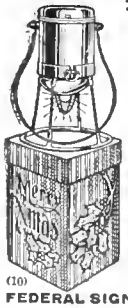
**FREE** Write our QUERY DEP'T. for free technical advice on Wireless questions.

Nichols Elect. Co.,
1-3 W. B'way, N. Y. C.

**Use an Electric Lantern**

Electric lanterns have replaced the old-fashioned dangerous oil lanterns in thousands of homes everywhere — for the automobile; hunting; camping; around the house; on the farm; on big railway systems; any place where portable light is needed.

***Makes a Fine Christmas Gift***



All lanterns ordered in answer to this advertisement will come specially packed in a beautiful holly Xmas box, all ready to be forwarded. If desired, we will make shipments direct to names you furnish, enclosing your card, in time to reach recipient at Xmas time.

Genuine Tungsten filament bulb. Throws a big volume of brilliant light in any direction you wish—makes no difference what position it is in—lay it on its side—hang it upside down—tuck it under your arm. The safest, surest, quickest light—no matches—no oil—no grease—no grime—no smoke—no danger.

Handsomely nickel-plated, durable and dependable. Price express prepaid to any address in U. S. **$4.50.** Money promptly refunded without question if lantern is not entirely satisfactory and all you expected or desired. **Send orders promptly.**

(10) **FEDERAL SIGN SYSTEM** (Electric) Desk 139, **CHICAGO**

**Boys—This New Book**

**Tells What You Want To Find Out About**

**WIRELESS**

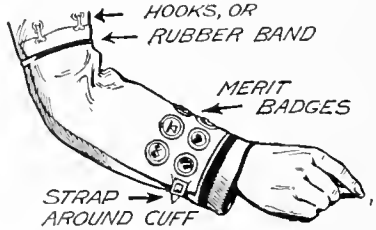
SEND for it today, 48 pages of valuable information for every amateur. Tells Theory of Wireless; How to Erect Aerials. Diagrams of Connections. Explains "Matched Tone," etc. Followed by lists of best standard wireless apparatus on the market—selected especially for the fellow who wants to get results. If you are thinking now of owning a wireless equipment be sure to get this book. Send 4c in stamps, asking for CATALOG L. Send Now.

**C. BRANDES Inc.**
Wireless Specialists
Room 816, 32 Union Square, NEW YORK

*THE Editor will be glad to receive from any reader of* BOYS' LIFE, *suggestions for this department. If you have discovered ways of doing things that you think might save other people time and trouble, let us hear from you. This department offers you a mighty good chance to do a good turn, don't you think? Address all letters to "Scout Discoveries,"* BOYS' LIFE, THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE, *200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

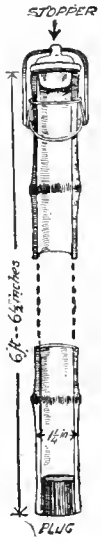
### FOR BOYS WHO HAVE MERIT BADGES

Purchase a piece of khaki cloth half as wide as the circumference of your cuff and about as long as your forearm and sew your merit badges on it. Lay this




strip of khaki on your arm, and secure it around the cuff with a khaki strip, fastening it about the elbow with rubber bands or hooks. Then if the coat must be washed or changed, or if rough work is done which might disfigure the badges, simply slip off the false sleeve and put it in your pocket. —*Scout B. K. Brown, Ill.*

### A SCOUT CANTEEN




Take a stout bamboo staff, regulation length, and with an iron rod, punch out the connections inside the staff so it will be hollow. Plug up one end of the staff with a cork and secure it with glue. Then fill the staff with shellac, allow it to stand about one minute, then pour out the shellac and allow the staff to dry out. This will make it waterproof and the shellac will also prevent it from cracking. Then obtain a patent bottle stopper such as can be purchased at any drug store and fasten it at the open end of the staff. You will now have a water flask and staff combined, holding about a quart and a half or two quarts of water.—*Scout Homer Chandler, W. Va.*

### FOR FLABBY HAT RIMS

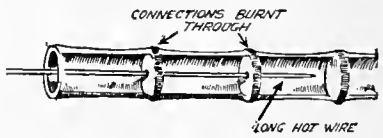
A good many scouts will find that the rim of their scout hat becomes flabby with constant pulling down. You will find that by laying a damp cloth over the rim and pressing with a hot iron that it will become stiff again. This is as good as starching it and it looks better.—*William F. Nichols, Penn.*

### A WATERPROOF MATCH BOX

A good substitute for a waterproof matchbox can be made from a ten gauge and a twelve gauge empty brass shot gun shell, one telescoped into the other.—*Waring Mikell, Ga.*

### TO GET A SURE LIGHT

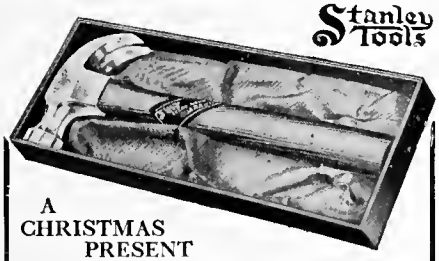
Here's a tip for tenderfoot scouts who wish to pass their examination in fire making using no more than two matches. I saw this scheme demonstrated by a hobo who was entertaining a crowd on a ferry boat. He made a number of narrow shavings around the stem of the match just above the head, so that the shavings looked like feathers or fuzz along the stick of the match. With a match prepared in this way, the first strike will give a good blaze. Care must be taken not to cut the slivers or shavings too deep, or the stick will be weakened and the head will break off in striking.—*Scoutmaster Paul C. Anthony, N. J.*




I have heard from reliable sources that the splitting of bamboo can be prevented by boring a small hole through the centre of the staff, thus allowing the air to enter each of the compartments and preventing expansion from heat and dampness. The hole can be made by heating a long heavy wire and burning through the length of the staff. This method is used by manufacturers of flying machines when they use bamboo sticks, etc. *Scoutmaster R. M. Jacobus.*

Before going on your next hike, dip the sulphur end of your matches in melted paraffine. They will light and burn brightly even in a pouring rain and the wax will run down the stick and keep them from going out.—*Scout Norman P. Marks, Conn.*

Stanley Tools



A CHRISTMAS PRESENT WORTH HAVING

What can dad give the boy or what can the boy give dad for Christmas that will be useful, attractive and not too expensive?

Can you think of a man or boy who wouldn't be delighted with a Hammer like the one illustrated above and described below?

It sure is useful, the workmanship and material of the best and the cost reasonable.

It is a full size one pound Hammer, made of a special steel, carefully forged, hardened and tempered. The Head is nickel plated and highly finished, and the handle is of selected second growth hickory-mahoganized.

Every Hammer is fully warranted and packed in an attractive Christmas box.

**Price $1.00 Each**

Sent postage prepaid to any part of the United States upon receipt of above price.

Address

**STANLEY RULE & LEVEL CO.**
**NEW BRITAIN, CONN. U.S.A.**

# BOYS ! ! !

**Here is your chance to own a real automobile. We have just completed plans for**

## THE AUTO JUNIOR

the gasoline motor car designed to be built and run by boys. It is strictly up to date and the plans show every detail so that an amateur craftsman will have no trouble in reading them. Every part is shown in detail. Any boy who likes to do things can build a car from these drawings at small cost. The set consists of more than 20 blue prints made from actual hand drawings and are not to be confused with cheap press prints. They vary in size from two by three feet to three by six feet, and many of the views can be used as patterns. The set is so complete, and details are so very clear that any boy mechanically inclined should find a wonderful educational value in them. *Send a stamp for further particulars.*

**A FINE CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR ANY BOY.**

**THE PLAN BUREAU**
**815 Century Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.**

**Make Inkstands, and other Christmas Things** with this "RED DEVIL" Glass Cutter—The Standard Glazier's Tool of the World. No present like something you make YOURSELF.

Sample postpaid 8c. *Glass Cutter booklet free.*

**SMITH & HEMENWAY CO. Inc.**
**168 Chambers St., New York City.**
**MANUFACTURERS OF REAL MECHANICS' TOOLS**

**KODAK FILMS** Let us develop your next roll of films. As a special trial order we will develop your next roll for 5c and make the prints for 2c each. Highest quality.

**MOSER & SON**
**B20, Arcade Cincinnati, Ohio**


# Scouts Afield

(*Continued from page 41*)

vicinity of Hooversville have been threatened annually for several seasons by disastrous fires and the boy scouts are planning to do something notable during the present season.

COLUMBUS, MISS.—Troop 1 has added a new patrol and mascot. The troop has beautifully appointed headquarters and is looking forward to the establishment of a permanent camp and summer school, where every scout can go for two months' training. Each of the newspapers publishes a scout column, and three scouts are detailed to furnish articles for each paper weekly. The work of these reporters is arousing much enthusiasm on the part of the people of Columbus.

MONTPELIER, IND.—Public recognition was made of the scouts and campfire girls in a reception given by their mothers, and the Woman's Relief Corps. With impressive ceremony the scouts were presented a fine parade flag, then the balance of the evening was spent in games and fun.

OCEANA, VA.—Three hundred people were entertained in the high school on a recent Friday evening, when the members of Troop 1 rendered a program, illustrative of the progress of a scout from tenderfoot to first class. Organized last summer with eight members, Troop 1 has grown to sixteen.

POTEAU, OKLA.—In a long letter and report from Scout Burton, we learn that in spite of the fact that they are without a scoutmaster, the boys of Poteau are active and take many interesting hikes.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—From New York to West Virginia—this was the hike of members of Troop 54, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Travelling by trolley, boat, automobile, canal barge, farm wagon and by foot, camping out along the way, the trip was made in five days. They stopped at Philadelphia, passed through Frederick, Md. (made famous by Whittier's poem of "Barbara Fritchie") and through other localities interesting because of Civil War incidents. Before crossing into West Virginia, they stopped at Hancock, Maryland, and here they were greeted by one of the local scouts, who gave them a hearty welcome.

PUEBLO, COL.—Troop 3, with Rev. Frederick Hatch, their scoutmaster, went to the mouth of the Royal Gorge for a week's outing. A hike was taken into the gorge as far as the famous hanging bridge; another over the well-advertised "sky-line drive," and another up Grape Creek.

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Troop 4 took part in the parade of the Confederate Veterans, in their reunion, held here. The scouts are also making plans for participation in the demonstration to be given in honor of the Liberty Bell when it reaches Memphis on its return trip to Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A fourteen-mile hike to Forest Glen, where they pitched a tent, cooked dinner, and incidentally passed some of their scout tests, was a recent achievement of Troop 19. This ambitious troop has organized a foot-ball team, and is planning to get a wireless outfit in the near future.

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS.—Hikes, camp on Little River, proficiency in sending messages by the semaphore code, and in knot-tying, a fine basketball team, a baseball nine, a tennis tournament—these are some of the activities reported for the past season by Troop 2 of Hutchinson. These boys have also secured a two-room bungalow for a country club house, with a tract of ten acres surrounding it.

WILMINGTON, OHIO.—A fourteen-mile hike to Fort Ancient, where they stayed over night, was recently taken by the scouts of Wilmington. Fifty-eight species of birds were noted on the way.

### IN MEMORIAM

SCOUTMASTER EDWARD ANDERSON,
Troop 7, Jersey City, N. J.

ASSISTANT SCOUTMASTER LEWIS COX,
Troop 1, Belton, S. C.

SCOUTMASTER JOHN S. ENSOR,
Troop 2, Mt. Washington, Md.

SCOUT MILTON F. BAKER,
Troop 49, Minneapolis, Minn.

SCOUT GLADE MANWARING,
Troop 1, Black Earth, Wis.

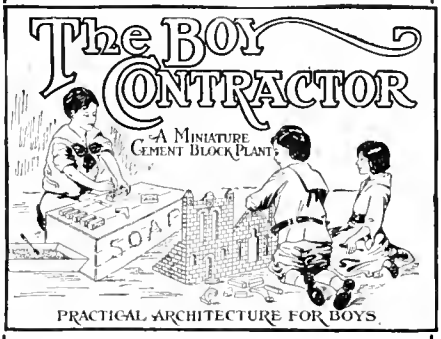
SCOUT CLAYTON BRUCE,
Troop 29, Denver, Col.

SCOUT J. DONALD MAHAN,
Troop 15, Pittsburgh, Pa.


# SAY, SCOUTS!
## HERE'S A NEW STUNT

EVERY Boy can now make his own Building Blocks. You don't have to spend a fortune to get enough blocks or pieces to build with. You own your own factory.

You can build in your way anything the big contractor builds.




The process is easy and is lots of fun. The blocks are hard as stone and paneled to look like cut stone.

You can make any number of blocks to sell or give away to your brothers, cousins or friends.

You can build Churches, Schools, Castles, Forts, Bridges, Culverts, and thousands of models of construction.

Every set contains Moulds, Tools, and a Book of Designs and Instructions.

MAIL YOUR ORDER

**SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

Complete Set with Moulds and Tools to make 27 different cement blocks,

**PRICE $1.00**

We will prepay delivery charges to any address on all orders received before January 1, 1916.

**BENJAMIN-SELLAR MFG. CO.**
**557-559 W. QUINCY STREET**
**CHICAGO, ILL.**

**MARCONI** Do not miss this unusual and limited opportunity to obtain commercial wireless apparatus.

**Offered Within the Reach of Every Amateur**
Apparatus may be inspected at Temporary Storeroom, 6th Floor, 58 Duane St., New York City. Send 10 cents for illustrated and descriptive catalogue, which amount will be returned with first purchase. Address L (Boys' Life)
**Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America**
**Woolworth Building, 233 Broadway, New York**

*"THERE'S MONEY IN IT"*
AT HOME **LEARN TELEGRAPHY** AT HOME
MORSE AND WIRELESS

**TEACH YOURSELF**
in half usual time, at trifling cost, with the wonderful Automatic Transmitter **THE OMNIGRAPH.** Sends unlimited Morse or Continental messages, at any speed, just as an expert operator would. **Adopted by U. S. Gov't.** 4 styles. Catalogue free.
**Omnigraph Mfg. Co., 39-M Cortlandt St., New York**

**PLAYS** for Parlor, School Room or Stage, Dialogues, Speakers, Comic Monologues, Minstrels, Jokes, Operettas, Musical Pieces, Recitations, Tableaux, Games, Drills, etc. Suitable for all ages. **Catalogue free.**
**T. S. DENISON & Co., Dept. 18, CHICAGO, ILL.**




*Mention* BOYS' LIFE *in answering advertisements*

Give your boy or girl a steering sled—
*but be sure it's a*

**Flexible Flyer** The only sled with non-skid runners.

Stronger, easier than ever to control.
All-steel front and chrome-nickel steel runners give added safety, durability and ease in steering. The fastest and safest sled made!

**JUNIOR RACER** 4 feet long. Weighs 10½ lbs. **$3.50**
Express prepaid east of Missouri River.

The Flexible Flyer comes in nine sizes—3 to 8½ feet long.

**Outlasts Three Ordinary Sleds**

Insist on the genuine—
*it isn't a Flexible Flyer unless it bears this trade mark.*
FLEXIBLE FLYER
Sold by leading Hardware- and Dep't-Stores.

**FREE.** Cardboard model showing how the Flexible Flyer steers. Also attractive booklet. Write for them today!

**S. L. ALLEN & CO. Box 1102S Philadelphia.**



**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS**

Write at once for one of our Money Savings Banks furnished free. When you have the amount saved mail us the bank and we will send you any of the articles you desire.

**Ice Hockey Skate and Shoe Outfit** $3.95 Cash
REGULAR $7.50 VALUE
All outfits which are purchased from us will be riveted free of charge and are absolutely guaranteed. Express charges prepaid on all orders for two outfits.

**$8 HEAVY SHAKER COAT SWEATERS** $5.48 Cash
All wool, plain colors. Very heavy. Full collar, can be buttoned up or rolled down. A real $8.00 value. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

**Winslow Roller Skates** $1 A WEEK
Boys' or Girls'. Adjustable to any size. Ball bearing, self-contained wheels. Regular Value $2.50, for this sale only $1.39 Cash
Express charges prepaid on all orders for two pairs.
Buys Any of These Presents

**VICTROLAS**
**$15. to $350.**

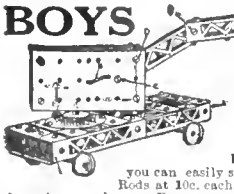
NEW 1916 IVER-JOHNSON
**BICYCLE** $30.00 Cash
Truss frame Roadster with coaster brake.

*Write for our handsomely illustrated catalogue of sporting goods or Talking Machines*

**I. DAVEGA, Jr., 125 West 125th St., N. Y. C.**



**BOYS** WE GIVE YOU THIS



*The Mysto* **ERECTOR SET**

In a little of your spare time you can easily sell 30 Nathan Spring Curtain Rods at 10c. each. You can sell from one to a dozen in every house. You can earn other useful and valuable premiums. We will send you our Catalogue. Write now to
**NATHAN SPECIALTY CO., 511a W. 54th St., New York City**

SCOUT EVENTS in MOVIES
HIKES ARE POPULAR IN THE CRISP WINTER AIR
DOUBLE QUICK
SCALING WALLS DEVELOPS MUSCLES AND DEXTERITY
DENVER SCOUTS SALUTE THEIR NEW EXECUTIVE L.S. DALE
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
GOO-BY
EAST ORANGE N.J. CITIZENS DONATE $17,000 for SCOUT WORK
RAINING MONEY
WOW—THE CAMP IS FLOODED
THE BUGLER SOUNDS A NUMBER of CALLS
ST. PAUL DOWNS MINNEAPOLIS RELAYING MESSAGE TO GOV. HAMMOND
QUIET HOUSE
ON OUR WAY
PASSED BY THE FILMS
BIG FEATURE REEL NEXT!
HUNTINGTON

# Scout Leonard, and What He's Done

## What Any Scout With "Pep" Can Do

A BOY named R. Prescott Leonard, of Groton, Mass., wanted a scout's outfit. He was not satisfied to put on a broad-brimmed uniform hat over a suit of ordinary store clothes, nor to wear a pair of khaki leggings at the bottom of an ordinary civilian's raiment. It was Prescott's nature to be thorough. He never did things by halves. He wanted a hat, shirt, coat, breeches, shorts, leggings, whistle, knife, canteen—the whole business, or nothing.

*Scout R. Prescott Leonard*

Now, there are several ways of getting things which cost money. The first way is to dig down in your pocket and hoist up the price. Prescott was a good digger—but there wasn't much price in any pocket where he had a right to dig.

The second way is to be very, very good for a long, long time—get all your lessons every afternoon after school instead of playing football with the bunch, bring in the wood, carry up the coal, be in bed every night at nine o'clock—and then, just as mother is ready to call in the family doctor to see what is the matter, be found pensively looking at the pictures in the catalog. Prescott did not try that way, either. We do not mean to insinuate that he was not good, or that he did not carry

### Boys' Life Has Sent All of These Things To Scout Leonard

SCOUT AXE AND SHEATH
RUCKSACK
SEWING KIT
ALUMINUM CANTEEN
KHAKI ARMY BLANKET
CAMPER'S COMPANION
SCOUT'S SPECIAL CAP
SCOUT COAT
EMERGENCY CASE
SOLIDIFIED ALCOHOL HEATER
SCOUT BREECHES
SCOUT LEGGINS
ALUMINUM COOKING KIT
BRASS COMPOUND MISCROSCOPE
SUPERIOR SCOUT FIELD GLASSES
TWO HATS
SCOUT TRUMPET
SCOUT NECKERCHIEF
CAN OF FUEL
SCOUT WATCH FOB

WHICH WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE?

his full share of the household duties. We believe his folks would agree with us in saying that he was a pretty good sort of boy around home. But he had the spirit of '76—Independence was his middle name. He believed in working for what he wanted, not in "working" somebody for it.

So he cast about for something to do whereby to honestly earn a scout's complete outfit, from shoes to haversack.

Boys' Life had been a source of help on many an occasion, and he thumbed its pages for inspiration. He ran across a suggestion that scouts might help themselves, as well as the magazine, by getting subscribers. "Bully!" he exclaimed to himself, "just the thing!" But being of a practical turn of mind, he paused to consider the matter from all sides before jumping at the proposition.

"Getting subscriptions for Boys' Life is going to be a good thing all around," he reasoned. "The more the boy scouts' magazine is read the more scouts there will be. The more subscribers we get the more advertising we will have and the more advertising we secure the more money we will have to make it a bigger and better magazine, and of more help to boys. Everyone will be glad to help when I tell them about it." Already he was beginning to think of himself as a partner in the business, and he was.

He knew two or three people who subscribed at once without urging. Of course he found after he had landed these that the others came much harder. Right there is where the piker gives up, but Prescott was no piker. He kept plugging even after his feet were sore. He kept smiling even after it seemed as though he would have to prop the corners of his mouth up with toothpicks to keep it from looking like an arch at the entrance to a cemetery. The result was that fickle old dame Fortune finally sighed, resignedly, and said: "I might just as well give that boy what he wants—he'll get it anyway." Then things began coming his way. With great regularity he sent in big batches of subscription orders from his Massachusetts town.

His folks then moved to Colorado. If it was to break him of the work habit their effort failed. He was just like one of those mechanical walking toys whose legs keep moving even when you pick them up to put them down in another spot. Landing in Colorado, he walked right into the first house he saw and came out with a dollar.

Outfit? Yes, he has a few little things to show for his work. Read over his list in another column. How many of those things would you like to have?

Any scout could do it. The partial list of scout equipment articles, published further on in this issue, will help you to pick your first rewards.

There are thousands of boys who have never yet heard of Boys' Life, and every one of them has a father, mother, older brother, sister, aunt, uncle, grandfather, grandmother—some fond relative who is racking his or her brains to think what to get Jimmie for Christmas.

Go to it, scouts. Help yourselves.

## More Scouts for Philadelphia

Philadelphia scout officials have launched a campaign to double the number of scouts in that city by the first of the year. There are now 150 troops in Philadelphia, with a total membership of 4,000. The campaign is being conducted by the district method.


**BOYS, HERE ARE THE MOST WONDERFUL ELECTRIC AND MECHANICAL TRAINS YOU EVER HEARD OF, SOLD UNDER A WHOLE YEAR'S GUARANTEE.**

The most fascinating and educational toys of the age are these working models of actual trains. All who see them marvel at their perfect operation and life-like resemblance to the great railroad trains of America.

Electrically-driven "Twentieth Century Limited"

The power for this beautiful train is supplied either from your ***ordinary house current*** or from dry batteries. This train which is

Nearly Four Feet Long

consists of extra-heavy locomotive, tender and three cars. Twelve pieces of ***third-rail track,*** specially banked at the curves to prevent derailment, complete with wiring connections, ***five-speed regulator*** and book of instructions, are supplied with it.

VARIOUS SIZES AND PRICES

The trains are made in various sizes priced at **$4.00, $5.00, $8.00, $10.00** and **$15.00.** ***All our trains are fully equipped.***

MECHANICAL POWER ALSO

If you do not possess facilities for electric power ***we have models of the same trains operated by mechanical power*** at **$1.50, $2.00, $3.00, $5.00, $7.50, $10.00** and **$15.00.**

GUARANTEED FOR TWELVE MONTHS

All the trains are sold under our guarantee that they will operate perfectly with proper use for twelve months. You could get no fairer proposition.

**BING'S TOYS**

are known throughout the country for quality. If your store cannot show you these wonderful trains, send your check for one you want to

**JOHN BING**
**381 Fourth Ave., New York**

He will personally see that you are supplied.

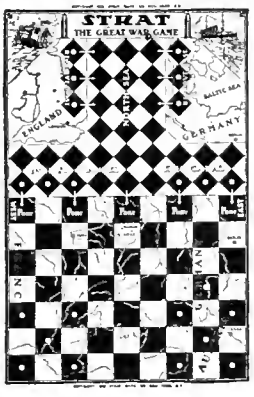
**YOU ARE NOT TOO LATE TO ENTER THE**

**STRAT SELLING COMPETITION**

You're still in time for Xmas buying and a chance to win one of the

**25 Prizes**

**It's a competition where you can't lose!**




**Strat Game Co., Inc., 450 Fourth Ave., New York**

Fill this out and mail it to us and we will send you full particulars.

Name .....

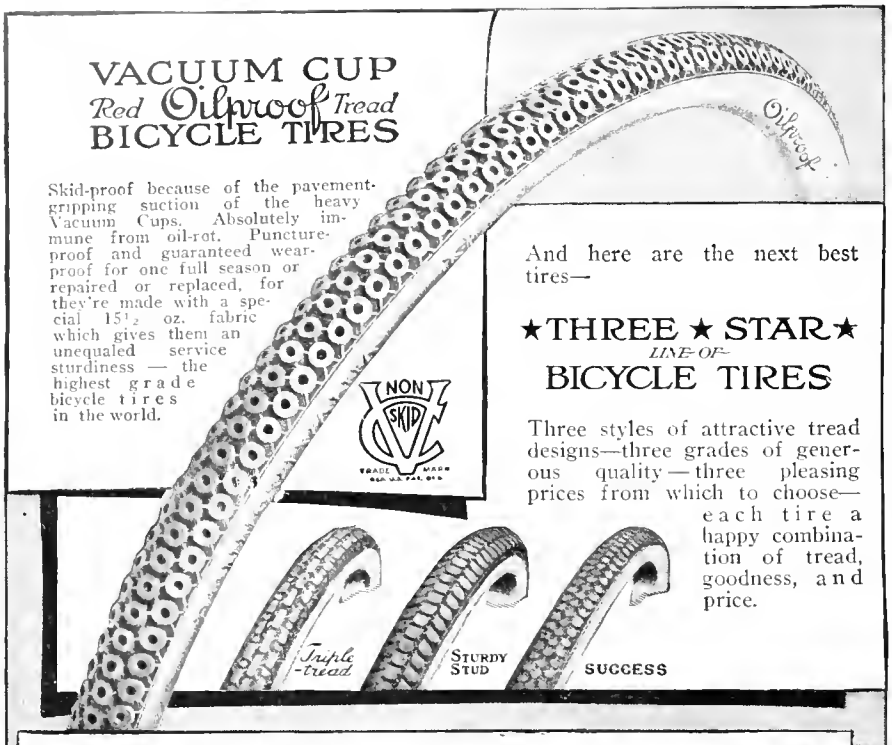
Address .....

Town ..... State .....

If you are a Scout, give Troop number and name of Scoutmaster.

VACUUM CUP
Red Oilproof Tread
BICYCLE TIRES

Skid-proof because of the pavement-gripping suction of the heavy Vacuum Cups. Absolutely immune from oil-rot. Puncture-proof and guaranteed wear-proof for one full season or repaired or replaced, for they're made with a special 15½ oz. fabric which gives them an unequaled service sturdiness — the highest grade bicycle tires in the world.




And here are the next best tires—

★THREE ★ STAR★
LINE OF
BICYCLE TIRES

Three styles of attractive tread designs—three grades of generous quality—three pleasing prices from which to choose—each tire a happy combination of tread, goodness, and price.

For the uttermost service and safety in the long, hard motorcycle grind—

VACUUM CUP
Oilproof
MOTORCYCLE TIRES

The rider of the single-tracker equipped with these tires of auto tire construction seldom fails to get from them double the 5,000 skidless miles for which they are guaranteed.

A close runner-up of the pace-setting Vacuum Cups for motorcycles—at a popular price—are

STURDY STUD
Oilproof
MOTORCYCLE TIRES

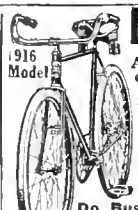
Filled right through with good quality and long wear. Guaranteed for 4,000 miles. Ask your dealer to show you.

Pennsylvania Rubber Company
Jeannette, Pa.
*Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada*

10 Cents a Day
Pays for This Cornet
An astounding offer! Only 10c a day buys this superb Triple Silver Plated Lyric Cornet. Free Trial before you decide to buy. Write for big offer.

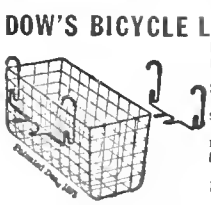
WURLITZER
Free Band Catalog
Write for big 250-page Band Catalog. Rock-bottom, direct-from-manufacturer's prices on all kinds of instruments. Pay at rate of a few cents a day. Generous allowance for old instruments. Free trial. We supply the U. S. Gov't. Write today.
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept 1579
4th St., Cincinnati, O. S. Wabash Av., Chicago

Carrying Case Free with this superb triple silverplated Lyric Cornet.




Delivery TO YOU FREE
A sample 1916 model **"Ranger"** bicycle, on approval and **30 DAYS TRIAL.**
***Write at once*** for large illustrated catalog showing *complete line* of bicycles, tires and supplies, and particulars of *most marvelous offer* ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our ***low prices*** and *remarkable terms.*
***RIDER AGENTS Wanted***—Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, ***Tires*** and Sundries from our big catalog. **Do Business** *direct* with the leading bicycle house in America. **Do not buy** until you ***know*** what we can do for you. WRITE TO US.
**MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. F-17, CHICAGO**

DOW'S BICYCLE LUGGAGE CARRIERS



BEST THING for the purpose ever put on the market. In use all over the United States.
Can put on or detach instantly with adjustable hook.
Good sellers, because the riders all want them and the price is popular.
Write for Prices.
DOW WIRE AND IRON WORKS, Louisville, Ky.

HATFIELDS - PARLOR - BASEBALL - GAME

WANTED—Honest and ambitious boys in every town and Scout troop to sell our Base Ball Game. Sells for 50 cts. Big profits. Played with 60 special cards—8 plays on card—480 plays and over (MILLION) combinations. 12 chips, folding board for diamond. Put up in neat box. Write for territory and agents' proposition. Sent postpaid, 50c. THE HATFIELD CO. (Not Inc.), 6401 Normal Blvd., Chicago, Ill.


## Scouts' Questions Answered

W. L. W., TENN.—*Q. What kind of an animal is the prairie dog?*

A. The prairie dog is an American burrowing rodent. Habitat: Western States, Montana to northern Mexico.

*Q. What is the record for building fire without matches?*

A. If you mean fire by friction, the record for scouts is 27 seconds; for scout officials, 26 1-5 second.

SCOUT S., N. Y.—*Q. If a scout drops out has he the right to wear his badge and his patrol number?*

A. No. Only scouts in good standing, who are connected with an active troop, have the right to wear any scout insignia. (Send your name and address for a personal reply to your other questions.)

S. B. S., Va.—*Q. Can a scout qualify for any of the merit badges before he becomes a first-class scout, if he is a second-class scout?*

A. No. See page 32, revised edition, Handbook for Boys.

B. S. W., D. C.—*Q. When was* BOYS' LIFE *first published?*

A. BOYS' LIFE was first published under the auspices of the Boy Scouts of America in July, 1912. Before this it was published under other auspices for about one year and three months.

*Q. Does a second-class scout have to take the first-class test?*

A. Any red-blooded boy, who is physically fit, will not require compulsion. The scoutmaster may, at his discretion, drop boys who do not make any effort to advance themselves.

*Q. Is Dan Beard a scoutmaster?*

A. No, Mr. Beard is National Scout Commissioner.

*Q. At what time does a scout have to send in a picture in order to get it on the double page in* BOYS' LIFE?

A. See contest announcement on page 2 of this issue of BOYS' LIFE.

*Q. How many boy scouts has China?*

A. We have no official figures on the Chinese enrollment.

C. A. J., ALASKA.—*Q. When an officer salutes a scout or vice versa should they come to attention?*

A. A salute can scarcely be properly given without the giver coming to attention.

*Q. If an officer and scout are together and the officer salutes someone, is it proper for the scout to salute also?*

A. Yes.

R. E. B., MO.—*Q. Can a scoutmaster give merit badge tests?*

A. No; but he of course aids scouts in preparing for them. See page 61, Official Handbook for Boys.

*Q. May a scout cooking kit be used in taking the first-class scout cooking test?*

A. Yes. It is proper to use the official mess kit, which the boys carry as part of their outfit. They should, however, be prepared to prove their ability to cook a simple meal without any utensils.

W. T. S., KAN.—*Q. What are the bugle calls required for the merit badge in bugling?*

A. See January, 1913, issue of BOYS' LIFE.

L. S., OHIO.—*Q. May a second-class patrol leader wear his badge on his hat, as the first-class patrol leader does?*

A. No. The correct position of the first and second-class badge, whether for leaders or private scouts, is shown in the Official Handbook.

*Q. Are there special badges for second and first-class patrol leaders?*

A. The badge is the same, differing only in finish; that of the ordinary scout is gilt, that of the patrol leader of all ranks is oxidized silver.

*Q. What nation was first to organize boy scouts, and when?*

A. England. 1908.

*Q. Does the Boy Scouts of America include all of North America, or only the United States?*

A. Only the United States.

*Q. If the latter, why call them Boy Scouts of America, and not Boy Scouts of United States?*

A. In using the word America, most people understand that we are speaking of the United States of America, not of the whole of North America. The Dominion of Canada is seldom referred to as America, although it is situated in North America.

## *Here's Our Trip*

(Date of the trip and itinerary are subject to change.)

Most of the Eastern boys will join at New York; Western boys, at Chicago; others on points en route nearest their home, making round trip from there.

***August 1st***—On a special train we leave New York, the one city we don't have to say anything about. You know a visit to New York is a whole trip in itself.

***August 2nd***—This entire day will be spent at Niagara Falls, where we will visit the Cave of the Winds, make the "Maid o' the Mist" trips and cross the rapids into Canada. We will inspect the Shredded Wheat Company and other water power plants.

***August 3rd***—At Detroit we will inspect the immense Ford Automobile Works where a new machine is assembled every minute.

***August 4th***—Instructive and pleasurable sight-seeing trip around Chicago. In the afternoon the famous stock yards will be visited.

***August 5th***—We cross the great prairie states of Iowa and Nebraska, making a stop at Omaba.

***August 6th***—We reach Denver and get our first view of the grand old Rockies. The whole day is spent sightseeing and visiting Denver's beautiful parks.

***August 7th***—All aboard for an early morning start by automobile for the newest and grandest of our national parks—Estes Park. It would take a whole book to describe half the things we will see here.

***August 9th and 10th***—More wonderful still! Three whole days at Colorado Springs with an auto trip to the Garden of the Gods, Manitou and an ascent to the summit of Pike's Peak by the world-famed cog-wheeled road the first day. Next day will be spent visiting the great silver and gold mines you have heard so much about at Victor and Cripple Creek. Just ask your father and mother what these things will mean to you!

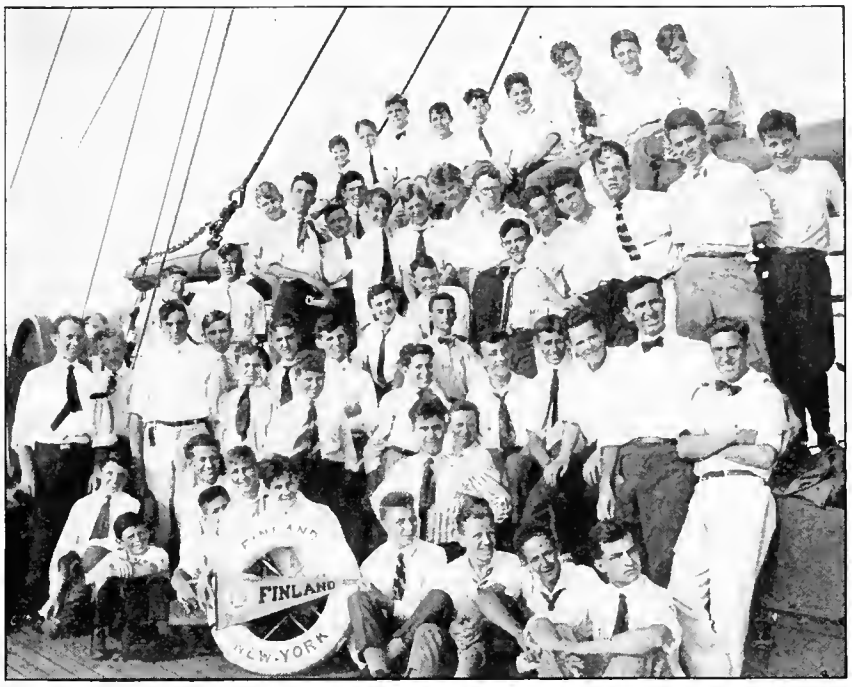
**August 11th**—We start East, crossing the great corn states of Kansas and Missouri, stopping at Kansas City.

**August 12th**—Arrive at St. Louis, where a fine program bas been arranged for us.

**August 13th**—Ohio and West Virginia will greet us as we pass rapidly through them on our way to the Nation's Capital.

**August 14th, 15th and 16th**—Three great days at Washington. Here (sh—, don't let it out,) we may meet the very famous man who lives here. We will inspect the Capitol, Senate, House of Representatives, and all the other numerous points of interest.

**August 17th**—Then back to New York after having spent sixteen days together that we will surely remember all our lives.




**Members of Boys' Travel Club on S.S. Finland in the Panama Canal, returning from Panama-Pacific Exposition last summer.**

# Join Us Next Summer—and *You'll* Smile, too!

WE are the fifty Boy Scouts and Y. M. C. A. fellows from all over the country who went on the 8,000-mile trip to the San Francisco Exposition last summer, returning home thru the Panama Canal.

And what a peach of a time we had! Not one of us would have missed that trip for a house and lot. So enthusiastic were we that while on the steamship the day before entering New York Harbor we planned another grand trip for this summer.

And we decided to have a "whole" special train full of fellows this time instead of just fifty. *If you are a first or second class Scout, or a Y. M. C. A. boy, you can join us!*

Now read the itinerary of the great trip we have planned, even though it will give you only a faint idea of the grand time you will have, of the fine friends you will make, and of the education you will obtain.

We would like to use up this whole copy of Boys' Life to tell you about our plan, but we can't afford any more space here. However, just cut out this coupon and send it to our Secretary, F. M. Gannon, and he will send you our club paper and tell you all about our trip and how you can go on it without costing you a cent. Cut out this coupon and send it this minute!

## BOYS' TRAVEL CLUB

**Headquarters, Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio**

---

**Mr. F. M. Gannon, Secretary Boys' Club,**
**The Crowell Publishing Company,**
**Springfield, Ohio.**

Please tell me and my Scoutmaster about next summer's educational trip for the Boys' Club and how I can go on it without costing me a penny. Also send club paper. I am a .....class scout.

My Scoutmaster's name is.....

Address .....

My name is.....

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*Room 451 393 MAIN STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.*


## Winning the Rock

(*Continued from page* 9)

Finally he gained the top and stood erect. Then what a shout went up from the men in the whaler!

It was O'Brien's turn now. The big Irishman stood up in the bow while Sims began maneuvering the boat once more. Again it approached the rock slowly, riding in on the long waves until it began to get dangerously near the big boulder. Then the tall Yankee at the tiller waited, tense and alert, watching his chance to run in immediately after a big wave had spent itself, and back the boat out of danger before the next wave could hurl it against the granite and shatter it into splinters.

The chance came. A big wave burst with a roar against the rock, the spray splashing in all directions. Then, as the tons of water slipped back again, Sims roared his "Yo-heave-ho" command.

It shot the boat against the curling, sucking eddies. Big O'Brien balanced a moment on the gunwale and leaped forward. Into the trough he dropped. Then began the scramble for the first niche before the next wave surged in and seized him. Up he climbed over the slippery stone. He reached the first of the grooves and was trying to get a foothold in another when—his hand slipped. The next moment he shot down the trough and back to the very spot upon which he had landed. Frantically he struggled to his knees, then to his feet, only to slip prone again. Then with a hiss and roar the next wave came curling in. He was doomed.

The force of the water hurled him up the slippery trough, raised him high in the air and dropped him backward, helpless, into the spume at the base of the rock.

"Merciful Providence protect him! He's gone," cried Sims, turning white.

Jack and Ray were numb with horror. Big O'Brien had been whisked from the face of the earth like a straw.

But before they could collect their scattered wits Lanky Sims' voice was heard again above the roar of the water.

"Look! Quick! There he is! On the port side! You, Ray, grab him! There! See him!"

Ray saw a distorted mass of clothing and legs arise to the surface just under him. It was whirled round and round by the force of the undercurrent for a brief instant before it started to sink again. Blindly the lad reached over the side and clutched. His fingers closed upon a cold and clammy wrist, to which he clung despite the surging and tearing of the current.

FORGETFUL of the danger for the moment, Lanky Sims let go the tiller and reaching a long arm into the water seized hold of the big foreman too. Then together they dragged him over the gunwale and into the boat. And while Jack and Ray took care of the all but drowned foreman, Sims directed the whaleboat out of the lashing water and toward the open sea where there were only the long rollers to contend with.

The two lads worked manfully over Big O'Brien. First they got all of the water out of his lungs. Then with him lying prone in the bottom of the boat they started artificial respiration. For fully fifteen minutes the boys labored over the foreman while Sims and the rest of

(*Concluded on page* 64)

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You may send BOYS' LIFE, one year, beginning..... for which I enclose ONE DOLLAR.

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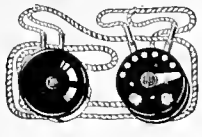

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# "The Quartermaster Says"

Chats with the Equipment Man

By Frederick N. Cooke, Jr.

Secretary, Committee on Scout Supplies

"WHAT'S NEW?" That is a form of greeting that is often heard, especially among scouts who always have their ears and eyes open for the latest thing. Boys' Life this month has considerable space devoted to Scout equipment among which are a number of articles that are both new and useful.

The Quartermaster doesn't forget that Christmas is coming. Accordingly he has been trying to help scouts to "put one over" in case they are hoping to find in their stocking some coveted piece of equipment. Witness the full page advertisement of the Equipment Department in the November Boys' Life with the great big heading, "A Page That Is Largely for Parents." Do you get the point? And now, here in this number, are eight pages of Scout equipment which possibly in one way or another might come to father's or mother's attention.

But now, what about the things that are new? Well, perhaps of special interest is the vacuum food canteen for keeping a lunch piping hot on a winter hike, or until noon recess at school. In summer, it will be bully for keeping things ice cold. Best of all, it performs the same service for liquids and solid foods alike, so that whether you have beef stew, macaroni or cocoa to be kept hot, or milk or lemonade to be kept cold, you will get equally satisfactory results.

The Scout who wants to prepare his meal in the woods will be interested in the new large solid alcohol cookers illustrated on page 60.

Then the firemaking sets. Here is something that Scouts have had a hard time to make for themselves, sometimes being handicapped by a scarcity of the proper kind of wood. Now a complete outfit consisting of bow with rawhide thong, fire drill with socket, fire board and tinder, all ready for use, may be had for a small sum.

The Scout who takes pride in the appearance of his room will be pleased with the genuine leather sheep-skin table covers and fringed leather pillow tops upon which the Scout seal has been burned.

Two-color carved felt pennants are a novelty. Those illustrated on page 60 include a larger pennant than we have had before. They may be had either in red and white, or blue and white.

Still new enough to be included here are the neckerchiefs which have become so popular with Scouts. Nearly a score of colors are provided so that in all but the largest cities each troop may have its individual color. The lanyards on which knife or whistle is worn have also been added recently.

Not to forget the scoutmaster, we should mention the handsome and practical gold-filled compasses as one suggestion to the troop which is thinking of presenting its leader with a holiday remembrance.

The wonderful little Scout Diary for 1916 must not be omitted as last year it brought pleasure and profit to over 25,000 Scouts.

Finally, all in the Scout movement will appreciate the attractive greeting cards in five designs and ten different wordings shown on page 61. These afford a simple and inexpensive means of extending good cheer to others at Christmas and New Years.


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# FOR THE BOY SCOUT'S CHRISTMAS

## Selected List of Official Supplies and Equipment

For the convenience of members of the Boy Scouts of America and their friends, at this season there is published in the following pages a part of the catalog of the Department of Equipment and Supplies. It is hoped that many holiday suggestions will be found here. Surely to a Scout no gifts could bring greater pleasure than those which will be useful in Scouting.

## AN OPPORTUNITY, TOO, FOR THE SCOUT TO EARN EQUIPMENT

From the simple but attractive holiday cards with their bright designs and varied greetings, to the more strictly practical items of scout "equipment," the following pages are filled with things to gladden the heart of any boy—Scout or otherwise—throughout the coming year. The knife and axe, which every Scout feels he must have, the "mess kit," the tent, the blanket, offer a range of interesting suggestions. For school or for Scouting, the splendid mackinaw coats will give lasting service and snug warmth with their ample length and wide rolling collar. Most of his needs, the true Scout earns, but nothing will make a boy happier than to receive as a holiday gift some coveted piece of equipment for his Scouting activities. Do not hesitate to write this department if assistance of any kind is required.

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### Equipment as Premiums

A splendid opportunity by means of which boys may earn Scout equipment is afforded by "Boys' Life" in return for subscriptions. Below the majority of items in the following pages is shown the number of subscriptions which must be secured to obtain the article, with delivery charges prepaid, either entirely without cost, or by sending in one subscription, and the balance in cash.

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These pins have been found very popular as holiday gifts to scout officials. Individuals or troops desiring to surprise with such a gift an official who would ordinarily be expected to countersign the order, may satisfy the requirements by having the order signed by any other registered scout leader. The facts should also be stated on the order.

**WARNING:** The various official badge designs of the Boy Scouts of America, including the Merit Badges, are copyrighted by this organization, and the design of the First-class badge (No. 36 below) is registered as the trade-mark of the Boy Scouts of America, Incorporated (certificate of registration 90960).

The badges are also protected by the U. S. Patent laws (letters of patent numbers 41412 and 41532).

**No. 36. MINIATURE FIRST-CLASS PIN.** This has proven the most popular badge ever designed by National Headquarters. Gold filled, cut-out pattern, rose finish Lapel pin back with safety catch. Worn on every-day clothes. Sold only to **First-class Scouts** and **Commissioned Scout officials**..... 50c

**No. 37.** Same, oxidized silver finish. Used by **First-class Patrol Leaders** and optional for **Commissioned Scout officials**.. 50c

**No. 38. SOLID GOLD MINIATURE BADGE.** Provided in response to the demand for a badge of superior quality. Frequently used as a gift to **Scout Leaders and Scouts.** Design same as No. 36, and sold subject to same limitations.....$1.50

**No. 39. SCOUT LEADER'S MINIATURE PIN.** The design of No. 36, but with background of red enamel denoting rank of **Assistant Scoutmaster** ..... 50c

**No. 40.** Same, green for **Scoutmaster**..... 50c

**No. 41.** Same, light blue for **Deputy Scout Commissioner** ..... 50c

**No. 42.** Same, dark blue for **Scout Commissioner** ..... 50c

**No. 47.** Same, white for members of **Troop Committees** and **Local Councils**..... 50c

**No. 43.** Same, purple for **National Councilman** ..... 50c

**No. 61. SCOUT LEADER'S SCARF PIN.** This number is for the **Assistant Scoutmaster.** First-class badge in gold and white enamel with red enamel background. Gold filled..... 50c

**No. 62.** Same, green for **Scoutmaster** ..... 50c

**No. 63.** Same, light blue for **Deputy Scout Commissioner** ..... 50c

**No. 64.** Same, dark blue for **Scout Commissioner** ..... 50c

**No. 65.** Same, white for **Members of Troop Committees and Local Councils**.....50c

**No. 66.** Same, purple for **National Councilman** ..... 50c

**No. 22. SCOUT LEADER'S SCARF PIN.** This number is for the **Assistant Scoutmaster.** First-class badge in gold and white enamel with red enamel background. Gold filled..... 50c

**No. 23.** Same, green for **Scoutmaster** ..... 50c

**No. 24.** Same, light blue for **Deputy Scout Commissioner** ..... 50c

**No. 25.** Same, dark blue for **Scout Commissioner** ..... 50c

**No. 44.** Same, white for members of **Troop Committees and Local Councils**..... 50c

**No. 26.** Same, purple for **National Councilman** ..... 50c

**No. 27. SCOUT LEADER'S LAPEL PIN.** The design of this pin is like the scarf pins above, but may be worn on the coat lapel or vest. This number is for the **Assistant Scoutmaster** ..... 50c

**No. 28.** Same, green for **Scoutmaster**.... 50c

**No. 29.** Same, light blue for **Deputy Scout Commissioner** ..... 50c

**No. 30.** Same, dark blue for **Scout Commissioner** ..... 50c

**No. 45.** Same, white for members of **Troop Committees and Local Councils**..... 50c

**No. 31.** Same, purple for **National Councilman** ..... 50c

**No. 32. SCOUT LEADER'S LAPEL BUTTON.** This form of badge has always been popular with those who prefer to wear the emblem in the lapel of their coat. The design is like No. 22 and is for **Assistant Scoutmaster** ..... 50c

**No. 33.** Same, green for **Scoutmaster**.... 50c

**No. 34.** Same, light blue for **Deputy Scout Commissioner** ..... 50c

**No. 46.** Same, white for members of **Troop Committees and Local Councils**..... 50c

**No. 35.** Same, purple for **National Councilman** ..... 50c

**No. 301. WATCH FOB.** These fobs are the exclusive property of the Boy Scouts. Each class of Scouts has its own fob. Genuine leather strap, metal buckle, polished metal fob, for **Tenderfoot Scouts** ..... 25c

**No. 302.** Same, for **Tenderfoot Patrol Leaders.** Oxidized silver finish ..... 25c

**No. 303.** Same, for **Second-class Scout**..... 25c

**No. 304.** Same, for **Second-class Patrol Leader** ..... 25c

**No. 305.** Same, for **First-class Scout** ..... 25c

**No. 306.** Same, for **First-class Patrol Leader** 25c

**No. 307. SCOUT LEADER'S WATCH FOB.** Seldom has the Supply Department offered an article which has been more successful than these fobs. Often used as gifts to Scout officials. They are rolled gold, rose finish, with best French enamel, heavy grosgrain silk ribbon, for **Assistant Scoutmasters** .....$1.50

**No. 308.** Same, green for **Scoutmasters** .....$1.50

**No. 309.** Same, light blue for **Deputy Scout Commissioner** .....$1.50

**No. 310.** Same, dark blue for **Scout Commissioner** .....$1.50

**No. 311.** Same, purple for **National Councilman**.$1.50

**No. 312.** Same, white for members of **Troop Committees** and **Local Councils** .....$1.50

**No. 313. FIRST-CLASS SCOUT'S FOB.** This is a possession which any Scout would prize. Gold plated, rose finish without enamel optional for **Commissioned Scout Leaders** .....$1.50

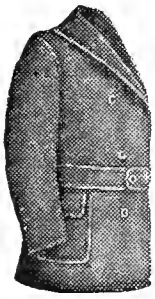
**NOTE: The above fobs sold only to registered Scouts and Leaders. Orders must be properly signed.**

**No. 502. PATRICK SCOUT MACKINAW.** The genuine mackinaw of the Northwest. "Bigger-than-weather." With one of these coats the Scout uniform is complete for winter wear. Olive drab, all wool, big rolling collar, four pockets and belted at waist. A garment for every-day use with a Scout's regular clothes. Order by breast measurement. Boys' sizes, 28 to 35. Shipping weight, 6 lbs.....$7.50

**Given for 15 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $7.00 cash.**

**No. 563. PATRICK MACKINAW FOR SCOUT LEADERS.** Scoutmasters and others will also welcome this garment. Splendid for winter sports and general wear. Order by breast measurement. Men's sizes 36 to 44. Shipping weight 7 lbs.....$8.50

**Given for 17 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $8.00 cash.**



**No. 564. SPECIAL SCOUT MACKINAW.** Also an all-wool coat. Olive drab. Similar in model to the preceding. Suitable for Scouting and every-day wear. Order by breast measurement. Boys' sizes 28 to 34. Shipping weight 4 lbs.$4.50

**Given for 9 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $4.00 cash.**

**No. 565. SPECIAL SCOUTMASTER'S MACKINAW.** Same as No. 564. For Scouting and general wear. Order by breast measurement. Men's sizes, 36 to 44. Shipping weight 6 lbs.....$5.00

**Given for 10 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $4.50 cash.**

**No. 536. WATER-PROOF PONCHO.** This article has a great variety of uses. Worn over the shoulders, affords excellent protection when caught in the rain. May also be used as a bed blanket to keep off dampness when sleeping on the ground, and as a cover for a Scout's shoulder pack. Made like a single blanket, with opening in center for the head, closing with a ball and socket fastening. Size 45 by 72 inches. Shipping weight 2 lbs.....$1.25

**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and 75c cash.**

**No. 537. LARGER PONCHO.** Same as preceding. Size 66 by 90 inches. Shipping weight 4 lbs. .....$2.00

**Given for 4 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $1.50 cash.**

**No. 554. "SCOUT SPECIAL" PONCHO.** This is the style used by army officers and National Guard. Made of the new material, with special circular collar to exclude rain at the neck. So fitted that two ponchos buttoned together form a weather-proof sleeping bag for two persons. Size 45 by 72 inches. Shipping weight 2 lbs...$1.65

**Given for 3 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $1.15 cash.**

**No. 555. SPECIAL PONCHO FOR LEADERS.** Same as the preceding. Size 66 by 90 inches. Shipping weight 4 lbs.....$2.40

**Given for 5 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $1.90 cash.**

**No. 560. GROUND BLANKET.** Made of the new Federal "Seal Brand" water-proof material. Very serviceable. Size 45 by 72 inches. Shipping weight 2 lbs.....$1.25

**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and 75c cash.**

**No. 561. LIGHTER BLANKET.** Same as the preceding, but better quality and not so heavy, though durable. Shipping weight 1 lb. 12 ozs.....$3.00

**Given for 6 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $2.50 cash.**

**No. 540. WATER-PROOF CAPE.** Rather better than the poncho as an all-around garment for Scouting and general wear. Olive Khaki, extra light weight, unlined, fitted with flannel-lined collar and patent clasps. When not worn may be used as pack cover or bed blanket. Shipping weight 2 lbs. 6 ozs.....$2.00

**Given for 4 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $1.50 cash.**

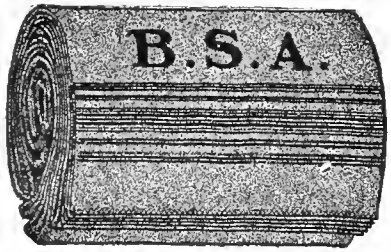
**No. 550. "SCOUT SPECIAL" CAPE.** This garment is ideal for Scouting or for school wear. Made of the new water-proof material used by the U. S. Army. Will not stick, mildew or dry out. Has corduroy military collar. Buttons are riveted; with fly buttonholes. Order by breast measurement. Shipping weight 2 lbs. 6 ozs.....$2.00

**Given for 4 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $1.50 cash.**

**No. 551. SPECIAL CAPE FOR SCOUT LEADERS.** Same as the preceding. Mention collar-size and breast measurement. Shipping weight 2 lbs. 10 ozs.....$3.00

**Given for 6 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $2.50 cash.**

**No. 1170. SPECIAL KHAKI CAMP BLANKET.** While all cotton, this blanket is practical for summer use in most parts of the country and represents very good value. Size 54 by 78 inches; stamped "B. S. A." Shipping weight 3 lbs.....$1.75




**Given for 3 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $1.25 cash.**

**No. 1171. KHAKI ARMY BLANKET.** Soft, beautiful blanket for all-year-round use in camp or on the hike. Stamped with official badge design. Made of good, clear material, 50 per cent wool, on a strong cotton warp. Should be a prized possession of any Scout. Size 66 by 80 inches. Shipping weight 4½ lbs.....$3.00

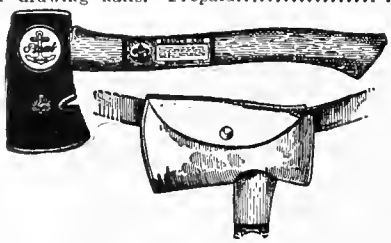
**Given for 6 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $2.50 cash.**

**No. 1172. HIGH-GRADE KHAKI CAMP BLANKET.** Scoutmasters especially will be interested in this blanket. Known commercially as an all-wool blanket, though containing a slight amount of cotton to give added strength. Absolutely first quality. Size 62 by 84 inches. Shipping weight 4 lbs. .....$4.00

**Given for 8 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $3.50 cash.**

**No. 541. WATER-PROOF CAMP BLANKET.** Finely finished and light in weight. Single water-proof sheet, with brass grommets and ball and socket fasteners. Size 45 by 72. Shipping weight 2 lbs.....$1.10

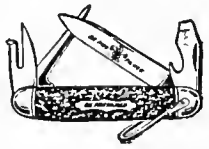
**No. 1002. SCOUT AXE.** The official axe for the Boy Scouts of America, stamped with the emblem. One of the first pieces of equipment that most Scouts want. Handy at every turn on hike and in camp. Made of one piece of solid steel, hand-forged and coated with a non-rusting finish. Hickory handle. Equipped with slot for drawing nails. Prepaid..... 75c



**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and 25c cash.**

**No. 1003. LEATHER AXE SHEATH.** It is not safe to carry an axe without a guard on the blade. Made of heavy selected leather. Edges copper riveted. Has slit, permitting axe to be worn on belt. Prepaid 25c

**Given in connection with a subscription to BOYS' LIFE as explained in special note. See page 56.**



**No. 1004. SCOUT KNIFE.** Usually the first acquisition of a Scout. Stag handle, large polished cutting blade etched with official emblem screw driver, can opener and boring tool for leather articles. Equipped so as to be hung on the Scout belt. Prepaid... .. 85c

**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and 35c cash.**

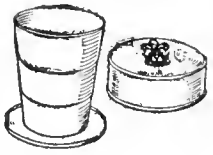
**No. 1005. SCOUT KNIFE.** This also is official and is designed for those Scouts who prefer a two-bladed knife. Ebony handle. One small blade and one large, opening without use of finger nail. Has shackle for hanging on Scout's belt. Prepaid..... 50c

**Given for 1 subscription to BOYS' LIFE.**

**No. 1006. SCOUT WHISTLE.** By this means Scouts are enabled to signal to one another or to call help in emergencies. Gun-metal finish on brass, with ring for attaching to lanyard. Marked with official emblem. Prepaid..... 10c

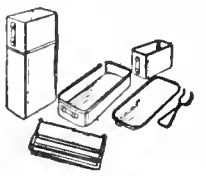
**Given in connection with a subscription to BOYS' LIFE, as explained in special note. See page 56.**

**No. 1140. SCOUTMASTER'S WHISTLE.** Sold to registered Scout Officials only. Somewhat different in tone from the Scouts' whistle and superior quality. Heavy metal, nickel-plated. Prepaid ..... 25c



**No. 1007. INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP.** In these days everyone wants his personal cup. Collapsible style with cover; nickel-plated Stamped with Scout emblem. Prepaid.. 10c

**Given in connection with a subscription to BOYS' LIFE, as explained in special note. See page 56.**



**No. 1001. MESS KIT.** Nearly every Scout finds it desirable to have his own individual cooking outfit, so that he is prepared to get a meal at a moment's notice when on a hike. This kit consists of soup can, cup, stew or fry pan, and one broiler. Separate handles for each article. All nesting compactly together. Easily carried in pocket or haversack. Weight, 1 lb. 12 ozs..... 75c

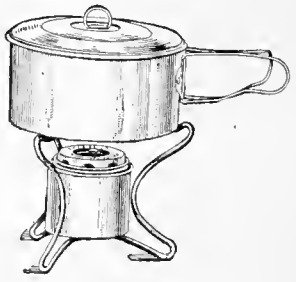
**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and 25c cash.**

**No. 1201. ALUMINUM CANTEEN.** The makers of this famous brand of aluminum utensils have made for the Boy Scouts of America an almost ideal canteen of heavy gauge stock with olive drab cover and adjustable carrying strap. The capacity is just over a quart. It is probable that this canteen will soon become a part of every Scout's equipment. Shipping weight, 1 lb..$1.50

**Given for 3 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE or 1 subscription and $1.00 cash.**

**No. 1200. ALUMINUM COOK KIT.** A new Scout mess kit. Complete in every detail and bound to be popular. Outfit consists of patent fry pan with handle, cooking pot with cover, drinking cup, and stew pan, which also serves as plate or soup bowl. There is also a fork and spoon. All pieces, with exception of fork and spoon, are made of heavy gauge pure aluminum of the famous "Wearever" brand. Parts nest compactly and do not rattle. Khaki carrying case to match uniform, with adjustable strap. Prepaid.....$2.00

**Given for 4 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $1.50 cash.**

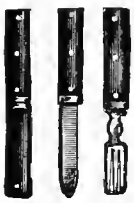


**No. 1090. SOLIDIFIED ALCOHOL HEATER.** An excellent device for use on the hike when a wood fire is not desired. Can be carried in haversack or pocket. Will boil a pint of water in about 3½ minutes. Complete with fuel to burn from 4 to 6 hours. Prepaid..... 50c

**Given for 1 subscription to BOYS' LIFE.**

No. 1091. Extra fuel for above. Per can, prepaid ..... 10c

**Given in connection with a subscription to BOYS' LIFE. See page 56.**



**No. 1187. COMBINATION KNIFE AND FORK.** A most handy little contrivance, practicable and good. Place knife and fork point to point and press together and each point slips into the handle of the other. Easily carried in vest pocket; length, 7¾ inches; width, ¾ inch. Mailing weight, 4 ozs..... 50c

**Given in connection with 1 subscription to BOYS' LIFE. See special note, page 56.**

No. 1174

No. 1182

**No. 1174. COMBINATION KNIFE, FORK AND SPOON.** Considering its moderate price, this is a great find. Separates in three parts, metal handles, good quality. Shipping weight, 6 ozs..... **75c**

**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE, or 1 subscription and 25c cash.**

**No. 1182. KAMPING KIT.** With this handy little article the Scout is ready for the business of eating at any time. Separates into two parts, consisting of knife blade in one handle and fork and spoon in the other. Made of best **aluminum, German** silver, with steel blades. Put up in kid case. Shipping weight, 6 ozs.....**1.50**

**Given for 3 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE, or 1 subscription and $1.00 cash.**

**No. 1186. COMBINATION TOOL KIT.** A handy and practical outfit. Consists of knife reamer, files, saw, chisel, screwdriver, corkpuller and cap lifter. In fine leather case, with center compartment for pocketbook. Each tool attaches firmly to knife handle and is quickly removable. Easily carried in pocket. Tools large enough for real work. An article which any Scout would value.....**1.75** Mailing weight, 12 ozs.

**Given for 4 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE, or for 1 subscription and $1.25 cash.**

**No. 1197. TOOL KIT.** 37 practical tools put up compactly in nickel case which is handle for all. Meets the many needs arising daily at home or in camp or on the hike. Prepaid.....**1.00**

**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE or for 1 subscription and 50c in cash.**

**No. 1008. TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT.** It is very desirable that Scouts should learn to send and read the Morse Code by means of the telegraph instrument as well as with flags. The possession of this knowledge may some day prove very valuable. With this 5-ohm combination set connected to a battery or dry cell, a boy may easily learn both to send and to read. Weight, 2 lbs. 8 ozs.....**1.30**

**Given for 3 subscriptions, or 1 subscription and 80c cash.**

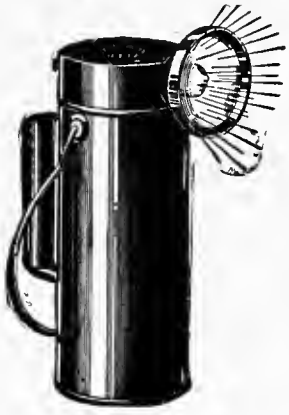
**No. 1163. ELECTRIC HAND LAMP.** A decidedly practical lamp for camp use. New model, fitted with a bail for carrying over arm as well as handle. Will positively average 30 to 40 hours' continuous burning, giving longer service when used only at intervals. Equipped with special Tungsten bulb and operated with any standard No. 6 dry battery. Prepaid.....**1.25**

**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE, or 1 subscription and 75c cash.**

NOTE: This lamp is sold **without battery** to lessen cost of delivery. Dry cells can be purchased wherever hardware or automobile supplies are sold, at 25 cents each.

**No. 1165.** Tungsten bulb for No. 1163. Prepaid ..... **30c**

**Given in connection with a subscription to BOYS' LIFE, as explained in special note. See page 56.**



**No. 1198. DELTA SPOT LIGHT ELECTRIC HAND LAMP.** The latest thing in camp lamps. Similar to No. 1163, but has long distance reflector. A push of the thumb produces a powerful round spot light with a range of 200 feet. Uses any No. 6 dry battery to be purchased everywhere. Average 30 to 40 hours' continuous burning. Sold without battery to prevent damage in transit. Prepaid.....**1.25**

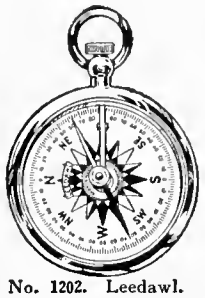
**Given for 3 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE, or for 1 subscription and 75c in cash.**

**No. 1064. BOY SCOUT TRUMPET.** Every troop will find a bugle desirable, especially in camp. This instrument was carefully selected for the purpose. Key of G with F crook and tuning slide; two turns; brass. Shipping weight, packed against damage in transit, 7 lbs.....**3.00**

**Given for 6 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE, or 1 subscription and $2.50 cash.**

**No. 1065. BOY SCOUT TRUMPET.** An instrument of higher quality; somewhat easier to blow and a more mellow tone. Key of G with tuning slide to F. Mouthpiece attached with chain. Two turns, brass. Shipping weight, 7 lbs..**4.00**

**Given for 8 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE, or 1 subscription and $3.50 cash.**



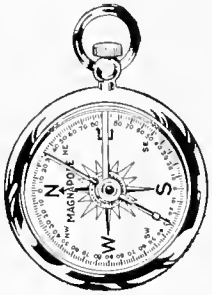
No. 1202. Leedawl.

**No. 1202. LEEDAWL COMPASS.** No Scout can afford to enter the woods unless provided with a reliable compass for use in emergency. In this and the following compasses, Scouts and their leaders are introduced to a new line of high-grade compasses of American manufacture. All compasses have jewelled centers. All needles are fitted with stop; cases are solid white metal. Open case....**1.00**

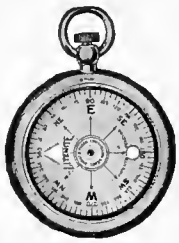
**Given for two subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE or for one subscription and 50c cash.**

**No. 1203. GYDAWL COMPASS.** Same as the preceding, but in case with hinged cover .....**2.00**

**Given for four subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE or for one subscription and $1.50 in cash.**



No. 1204. Magnapole.



No. 1206. Litenite.

**No. 1204. MAGNAPOLE COMPASS.** Somewhat superior to the above. Has bar needle with white enamel dial. Open case..**1.50**

**Given for three subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE or for one subscription and $1.00 in cash.**

**No. 1205. AURAPOLE COMPASS.** Same as No. 1204, but in case with hinged cover..**2.50**

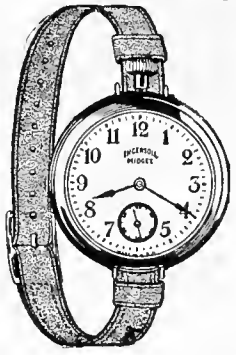
**Given for five subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE or for one subscription and $2.00 in cash.**

**No. 1206. LITENITE COMPASS.** Here is an instrument for hiking at night as north and south points are luminous. Floating dial instead of needle. Open case.....**2.00**

**Given for four subscriptions to BOYS' Life or for one subscription and $1.50 cash.**

**No. 1207. CEEBYNITE COMPASS.** Same as No. 1206, but with hinged cover.....**3.00**

**Given for six subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE or for one subscription and $2.50 cash.**

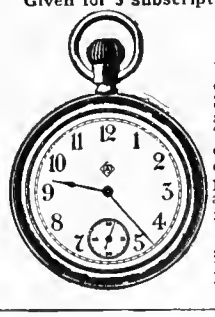


**No. 1168. WRIST WATCH.** Offered in response to the demand from Scoutmasters and others for a dependable and inexpensive watch for use in the Scout work. The wrist feature affords great convenience. Nickel finish. Genuine leather strap. Prepaid .....**2.50**

**Given for 5 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE, or 1 subscription and $2.00 cash.**

**No. 1169.** Same. Gun metal finish. Prepaid .....**2.50**

**Given for 5 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE, or 1 subscription and $2.00 cash.**



**No. 1167. SCOUT WATCH.** It is very desirable that a Scout should have a reliable time-piece. This watch has been chosen with great care for Scouting purposes. Accurate and long-lived. Mailing weight, 5 ozs... **85c**

**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE, or 1 subscription and 35c cash.**

**Postage must be added where shipping weights are given.**

# The Latest Word in Scout Equipment

ARTICLES USEFUL FOR SCOUTING AT SCHOOL AND IN THE HOME

## SCOUT DIARY FOR 1916

## The "Miniature Handbook"

A Scout's Most Prized Possession.

**Revised and Up-to-date**
**Filled with Scout Lore**

### Some of the Features

"How to Tell Time with Your Hands," "Boy Scout Eats," "Semaphore Code," illustrated; "How to Build a Sun Dial," "Bandaging," "Knots for Scouts to Tie."

Scouts' Membership card and passport. Scout Oath, Law and Requirements explained. Record of promotions in the Scout Movement. How to tell time by the stars. Patrol signs. Whistles and hand signals. Boxing the compass. Woodcraft and First Aid Hints.

### Three Styles of Binding

Regular Paper Edition, 10c.; 100 or more, each, 8½c.

**Scoutmaster's Edition Souvenir Edition**
**Flexible Cloth 25c. Limp Leather 50c.**

## Two Color Cut Felt Pennants

The very latest and most attractive thing in pennants. Letters and emblem actually carved in the felt. Flag of one color and letters of another.

**No. 1208.** Blue pennant with white emblem and letters. Size, 15 x 36 in..... 75c

**No. 1209.** Same as No. 1208, but red pennant with white emblem and letters..... 75c

**No. 1210.** Larger pennant, same design as the preceding, but size 18 x 42 inches. Blue pennant with white letters and emblem.....$1.25

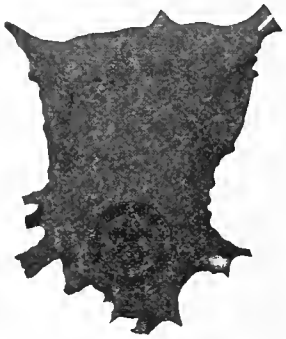
**No. 1211.** Same as No. 1210, but red pennant with white emblem and letters.....$1.25

## Lanyards

The lanyard adds a picturesque touch to the scout uniform. On it is worn the knife or whistle which is, therefore, always ready to hand and in no danger of being "somewhere else" when badly needed. Made of best quality braid with sliding knot and loop for attaching knife or whistle. Each..... 15c

In two colors: No. 1216 Khaki, No. 1217 White.

## Burnt Leather Sheepskins and Pillow Covers



**No. 5091.** Full size sheep skin table cover, natural color tan with scout emblem and seal burnt in. Just the thing for the Scout who takes pride in his own room at home—for the table or to hang on the wall. A splendid suggestion also, if a gift is contemplated to the Scout Master or to the troop meeting room. If desired, any special inscription not exceeding 50 letters will be burnt on the skin without extra charge. Additional letters 5c. each.....$2.00

**No. 5092.** Skin same as the preceding, but without Scout seal. Price includes any special burnt inscription up to 50 letters. Extra letters 5c. each.....$1.50

**No. 5093.** Here is a chance for a Scout's sister whether his or the other fellow's to do a "Good Turn," for who wouldn't be proud of such an addition to his possessions? Natural tan leather pillow cover with burnt Scout seal and emblem. Cut to hold 24-inch pillow. Additional lettering on front or back without extra charge up to 50 letters. Additional wording 5c. per letter.....$3.50

**No. 5094.** Pillow covers same as the preceding, but without Scout emblem. Special burnt inscription up to 50 letters included in price. Additional letters 5c. each.....$3.00

## Special Cooking Outfits

Practical, compact outfits with which you may boil, fry, cook a complete light meal, or make coffee. Useful on the hike, while camping, or family excursions, and at home. Convenient anywhere, any time.

**No. 1220.** Consists of polished aluminum boiler with 1 quart capacity, a coffee maker, a windshield, a cover which is used as a fry-pan or to form a double boiler similar to a chafing dish. Also includes large can of fuel sufficient to bring 15 quarts of water to the boiling point. Illustrations show outfit as it looks when set up and when all parts are nested. Complete in leatherette case .....$3.75

**No. 1221.** Same as No. 1220, but without leatherette case .....$2.50

**No. 1222.** Extra can of fuel..... 50c

**No. 1223.** Outfit similar to No. 1220, but with polished nickel plated boiler with one pint capacity and without coffee maker. Complete in leatherette case.....$2.15

**No. 1224.** Same as No. 1223, but without leatherette case .....$1.25

**No. 1225.** Extra can of fuel..... 35c

***Special for December only. The above articles delivered prepaid.***

# "Merceen"

### *The Guaranteed Fast Dye Scarf*

The color of a Scout's scarf or neckerchief indicates the troop to which he belongs. Merceen scarves are strong, durable and backed by a definite guarantee that every one will be replaced should it fade within six months. Price 15c. each in the following colors. Order by number:

| | |
|---|---|
| **No. 568. Red.** | **No. 577. Violet.** |
| **No. 569. Maroon.** | **No. 578. Purple.** |
| **No. 570. Orange.** | **No. 579. Khaki.** |
| **No. 571. Lemon.** | **No. 580. Dark Brown.** |
| **No. 572. Tea Green.** | **No. 581. Gray.** |
| **No. 573. Moss Green.** | **No. 582. Black.** |
| **No. 574. Dark Green.** | **No. 583. Sky Blue.** |
| **No. 575. Navy Blue.** | **No. 584. Claret.** |
| **No. 576. Royal Blue.** | **No. 585. Gold.** |

**OLD FASHIONED BANDANNAS.**

In assorted fancy patterns absolutely fast dye, each..... 15c

**No. 586. Turkey Red.** **No. 587. Indigo Blue.**

**Silk poplin scarves for Scout Masters, each..... 35c**

**No. 588. Royal Blue.** **No. 589. Scarlet.**

**No. 590. Khaki.**

Order from THE SUPPLY DEPARTMENT—BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

*Maintained for Service to the Field and for the Extension of the Scout Work.*

# Something New for Scout and Scoutmaster

OPPORTUNITIES FOR SCOUTS TO REMEMBER THEIR LEADERS

## SCOUT HOLIDAY CARDS

### CARRYING CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S CHEER

### FROM SCOUT TO SCOUTMASTER *or* FROM ONE CHUM TO ANOTHER

**TWO for 5 CENTS**

BE PREPARED
I AM SIGNALLING YOU "MERRY CHRISTMAS"
BE PREPARED
FOR THE HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS I'VE HAD.
BE PREPARED
I'M ONLY ONE OF MANY SCOUTS WHO ARE WISHING YOU CHRISTMAS HAPPINESS
BE PREPARED
I'VE WISHED YOU A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR.
AND GOOD CHRISTMAS WISHES ARE MARCHING YOUR WAY.
BE PREPARED
FOR THE HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS A BOY EVER WISHED.
BE PREPARED
TO HAVE ALL THE FUN I'M WISHING YOU ON CHRISTMAS DAY
BE PREPARED
FOR THE MERRIEST CHRISTMAS THAT ONE SCOUT EVER WISHED TO ANOTHER.

**TEN for 25 CENTS**

Instead of sending cards, such as anyone can buy anywhere, use these, which are distinctively *yours*—created specially for the Boy Scouts of America and their friends.

It isn't "presents" which make Christmas, but good will and sincere wishes shared among all.

Let these attractive cards, bright with color, do your part in extending this message to others.

### *ORDER BY LETTER*

A. A thousand good Christmas Wishes are marching your way.

B. I am wishing you a Merry Christmas that will last through all the year.

C. For the merriest Christmas that one Scout ever wished to another.

D. For the happiest Christmas a boy ever wished.

E. I've wished you a happy Christmas and a very happy New Year.

F. I've wished you the happiest Christmas you ever had.

G. I am only one of many Scouts who are wishing you Christmas happiness.

H. For the happiest Christmas you ever had.

I. I am signalling you "Merry Christmas."

J. To have all the fun I'm wishing you on Christmas Day.

## Testaments and Bibles for Scouts

Handy Size, Thin Paper, Durable Bindings.

These Testaments and Bibles were prepared under the direction of the Executive Board of the Boy Scouts of America, and contain the Scout Oath and Law, also selected Scripture passages for Scouts.

**FOR CAMP, HIKE AND HOME.**

**American Standard Version.**

**No. 3501. SCOUTS' POCKET TESTAMENT.** Khaki cloth binding. Size, 2¾ x 4 inches ..... **35c**

**No. 3502.** Same, but bound in khaki suede leather ..... **55c**

**No. 3503. SCOUT MASTERS' TESTAMENT.** Thin and flexible. Size, 4 x 6 inches. Khaki cloth binding..... **60c**

**No. 3505. BIBLE FOR SCOUTS AND SCOUT MASTERS.** Bound in khaki cloth. Size, 4 x 6 inches..... **$1.35**

**No. 3506.** Same. Suede leather binding. **$2.10**

**King James Version.**

**No. 3507. SCOUT TESTAMENT.** Self-pronouncing. Khaki cloth binding. Size, 4½ x 2⅝ inches..... **30c**

**No. 3508.** Same, but khaki ooze leather binding. Roycroft style..... **55c**

**No. 3509. SCOUT MASTERS' TESTAMENT.** Khaki cloth binding. Two colored maps. Size, 5¾ x 3⅝ inches..... **60c**

**No. 3510.** Same. Ooze leather binding... **85c**

**No. 3511. BOY SCOUT BIBLE.** Khaki cloth binding. Twelve colored maps. Size, 5¼ x 3⅝ inches..... **85c**

**No. 3512.** Same. Ooze leather binding.. **$1.35**

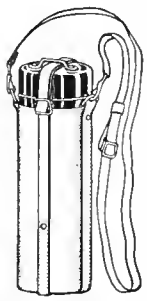
**20TH CENTURY NEW TESTAMENT.** A translation from the original Greek into simple, modern English.

**No. 3513. KHAKI CLOTH BINDING.** Thin paper ..... **95c**

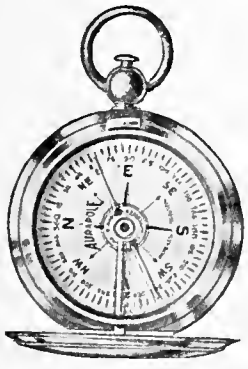
**No. 3514.** Same. Ooze leather binding.. **$1.60**

**All Prices Include Postage.**

## Vacuum Food Canteen



**No. 1219.** Will keep your lunch as hot as you can eat it for twelve hours or more. Will keep things cold much longer. On winter hikes or for your lunch at school, you will find contents piping hot and palatable. With its jacket off the food canteen becomes useful at home in a score of ways. Keeps liquids hot or cold as well as solid food. Capacity of vacuum jar 1 pint. Protected against breakage in heavy tin case, with springs to absorb shocks. Detachable khaki cover and adjustable strap to match uniform. Prepaid..... **$1.75**

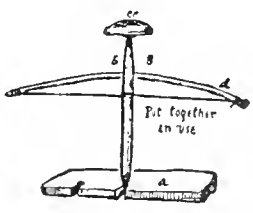


## Gold Filled Hunting Case Compasses

A suggestion for the Scoutmaster's Christmas where the troop "chips in." Compasses which any one would be delighted to own.

**No. 1205G. HIGH-GRADE BAR NEEDLE COMPASS.** In gold filled hunter form case. A fit companion to any gold watch. Jewelled needle carefully adjusted and extremely sensitive. Beautifully finished and highly accurate. Automatic stop locks needle when case is closed..... **$5.00**

**No. 1207G. DAY AND NIGHT COMPASS.** This is an ideal compass for camping and night scouting as well as for all round use. The North and South points are prepared with a permanently luminous substance enabling compass to be easily read in the dark. Instrument has floating dial which, when it settles, enables all the magnetic directions to be quickly and accurately read. Gold filled hunting case. Jewelled center with automatic stop which locks the dial when cover is closed..... **$5.00**




## Firemaking Sets

**No. 1227.** Long the despair of Scouts who have had to make them for themselves with too often a scarcity of the right kind of material. Set consists of bow with leather thong, a drill, and drill socket. Notched fire board and package of tinder. Prepaid.. **75c**

**Order from THE SUPPLY DEPARTMENT—BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.**

***Maintained for Service to the Field and for the Extension of the Scout Work.***

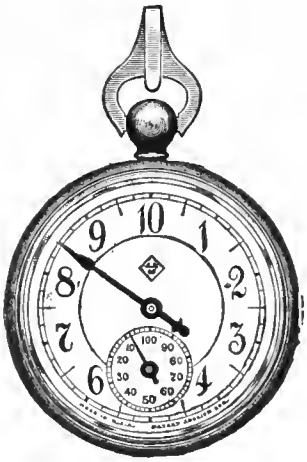
**"POPULAR" HIKE TENT.**

This is a splendid tent for use of Boy Scouts on hikes or week-end camps. It is made in regular army "dog" style from heavy drill, dyed with genuine khaki dye (government formula), and the fabric is waterproofed.

Tent is open front and rear, but back can be closed with the attached snap buttons. Quickly and easily erected. Poles, metal ground pegs and guy cords with each tent. All packed in waterproof carrying case. Size in case 21 inches long and 5 inches in diameter. Tents when erected are 36 inches high and afford ample sleeping room for two boys.

**No. C0100.** 66 in size. Shipping weight, 4¼ lbs. .....$3.00

**No. C0101.** 72 in. size. Shipping weight, 5½ lbs. .....$3.50



**No. 1192. 100 MILE PEDOMETER.** A hike is much more fun if you know how far and how fast you are traveling. The pedometer registers every step you take. The small dial is spaced off in quarters of a mile up to ten miles and the large dial registers up to 100 miles and repeats automatically. Hang it on your watch pocket or on your belt. Full directions with each pedometer. Prepaid .....$1.00

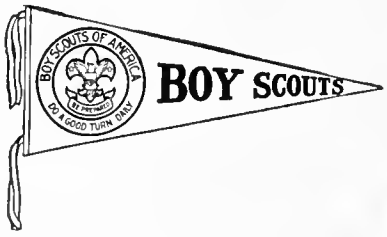
**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE or 1 subscription and 50c in cash.**

**No. 1135.** "B. S. A." PENNANT. High-grade felt. Size, 15 x 36 inches. Painted lettering ..... 25c

**No. 1134.** "DO A GOOD TURN DAILY" PENNANT. High-grade felt; size, 15 x 36 inches. Painted lettering. Has tapes for tying to staff..... 25c

**No. 1062.** "BE PREPARED" PENNANT. Made of high-grade felt. Size, 12 x 24 inches. Design as illustrated. Painted lettering ..... 20c

**No. 1063.** Same, but size 9 x 18 inches.. 10c




**No. 1181. SPECIAL PENNANT.** Offered in response to demand for a superior all-wool pennant; stitched design and felt letters. Size, 15 x 36 inches..... 75c

**NOTE: The above pennants sold only to registered Scouts, whose orders must be signed by the Scoutmaster.**

Pennants will be given as premiums with subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE, to registered Scouts whose orders are signed by the Scoutmaster. See special note, page 56.

**OTHER PENNANTS.**

**See also page 60 for special felt pennants different than those here illustrated.**

**No. 1193. ANGLING OUTFIT.** Here is fishing tackle which means delight to scout holders. Three-piece black enamel, cork-handled steel rod, with nickel plated reel seat; nickel plated multiplying reel with click and drag; 75 feet hand-braided casting line; 6 snelled spring steel hooks; nickel plated trolling spoon; 6 assorted flies; assortment of sinkers; 2-colored float—all in stout khaki carrying case especially made to attach to Boy Scout haversack. Prepaid .....$2.50

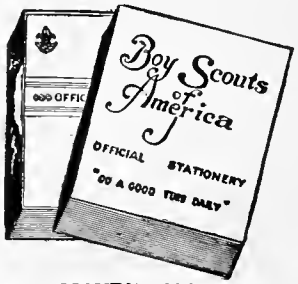
**Given for 5 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE, or 1 subscription and $2.00 in cash.**

**No. 1194.** Similar outfit but more complete. Split bamboo rod, with 2 tips, making a fly, bait or boat rod; quadruple multiplying, nickel plated reel, sliding click and drag; 75 feet of pure braided silk line; half dozen hand-tied selected flies; 1 dozen double snelled hooks; 2 three-foot double gut leaders; 2 nickel plated trolling spoons; assortment of sinkers and two-color cork float; all in neat leather bound carrying case. Made to attach to Boy Scout haversack. Prepaid .....$5.00

**Given for 10 subscriptions or 1 subscription and $4.50 in cash.**

**No. 1195.** Same, but with steel rod instead of bamboo. Prepaid .....$5.00

**Given for 10 subscriptions or 1 subscription and $4.50 in casb.**




**No. 5018. SCOUTS' OFFICIAL NOTE PAPER.** Scouts of each class can now have their own individual stationery with their badge design in gold on every sheet. Handsome box containing 24 sheets and as many envelopes, for **Tenderfoot Scouts.** Shipping weight, 14 ozs..... 25c

**No. 5019.** Same, for **Second-class Scouts.** Weight, 14 ozs. ..... 25c

**No. 5020.** Same, for **First-class Scouts.** Weight, 14 ozs..... 25c

**Scout Master must sign order.**

**No. 3006. HANDBOOK FOR BOYS.** Paper binding; revised edition. This book has been thoroughly brought up to date. The first chapter is entirely rewritten and includes new requirements for many of the merit badges. Generously illustrated; new cover with a famous Leyendecker design. Postpaid ..... 30c

**Given with a subscription to BOYS' LIFE in accordance with special note on page 56.**

**No. 3007. "HANDBOOK FOR BOYS."** Cloth. Postpaid ..... 60c

**Given for 1 subscription to BOYS' LIFE.**

**No. 3008. "HANDBOOK FOR BOYS."** Leather. A fine quality of coated paper; bound in full flexible red leather, lettered and stamped with official badge design in gold. Frontispiece in full colors by J. C. Leyendecker. Postpaid .....$1.10

**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE, or for 1 subscription and 60c cash.**

**No. 3009. HANDBOOK FOR SCOUTMASTERS.** Official guide and text book for all Scoutmasters. Prepared by experts. Ten chapters, with bibliography; 352 pages. Pocket size, stiff board covers, cloth bound. Prepaid ..... 60c

**No. 3009A. HANDBOOK FOR SCOUTMASTERS.** Full leather bound. Postpaid.$1.10

**No. 3094. "HANDBOOK FOR BOYS."** Special binding. Prepared mainly for Scout leaders. Has black cloth binding, with compartments for lecture notes and memorandums of Scout meetings. Postpaid..... 75c

**No. 3011. RED CROSS HANDBOOK.** American Red Cross abridged text book of first aid. General edition, with 55 illustrations ..... 35c

**Given in connection with a subscription to BOYS' LIFE. See special note, page 56.**

**No. 1212. Boy Scout Field Glasses.** A great deal of pleasure and profit is derived from the possession of a pair of good field glasses. In signalling and in study of birds and stars, their use will be helpful. All of our glasses have achromatic lenses insuring a clear and well-lighted field of view. Black leather mountings; dull finish. Prepaid.....$4.00

**Given for 8 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $3.50 cash.**

**No. 1213.** Same, but tan covering and case. Prepaid .....$5.00

**Given for 10 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $4.50 cash.**

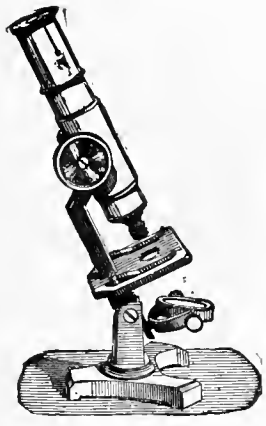
**No. 1214. A rather better glass than the preceding for all around use.** Covered with black morocco leather with black japanned mountings. Provided with loops and carrying straps. In substantial leather case with shoulder strap and belt loop. A very desirable glass. Prepaid.....$5.00

**Given for 10 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $4.50 cash.**

**No. 1215. Adapted to long range work and with greater magnifying power.** Covered with black leather with japanned mountings. Provided with loops and carrying cord for slinging glasses over shoulder when out of case. Case has both shoulder strap and belt loops. Prepaid.....$7.50

**Given for 15 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $7.00 cash.**

**No. 1086. BRASS COMPOUND MICROSCOPE.** Troops so fortunate as to have a permanent meeting place reserved to their use will delight in having a microscope. Such an instrument opens up a new world and helps school study. Jointed base, height 9 inches, rack and pinion focusing adjustment, three lenses, power 110 times. Packed in wood box with one mounted object slide, one pair tweezers and two plain glass slides. Shipping weight 3½ lbs.....$7.00



**Given for 14 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $6.50 cash.**

**No. 1143. MERTON'S FIRST-AID CHARTS.** Offered to Scoutmasters as a most practical and graphic means of teaching anatomy for first-aid purposes; supplementing the Red Cross Handbook No. 3011. Three charts, size 26 x 38 inches. Each in 10 colors, over 50 illustrations. Free descriptive circular upon request. Price per set prepaid.....$5.00

**Given for 10 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $4.50 cash.**

**No. 1100. FIRST AID KIT.** If every Scout were to carry one of these little packets what a host of "good turns" would result. Designed by the American Red Cross. Contains gauze bandage with compress, one triangular muslin bandage and two safety pins. Thoroughly practical; helpful also as a practise set. Weight 5 ozs..... 30c

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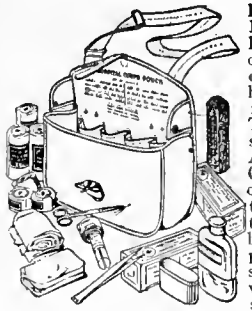


**No. 1101. HOSPITAL CORPS FIRST AID POUCH.** It is desirable that every troop have a picked first-aid squad. This outfit, designed by the American Red Cross, is very complete. Contains shears, tweezers, carbolized vaseline, package of safety pins, two wire gauze splints, two ozs. aromatic spirits of ammonia, one individual first-aid outfit (cardboard), two one-yard bandages of sterilized gauze, three one-inch bandages, three two and one-half-inch bandages, two triangular bandages (cartons), one U. S. tourniquet. Weight 3 lbs. .....$3.00

**Given for 6 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $2.50 cash.**

**No. 1178. EMERGENCY CASE.** This and the two following outfits have proven very popular additions to our first-aid supplies. Metal pocket case containing roller bandage, antiseptic linen, absorbent cotton, carron oil, arnica, adhesive plaster, liquid court plaster, safety pins, and book of instructions. Weight 12 ozs. 50c

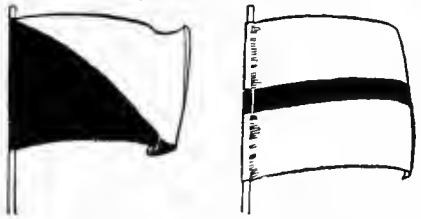
**Given for 1 subscription to BOYS' LIFE.**

**No. 1179.** Same, contains larger quantities of the above materials, together with surgical dressings, ointments for burns and sores, aromatic spirits of ammonia, and scissors. Weight 1 lb. 4 ozs.....$1.00

**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and 50c cash.**

**No. 1180.** Same. Larger size for troop use. Distinctly valuable in camp, or wherever troops of Scouts on public duty are likely to be called upon to render first aid. Equipped for treatment of dislocations, fainting, exhaustion, sunstroke, bruises, burns, scalds, skin abrasions, cuts, sunburn and stings. Packed in a metal case with lock. Weight 3 lbs. 8 ozs.....$3.25

**Given for 6 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and $2.75 cash.**



**No. 1059. SEMAPHORE CODE SIGNAL FLAGS.** Best quality muslin. Size 18 x 18 inches. One red and white, divided diagonally, the other white with red bar across the center. Sold only in pairs. Pair..... 75c

**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and 25c cash.**

## ARCHERY SUPPLIES.

**No. 1144. BOW AND ARROW SET.** Bow can be furnished either in hickory or ironwood; length 5 feet. Nicely polished, plush handle, flaxed bow-string, eye spliced at both ends and whipped at loops and center. Complete with three arrows...$1.75

**Given for 3 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $1.25 cash.**

**No. 1145.** Same, but 5½-foot bow. State whether hickory or ironwood.....$2.00

**Given for 4 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $1.50 cash.**

**No. 1148.** Same, but 6-foot bow. State whether hickory or ironwood.....$2.25

**Given for 4 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $1.50 cash.**

All bows and arrows will be sent by express to avoid damage in transit; carriage charges collect.

**No. 1150. BOW STRINGS.** For 5-foot and 5½-foot bows. Prepaid..... 25c

**Given in connection with a subscription to BOYS' LIFE. See page 56.**

**No. 1151.** Same, for 6-foot bow. Prepaid. 40c

**Given in connection with a subscription to BOYS' LIFE. See page 56.**

**No. 1152. ARROWS.** Hickory wood, ⅝ inch diameter, steel pointed, three feathers, painted between feathers and polished. Length 22 inches. Per dozen.....$1.75

**Given for 3 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $1.25 cash.**

**No 1153.** Same, length 25 ins. Per doz. $2.00

**Given for 4 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $1.50 cash.**

**No. 1154.** Same, length 28 inches. Per dozen .....$2.50

**Given for 5 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $2.00 cash.**

**No. 1155. SPECIAL SCOUT ARROWS.** Heavy, blunt, broad-feathered, for use in woods and on hike. Per dozen.....$2.25

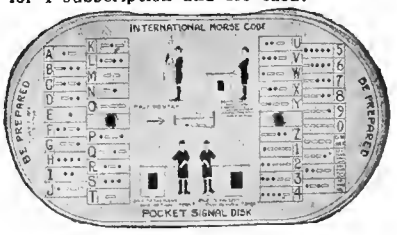
**Given for 5 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or 1 subscription and $1.75 cash.**

**No. 1155A. STEEL ARROW POINTS.** Suitable for all listed steel-pointed arrows. Prepaid. Per dozen ..... 50c

**Given for 1 subscription to BOYS' LIFE.**

**No. 1058. MORSE CODE SIGNAL FLAGS.** Best quality muslin. Size 24 x 24 inches. One flag white with red center, other red with white center. Sold only in pairs. Pair 75c

**Given for 2 subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE; or for 1 subscription and 25c cash.**




**No. 1191. POCKET SIGNAL DISK.** The best thing yet to help a Scout to learn the Morse and Semaphore alphabets. Made like a baseball score card. Turning a circular disk brings one letter into view, which may be identified by reference to the alphabet on either side.....25c

**Given in connection with a subscription to BOYS' LIFE. See special note, page 56.**

## Santa Claus Guessed

**What the Boys and Girls Liked Best.**

Thousands of boys and girls will dream that Santa Claus brought them a bicycle.

And thousands of dreams will come true—and thousands of faces will light up on Christmas morning with that joy the bike has brought to millions, young and old.

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

*The Brake that brought the Bike back.*

The wonderful device that protects the rider, giving a control that stops the Bike in less than its length and a perfect mastery, no matter what the speed.

The New Departure Coaster Brake reduces the pedaling and increases the joys of the hike on the bike.

It can never fail you because it is as strong as the good steel it is made of. It simply can't get out of order or rust. It is heavily nickel plated. Five million riders recommend it.

**Free to Live Boys!**

—A gold plated "Joy Boy" Stick-pin if you will give us the name of your nearest bicycle dealer.

**The New Departure Mfg. Co.**
**Bristol, Conn.**

## Winning the Rock

(*Continued from page 54*)

the crew looked on in silence. And gradually their efforts told, for O'Brien's eyelids quivered once or twice and finally opened. Two red spots began to show in his ashen cheeks, and after a few moments he regained consciousness.

"Phwat happened?—ugh—O shur-re I know. The big wave caught me, huh?" he said rather thickly as he sat up.

"It didn't on'y ketch ye but it smashed t' life ha'af outen ye," said Lanky Sims.

"How about Mr. War-rner?" demanded O'Brien, turning and looking toward the big rock. Then for the first time the men in the boat thought of the engineer.

There on the top of Cobra Head stood the lighthouse builder. He had seen the accident and the rescue as well, and Jack could guess what his feeling must have been as he waited there for a signal to tell him whether his foreman was alive or dead.

"Wave to him, O'Brien. Wave your hand and show him that you are still alive," cried Jack. And the big Irishman struggled to his feet and, holding onto Lanky Sims, waved and shouted.

Mr. Warner answered the signal with a warning wave which told the men in the boat quite plainly that he wanted them to keep off and not attempt to land another.

"I'd like t' thr-ry anither fling at it jist t' show meself that I can't be bate by a duckin', but if the boss sez 'No,' thin 'No' 'tis. Come on Lank, thurn-r t' bhoat and we'll go back t' th' island."

During the return journey Jack and Ray kept their eye on Mr. Warner. They saw him scrambling about on the rock making measurements and marking off various sections of the rugged Head. Then they saw him send a signal to the men on the cliff who waited to fire a life line to him. They saw, too, the puff of smoke from the little brass cannon and they watched the rocket with the line trailing out behind it describe a big arc over the rock and fall into the sea beyond, dropping the rope almost into Mr. Warner's hands.

The engineer began to haul in on the line immediately and presently he dragged out of the surf a heavier section of rope to which the line was fastened. This was the cable upon which the breeches buoy was to be suspended, and the engineer spent some time in making the end secure over the top of the big lump of granite that formed the Cobra's Head. The men on shore worked quickly at rigging the buoy, too, and by the time the boat crew had landed and made its way up the promontory stone cutters were already being sent down to the rock to level its surface and build the tower that was to support the aerial cable way. And when Jack saw this he realized that Cobra Reef had been conquered and that the lighthouse was actually under way.

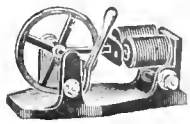
### Sees His First Train at 90

John Saimaini, called "Daddy Simmons," timber cruiser of Humboldt County, California, and 90 years old, recently walked 100 miles across the mountains, at twenty miles a day, to see a railroad train for the first time in his life.

### Milk to Put Out Fire

It has been proved that milk will effectually extinguish the flames from gasoline, or any form of petroleum, since it forms an emulsion with the oil, whereas water only spreads it.


## "A Merry Christmas" for that Boy of Yours



Give him this splendid Electric Engine and a 15 months subscription to THE BOYS' MAGAZINE. Over 100,000 boys take THE BOYS' MAGAZINE. It contains just the kind of reading *you* want *your* boy to have. Clean, inspiring stories. Practical and instructive articles. Beautifully illustrated throughout.

The Electric Engine runs either forward or backward from 150 to 3000 revolutions a minute. Safe; easy to operate. A toy any boy will go wild over.

Send only $1.50 and we'll enter your subscription for 15 months and will forward the Electric Engine by return mail. If you are not more than pleased with both the Magazine and Engine we'll refund your money immediately. As to our responsibility we refer you to any bank or publisher.

THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD CO.
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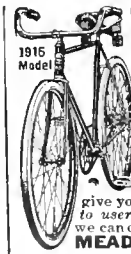
## Ride a RANGER

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